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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

VOLUME XLI.

PART II.—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1914.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., LONDON.

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THE DE VINNE PRESS.

ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XLI.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1914.

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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLI, No. 7

MAY, 1914

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The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

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UNCLE GLEN ON ST. NICHOLAS NEXT MONTH

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS READER: As you yourself never miss a number of ST. NICHOLAS, you will be interested to know that my niece's friend Helen, who likes to read articles with good solid foundations of information in them, has become a regular reader of ST. NICHOLAS.

She tells me, however, that there is one thing about ST. NICHOLAS that she does not like at all, and that is that people keep borrowing it from her. The other day, for instance, she was telling her cousin Sylvia about it. She was just in the middle of the Francis Ouimet article on golf, and knowing that Sylvia was very much of an outdoor girl, she showed the article to her. The result was that Sylvia marched off with ST. NICHOLAS, and poor Helen had to go without her ST. NICHOLAS for a week! I have heard of this kind of thing happening often. A reader will be in the middle of an instalment of a story and some friend will come along and take the magazine and forget to bring it back.

Have YOU ever had an experience of this kind? If so, drop me a line about it.

I have been trying to devise a plan to protect ST. NICHOLAS readers whose friends take away their copies of ST. NICHOLAS in this way and forget to return them. If your friend wants to borrow your June ST. NICHOLAS before you have finished it yourself, let him or her have it, of course, but take a big blue pencil and mark the following in it:

We both like St. Nicholas a great deal. Why don't you arrange to get it regularly every month? Write to The Century Co., Union Square, New York, and see whether they will not suggest a special plan which will make it easy for you to secure it.

Did you ever think what a wonderful thing it is as you read ST. NICHOLAS that there are boys and girls all over the world who are reading it at the same time? A letter has just been placed on my desk which comes from a gentleman in Asiatic Turkey, which begins with the following sentence:

"Our five children have been brought up on the ST. NICHOLAS as much as on oatmeal and bread and butter, and have enjoyed the reading so much that when a fresh magazine comes they can hardly stop to eat."

BASE-BALL AND OTHER THINGS

There is such a fine lot of stories, articles, and pictures in the June ST. NICHOLAS that I hardly know which to mention first. The great Empire, Billy Evans, has another of his articles on base-ball. It is called "The Unknown Recruit and the Foxy Manager," and tells how two great managers, Connie Mack and McGraw, develop star players from the raw material by entirely different methods. I remember once in a college gymnasium, just after the close of the foot-ball season, how a few of the Varsity foot-ball squad decided to go over to the gymnasium and keep in trim by playing basket-ball. One of them remarked that he hoped they would not damage the men who had been playing basket-ball since the early fall. At the end of the first afternoon, the foot-ball men were completely exhausted and had a very profound respect for the game of basket-ball and for the men who played it. I wonder if those foot-ball players will read, in the June ST. NICHOLAS, the exciting and true to life story in which girls are the players, called "The Greater Victory"?

People have been telling various tales for a good many hundred years. An Indian Fairy Tale that is new to Americans is told in the June ST. NICHOLAS, and illustrated by Pamela Smith, who is herself a celebrated teller of fairy tales and an authority on folk-lore.

Many a crowd of girls would like to organize a Girls' Reading Club if they knew just how to go about it. Hildegard Hawthorne, in her Department on Books and Reading, tells you just what to do in order to form such a club.

Any one who has ever painted or tried to paint will be fascinated by the story of the boyhood of the great painter, Titian. This story, called "A Boy of Cadore," tells of Titian's first painting and how he obtained colors for it by crushing flowers on the surface of his picture. This, like nearly every article in ST. NICHOLAS, is illustrated.

Did you ever take a night ride on an engine of a Pennsylvania Railroad Flyer? I never did, either. But I certainly wanted to, after I read "With Men Who Do Things" for June. This is one of the best instalments in this fine series.

The June paper of the "Under the Blue Sky" series gives further information on canoeing and camping.

St. Nicholas League, Letter-box, etc., with their competitions and prizes, are as interesting as ever in June.

The Garden series will be especially valuable because we are now in the midst of the garden season. "The Housekeeping Adventures of the Junior Blairs" tells about a school-girl party in which ice-cream, lemonade, and strawberry concoctions play a leading part.

There is a Daddy-Long-Legs story illustrated in the department for Very Little Folk.

WHAT LIBRARIANS THINK OF US

By the way, it is interesting to note the estimate which some learned librarians have placed upon ST. NICHOLAS. The Massachusetts librarians appointed a committee, which had several meetings at which the merits and demerits of certain leading periodicals were discussed. The committee prepared a list of fifty magazines, which they recommended for libraries. These fifty periodicals were arranged in groups of ten, to cover the demands of libraries subscribing to ten, twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty of the publications.

It is good to know, therefore, that ST. NICHOLAS is up near the top, for it is numbered among the FIRST TEN of the fifty magazines.

The list will be found in a recent issue of the Massachusetts Library Club Bulletin.

AUTOMOBILES

The instalment of "The Runaway" in this number is certainly exciting, is it not? I wonder how many men that you see driving automobiles would have the nerve and courage to do as Wilson Lee did in this story.

Speaking of automobiles, Billy is learning to drive one. He has not yet taken hold of the steering wheel, but in a short time I think he will be allowed to do so. His father turns over to him all the printed matter he receives in the mail from automobile concerns, and has promised to teach him to drive as soon as Billy can describe thoroughly each part of the car. Billy spends at least half an hour a day fussing around the garage and asking questions that get more intelligent every week! His father has no more use for any one who drives a car without knowing the insides of it than he has for a man who rides horseback without knowing how to feed and care for a horse.

What do you think about this scheme of teaching Billy to drive? Is any such plan in operation in your family, I wonder?

Uncle Glen



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*This is the subject of the dialogue
on the opposite page →*

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← *This dialogue is about the contents
of the May CENTURY, which is
printed on the opposite page*

YOU: Father, a while ago you told me that THE CENTURY MAGAZINE meant as much to you as ST. NICHOLAS does to me. Here they have printed the contents of this month's CENTURY in ST. NICHOLAS.

YOUR FATHER: So they have. When I asked for the May CENTURY at the news-stand last week, it was out of print. I *must* remember to subscribe so that I shall not miss a number.

YOU: Why don't you use the coupon at the bottom of this page? It will save you seventy-five cents. You can give our summer address, and make the subscription begin with this fine May number that you missed on the news-stand. But, father, you must fill out the coupon right away.

YOUR FATHER: All right, get me an envelope while I tear off the coupon.

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ST. NICHOLAS

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No. 7

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THE SEA-HORSE OF GRAND TERRE

BY CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

ALLESJANDRO, the seine-captain, first told the men at Chinese Platforms that the light-keeper at Grand Terre Island was sick. One of the *Zelie's* crew had gone ashore for water, and reported that old Miller was "done beat out with feveh." The *Zelie* had two hundred dollars' worth of shrimp which a few hours' delay under the Louisiana sun would spoil, so the lugger sailed for the drying platforms, where Allesjandro told Mr. West, the camp boss.

And the camp boss turned with simple confidence to his sturdy sixteen-year-old son, who, that morning, was idling in the shade of the commissary with his chum, George Fernald.

"Better go see to the old man, Paul. The *Two Sisters* is flying the catch-flag, and the launch is going to tow her in. Landry will put you ashore, and you can hike up the beach with some lemons and stuff. See if he needs the doctor."

And blazing hot as low-lying Grand Terre appeared in the September calm, the boys were eager to go. Miller was a friend of Paul's. In half an hour, they had the few delicacies and simple remedies which the camp possessed, and were on the launch speeding for the outlying reef. For a week, black, majestic storm-clouds had swung about Barataria Bay, at intervals, for this was the time of the equinox, when the south coast had been swept time and again by the West Indian hurricanes. Still the shrimp luggers went out, and when the boys landed in the salt marsh, they saw the *Two Sisters*, limp-sailed and far on the

gulf, but flying the red flag that told of a successful catch. The launch went on through Four Bayou Pass to meet her, while the lads turned up the six-mile beach to the lighthouse.

"Dad said that Gaspar, who takes care of the oyster-beds here and keeps an eye on our cattle, might round up a couple of horses for us," commented Paul. "But all the stock seems to be miles away, and Gaspar is n't around his shack."

They passed the tiny, palm-thatched hut perched on a ten-foot platform above the tides. The mud beneath was trampled where the stock sought refuge from the sun, and here Paul pointed out a great hoof-mark.

"That 's Big King's, the stallion that Father turned loose here when he went into this experiment with stock on the salt marsh. He has never been able to recapture him since. Gaspar complains that the white stallion hates him, and chases him every time he goes ashore. The *Zelie's* crew say that they saw Big King follow Gaspar in his skiff away out in deep water, and that the Cajun¹ was so scared that, finally, he dived over and swam to their boat. Gaspar sometimes declares he will shoot the horse or quit his job!"

"Must be a regular old sea-horse!" laughed George. "Is that him—that beautiful big white fellow over in the mangroves?"

"Yes," Paul whispered cautiously. "And don't provoke him to charge us—there is n't a place to escape him if he does!"

¹A contraction of the word "Acadian," used in Louisiana to designate the descendants of the early French settlers exiled from Nova Scotia, as described in "Evangeline."

Two hundred yards away, the splendid creature stood, his eyes warily on the invaders. He snorted menacingly, his mane erect and tail spread, but he let them pass, and then charged magnificently down the wet sands to turn and watch them, with the surf breaking about his legs.

"What a grand old fellow he is!" cried Paul. "Father ought not to put him in charge of an oyster-digger like Gaspar—of course he 'd hate him!"

It was dazzling noon when the weary lads reached the lighthouse. The oppressive calm made the heat in the marshy hollows intolerable, and they hailed with relief the sight of the keeper, whom they found lying on his airy platform. The keeper's eyes were feverish as he explained how, all the morning, he had watched them with his powerful glasses, which gave him the only diversion of his monotonous life. But he was n't sick, he said—just a "touch o' sun," and he was chagrined to find that the *Zelie* had reported him ill. "Lighthouse folks ain't no business gettin' sick, ever," he declared.

All the same, he was glad to get the lemons and other things the boys brought, and when they tried to make him a corn-starch pudding, the ensuing hilarity seemed to hearten him wonderfully. When they came out on the gallery, he declared all this "cuttin'-up had made him plumb well." But when the keeper gazed around, he fixed an intent look on the southeast.

"Your dad 's goin' to have the launch at Four Bayou for you?" he asked. "Well, you boys better get off. The wind 's scuddin' them clouds fast over there, and this is the hurricane month, remember. There 's a sea running now, and—feel that? The air 's twitching!"

And in fifteen minutes it was more than twitching. Out of the strange, calm oasis with the black clouds rolling up all about the horizon, there suddenly shot a squall from the southeast that tore the sand from under the boys' feet when they went down Mr. Miller's ladder. But they did n't mind the blow. They laughed, and shook Miller's hand, and promised to come the next day with the launch and make another pudding, and with raisins in it.

"Mebbe you will and mebbe you won't," shouted the old man. "It 's time for a blow up from Cuby, and I reckon I 'm better off here than you 'll be on your dad's crazy platforms. You boys won't see old man Miller for a while, if a sou'east sea begins to pound over them marshes. In La Cheniere storm, there was n't a thing above water except this light, from here to upper Lafourche. And your dad's platform villages—pooh! was n't stick or stump left of any of 'em!"

The boys talked of the dreaded gulf hurricanes as they tramped on the harder sand, as near to the water as they could. On their left, the sand was already blowing from the dunes, and when they reached a little bayou which they had crossed dryshod in the morning, they found the water pounding half a mile inland, and had to go around it. "The gulf is so shallow for miles out," explained Paul, "that the least little wind kicks up a quick sea."

But when they rounded the bayou and went over the low ridge, the wind was so fierce as to stagger them and whirl the loose sand around their feet.

"Whew!" cried George, "and just see how the water 's rising, Paul! It 's all through the grass there, and beyond—why, it 's a lake!"

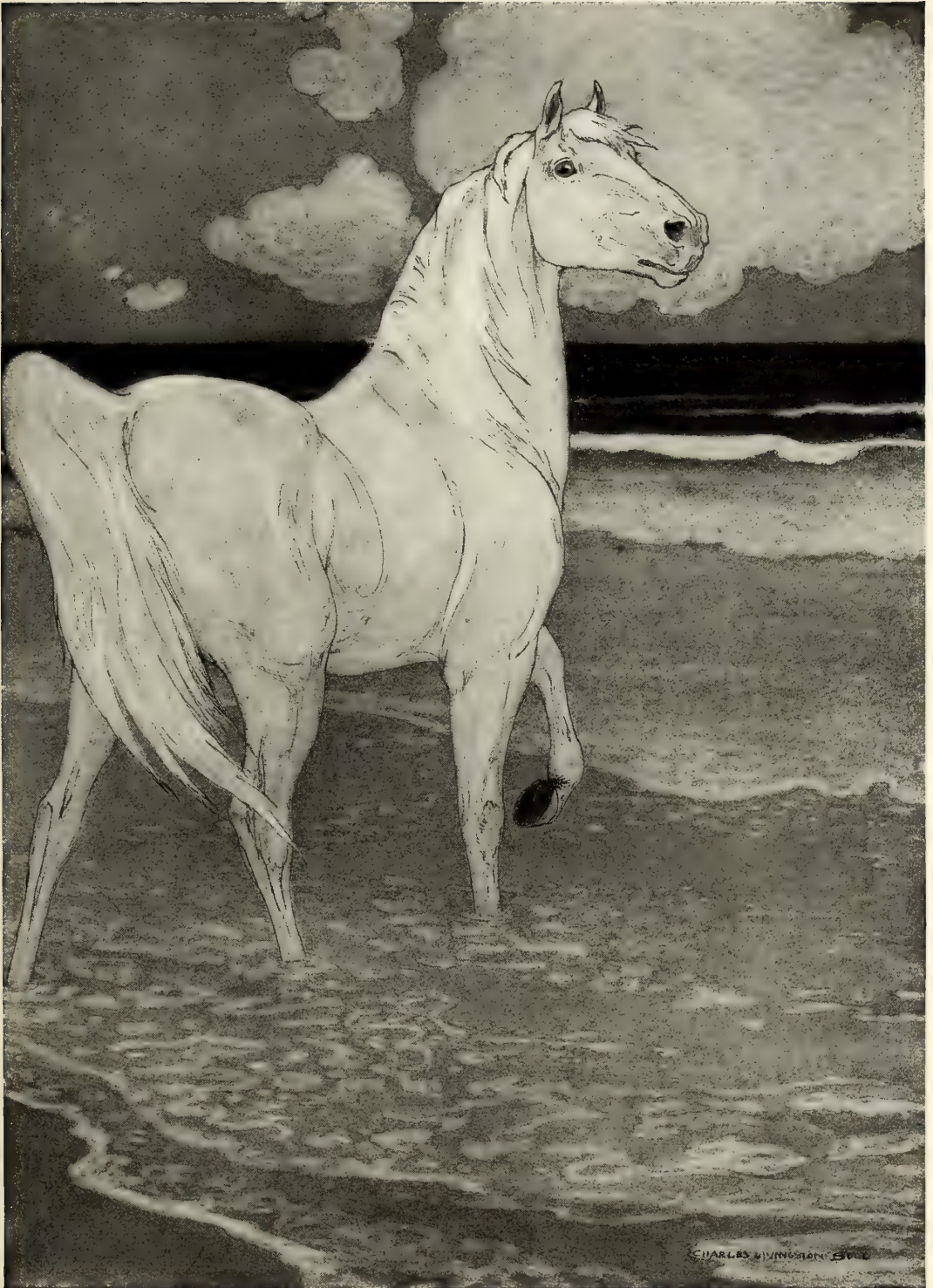
"Let 's cut over on the bay side and see if the mangroves won't break the wind a bit," suggested Paul. "If it keeps on, we can't well walk against it." He reached a rise in the meadows and vainly stared at the pass which, two miles away, was hidden by the oncoming rain and scud. There was no boat in sight, and, northward, Barataria Bay was whipped to as furious a sea as was the outside water to the south. "It 's there sure," Paul muttered, "but, if we *made* the launch, I don't think she 'd live in that gale. But we can run to Grand Bank and put into that camp for the night."

He hastened on, not telling his friend all his fears. But from the highest dune they saw nothing except the oyster-guard's thatched hut, and, far off, near the mangrove clumps, a few of the cattle wandering with the storm.

"Ticklish business if we have to spend the night in this shack," George declared half an hour later, when, wet and tired, they reached the hut on the edge of the marsh and climbed the ladder to the door. Indeed, the sight was an evil one. The oyster-stakes had entirely disappeared, and the rising sea was pouring across the island in three places back on the way they had come. The pounding water against the piles made the shack reel, while every now and then portions of the thatched sides would be torn off, and go humming away in the gale. The boys went in and inspected the gaping roof; the sheets of rain reached every inch of the interior—they were as well off outside. Where Gaspar had gone they did not know; they concluded that he had abandoned his job—"Scared off by the big horse," said Paul.

"If the water keeps on rising, you 'll lose all your stock," observed George. "But the launch—where do you suppose it is?"

Though night and darkness were coming on, they



"HE CHARGED MAGNIFICENTLY DOWN THE WET SANDS TO TURN AND WATCH THEM."

could see the pass enough to know it held no boat. What had happened was that the launch, early in the afternoon, had broken its propeller in towing the *Two Sisters*, and had then drifted until both boats grounded in the marsh, where the crew clung, half drowned, to the lugger's rigging through the night of the hurricane. The boys, huddled in what should have been the lee shelter of the thatch on the platform, noticed again how fast the shallow sea was rising. Grand Terre light was invisible in the storm, and it seemed that the whitecaps were speeding across the island everywhere except over the higher sand-ridge near them. Watching this, they saw the backs of the

the fierce rain, though the waves pounded over their backs, and the calves could hardly keep their footing.

Paul crawled back on the platform after an inspection of the base of the timbers. The sands were washing up badly, and the tramping hoofs assisted at the slow settling of the platform. Paul could touch the horses' necks from the floor, and once his fingers went lightly along the rough mane of the white stallion. The big brute turned about his fine, wary eyes at the boy. But he did not bite; he even seemed to crowd closer to his master's son. "Get over there—you!" Paul yelled; "don't crowd against that post!"

He reached down and slapped the great horse, and then dug him in the ribs ineffectually. King neither resented it nor obeyed. The boys laid out full-length on the boards to avoid the wind, and in the last light saw their dumb companions half buried in the waves. Although the rain was not cold, they were shivering with exhaustion from the pounding wind and



"LOOK, THE BIG HORSE IS LEADING THEM!"

cattle moving through the mangroves, and then Mr. West's old bay mare. "The stock are coming back!" cried Paul. "The water's coming in from the pass now, and it's turned them." He looked apprehensively at his companion's face. "George, if it rises high enough to get a sweep at this shack over the bars, the platform won't last half the night."

"Your cattle are coming here, anyway. And look, the big horse is leading them!"

The stock had been accustomed to huddle in the shade of the platform hut, and now they were deserting the mangrove ridge to seek this bit of human companionship. The cows were mooing in a scared fashion as they waded, more than knee-deep, to the place. The two bay horses cast appealing looks up at the boys, and Paul called down encouragingly. Big King lunged about the piling and whinnied, watching off to the mainland. The frail structure trembled when the crowding cattle got under it.

"Better drive them out," George shouted above the wind. But this was impossible; and presently, as the darkness fell, the animals were quieter in

water. For an hour, the dark was intense. Then it seemed as if the rising moon broke the gloom a trifle, though the storm did not abate.

"It's still rising!" commented Paul, after he had thrust a crab-net pole down by the piling; "and very fast, George. I wish it was daylight!"

Then, when he had crawled back to his wet comrade, there came a tremendous shock to the platform. They heard one of the calves bawl wildly, and felt a rush and stagger of the animals beneath them. Paul jumped up and ran to the other end of the reeling platform, where an entire side of the thatched wall fell out into the sea.

"It's a big tree!" he shouted back, as George groped for his hand. "I was afraid of that, whenever the tide got high enough to bring the drift off the gulf side. Now we're in for it! It tore out three of the piles, and it's dragging at another. Come, let's try to get it off!"

Thirty-five miles away, the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi poured all the flotsam of the mighty river into the gulf to be spread far along the sand-dunes by the tides, and every southeaster sent this wreckage charging over the

marshes. In every great blow the platform dwellers of Barataria dreaded this invasion. The lads vainly hunted for poles to fend off the tree pounding under their shelter. Some of the cattle had been knocked down and others were scat-

waves. Paul had saved a coil of half-inch rope from Gaspar's belongings, with the idea of tying fast some of the loose piles, but this was now useless.

"The rest of it will go sure!" he muttered.



"'BIG KING FOLLOWED GASPAR IN HIS SKIFF AWAY OUT IN DEEP WATER.'"

tered, and Paul saw one of the mares go swimming off in the whitecaps to certain death. Above the wind they heard the frightened stock struggling for foothold in the sand and the groaning of the timbers. There was nothing to do. The shack, trembling, twisting, finally settled slowly back; the big cypress-tree had gone on, luckily. But presently a smaller one was battering at the piling, and more of the cattle were scattered.

"The other end of the platform is sinking!" George shouted; "everything is gone there!"

They fought their way back just in time to see more than half the thatch hut tumble into the

"George, when it does, jump clear of the cattle and head southwest—" he looked helplessly off in the dark—"if we can swim to the mangroves, maybe we can hold on a little longer."

But to reach the ridge, even if it was above the breakers, was an impossibility, for one would have to swim directly into the storm. And the boys had lost all sense of direction. The next big shock from the driftwood sent them to their feet in a wild effort to leap free of the animals, although how many of them there still were they did not know. The last log crashed through the midst of them and left the platform tilted at

such an angle that the boys could no longer walk on it. Paul slipped and went over the side to his waist, but he still clung to his rope. As he kicked to recover his footing, while George reached down to help him, he slowly became aware that his legs were over the wet, heaving back of Big King. His hold on the boards was slipping; the entire platform seemed to be coming after him.

"It 's all sinking!" George yelled at him. "Don't let it pin you under the water!"

But Paul was motioning wildly for his friend to slide after him. He was reaching around the slipping boards to drag the rope about the big stallion's neck.

"If it goes," he shouted, "hang to the rope; maybe Big King will drag us free of the stuff."

He was working busily at the rope about the horse's neck when George was thrown into the water beside him. The stallion was plunging about with Paul firmly astride his back and George fighting to grasp the rope. Another instant and the wrecked platform slid down upon them, striking Paul in the side and dealing the horse a savage blow on the flank, driving him out from under the piles where he had fought to the last against the sea. He plunged on madly, with the water breaking over his back, to which Paul clung while he tried to drag his friend up behind him. They never would have succeeded if King had been on dry land. But the water and the small drift impeded his struggles to shake off the rope and the burden, and now he dashed into a depression where his hoofs failed to find bottom, and the waves swept entirely over him.

The panting lads clung to the rope and to each other. Paul was dragged off the back of the swimming horse, and then they both were thrown against him and regained a hold on his tough and heavy mane. But the whitecaps were almost drowning them. Big King reached a ridge and drew himself up where the water was hardly to his breast; then he plunged on in the teeth of the storm, swimming again. He knew where he was going well enough. While the foolish cattle drifted with the waves out to the open bay, the lion-hearted stallion fought his way seaward and to the mangrove ridge.

But before he gained it, the boys were all but washed off. Once, indeed, Paul felt his friend's hand slip from his. George went over the horse's flank and under the water, but he kept his grip on the rope. From his gasps, the rope was apparently all but strangling the stallion. When they reached another shallow, Paul leaned forward and loosened it. "Hold up, old fellow!" he muttered; "hold up, and we 'll make it yet!"

And the big wild horse actually twisted his

shaggy neck knowingly under the boy's fingers as he eased the line! Paul got George on the animal's back again, as they reached the mangrove ridge. The bushes, beaten by the hurricane, cut and pounded their faces, and the choppy seas broke through, churning the sands about them. But the water here was not more than three feet deep, and Big King fought through it.

Paul was anxious to stop him now. They were on the highest point, and no other refuge was possible. He began patting the horse and murmuring to him as one would to a pet colt, and, after a quarter of a mile of fruitless tramping, Big King suddenly rounded the thickest clump of mangrove and stopped, with his tail pointing into the gale.

"He knows!" whispered Paul, weakly, to his comrade. "It 's the only shelter to be found. Now if he only lets us stay on his back!"

But apart from nervous and resentful starts and shakings, the horse did not stir. He seemed badly exhausted himself. The boys laid forward on his heaving back, Paul clinging to him, and George to Paul, and there the weary, dark hours passed. The sea was rising more slowly now. At times, King struggled deeper into the bushes as the sand washed from under his feet. And how the wind did blow! It was as if the air above them was full of salt water, and even with their backs to it, the boys could not speak without strangling. The lashing mangroves skinned their legs painfully, and the salt added to their suffering. But their chief fear was the rising water. They measured it time and again during the long night, but could never tell whether it was coming up or whether their live refuge was slowly sinking. The stallion changed his position whenever his legs went in too deep. "Old boy," muttered Paul, "you can manage this much better than we can."

Somehow, in his heart, he felt a hot and almost tearful love and admiration for the dreaded horse of the Grand Terre meadows. "If we ever get out," Paul told George, "I 'll take him back to New Orleans and ride him. He 's the biggest, bravest horse in all the world!"

"If we get out!" retorted George. "And I do believe the rain *is* quitting!" And with the ceasing of the rain, a slow lightening came over the waters. Yet not for hours longer, while the long, tugging swells surged through the mangroves and kept the tired boys ever struggling to retain their place, did it become light enough to be really day. And then they saw nothing in any direction but gray sky over the stormy sea. For two hundred yards, the higher mangroves were



"THE PANTING LADS CLUNG TO THE ROPE AND TO EACH OTHER."

above the flood. Of the palm-thatched hut and the platform not a stick remained, nor was a single one of the cattle or either of the two mares in sight.

"Nobody but Big King," muttered Paul, "and you and me, George! I 'm going to get down and pet the old fellow!"

He swung off in water to his armpits and went about to King's head. The horse bared his teeth, and then slowly, with lessening pride, allowed the boy's hand to stroke his muzzle. "Old man," whispered Paul, "you weathered the blow for us, did n't you!"

And the strangest thing was that, when the boys were tired of standing in the water, the great creature allowed them to climb again on his back. At last the wind died out, and when the first glint of sun broke through, it could be seen that the sea was not rising further. Big King began nibbling at the mangroves, while the exhausted lads half dozed and watched the waters to the north. It was two hours before they could see anything two miles distant, and knew that the "hurricane-tide," so feared by the shrimpers, had turned again seaward. Drift and wreckage were going out through the flooded pass. And, finally, almost at noon, Paul made out the little gas

steamer that ran from camp to camp, headed down from the direction of the platforms.

"It 's looking for us, George!" he cried. "But Dad—he 'll never dream we lived through it all!"

They watched the boat with weak yells of jubilation. A mile away, Big King's white flanks caught the attention of the steamer men. Then they saw the boys, and, fifteen minutes later, Paul and George were shaking hands with Paul's father. "Dad, your old sea-horse did it!" cried the son. "I 'm going to get him off this island, for he deserves better things. He ought to get a life-saving medal!"

"I 'll wager," laughed Mr. West, "you 'll never lay hands on him again."

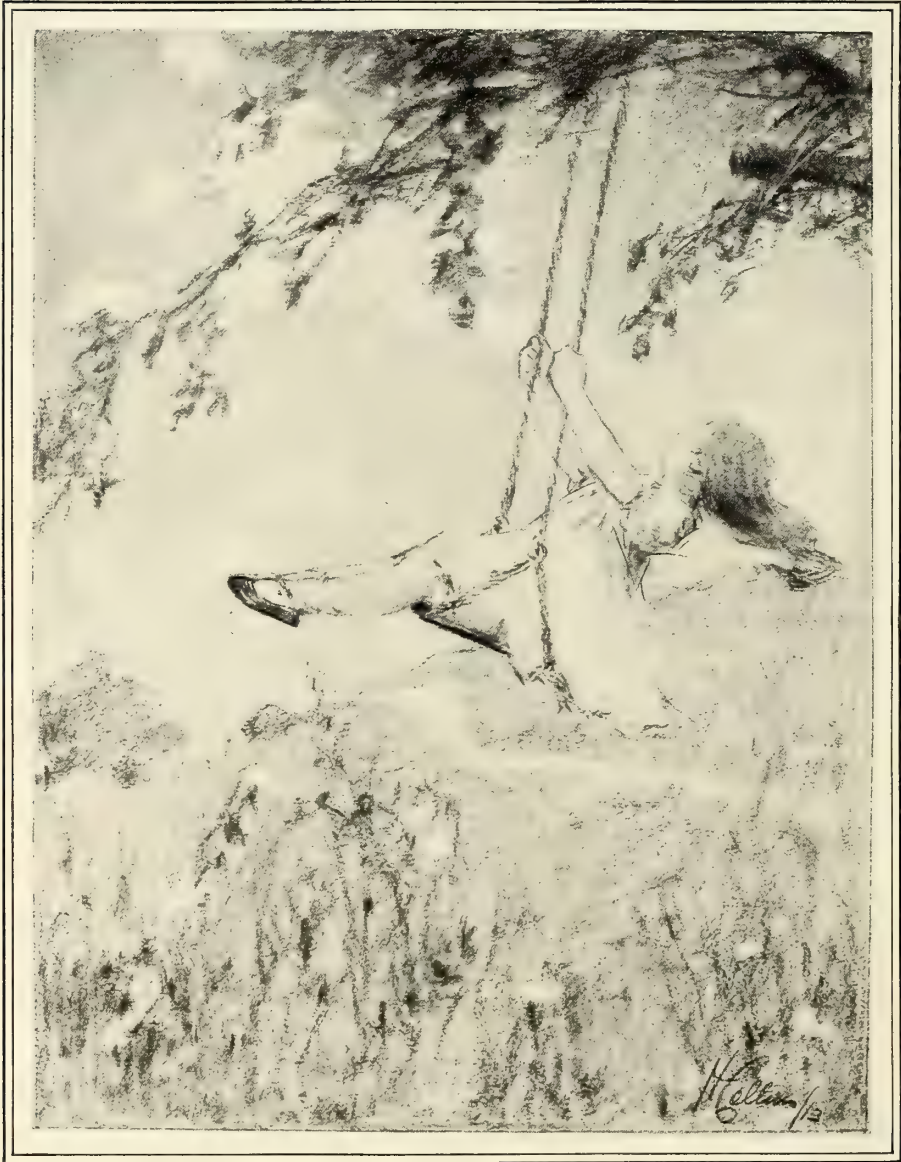
And the boys never did, though they made three trips to Grand Terre after the sea went down, first to attend to old man Miller, and then to tame the great white horse. Big King did not molest them; he even let Paul come close enough to reach out a loving finger to his nervous muzzle. But that was all; at sight of a halter or the motion of a hand to his neck, he was off, again charging magnificently down the wet sands to turn and watch them, with the surf breaking about his legs. To the end of his days he was the lonely and wild sea-horse of Grand Terre.

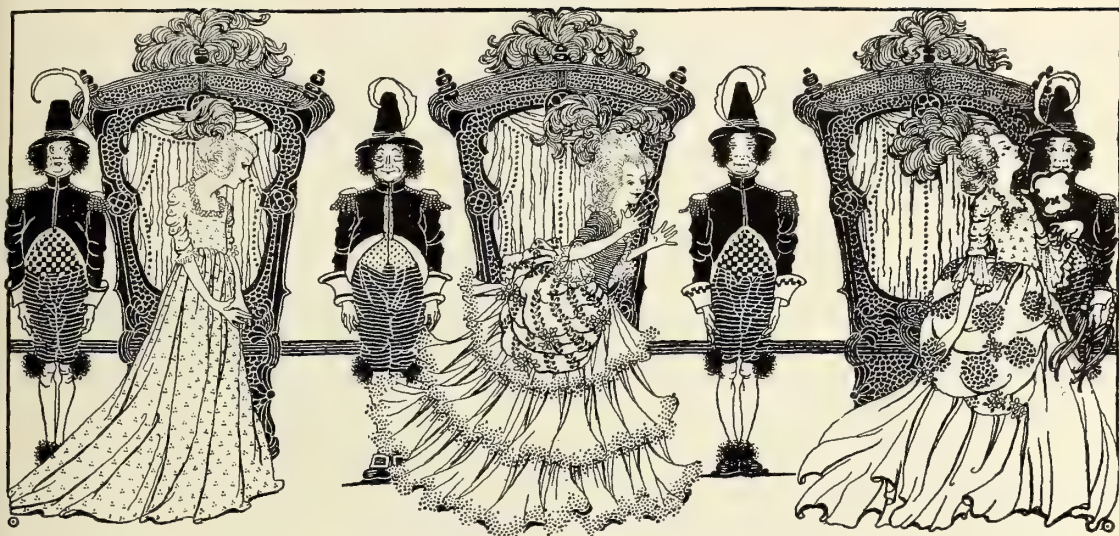
SWING TIME

BY M. F.

THE oriole swings in her nest,
The bough swings high in the breeze;
Mother swings Bud in the hammock,
And I swing under the trees.
It is up, and *up*, and higher!
With toes 'most touching the skies;
Then down, and down, and sl-ow-er,
The old—cat———*dies*.

The butterfly swings on a rose,
The gull swings low on the seas;
A little boat swings at anchor,
And I swing under the trees.
It is up, and *up*, and higher!
With toes 'most touching the skies;
Then down, and down, and sl-ow-er,
The old—cat———*dies*.



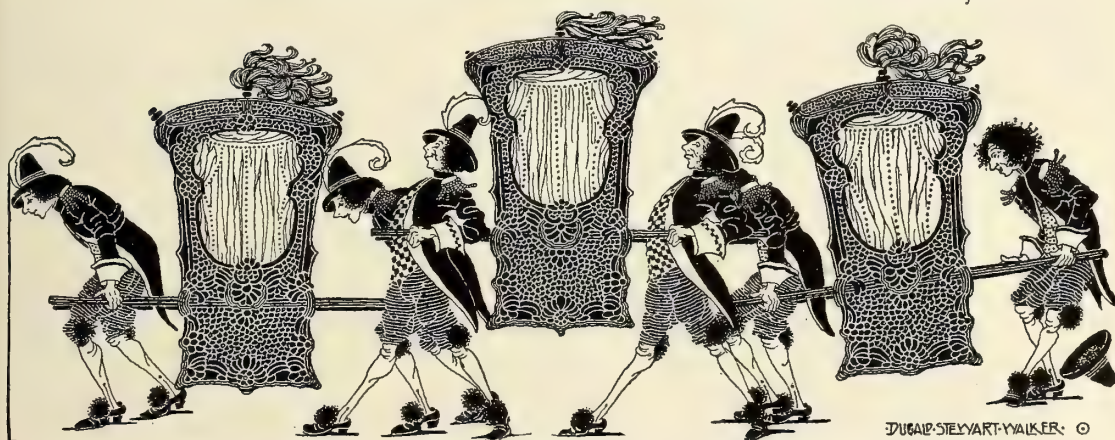


HOW THE NEIGHBORS KNEW

ANNABEL and Bettibel and Claribel together,
 Each inside her own sedan, went out to take the weather.
 Annabel is slim and prim, sober, sweet, and proper.
 (She would look and act the same, should the footmen drop her!)
 Bettibel is fidgety, full of fuss and flutter.
 "Pray sit still," her chair-men cry, "we 'll all be in the gutter!"
 Claribel is princess-proud, peacock-fine, and stately.
 —Sedans are very much alike: the contents differ greatly.

Every shade was closely drawn, yet the neighbors, meeting,
 Gave each maiden, by her name, a friendly, fitting greeting.
 "Good morning, Mistress Annabel, you seem as well as ever!"
 "You 're in high spirits, Bettibel,—look out there! well, I never!"
 "Miss Claribel, you 're feeling fine, as usual, that 's certain!"
 —Now can you guess the way *they* guessed the maid behind the curtain?

That you may no longer be left lingering in doubt,
 We 'll show you here those same sedans upon their way about.
Clara Platt Meadowcroft.



DUBOIS-STEWART-WALKER ©



PETER OF THE WILD ROSE-TREE

(A bird-love)

BY PATTEN BEARD



At the beginning, there was the wild rose-tree. It grew not far away from the low liquid gurgle of a shallow brown creek that meandered through spring-green meadow-land somewhere in North Carolina.

There was a mother mocking-bird's nest in the wild rose-tree. Its four cherished, blue-green speckled eggs were more precious than the dawn-

colored pink of the wild roses, for each held the wild, free, joyous sparkle of a winged song. But, oh, Mother Mocking-bird! why did you build in a low-growing rose-tree? It has always hurt my

heart to inquire into what happened to that nest. All I know is that the last elfin bird who chipped his shell found himself motherless, brotherless, carried away from the wild rose-tree after a week of sunlight.

I did not know my Peter in those days. I can scarcely picture him to myself as anything so passive as a speckled egg, or an elfin-monster all eyes and bill, and almost featherless. I never saw the wild rose-tree; I never knew Peter's mother mocking-bird. But I have heard the gurgle of the brown creek, for Peter sings of it nowadays, and I *know* he must be telling me about it, and the wild rose-tree, and the nest, and mother mocking-bird. There are sad little notes that linger in his song, for my Peter is a caged bird;

yes, though I would have it otherwise. I would gladly have given him back his freedom to swing in the leafy tree-tops, if I could. He was sent up North to me when he was ten days old. He came as a gift of love.

From the first moment that he spied me, he welcomed me as his foster-mother with frantic flapping of wings and wide-open yellow bill. His voice at that time was harsh and insistent. He was dusty, cindery, unprepossessing, tailless, songless, elfin. We called him Peter Pan from the start, because he was so faerie—wilful, and capricious, and woodsy.

Like his namesake, Peter Pan Mocking-bird came to a Never-Never Land of his own. And my Peter Pan's Never-Never Land was far away from the wild rose-tree. It lay in southern Connecticut, where there is no possibility of letting a baby mocking-bird go free to care for himself, even if he is old enough to be afraid of cats.

Peter was not afraid of anything. He sat as confidently upon a forefinger as he might have clung to a branch of willow that hung over the gurgling brown brook. He accepted the four bounding walls of my room as cheerfully as if he believed that no stone walls can make the winged soul prisoner, that no cage bars can keep it fettered.

In an awkward human way I did my best to make up to Peter for what he had lost—the swaying branches in the wind under the clear blue sky, the joyous flight over flowered meadows, the concert of birds at dawn and at dusk that rings from the woodland. I did my best to make up to him for his loss of these—I played with him; I talked with him; unceasingly I dug for curly black garden worms, and fed them, wiggling, to him. This loving drudgery of insect-catching was as persistent as that of Father Robin, and I think I can fully appreciate the relief from care that must come to a pair of birds whose young ones have, at last, learned to shift for themselves. Oh, it was a red-letter day on the spring almanac when Peter voluntarily killed his first worm, and ate it without having to have it dangled over his head by me, his foster-mother!

For the sake of greater safety, Peter had his own small home, into which he retired at frequent intervals to eat—when not busy hopping over my floor or making heavy baby-flights from window-sill to desk in pursuit of such bright, shiny objects as attracted his fancy. To be sure, others *would* call it his cage, though Peter Pan's foster-mother, mindful of Peter's Never-Never Land, insisted that to Peter Pan Mocking-bird it

was his home, his Tree-Top House. It was wont to hang in the branches of an apple-tree where robins and catbirds, orioles and song-sparrows all came to teach him singing.

Yet I have never believed that Peter learned his song from the northern birds. It seemed to be the epic of his own little poet-soul rather than a medley from other birds' notes. He guarded it in secret for a long while, and was as shy of singing in public as a youth with an untrained voice. We hid behind the vines, quite out of sight, and held our breath when its first low murmuring ripples of tentative harmony whispered through the silence of a summer's afternoon. It was eery, like a chime of bluebells, delicate, and its cadences rose and fell gently, gently, like the rising and falling of a butterfly flight up and down—here, there, everywhere! There were soft bubbles of colorful sound that broke into scattered bird-calls, and ever, ever, the *song* grew with timid practising to be the art of an artist, sure of himself and true to his own divinity of self-expression. Then Peter



"FOR THE SAKE OF GREATER SAFETY, PETER
HAD HIS OWN SMALL HOME."

Pan Mocking-bird "signed his name" in song to his themes, and one could hear him singing, "Peter, Peter, Peter," at the opening or closing of his melody.

In due time Peter passed through his first moulting successfully, as a child goes through measles. It was trying, but expected. It may be mortifying to have red speckles all over one, but it is, I am sure, infinitely worse for a bird to lose its tail, even if it is a poor one. From moulting, Peter emerged full-fledged, dapper in a suit

of soft blue-gray trimmed on the wings with pearl-white feathers. He bore no more resemblance to his elfish self of the wild rose-tree days than a grubby brown caterpillar bears to its later self when it emerges from the chrysalis a jewel-winged living flower. At this time, he learned unconsciously to assume attitudes as graceful as those of a pretty girl innocent of her own beauty. Wings spread to their full, showing markings of white, that expressed rapture, happiness,—he greeted beauty in that way. At sight of birch-bark, red berries, or a rose near by, spread wings, sweeping open wide and folding, told of the artist's appreciation of the beautiful. Fluffed feathers indicated wrath, playful or real. His listening attitude with cocked head and elongated body was emblematic of curiosity. Perked tail, accompanied by dandified switching, meant just the glad joy of being.

He had a language, too, quite as individual. There was his little fledgling note of content, "*Chuck*." It was a baby word never forgotten, and seemed the most endearing of all flattering remarks to his foster-mother. At morning and at evening, there was always a sweet warble of three or four liquid stanzas in which Peter said good-night or good-morning. On waking to find a dark day, he would follow this with the tree-toad's damp foreboding, though where Peter acquired any knowledge of the meaning of a tree-toad's cry, no one of us has been able to explain. I never knew of any tree-toads living in our garden.

At certain seasons of the year, Peter's song would change. In spring, he would be bluebird or robin. Later, he mimicked the catbirds; later still, the woodpecker, the starlings, or the English sparrows chirping on the bare branches where the summer birds' nests still swung lonely in the wind. Peter was something of a Henry Irving too, or perhaps it might be better to say that he, like Shakspeare, acted a part in his own comedies. Sometimes he condescended to the burlesque.

The sounds about the house, Peter incorporated into his songs. There was our little dog, whose delight was to howl at the back door. His howl became Peter's, and with it he greeted the sight of the little dog, Launce, whenever he appeared on the horizon. Then, too, there was the postman's whistle that Peter imitated to perfection. There was Banty Rooster learning to crow, and the click of the type-writer. Oh, Peter found song in *everything*, as a true artist should.

Yet there were always the sad, lingering notes in Peter's song. They came with the glad season of leafing spring, when the first feathery tufts of

the maple-trees broke into soft green—when the robins paired, when the twilight was alive with bird-calls. Then the tears would start to my eyes, and I would know that a caged bird is a bird to pity.

Yes, I did what I could to make Peter happy. I gave him all but his freedom, and that I dared not give him, though there were times when I strove with my heart, arguing that a brief life in the tree-tops was far better than one fettered in a cage. At these moments I knew that his wild instincts had never been trained; fed, sheltered, cared for, trusting, how should he know, in the full liberty of tree-tops, hidden danger, self-defense, food, drink? Would the other birds teach him? Would instinct come to his aid? The white sparrow is hated by his tribe. There is no choice but loneliness and death for a hated bird. Death! And still I hesitated. What is death if the little life has been a free one in the spot where nature placed it? And still I hesitated.

I loved Peter.

I felt that he loved me.

He had told me so in his own way many times.

From one end of the house to the other, he would call three little notes, rising and falling. It was my call, and we made it up when Peter was but a baby bird. He had his part and I had mine. When I called Peter, I began with the first of the notes, and Peter concluded mine. So we knew, no matter where I chanced to be, that we were thinking of one another. From the garden I would call and the answer would come. From the back porch, where Peter's "Tree-Top House" stood in the shade of the Dutchman's-pipe vine with its large heart-shaped leaves, there where, in long summer days, Peter called to catbirds, orioles, and robins, he would call to me, too; and when I came at his call to talk to him, his song lost the sad insistent throbbing of its tone, lost its longing, and settled into a fantastic welcome of wild-wood greeting.

Dancing from perch to perch, with many flirtings of his long, slender tail, waltzing about over my hand, when I put it in the cage to duel with him in play, Peter found his playfellow in me.

Oh, we were good comrades, Peter and I! Oh, if I could but have become a mocking-bird, we might have shared together the dangers that lurked in the open. Together we did share a happy hunting-place of worms and insects which lay under the cherry-tree at the rear of our garden. Peter in his cage, I digging furiously for worms—elusive black ones, the kind Peter liked best! Then I would take the bottom from the

cage, and let Peter hop about on the grass to pick up insects at his excited leisure. He never tried to get out of the cage, but I never dared to open his cage door.

And yet we were mutually trustful. Peter never took a careless opportunity to fly away and leave me, no, never! In recompense, he had the largest cage that could be found, and freedom to come and go about my room when doors and

put Peter as usual in the shadow of the Dutchman's-pipe vine and went to fill his food cup. A busy day was ahead, and if I had sung a song that day, it would have had sad cadences in it like Peter's. So, with an absent mind, intent on my own doings, I left the slide open and went on about my business. When I put the cup back, I did not glance at the cage. I did not stop to parley. And I went my way.



NEAR THE WILD ROSE-TREE BY THE SHALLOW BROWN CREEK, IN SPRINGTIME.

windows were safely closed. It may have been a poor substitute for wild life, yet I know he was happy in it with me.

Who could have helped loving Peter Pan Mocking-bird! As the years grew with new springs and summers to number Peter's fifth, we knew and shared many things together—the loneliness of the spring, the happy secrets of his song, the morning and the evening greeting, the dog, the tree-toad's foreboding, the rollicking fun of the little games that Peter invented when he was let loose to fly about my room. Yet ever there lay in my thought of him the spring sadness in his song when he called to the robins and the catbirds in the green branches. And I wanted to open the cage door and let him go—and yet I did not! I did not!

It was a hot June morning when, one day, I

Something seemed to tell me that there was trouble. It haunted me through all my work till I went back to look to see if all was well with the little bird. The cage was *empty*. Peter had flown away. He must have gone long ago; I must have left the cage open when I was thinking of myself! It was over an hour since he had gone!

With the first crushing knowledge that he had flown came a certain sense of wild joy. The tears were in my heart, too, but I seemed to feel the buoyancy of Peter's first joy in being a free bird—and yet—and yet it must mean death.

I called. There was no answer, no echo to the three notes of our bird-call. Peter had gone—gone—gone to his tree-tops! It was useless to linger with the empty cage in the garden, more than useless to attempt to seek him. No wild bird

to whom freedom has been given, who has felt the thrill of untamed happiness in the rush of the wind through his wings, will return. No.

Yet still I kept on calling, calling, calling.



"WHEN DOORS AND WINDOWS WERE SAFELY CLOSED."

And I listened, and new keenness came to my hearing. I heard above the song of the red-winged blackbird in the neighboring field, above the robin's call to its young in a near-by tree, above the warble of starlings making merry in the elm, distant, distant, far away, faint, dream-like, softly rising and falling, the liquid gurgle of the little brown creek near the wild rose-tree down south, and it was the song of Peter Pan in his real tree-top house in the real Never-Never Land, telling the catbirds and the robins of the nest in the wild rose-tree.

With *Galahad's* singleness of purpose, I set out upon the quest that should lead me whereso'er it would. Like *Ferdinand* of "The Tempest," I was guided by the faerie music of a song. Up the white road to the turning, through a patch of flower garden and a bit of an inclosure for cattle, over the hill I went, calling, calling, calling.

And, at last, the tones grew clearer, clearer, and I knew that I had come to my journey's end. From a wide-spreading apple-tree came the song, full, and rich, and strong.

"Peter! Peter, Sweetheart, little bird, where are you?" Then there came the answer, three little notes rising and falling—and I answered.

Yes, there he was! Shall I ever forget him perched on the apple-bough—leaves about him dark and freshly green from recent rain, with sunlight filtering through the shadow on his soft,

blue-gray feathers! And while he called, he hopped from branch to branch.

"Peter," said I, for I was used to talk aloud to him, "Peter Pan, here is your home. Come down to me. The door is open—come down, Peter darling, come home to me!" But the wild bird in him forbade, though he called and called to me. His wings spread wide with the gesture of rapture, he trilled as he only trilled when we played together our gay little games, and his head cocked on one side regarded me playfully.

For an eternity, it seemed, I stood there coaxing. In the background of the orchard I could see the great gray cat lurking crouched, listening to it all. And then I missed Peter. He had gone again!

The gray cat slunk out of sight as I made the round of the orchard listening, listening. I could hear the red-winged blackbird still singing in the swamp; I could hear a song-sparrow on a twig in a buttercup field; I could hear a robin and a bobolink; but Peter's voice was silent, and I had lost the guiding of his song.

Thus I should always remember him now, in his native wild-wood happiness, looking down at me, calling, calling with the little pet term of endearment which he used for me alone. It was the last thing I heard when I lost sight of him. It was his farewell.

But when the storms rocked the trees at night, when the wind was wild, when the chill was in the air, whenever I should hear the cry of a bird, then I should hear Peter's little call of distress all through the summer and all through the fall. And what would become of my own little bird—my own little lonely bird!

No! Was it— Yes! Yes! I heard again the *song*, distant, soft, sweet! It was farther away than before. It came from over far meadows—how far? Who knows! With Peter's cage in my arms I climbed fences; with the cage in my arms I followed over meadow and green-growing corn-field till the song answered my calling, stopped, and was still.

There was a sloping hill with waving high grass full of daisies; there was a clear blue cloudless sky above; there were birds in the wild cherry-tree near the old stone wall, and birds in the elms and fruit-trees near by. And there in an apple-tree was my little Peter Pan with the wanderlust in his heart!

Ah! There he was! I spied him in a tree with catbirds and—yes, he saw me too. At my approach, they took sudden fright, and I saw them go. I thought that Peter was with them, yet, when the wild rush of their wings had passed and I seemed to have seen him go with them, I

heard his song behind me, and it came straight from a low-growing wild cherry-tree near an old vine-covered stone wall. It was the next best thing to a wild rose-bush.

"Peter! Peter! How happy I am! Come to me— Come—" and I whistled a snatch of song, for Peter loved to have songs whistled to him. Consciously, I recalled the words of the melody:

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest,
Home-keeping hearts are happiest—
For those that wander, they know not where,
Are full of trouble and full of care—
Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest,
Home-keeping hearts are happiest!

and Peter, from his branch in the tree above me, answered in a very riot of song.

It was beyond my belief that he would come back to me—I dared not hope for it! But I held the door of the "Tree-Top Home" open wide and coaxed. And then, slowly, slowly, the miracle came to pass! With flutters of white showing in his blue-gray wings, he dropped from twig to twig, nearer, nearer, nearer, ever nearer! Down, down, down closer and closer, he came. With a quick sweep he was home again! Home again! And I closed the door. Was it my song that

brought him? Or was it his love for me? Who shall tell!

Back we came through the long meadow-grass together, over the fence and through the green-growing corn-field, into the orchard where the gray cat crouched in the shadow under the apple-trees like conquered Fate, past the cattle-yard, through the gay-blooming garden, over the close-clipped lawn, out of the gate, back on the dusty white road again, and *home!* Back we came to the sheltered porch where the heavy vine with its heart-shaped leaves had grown when Peter first thought of the *song* and mingled the low gurgle of the little brown creek that meandered through spring-green meadows with his first wee lisping love-notes to his foster-mother.

Oh, my heart is singing, singing for the love that a little bird has shown me! Mother Mocking-bird! Mother Mocking-bird! There is something beside tragedy symbolized in the choice you made of your wild rose-tree for a nest! In its dawn-colored pink blossom is typified a faerie sweetness that is like the love that Peter Pan has shown me. And I have the wild roses ever with me when I hear the low liquid gurgle of the little brown brook of the song.



TEDDY AND MISS RAINY-DAY

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

WHEN Teddy meets "Miss Rainy-day,"
He wears a rubber coat of gray.
A drooping hat protects his head;
A big umbrella 's o'er him spread;
And on the street, he seems to be
A blot of black and gray, to me.

But if I peep beneath the rim
Of his umbrella, black and grim;
I find the loveliest surprise,

Of laughing lips and merry eyes.
And I laugh back and quite forget
The grayness and the rain and wet.

And 't is the very self-same way
With what we call "Miss Rainy-day."
Behind her cloak of dismal clouds,
Gay little sunbeams lurk in crowds;
And if you look for them, you 'll see
How nice Miss Rainy-day can be!



THE LASTING BENEFITS OF GOLF

MANY a school-boy in scoffing at golf as a namby-pamby game, not to be mentioned in the same breath with foot-ball, track-athletics, baseball, and other sports of their ilk, does not stop to think of the more lasting benefits which he might derive from the game he derides. Of its joys he knows nothing, never having experienced them; he looks upon golf with a vague sort of feeling that some day, when he is getting along in years, he may take up the game to be "in the fashion." Meantime, something more vigorous for him in the athletic line!

Fortunately for themselves, as I look at the matter, there are a great many boys who form an unalterable attachment for golf, and whose identification with the game as school-boys is only the forerunner of years of pleasure on the links. To continue their play after school-days, naturally they either have to join a club or to have their rounds on a public course. Regarding the latter, there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that public courses have played an important part in the development of the game in America, both among the young and the older players. Scores of boys who have enjoyed golf while in school have not been in a position, financially, to join a golf or country club immediately after their school-days are over, yet have continued their play by making use of such links as the Franklin Park course, in Boston, Van Cortlandt Park, in New York, and Jackson Park, in Chicago.

The average school-boy golfer becomes ambitious to join a golf or country club from the time

that he takes part in an interscholastic tournament. He sees the members come in, go to their regularly assigned locker, sit down to a luncheon for which they merely sign a slip of paper, and do other things with an air of proprietorship that has a certain fascination. The school-boy golfer, too, would be a member and enjoy all these privileges. He would like to rub elbows with men of prominence in the community,—for in the golf and country clubs are to be found "big" men, men of influence in the city, the State, or the country at large.

Any youth who joins a golf or country club and who lays too much stress upon the privilege of merely signing checks for luncheons and such things, is apt to get a bit of a shock when those checks, like chickens, "come home to roost." They all have to be paid, sooner or later, so, if he is a golfer in moderate financial circumstances, he had better not be overgenerous with either himself or his friends in the early stages of his club life. This may sound a little like preaching, yet it is a fact that club life sometimes has an unfortunate influence upon a young man, especially if he gets started in the wrong way.

On the other hand, for the young golfer who is willing to hold a modest place in the club, there are a host of advantages. There is no denying that in golf he does have the opportunity to mingle with the finest class of people, intellectually and socially, and, if he is properly observing and discreetly curious, he can learn a great deal in several directions, and in particular many things which will improve his game of golf.

WATCH THE PLAY OF THE MASTER-GOLFERS

DOUBTLESS it is true that one reason why the general standard of play in this country is not higher is that devotees of the game are so keen for playing themselves that they are not willing to put in a little more time in following and observing the methods of the better golfers. We know that on the other side of the Atlantic it is nothing unusual for even such great professionals as Vardon, Ray, Braid, and Taylor to spend some of their time watching each other play. George Duncan, perhaps the most brilliant golfer in the world to-day, says unrestrictedly that his game is a composite of the styles of such players as those named above. Therein is his own confession that what he is as a golfer is largely the result of watching the play of the masters.

I can advance no stronger argument for driving home the idea that it pays to study the strokes of good players as well as to practise to perfect our own. And I think I am absolutely correct in saying that any young golfer who is ambitious to learn will always find good golfers ready to give him the benefit of their experience and observations. Right here is one of the greatest features of the game. The finest players, professionals or amateurs, are forever trying to learn new points, and they rarely hesitate to divulge any point in connection with their own game. In other words, while there may be keen individual rivalries among the golfers, the greatest rivals may frequently be seen comparing notes on the best method for playing different shots.

MANY FINE POINTS TO BE LEARNED BESIDES THE BEST METHODS OF PLAYING DIFFERENT SHOTS

THERE are many things for the young player to learn, aside from the best method for playing different shots. One golfer might pitch directly at the flag at a certain shot, while in your opinion the run-up would be the more natural. You might find, by questioning (but never questioning at an inappropriate time), that this particular green is softer than the others on the course. Or, again, a golfer might play a run-up where the more natural shot would be the pitch; only you find that he knows the ground is too hard to get good results from a pitch. These are matters which have nearly as much to do with success in competition as the ability to hit the ball correctly, and they are points which must be learned through experience. Sometimes there are marked differences in the character of the turf and soil on different holes of the same course. The experienced golfer gradually learns

to form an estimate of such changing conditions, even by noting whether ground is high or low, and judging whether the low land has much moisture in it.

These points, of course, do not enter immediately into the game of the younger golfer, but they are injected merely to emphasize the advantage of being observant.

A LESSON FROM MR. TRAVIS

ON this very point, I once had a good lesson taught me. Together with Mr. Ray R. Gorton



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THE VETERAN GOLFER, MR. WALTER J. TRAVIS.

and Mr. H. W. Stucklen, prominent players of the Boston district, and Captain Albert Scott, also of Boston, who has a collection of wonderful photographs of famous golfers in action, I was visiting at the Garden City course, Long Island. Mr. Walter J. Travis and Mr. John M. Ward of the Metropolitan district were there, and after a round of golf, we went into the clubhouse, where a discussion began of the way different shots were played. Mr. Travis, who probably has made as deep a study of the game as any man in the world, began to explain how he played different shots. His explanations opened my

eyes in two ways. One was that I was rather astonished to hear him tell so clearly and minutely exactly how he played each shot, so that any person who had watched him play as closely as I had could have a clear mental vision of each movement of his club and body. The other thing that struck me most forcibly as I listened to his explanations was how little I actually knew about how I played shots myself. Put the club in my hand and let me get out to play a shot, and I felt confident of being able to play it in a reasonably skilful manner; but to sit down and tell somebody else how I did it I realized was beyond me.

STUDY YOUR OWN GAME, TOO

FROM that time to the present, it has been my aim not only to try to play the shots correctly, but to know how and why I play them a certain way. Therefore my suggestion to the young golfer—any golfer for that matter: to study his own game as well as that of others. I'll admit that at first it is not a very easy thing to do, especially for the golfer who is not sure of hitting the ball at all "true." Doubtless he feels that he has trouble enough obeying the cardinal principle of keeping his eye on the ball, taking the club back in approved fashion, and such like, without trying to pay heed to anything else.

HINTS FOR A PRACTICE CORRECTIVE OF PULLING AND SLICING

BUT a golfer can do something like this: he can take a dozen balls, for practice, and change his stance several times to note results. He might try placing the ball directly abreast of him and about half-way between his feet, with an open stance. Drive a few balls from that position and note the general results. Then he might try driving the ball from a position more in line with his right foot, and next time with it more abreast of his left foot. He doubtless will note, if he still stands about the same distance from the ball, that each stance brings its own general results. With one he finds that he is more apt to get the ball down the middle of the course, another seems to develop a tendency to pull, and another to slice.

Of course, I should not advise beginners, or even those who have made moderate progress in the game, to spend a great deal of time on such experiments merely for the sake of knowing how to slice or pull at will. My suggestion is that such experiments occasionally are excellent correctives; as, for example, when a golfer finds himself continually pulling or slicing. It may

not be that his stance is at fault at all, but that he is pulling his hands in toward him when he plays the shot, thus coming across the ball and slicing it, or that he is pushing his hands out. This I will say about experiments, however, that they at least inculcate in the golfer the idea of being something more than an automaton in the game. Every golfer naturally would like to be able to play with mechanical precision, but at the same time the average golfer would enjoy his own precision far more by knowing exactly "how he does it."

CULTIVATING GOOD JUDGMENT

THE more one studies his own game, too, the more discerning he becomes in noting the good and bad points of some one else's play. As I have said before, there can be a great deal learned from watching good golfers. A person may note the stance taken by the proficient golfer; how much he bends his knees; how he holds his head; how far back he carries his club; how he finishes the stroke; how he grips his club. It should be borne in mind, though, in watching a first-class golfer to pick up pointers, that what the first-class golfer may do is not always a good method to follow. It might be impossible for the rank and file. Edward Ray is a mighty driver, but there probably are not a great many others who could drive exactly as he does and get good results. The more a player observes, the more readily will he pick up the point which is going to help his game, and cast aside the peculiarity which is not safe to follow.

In suggesting that the young golfer would be wise in spending some of his time watching others, rather than playing himself, I know I am counseling something which hardly will appeal to many who delight in playing. They want the fun of playing. That is what they are in the game for; that is why they are members of a club. Yet I can truthfully say that one of the keenest pleasures that I can have personally is in following a couple of good golfers playing a round. It is almost as good as playing an exceptionally fine shot yourself to see some one else get up and hit the ball exactly as you would wish to see it hit or to do it yourself. You know just how you would feel after making such a shot, and you are mentally exhilarated by seeing some one else do it.

KEEPING THE SECOND SHOT IN MIND

THERE are other things, too, which cannot fail to impress themselves upon a person of normal observance who watches the play, we'll say, of two skilful professionals. He will see these



MR. OUMET IN TWO FAMILIAR ATTITUDES.

men strive, not necessarily to get down the middle of the course, nor as far as they can from the tee, but to place the ball at some particular point which is more advantageous for the second shot. They will drive, let us say, well to the left at a certain hole, trusting in their own skill to keep them away from trouble that looms up on that side, merely for the sake of playing their second shot from a point where they can see the green. To drive straight down the middle would be lots safer, but it might leave the ball where the green would be hidden from view. It is little things like that which mark the difference between the golfer who continues gradually to improve in his play and his scoring and so many others who reach a certain point and there seem to stick.

LISTENING BETTER THAN TALKING

FOR the younger player joining a club and hoping not only to become a good player, but to make a favorable impression upon older members and get along well in the more social side of club life, I would suggest that it is more advisable to be a good listener than to do a great deal of talking. To listen to men of experience discuss the

game, or, for that matter, to hear their views on various topics, is to gain many points which may prove valuable. By that I do not by any manner of means suggest that the younger member should eavesdrop or try to hear something not intended for his ears.

Many golfers are apt to give a wide berth to the man who is inclined ever to talk about his own game. He wants to explain every victory and every defeat; how if his shot to the fourteenth green had not hit a stone and bounded off the course, he would have won the match, or how lucky his opponent was in holding an approach at the fifteenth. The great thing to remember is that what has happened to you, in one particular match or round, has happened to many others, and will happen to many more, so it has not even the merit of being newsy; unless there should happen to be some extraordinary occurrence, such as hitting a bird in flight or killing a fish in a brook.

For the young man, also (and this, too, may sound like preaching), my advice is to steer clear of that part of the social life which includes liquors. As this is not an article on temperance, however, I will say nothing more on that score.

(To be continued.)



"AMONG THE LAUREL BLOSSOMS."—PAINTED BY CHARLES C. CURRAN.

THE RUNAWAY

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Author of "The Junior Cup," "Pelham and His Friend Tim," etc.

CHAPTER XV

TOWARD THE BRINK

FROM his seat in the stern Brian looked back. The canoe had doubled its distance from the wire. He looked at the paddle. Being lighter, it had floated faster yet. He looked at the shore. Close by the right-hand end of the dam rose up the first of the mill buildings, from which he heard the quiet humming of the machinery. No one was visible at the windows or on the shore. With fear in his heart, he shouted.

Nobody could have heard him, for no answer came. The shores were still deserted, the windows of the factory blank. He shouted again, but again there was no response. He turned to Harriet.

"It's no use," he complained irritably.

Harriet was steadfast. "Shout again, and wave your hands. We'll shout together."

Her positiveness so far influenced him that he obeyed, though he felt like a fool, shouting at the stolid landscape and waving his arms at nothing. He was about to give in, when suddenly from the roof of the factory there leaped a white jet of steam. Across the water there came, and smote him in the face like a blow, the scream of the steam-whistle.

"The fire-whistle!" exclaimed Harriet. "Sit still now. We've done all we can."

Now suddenly the fire-escapes of the factory were crowded with men, there were heads at all the windows, and out of the door poured a stream of figures. Others came hurrying around the corners of the building. Brian heard shouts, and looked with satisfaction on the crowd. In the shortest possible time there must have been a hundred men at the shore, with many more coming. He looked at Harriet. "They will get us ashore."

"How?" she asked. "No one keeps a boat below the wire. Those men at the dam can do nothing. We shall go over."

His head came suddenly round as he looked at the dam. He saw it only as a line that cut short the surface of the pond. From beyond it came a ceaseless growling of the waters. What was below there?

"The fall is ten feet, upon rocks," Harriet said. "Then there are rapids for quite a distance."

"Only ten feet," answered Brian. "We shall be all right." He continued looking at the dam, and at the crowd of men at the end of it.

"I hope so," answered Harriet, softly.

The men at the shore were very quiet. Why were n't they doing something? But suddenly he saw one of them run out upon the dam, splashing as he went.

"There!" he cried triumphantly.

The man fell. There must have been a rope tied to him, for the men on the shore were seen hauling him back.

"No one can do that," said Harriet. "There is a wide top to the dam, but it is of wooden planking, grown with moss, and very slippery. The current is so strong it will knock any one over."

"He's trying it again!" exclaimed Brian.

But the man failed a second time. He had taken scarcely two steps when he disappeared, only to be hauled to shore. Then, though Brian watched eagerly, no further attempt was made. The men on the shore stood apparently watching. Once he heard voices raised above the noise of the dam, once came the noise of a scream. But that was all.

"Why don't they do something?" he cried.

"They can't," answered Harriet. "Brian, I think we have less than a minute now."

He looked at her. Her cheeks were a little pale, but her face was quite calm. She was looking at him earnestly. "If I said anything unkind just now, I am very sorry for it."

"Why, Harriet," he protested, "we shall get through all right!"

"I hope so," she answered. "I hope at least that you do. But if you do and I don't, please, Brian, act differently toward Rodman."

They were her dying words, soberly and truly impressive. But he flung up his arms in irritation.

"I tell you it is n't as bad as you think!" he insisted.

The men at the shore were still quiet. Brian looked at the dam. The canoe was not more than fifty feet away, and the current was bearing it steadily on. Brian could see the brown water turn pale green, and then curl over at the farther edge. The growling of the fall was now a muffled roar. What should he see when he looked down from the top of the dam?

CHAPTER XVI

TWO KINDS OF BRAVERY

PELHAM and Rodman were working together in the office of the mill. Mr. Dodd was away, but Bob occasionally went in and out. Through a closed door sounded the murmur of the machinery, and through the open window came the rumble of the dam. The two boys sat side by side at the bookkeeper's desk, and while one read items the other checked them.

"You 've got beyond me," said Pelham, at a pause in the work. "I 've learned a couple of tricks from you already. But I can help make the work go faster.—What was that?"

Rodman, absorbed in his work, had been murmuring his thanks. "I heard nothing," he said.

Pelham returned to the work. "Thought I heard some one calling. Ready? Twelve bolts uncut corduroy. Twenty-seven— Excuse me, Rodman. I must see what that galoot is shouting for."

He went to the window, while Rodman rested his elbow on the desk and waited.

Pelham shaded his eyes against the sun. "They 've got no business to be there," he said, frowning. "Are they fooling, or do you suppose—"

"What is it?" asked Rodman.

"He 's waving his arms," cried Pelham. Then he turned and sprang to the wall, where hung a rope. His face was white as he looked at Rodman. "It 's Harriet and Brian!" He threw his weight on the rope, then pulled again and again. From overhead sounded the hoarse and insistent blasts of the fire-whistle.

The door burst open, and Bob dashed in. He saw Pelham at the rope. "What is it?" he demanded.

"Harriet and Brian are drifting to the dam! They 're almost there!" He pointed toward the window, but Bob did not look. Instead, he turned to the weaving-room, where the noise of machinery had suddenly ceased. His great voice rang through the silence.

"No fire! Danger on the pond!"

In the room overhead was heard stamping, calling, and running. Feet were pounding on the stairs. Bob, snatching open the door, rushed out, shouting "Ropes!" Pelham and Rodman followed. From the other buildings, from their own, streams of men were issuing, and with shouts and calls rushing toward the dam.

But when they reached it, there was silence. The men formed, three deep, at the edge of the pond, and looked helplessly at the water. A hundred and fifty feet away glided the little

canoe broadside toward the dam, and they stared at it, fascinated.

The picture was so peaceful! There was not a flaw on the clear surface of the pond, the fields rose softly green beyond, and cattle grazed on the farther shore. No clouds were in the sky. It was a perfect summer's day, a beautiful scene. No sign of danger overhung the little craft that rode so steadily upon the pond. Ah, but the men saw the advance of the canoe toward the edge of the fall; they saw the curling water running swiftly across the platform of the dam; they knew how remorselessly it flung itself, and would fling any burden, down the steep drop upon the sharp rocks beneath. No wonder that breaths were sharply drawn, no wonder that a sob rose throughout the crowd when suddenly a voice called:

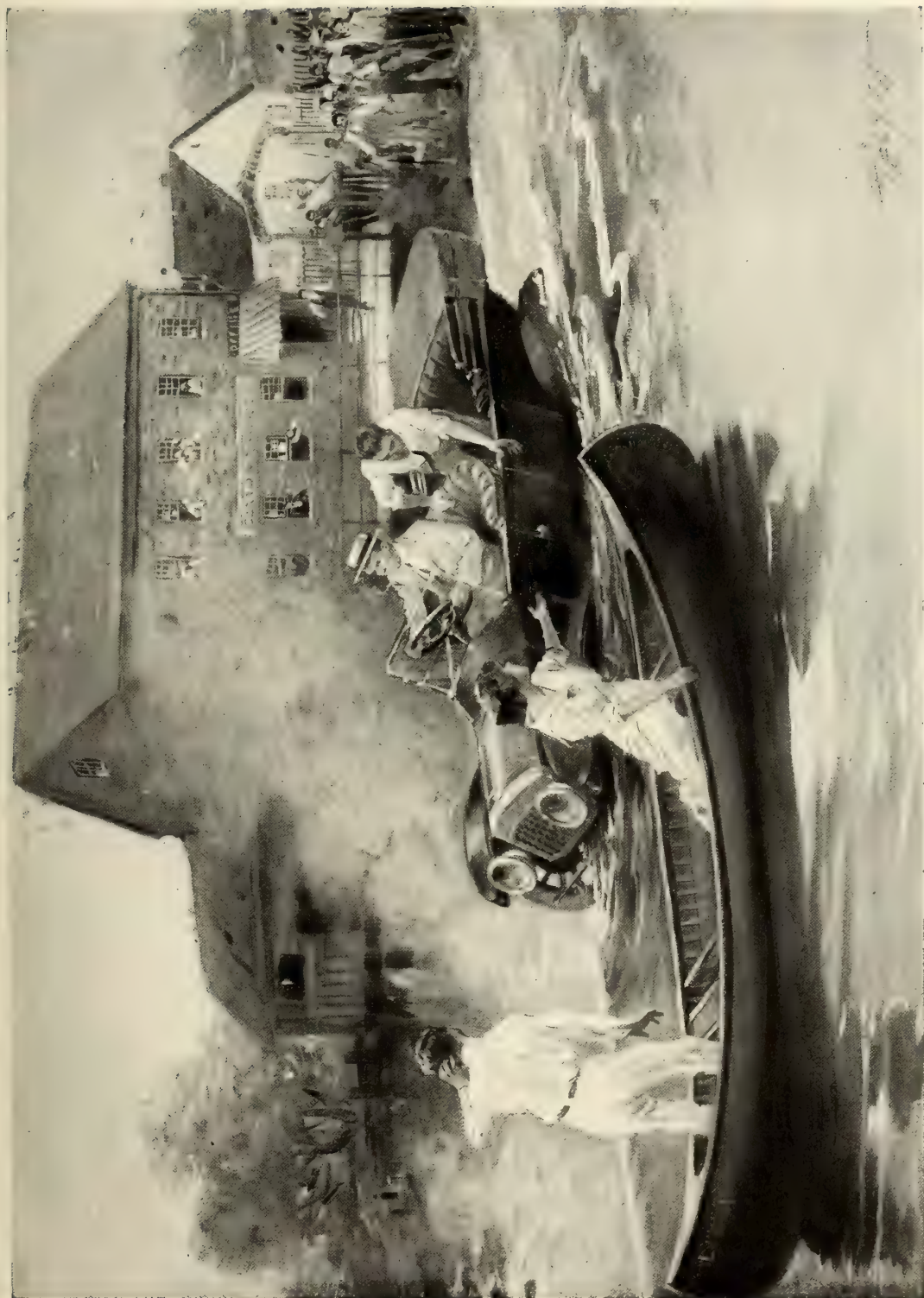
"It 's the young leddy!"

For every man there knew Harriet, admired her young freshness, liked her shy friendliness, and prized her higher than any girl in the village. They knew her character well, from much discussion of it. There was no silliness about her, she dressed simply—as did all the Dodds, except this young sprig from the city—and she was interested in the workmen's wives and children. There was dismay in all their hearts as they learned who rode so quietly to her death.

Not one man doubted the result. The fall was too high, the rocks too many, the rapids too fierce. They had heard Bob shouting his directions for men to take boat below the rapids, to be ready to help; but no man believed that any one could come through alive, except by a miracle. Restlessly the crowd swayed to and fro, wishing to act, but seeing no means.

Then Bob's voice was again heard, calling "Make way!" Hatless and coatless he pushed to the front, a rope round his waist; he was giving directions to the man who, carrying the coil of the rope, was following him. "Pay out as I go—" The men raised a feeble cheer. They knew he would fail.

There was a broad top to the dam, made of boards, slightly sloping, and slimy with weeds. Over it the current, suddenly becoming swift, ran strongly. Though there was scarcely a foot of water at the rim, no man could stand against it. But bracing himself for the attempt, Bob ran down the slope that led to the dam, and tramped into the water. Three, four, five steps he took, successful where the water was slowest. Then his feet slipped from beneath him, and he was swept over the edge. The rope kept his head above water, and the men drew him quickly to shore in spite of the buffeting of the current.



"THE AUTOMOBILE HAD THRUST ITSELF BETWEEN THE CANOE AND THE GREEDY FALLS!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Breathless, blowing, Bob stamped his foot. "A pole!" he gasped. "I can't make it without one."

"Mr. Bob," cried Pat Cudahy, the big Irishman who managed the rope, "you can't make it at all!"

Bob stamped his foot. "We 'll see!" He snatched the pole that was brought him, and once more made the venture. This time he took two steps farther than before, and then van-



"RODMAN STEPPED ASIDE TO LET IT PASS."
(SEE PAGE 602.)

ished in the swirl of water at the foot of the dam!

"The young boss is gone!" shouted the men.

"Shtand aside!" roared Cudahy, pulling fiercely on the rope. Bob's head emerged from the water, and once again he was hauled ashore. Scarcely able to stand, he coughed his lungs free of water. He gazed bitterly at the dam. Bob had been among the lumbermen. Give him a pair of calked boots and a pike-pole, and he could walk the dam, but as it was—!

"Another pole!" he demanded.

"You can't make it now," said Cudahy, supporting him. "If you could walk it, they 'd be over before you could reach them."

Bob sprang erect. "Another pole!" he panted. But there was despair even in his defiance of danger. He knew he could not make it.

"If the men will make way, I 'll try my luck," said a voice.

Bob turned. Quite unobserved, an automobile had run into the mill-yard, and its driver, standing in his place, was looking down at him. It was a young man, well-dressed and smiling. His car was massive, double-seated, compact.

"The dam is wide enough for the machine," he said. "And the car is too heavy to be pushed over."

Hope sprang up. Bob turned to the men. "Make room!" he shouted. The men, also shouting, speedily cleared the path. The young man sat down behind his wheel. Then he looked at Bob.

"I 'll need you, I think."

Bob sprang into the seat behind him.

Pelham, gazing with all his eyes as the machine moved slowly forward, saw the striking contrast between the two young men. Bob was grimly defiant of danger and death; he knew their power, but he despised them. The stranger, still smiling as he glanced down the sloping runway, was jauntily indifferent to anything that might happen. A puff of smoke issued from between his lips. The fellow was smoking a cigarette!

"They 'll be too late!" cried some one.

The big machine purred loudly, and suddenly dashed at the water. Right and left shot wide sheets of spray. The men held their breaths. Then, as the car churned onward, rose cries of admiration.

"Well done!—He has n't a foot to spare, but he 's doin' it!—Stiddy as a rock!—Losh, yon 's a gran' machine!—Man, was iver the loike?"

The powerful automobile, heavily built, low hung, never wavered in its steady advance. Though it rocked a little, it held true to the line. But against the strong resistance it went slowly. The shouts died as suspense seized all hearts. Would it be in time? For moving always faster, the light canoe was now gliding swiftly toward its fall. It was not its own length from the dam.

"He 'll make it! He won't! He will!"

Then one loud yell fairly burst from all throats. For the automobile had thrust itself between the canoe and the greedy falls!

The men saw Bob, leaning forward, seize the canoe; they saw Harriet first, then Brian, clamber to the machine; they shouted aloud again. And then once more there was silence and suspense.

The automobile had stopped. The farther bank

was a sharp bank up which it could not climb. It must return. Could the driver steer it back? They knew that would be a feat beside which the outward trip was a mere nothing.

The stranger rose in his seat, and leaning on the back, looked toward the shore. The canoe, thrust by Bob, floated away. Then the big machine began to move. There was a single shout of admiration, and again fell silence. The men knew that the stranger was guiding the machine with but a single hand, quickening the speed, steering on the narrow way. Every chance was in favor of some slight turn to right or left, when some irregularity of the track would shoot the machine from the dam. It swayed, and the men groaned. It rocked, and they held their breaths. But steadily, certainly, it came onward until the shore was near.

"Give me room to fling the rope av they need it!" cried Cudahy.

But there was no need. The automobile reached the upward slope, and shot out of the water. Suddenly freed from resistance, it roared up the runway. Then, subsiding, it quieted and stopped. The driver threw his cigarette away.

"All ashore!" he said, laughing.

CHAPTER XVII

PURSUIT

PELHAM strove in his sleep against a summons. His heavy slumber was too pleasant to relinquish. At length, however, he yielded, and slowly opened his eyes. Had any one called him?

In the other bed lay Brian, and Pelham heard him murmuring: "No need of another paddle, I tell you."

"He must have waked me," thought Pelham. "But it seemed like something else."

"We sha'n't get hurt, anyway," muttered Brian.

"Does n't make enough noise to wake me," Pelham decided.

Brian snarled suddenly: "I won't be drowned!"

Pelham lay in doubt. The room was bright with moonlight as he looked about it. There was no sound in the hall outside, or in all the house. He turned over on his side, and was just yawning comfortably, when a sharp rapping at the window made him start upright. Some one had thrown pebbles! He sprang out of bed and went to the window. Below the open window, on the garden path, stood a dark figure, gazing upward.

"Who is it?" whispered Pelham.

The answer was cautious, but clear: "It 's me —Nate. Is that cousin of yours asleep?"

Pelham turned and listened. He heard Brian muttering. "Yes," he answered.

"Don't wake him," cautioned Nate. "Pelham, will you come with me? I want you and your hoss and cart."

"What for?" asked Pelham, amazed.

Nate seemed to stretch up on tiptoe; his whisper, lower than before, was still clear. "Rodman 's gone."

"Gone!" cried Pelham.

"'S-sh!" replied Nate. "Yes. He 's got nearly an hour's start of me, an' I must ketch him."

"What time is it?" asked Pelham.

"Nearly eleven."

Pelham thought rapidly, excited at the situation. His father and mother were out; they had not expected to return until after midnight. Nevertheless, they would be willing that he should go with Nate. He knew where the key of the stable was kept.

"Be down in five minutes," he said.

A voice spoke suddenly, from somewhere. "Harness the light two-seater. I 'm coming too."

"Harriet!" exclaimed Pelham. He knew that she was at her window.

"Good!" exclaimed Nate. "Now we 're sure of him."

Pelham frowned as he thought. As an older brother, ought he to prevent her going? Excited and eager to succeed, influenced by Nate's encouragement, he decided to let her come.

"Quick, then!" he whispered.

He turned to the room. Tossing and muttering, Brian was still asleep. In the moonlight Pelham needed no candle. It was but a few minutes before he crept silently down-stairs, and a few more before the horse was harnessed. As they led him quietly out of the stable, Harriet appeared.

"I was n't asleep," she said. "I heard Nate's news. I know I can help."

"Of course," agreed Nate. "All aboard!"

In less than ten minutes they had passed the last houses of the town. Harriet, dressed in dark clothes, was on the back seat; Pelham was driving. In front rose the black mass of the woods. "How are you sure," Pelham asked, "that this is the way he took?"

"Two reasons," answered Nate. "Fust it 's the quickest to the railway. Second it 's the only way he knows."

"When did you learn he 'd gone?" asked Harriet.

"Hardly a half-hour ago," answered Nate. "Soon after supper I went down to the town. He asked me how long I sh'd be gone, but I could n't tell him, not knowin' whom I sh'd meet. When I got back, I looked into his room, as usual; someway I suspected the look o' his bed."

"He 'd meant you to think he was there?" asked Pelham.

"I s'pose so. Anyway, the clothes was humped up. But when I looked closer, he was n't there, nor had n't been to bed at all. On the bureau was a note." Nate stopped.

"What did it say?" asked Harriet, softly.

"Jes' good-by, an' thank ye, an' that he 'd come back some day." Nate choked, and the others were silent. Presently he said: "If I thought it right to let him go, I would; but I can't think he needs to go. Pelly, what did you say to him this afternoon?"

"I?" asked Pelham. "I did see him, of course, when I was helping him with the bookkeeping, after all that happened this morning.—But, I don't remember that I told him anything to worry him."

"He come home from the mill mighty troubled," said Nate. "He told me all about that out-o'-town feller an' his autermobile a-gittin' Harriet an' Brian off the dam—and a good piece o' work as ever I heard of. Feller's named Lee, ain't he?"

"Wilson Lee," answered Pelham. "Why, I can't remember that I told Rodman anything to upset him. Of course, when I came back after lunch, we discussed Mr. Lee, and I said that he was to stay with us for a while."

"Sho!" exclaimed Nate. "Goin' to stay with ye?"

"He was coming to call on Father, anyway," explained Pelham. "He's interested in our sort of work, and wanted Father to show him some of our methods."

"That ain't a request that your father 'd be particularly glad to say 'yes' to, ordinarily," remarked Nate.

"Father 'd do anything for him, though," answered Pelham, warmly. "So would we all.—But except for this, Nate, I can't remember saying to Rodman anything especial. Why do you ask?"

"Rodman was mighty thoughtful all supper," answered Nate. "I could n't git him out o' himself nohow. Once he began, sort o' sudden, 'Pelham says—' Then he shut up, an' pretended he had n't really been goin' to say anythin'."

"If you don't know what's on his mind," asked Harriet, "how shall you be able to stop him?"

Nate thumped his knee. "Between the three of us, we 'll get him!" he declared.

They drove on in silence for nearly an hour. Although the road was arched by trees, the moonlight filtered through, making a twilight in which the way could be seen. Pelham sat wondering what he could have said that drove Rodman to

this action. He could think of nothing at all. They turned a corner in the road, and there ahead of them lay a vista that ended in a stretch of open moonlight. The trees arched themselves like a frame, and at the bottom the three saw the black outline of a figure, trudging onward. Nate grunted, and Harriet gave a little cry of relief.

"I was afraid—" she said.

Pelham urged the horse. He wanted to overtake Rodman before he should again reach the shadow, and he succeeded. As the carriage rapidly overtook the boy, Rodman stepped aside to let it pass. It stopped beside him, he took one look at its occupants, and then recoiled.

If he thought of flight through the bushes, there was no time. Nate leaped out and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Rodman," he said in a shaking voice, "we 've come for ye." Harriet, noting the tremor, realized that Nate, too, had feared lest Rodman should escape them.

Rodman stood looking down. "I can't go back," he said, very quietly.

"What's wrong?" asked Nate. "Have I done anything to send ye away?"

"No!" cried Rodman, flashing at him a look of eager gratitude. "You have n't—you could n't!"

"Have I?" demanded Pelham, leaning from his seat.

"Nor you, nor Harriet, nor any one," exclaimed Rodman with deep feeling. "But I must go!"

Harriet spoke quietly to Pelham. "Drive forward, and leave him with Nate." Pelham obeyed, drove forward for a little distance, turned the carriage about, and stood waiting. Together they watched the other two talking in the moonlight. Nate's tall and spare figure gesticulated earnestly; occasionally they heard his urgent tones. Rodman, despondently standing, answered with few words, and steadily shook his head.

At last Harriet slipped into the front seat and took the reins from her brother. "Nate will fail," she said. "Pelham, go and see what you can do."

Pelham went, and she watched the three. It was two against one now, ardently arguing, pleading, explaining; Pelham's clear young voice mingled with Nate's as the two scarcely gave each other time to speak, or Rodman to answer. But still Rodman's head drooped, and still he shook it almost desperately. At last, throwing up his hands in despair, Nate left the two boys and came to the carriage.

"We can't do nothing with him!"

"Then," said Harriet, "send him to me."

While Nate and Pelham waited in the background, Rodman came slowly. He lifted to Harriet a face that was full of distress, almost of

agony. The kindness of the others had appealed to the depths of his nature, and to refuse them had taken all his courage. Harriet was not surprised to see tears on his cheeks.

"Don't go over it all again," he begged.

She had made up her mind that the others had been using the wrong method. He was steeled against requests, and against appeals to his affections. So she spoke firmly.

"Rodman, I have just two things to say. First, this going away is cowardly."

"Cowardly!" he cried. The distress vanished from his face, and his drooping shoulders squared themselves. He looked her straight in the eye.

Harriet did not flinch. "If there's anything you're afraid to stand and meet, it's cowardly to run away."

Rodman gripped his hands on the wheel. "You don't know what it is!"

"I don't need to," she replied. "And in the second place, to go away is ungrateful."

This did not seem to reach him. "Well," he said, "I shall come back."

She saw only one thing to say. "Perhaps by that time we sha'n't care." He started as if he had been spurred. "We'd think better of a boy who would stay and do his duty right here."

He gripped the wheel again. "My duty?"

"If you owe us anything," she explained, "you owe us your services now, when Father needs them. Nobody can do quite what you can."

His hands fell suddenly to his sides; she saw that he had clenched them tight. A new expression came to his face; he looked almost solemn.

"That is true!" he said in a hushed voice. It was as if he had made a discovery. "No one can do what I can."

Surprised that her appeal had struck so deep, yet very thankful, Harriet spoke more persuasively: "Then will you run away?"

He looked at her as if for a moment he had forgotten her presence. "You don't know how hard it will be."

He had practically said that already. She permitted a little impatience to show in her voice. "We will help you."

"Nobody can do that!" he cried. But now he was not daunted. He pressed a little closer to

the wheel. "Harriet, will you believe in me, whatever happens?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, surprised. She wondered if after all there was some real thing of which he was afraid. Surely, though he might have lost his memory, his mind was clear, and he seemed to know what he was talking of.

"I cannot tell you," he replied. "But if I go back, and do my best, and perhaps fail, will you think the best of me?"

There was a little quiver in his voice that suddenly moved her. She had been sitting upright, but now she bent toward him. "Why, Rodman, you may be sure I will!"

"Very well, then," he answered quietly. "I will go back."

"Get in beside me," she directed. He clambered in, and they drove toward the others, who, with one joyous cry, hastened toward them. Rodman, with a long breath, turned toward her. "I'm in for it now!"

"I don't understand—" she was beginning.

He interrupted her. "I'm glad you don't, and I hope you won't. Perhaps some day—"

Nate sprang into the carriage, and Pelham after him. Each gave Rodman a thump upon the shoulder, but they said nothing. Harriet snapped the whip, and the willing horse started forward. In silence they plunged again into the dusky woods.

At the crossroads Nate and Rodman left the others. They disappeared in the path, Nate with a hand upon the boy's shoulder. Pelham, with shining eyes, turned to his sister.

"I don't know what you said," he began, "but it was bully. You sat up stiff, and you looked him in the eye, and you gave it to him straight. Harriet, I'm proud of you!"

She felt her cheeks grow warm with pleasure. "Then I'm glad I came.—But, Pelham, can you guess what it is that is so terribly on Rodman's mind?"

He answered thoughtfully: "Nate thinks it's some trick of his memory, that comes back and bothers him, but that there is n't anything real. I don't know what to think."

Harriet spoke decidedly: "I know there's something real."

(To be continued.)





"A-WATCHING FOR MOTHER TO COME HOME TO TEA."

UMBRELLAS

BY MELVILLE CHATER

UMBRELLAS, umbrellas, 'way down in the street,
Bobbing along through the rain on feet;
That 's how they look as they pass below—
Umbrellas and feet are the most that show.

Umbrellas, umbrellas, wet pavements, and me
A-watching for mother to come home to tea;

How *am* I to know her or wave through the pane
When every umbrella 's the same in the rain?

Policemen, conductors, and pirates, and kings
Are easily known by their trousers and things.
On days like to-day, when the weather 's to blame,
Beneath their umbrellas they 'd all look the same.

“YES” AND “NO”

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

Two of the greatest words in our language are spelled with the fewest letters. They are “yes” and “no.” They are almost the first words we learn to speak; the words that we use most; and those on which most depends. Really, we decide who we are and what kind of people we are, by the way in which we learn to handle these two little words. Every question or problem that ever comes to us will be rightly or wrongly answered according as we say “yes” or “no,” and as we say it at the right or the wrong time.

You can see how important these words are when you remember that all laws and all governments in the world may be said to be built upon them. This is especially true of our own country. We are a democracy, which means that each man has a right to say “yes” or “no” to everything that concerns us all. We say this in voting, or, as we call it, the ballot; but, after all, it is just the right to say “yes” or “no.” To each State legislature and to Congress, we send our representatives simply to do one thing, to say “yes” to what seems to be best for the individual State or for the United States, and “no” to what seems to be wrong. How familiar the words are to us, from our school-debating society, “Those who are in favor of this motion will signify it by saying ‘aye’ (that is an old word for ‘yes’), those who are opposed by saying ‘no.’” And then the chairman, or presiding officer, says, “The ayes have it,” or, “The noes have it,” and so the question is settled. Our nation depends upon each of us learning how to say “yes” and “no” to the right things. Just on that and on nothing more. We do not have armies or kings to make us do certain things. We have only our power to say “yes” and “no.”

When we have said one or the other, we have then set up our own army and our own king to rule us.

It is the same way in our own characters, in our pleasures, in our duties, in everything that concerns us. There is an old song that says, “Have courage, my boy, to say no.” But really we want to have courage to say “yes” as well as “no”; and, more than that, we want wisdom enough to know when to say one and when to say the other. If one makes it a rule to say “yes” to everything, he is weak. We call him a weak character. He just gets in the habit of it, and very soon, no matter what some one else asks him to do, he says “yes,” and then he has no will of his own. He has lost his power to say “no.” Have you ever seen a group of boys who act this way? Some boy will say, “Come on, let 's do this or that.” And before they realize it, they all say “Yes,” and then it is too late to change. But if some other boy says “No,” the rest stop, and, taking a moment to think it over, they see, perhaps, that the thing was really not a thing to say “yes” to, at all. It is a great thing to be able to give “no” a chance—especially when “yes” gets the start of it.

But, on the other hand, it is wrong to be always saying “no.” If we get into that habit, we get stubborn; and, before we are conscious of it, we say “no” to good things as well as bad. I have seen people who oppose excellent things all the time, not because they really wish to, but because they have got into the way of it, and can't break the habit. As I said a moment ago that “no” must have a chance, so I can say now that “yes” must have a chance. Just to say “no” for the sake of saying “no,” means that we keep our-

selves in a bad mood, and drive away a great deal of happiness. People who get this habit are very much like balky horses. They just balk when there is n't any sense in balking. We might say that they "don't play the game," and one of the things we are all in the world to do is to play the game as well as we know how. The game may be work—it is that most of the time—or it may be pleasure of the right sort. Whichever it is, we must not always be balky "no-people." A good part of the time we must be "yes-people."

Now I think it's perfectly plain that, without going very far, we find a great number of things to say "yes" to. And if we say "yes" to them they are easy, but if we say "no" to them they are hard. Something tells us right away that education, for instance, is a thing to say "yes" to. It may not mean that I must learn everything in the world. It may not even mean that I must go to college. I may not be able to say "yes" to that extent. But, nevertheless, education is a thing to say "yes" to.

In this matter of lessons or education, all of this is quite clear. Have you ever sat down to study, and found it so hard that you could scarcely go on with it? The lesson itself was not so very hard, but you just could n't study! Your thoughts kept on saying, "No, no," and you could n't remember anything on the page! Now the thing to do in that case was to stop for just a moment, look the matter squarely and cheerfully in the face, turn the whole thing around, as it were, and say "Yes" to it—to drive out the stubborn "no" and let in the helpful "yes." Why, sometimes you can do that almost "as quick as a wink," and it changes the whole matter. Working with "yes" alongside of you, you can accomplish something. The thing becomes easy then, and you find that it is not the lesson that is hard.

And there are other things like it, more than we can name here; but it might be well to start a "yes" column and put in it, besides education, such words as good character, purpose, honesty, kindness, fair play, work, and many others. These may all, at times, be hard things to say "yes" to, but most of us make them hard because we keep on saying "no" to them. Once say "yes" to them, and you will see how different they look. They will wear smiles instead of frowns.

Then in the "no" column,—well, we all know what belongs there. We can put down immediately such things as selfishness, laziness, bad

thoughts, untruthfulness, and a dozen others. Something tells us at once that these are things to say "no" to. And these things often get the best of many people, not because they are strong qualities, but because we fail to say "no" to them.

Or, to put this thought in still another way. My door-bell is an electric bell. Down in the cellar, the wires meet in a battery—a little jar where what we call the negative pole and the positive pole come together. If either of these poles or any part of the battery gets out of order, my bell will refuse to ring. So, deep down in us is a positive pole and a negative pole, the power to say "yes" and the power to say "no." If either one of these gets out of order, we will never be able to say or do the right kind of things. But if both are kept in order, we will "ring true," as the good expression puts it.

Of course, each of us will say "yes" to different things and "no" to different things. We must choose for ourselves in many cases. Few of us can do as many kinds of things as did that great man named Leonardo da Vinci, who could paint pictures (such as "The Last Supper") and could also build bridges, do engineering work, and write about many different subjects. We can't be a doctor, and a lawyer, and an engineer, and a poet, and a business man, and an artist, all at the same time. To some of these pursuits we must say "no." But to some, or at least to one, we can say "yes." And we need not think that any one else has the advantage over us if he says "yes" to one to which we say "no." Here, as I said before, the point to remember is to say "yes" to that occupation which calls most loudly to us, individually,—to say "yes," and then go on with it. And usually those negative and positive poles in us will tell us what that one thing is.

Sometimes when you listen to older people talk, you will often hear them say, "So and so is a well-balanced person." Now, a well-balanced thing swings easily and evenly, and a well-balanced person is one who has the right kind of swing to him. And it seems to me that this is what "yes" and "no" mean. When we have learned to use "yes" and "no" rightly, we have a swing to us. We are not overloaded on either side. We can move easily, gracefully, and have that splendid thing about us that some people call harmony.

"Yes" and "no" are almost the two greatest words in the dictionary. "Let your conversation be yea, yea, and nay, nay."



BASE-BALL THE GAME AND ITS PLAYERS



by Billy Evans

Umpire in the American League

2

Famous Pitchers and their Styles
Interesting Stories about the
Game's greatest Twirlers
and how they achieve success



In an important game, or in any big series, the opposing pitchers always receive the most consideration. In such events, a team's chances are figured mainly on the strength of its pitching staff. In the last World's Series, between the New York "Giants" and the Philadelphia Athletics, most of the critics favored the Giants, because they regarded McGraw's pitching staff as much more formidable than Connie Mack's. They all praised Mack's "\$100,000 infield," enthused over the team's wonderful batting ability, commented favorably on the veteran Eddie Plank and the crafty Indian, Chief Bender, but insisted that McGraw's pitching staff was so much superior that it would decide the issue in favor of the Giants.

The great Christy Mathewson, the sensational "Rube" Marquard, the sturdy Tesreau, and the clever Demaree were regarded as the best quartet of twirlers the National League could offer. None doubted the ability of Bender and Plank, although some insisted that age had slowed up both men. But the base-ball writers persisted in believing that none of Mack's youngsters would be able to deliver the needed hits.

There have been few greater pitchers than the late Addie Joss. Joss always insisted that pitching was sixty per cent. of the game. My observations have led me to believe that his summing up of the situation was about right. Pitching was the determining factor in the recent World's Series, but not the pitching of the New York staff, as had been expected. The phenomenal twirling of the forty-year-old Plank, the veteran Bender, and the nineteen-year-old youngster, "Bullet" Bush, was what did the work. The

Athletics hit the offerings of the Giant twirlers, excepting Mathewson, very hard, while Plank, Bender, and Bush kept the New Yorkers in check.

There is no denying the fact that the pitcher is the popular hero. Very often the catcher plays an even more prominent part in a team's success than its pitchers do, but very little consideration is given the back-stop, at least in comparison with the pitchers. When a fan goes to the game, the thing he gives consideration is who will do the pitching. The announcement that Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson, or any of the other stars will pitch is certain to swell the crowd by several thousand.

To illustrate what a hold on the public star players obtain, I will tell you about a very prominent business man of Chicago who regards Johnson as "the last word in pitching," a deduction that is just about correct. This man does not enthuse very much over the Washington club. I have heard him say that with Johnson off the team, it would have no attraction for him. But he believes that to miss a game when Johnson is in the box would be a grave mistake, and so he makes it a rule never to miss a game when Washington plays in Chicago. No matter who starts the game, he sticks to the finish, always hoping that at some stage of the game Manager Griffith will call upon Johnson.

Most star players, at one time or another in their careers, aspired to be pitchers. A good many of them have started at the pitching game, and then found out that they were not destined to shine in that capacity. Others, although rated among the game's greatest infielders or outfield-

ers, still yearn for the pitching job. If you will watch Tris Speaker, Hal Chase, Ty Cobb, or any of the other stars prior to the beginning of a game, nine times out of ten you will see them do some pitching. Cobb and Chase are both quite clever in that line, and each of them has done some pitching. Catchers say that Cobb has developed a spit ball that many a Big League twirler would be proud of.

Almost any one who has ever played ball can recall a time when he desired to pose as a pitcher. A good many can remember occasions when they threatened to break up the game if not allowed to do the twirling. There is something about pitching that seems to appeal to everybody who has ever played the game at all. Undoubtedly it is the fact that more is made of the position by the public and the press than of any other position on the team. Seldom do fans leave the park without commenting on the good or bad work of the twirlers. The pitching job keeps a man constantly in the limelight, and perhaps that is one important reason why every youngster yearns to emulate the deeds of the great pitchers he so frequently reads about on the sporting pages.

Of the latter-day twirlers perhaps the name of no one is more firmly imprinted on the minds of the game's lovers than that of Christy Mathewson, the wonderful pitcher of the New York Giants. Back in 1905, Mathewson was the mainstay of the Giants in the series with the Athletics, which the Giants won because of his magnificent work. In 1911, Mathewson was chiefly relied upon again by McGraw, in the series with the Athletics. This series was lost, but not because of any poor pitching on the part of Mathewson. In 1912, Mathewson was said by the critics to be "all in"; but his work in the big series with the Boston "Red Sox" that autumn was easily the feature of the struggle, despite the fact that he did not win a game in three starts. Twice he was defeated by a single run because his support faltered at the critical moment, and the other game he pitched ended in a tie. In 1913, Mathewson was still McGraw's chief hope in the big series. The one victory, over Plank by a score of 3 to 0 in ten innings, that the Giants won was made possible by his great pitching. Every year since he entered the service of the New York club, he has kept the team in the race by his masterly work in the box. No wonder he is the idol of the fans; no wonder his name is so constantly seen in the newspaper pages; no wonder the young pitchers who are growing up look upon him as a man after whom to mold themselves. They have a perfect right to, for Mathewsons are few and far between, when it comes to base-ball.

Mathewson when in the box has a very peculiar style. From your seat in the grand stand, you cannot understand why the batters do not knock the ball to all corners of the field. The ball appears to sail lazily up to the plate and almost beg you to hit it. Mathewson was a great pitcher in 1905, and is still a great pitcher, because he never forgot the fact that he had eight men to assist him in his effort to win the game. He always gives those eight men plenty of opportunity to do their share, and thereby saves his arm at every opportunity. When the pinch comes, he can tighten up just a little bit tighter than almost any other pitcher in the business. He pitches *in a pinch* just as some pitchers try to work the entire nine innings. That is the most important reason why Mathewson continues to be a great pitcher, while twirlers who entered the Major League ranks long after he did have drifted back to the minors.

Steve Evans, the clever outfielder, and the comedian of the National League, is a great admirer of the New York star. Because of the reason that I live in the same city that he does, I see Evans often during the winter season. Recently in discussing Mathewson, he made the following interesting comment:

"At first Matty makes you think he is the easiest pitcher in the world to hit, and the next moment he makes you think you are very foolish for so thinking. The first time I faced Matty I hit safely. Upon reaching the bench I allowed myself to become a bit puffed up over my success, even though I had been thrown out by a mile when I attempted to steal. The next time up I crashed one into the fence for a double. When I got back to the bench, I asked my teammates if they were sure it was Matty who was pitching. The third time up I singled. When I reached first, I told the boys I would like to bat against Mathewson every day; that I would be leading the League in batting. But, right here let me call attention to the fact that *nobody was on the bases* when I made these three hits! The last two times I faced Mathewson the bases were filled, and in each instance a hit would have meant the game, and a new hero in St. Louis. I did n't even make a foul. I was outguessed at every stage. Do you wonder that I regard Christopher as some pitcher?" And with a smile he concluded his remarks with: "Any pitcher who can strike out Steve Evans twice in a pinch is bound to be a great pitcher."

The estimate of Mathewson here given by the St. Louis outfielder is a truly accurate one. Mathewson will allow the batter to get the edge on him when nothing is at stake; but when the

game is in the balance, nine times out of ten he holds the high hand. He is a pitcher with a brain as well as the brawn. He makes just as little work out of pitching as possible. He calls on his reserve stock of strength only when it is absolutely necessary. His curves are the ordinary curves when nothing is at stake, but his change

is toward the plate. Walsh was one pitcher who could control the spitter. He was one of the few spit-ball pitchers who invariably served up the moist delivery when there were three balls and two strikes on the batter. Most pitchers at this stage put aside the spitter, and use the fast ball, in order to get the ball over some part of the plate.

When the spit ball is broken low, it is the most effective. The pitcher who can keep the spit ball the height of the knee is the pitcher who will make trouble for the opposition. It seemed that Walsh could throw the ball knee-high nine times out of ten, and it was his ability to do that that made his delivery so hard to hit. Because of the fact that he worked so often, and because he relied almost entirely on the spit ball, and threw it a great number of times during each game, it was freely predicted that Walsh would not last very long. Back in 1907, they began to say that the big fellow was "down and out"; but not until last year did he show the least signs of faltering.

At the beginning of the 1913 season, he looked as good as ever. In the opening game, Manager

Callahan rushed him to the rescue, with the bases filled and no one out. The best the big fellow could do in such a critical situation was to retire the next three men on strikes. It was "some pitching." But it was not long before he began to complain of trouble with his arm, and during the greater part of the season just closed, he was of practically no use to the Chicago club. The strenuous campaigns of the past and the almost continual use of a delivery known to raise havoc with the arm, seem to have finally got in their deadly work. Walsh ex-

CHRISTY MATHEWSON, THE STAR PITCHER
OF THE NEW YORK "GIANTS."

of pace and his famous "fade-away" are well-nigh unhittable when a safe drive means the game.

Another great pitcher who for years has commanded the attention of the American public is Ed Walsh. He is a regular glutton for work, and for years has been the mainstay of the Chicago American League club. Walsh depended on a freak delivery for his success—the spit ball. Undoubtedly he is the most successful user of that delivery.

Year after year, Walsh has taken part in from forty to sixty games. When he did not start the games, he would be rushed into the fray to finish, or would be kept warming up, ready to go to the aid of a faltering twirler. Walsh's control of the spit ball was almost uncanny. Most managers and pitchers will tell you that the "spitter" is very deceptive, and that few pitchers have any idea as to just where the ball is going when they start

pects to come back—all great athletes do. It will mean much to the Chicago club if he is able to regain his old-time form.

Walsh's leaving the Big League will mark the exit of a pitcher who had the most deceptive motion for holding a runner close to first base that I have ever seen. Ability to hold runners close to the bases, thus minimizing the chance of their stealing, is one of a pitcher's greatest assets.

ED WALSH, THE "IRON MAN."



WALTER JOHNSON, THE "SPEED KING."

"THREE-FINGERED" BROWN.

"CHIEF" BENDER.

Walsh had such a deceptive motion that it was almost fatal to get any distance away from first. Players and managers of rival teams have argued for years that the motion was a balk, pure and simple. Every now and then, an umpire would so regard it, but ordinarily Walsh got away with his peculiar motion. However, the use of it has caused many an umpire a sleepless night, and has created riots for some of them. No one will relish the passing of Walsh from the Big Leagues, but many will say "Amen" when his motion to first base makes its exit.

To my way of thinking, there never was a greater pitcher than Walter Johnson. Not having seen many of the pitchers of the old school in action, of course I am really in no position to make a comparison. But I have talked with a number of the stars of years ago, who are now practically forgotten, and all of them unite in saying that a better pitcher than the Washington star never threw a ball.

I umpired the first game Walter Johnson pitched in the American League. At that time, he had nothing in the way of curves, but he surely did have the speed! He faced Detroit in his first game, and they had a team of "sluggers," who, as they declared, "simply ate up speed." Yet they had the hardest kind of a time defeating Johnson in that game by a score of 2 to 1. The two runs were made possible not through slugging, as the "Tigers" won most of their games,

but by a couple of puny bunts and a few misplays. No greater tribute could be paid to Johnson's speed than that. And not once during the game did he use a curve ball!

A wonderful arm, a good brain, and a grand disposition have tended to make Johnson a pitcher who will be talked about as long as base-ball is played. When he joined the American League, he knew nothing about fielding his position, and no one thought he would be much of a batsman. It did not take him long to learn that a pitcher with nothing but speed, no matter how great that speed might be, was at a decided disadvantage.

By constant practice, Johnson soon made himself one of the very best fielding pitchers in the American League. Teams that could not hit his speed, but made trouble for him by bunting, were forced to change their tactics, and players who at first had "tied Johnson up in a knot" by bunting, were finding themselves thrown out with the greatest ease. The sluggers on the various teams, realizing that because of Johnson's control there was little chance of being hit, would "get a toe hold," to use base-ball slang, when they faced him, and thereby have a better chance of hitting his speed, as they would be set for the pitch.

This caused the tall pitcher to do some more thinking, and he decided it was up to him to develop a change of pace, and master a slow ball. All of a sudden, batters who had been making it a point to "get a toe hold" and "lay for the fast

ones," were thrown completely off their stride by a pitch that came up so slowly that it would scarcely break a pane of glass, followed by a fast-breaking curve. Johnson in a very short time developed into one of the most finished twirlers who ever took part in the great national game.

His fine disposition is as great an asset to him as his wonderful pitching ability. Success has not changed him the least bit. He is the same retiring, modest chap to-day that he was when he joined the Washington club, in 1907. He is never peevish with his team-mates, no matter how badly they play. Nor does he fume about the umpiring, regardless of what that official does. Johnson simply pitches, and lets the other men perform their duties to the best of their ability. He is a wonderful pitcher, and an equally wonderful fellow, personally.

Chief Bender, of the Athletics, is one of the craftiest twirlers that ever pitched a ball. He is a great student of the game, and if a batter shows the least sign of weakness of a certain ball, Bender never forgets to take advantage of that point when opposing that particular player. I seriously doubt if any pitcher knows more about the finer points of the twirling game than Mack's great Indian. Bender's control is unusually good, and because of it he works the batter to the limit. He puts mighty few balls across the heart of the plate, and is always trying to make the batter strike at the kind of a ball he does not like. His gameness under fire has been well established. In the pinch, Mack has almost invariably called on the chief, and to use Mack's own words, "The Indian has never failed me."

Mordecai Brown, the "three-fingered marvel," and the pitcher who did much to keep the Chicago "Cubs" in the running, will long live in the history of base-ball as one of the game's greatest pitchers. He was taken on by Cincinnati last year after Chicago had decided he was "all in." He justified the confidence his old comrade, Joe Tinker, had in him by pitching high-class ball for him. Brown was always a great pitcher in a pinch. Frank Chance usually called on him when there was much at stake, and Brown seldom failed him. One of the most remarkable things he did was to defeat Mathewson almost every time the two stars faced each other. Brown was the possessor of a corking curve ball and an active brain, and was a pitcher hard to beat, for he never lost heart, no matter how tense was the situation.

Almost forty years of age, the star of many a campaign, and the pitching surprise of the recent World's Series, that is Eddie Plank, the phenom-

enal left-hander of the Philadelphia Athletics. When I first umpired behind Plank, nine years ago, he showed me the greatest cross-fire delivery I had ever seen. Naturally, age has tended to impair the strength of that great pitching arm, but there is a lot above Mr. Plank's shoulders, and he gives serious consideration to every batter who faces him. Plank has a more deliberate way

of pitching than any other man I know. The older he gets the more deliberate he becomes. If he continues to pitch until he is fifty, it will be necessary to start the games in which he is scheduled to pitch about an hour earlier than the time usually appointed.

Upon receiving the ball from the catcher, Eddie wipes his hands on the ground, hitches up his trousers, and then adjusts his cap, after which he is ready to receive the signal from the catcher. After getting it, or believing he has, he makes his way to the rubber. The batter in the meantime is wondering if he really intends to pitch the ball. Eddie then scratches around with his spiked shoes, reminding one of an old hen, and, fol-



EDDIE PLANK, OF THE ATHLETICS.

lowing that, decides he had better get the signal again, so as to be sure he has not made a mistake. About the time the batter begins to wonder whether he is at a ball game or taking a trip in an airship, Eddie unexpectedly pitches the ball. There is no denying that his deliberate method plays havoc with the batters.

It is great to be a star pitcher. Walter Johnson is said to have signed for \$12,500 for the coming season, the largest salary ever paid any pitcher. Mathewson has long had a \$10,000 contract. Walsh is getting close to that amount, as are Bender and Plank. There are few pitchers of any great prominence who are getting less than \$5000. A pretty good salary for working a couple of hours every third or fourth day.

(To be continued.)



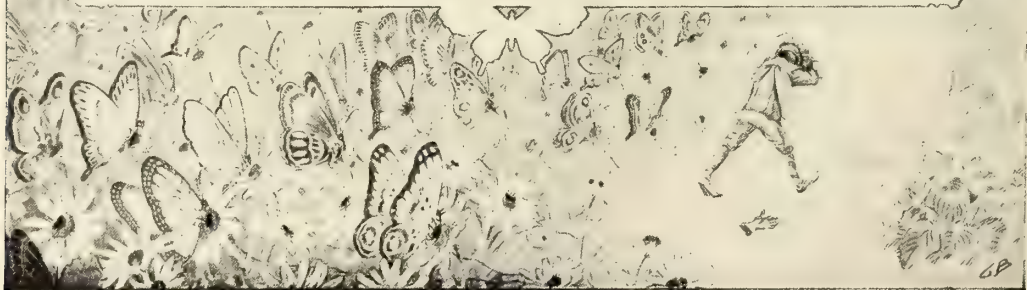
BUTTERFLYING

BY GEORGE O. BUTLER

A Fairy, having dressed himself in aviator's clothes,
Tied many pretty Butterflies together.
Exactly how he managed it, none but the Fairy knows.
The day was young; delightful was the weather.

So, mounted on his Aeroplane, he started in a trice.
To aviate is quite an occupation;
Besides, an Aeroplane of *Butterflies* is rather nice!
It looks exactly like the illustration.

But when the Aeroplane espied a Daisy field below,
It made a dip that sent the Fairy flying,
And landed on the honey-laden flowers in a row.
The Aviator started home a-crying!





"IN DAYS OF OLD, WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD."

THE LUCKY STONE

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Author of "The Flower Princess," "The Lonesomest Doll," etc.

CHAPTER VIII

THE OGRE AND THE VOICE

MEANWHILE, in fear of the terrible ogre who had doubtless laid his wicked spell upon the Princess, Maggie had fled like the other two. Losing sight of them, she turned into a path between high box hedges which she thought was the one by which she had come into the garden. But she soon learned her mistake. This path kept turning at sharp angles, doubling upon itself in the strangest way. It kept branching into other paths, too, so that she did not know which way to go. She seemed to be going around in a circle without getting anywhere. She heard the ogre's terrible voice close to her, though she could not see him because the hedge was so high.

"Where are yez?" he called. "Where are yez, ye little villains?"

Maggie tried to go softly. But suddenly she tripped on a stone and fell headlong. It bruised her knees, and she could not help crying out a little. The ogre was just on the other side of the hedge, and heard her.

"Oh!" he cried. "So there yez are! Ye're in the maze, and can't find yer way out now. I've got yez then, caught like a mouse in a trap! Ho, ho!" he roared, with a terrible laugh.

Maggie was dreadfully frightened at his last words. She did not know what a maze was. But she did feel like a mouse in a trap. She ran on and on wildly, growing more and more breathless and tearful, and always hearing close at hand the growling voice of the ogre, whom she could not see.

She hesitated between two ways to go, and, choosing one, found herself presently in a little opening where there was a seat and a table under a tiny arbor. Panting and flushed, she fell upon the seat. Her strength was quite gone, and she felt ill. The high box hedge rose about her on every side. She could hear the ogre coming, but she could not escape. She was truly caught in a trap. Presently, the ugly face of the ogre appeared in the opening.

"Ah! There yez are!" he cried, brandishing his pitchfork and grinning cruelly. "But where are the other two? There was a b'y. I wanted to kill him first! Where is he?"

"I don't know!" gasped Maggie. "Please don't kill me!"

"G-r-r!" growled the ogre. "What do ye mean, then, trespassin' on private grounds? Don't ye know any better, ye spalpeen? It's a thief ye are, come to steal the flowers and the fruit,—and other things, for all I know."

"I'm not a thief!" said Maggie, with some show of spirit.

"G-r-r! How do I know that?" snarled the ogre. "You come along with me, and I'll fix ye!"

"Oh, please!" begged Maggie, as he grasped her arm roughly, "I only wanted to see the Princess."

"To see the Princess, is it?" growled he. "And is that why ye come spyin' and pryin' about the lady's private gardin, gettin' wound up in her maze, and frightenin' her parrot? You come along, and we'll see what we'll see!"

The ogre kept tightly hold of her arm. He very well knew the way out of the maze, and in a few minutes they were in the garden, mounting the marble steps toward where the parrot still sat, very much ruffled in temper.

"Caught! Ha, ha! Caught!" he mocked, as Maggie was led past him. "Oh, fie! No trespassing! Tut, tut, tut!" he clucked with his tongue in a most insulting manner. Maggie eyed him with awe and terror. How could a bird know so much, and talk about it, too? She concluded that he must be a human being changed into a bird.

As they came nearer to the house, Maggie saw a white figure flash across the veranda and vanish within. She was sure it must be the Princess. The ogre dragged Maggie to the foot of the steps and paused. Then he gave a great cough: "Ahem! Ho, ho!"

Almost immediately, a white-robed young woman with stiff cuffs and collar and an apron came out, and stood looking at the two inquiringly.

"I caught this young un in the gardin," said the ogre, hoarsely. "There was three of 'em; another girl and a boy, who got away. This one I trapped in the maze. He, he!" he chuckled maliciously.

"Well?" queried the woman, looking keenly at Maggie, "what does she say for herself?"

"Says she wants to see the Princess!" growled the ogre. "I don't know what she manes, but I'll turn her over to you, and ye can see what the lady says to it. But if I catch that boy, I'm

going to skin and eat him!" When he had uttered these terrible words, the ogre turned away with his pitchfork over his shoulder.

"So you were stealing flowers, were you?" said the young woman, looking sternly at Maggie. "Well, are n't you ashamed of yourself?"

Maggie was about to deny this indignantly, when a little bell tinkled inside the house.

"You stay here till I come back," said the woman. "It's no use your trying to run away, you know. He will catch you again, sure." She nodded toward the spot where Maggie could see the shoulders of the ogre moving behind some shrubbery, then she hurried away into the house. Maggie sank wearily down on the step of the piazza, wondering what would happen next.

Presently, the woman returned. "Come along with me, child," she said, leading the way into the house.

It was a beautiful house, all white and cool and airy, with soft rugs covering a floor as smooth and slippery as ice. There were flowers everywhere. On the walls were pictures and book-shelves, and beautiful vases, and things which Maggie longed to stop and examine. She had a glimpse of a cool dining-room where a table was set with glittering silver and crystal; of a staircase winding up and dividing into two parts quite wonderfully. The palace of the Princess was different from what Maggie had fancied, but was even more beautiful, because it was so homelike, and cozy, and comfortable, as well as grand.

Her guide led Maggie into a room full of books, from floor to ceiling. Maggie had never seen so many books before in all her life; not even in the Settlement library. She wondered if among them there were any fairy books that she had not read. There were a table, a desk, and some chairs, and in one corner a tall screen with flowers and birds embroidered upon it. The wo-

man led Maggie straight up to this screen, and then paused. A voice came from behind the screen. "You may go, Miss Miggs. Please shut the door after you."

The young woman went away, and Maggie was



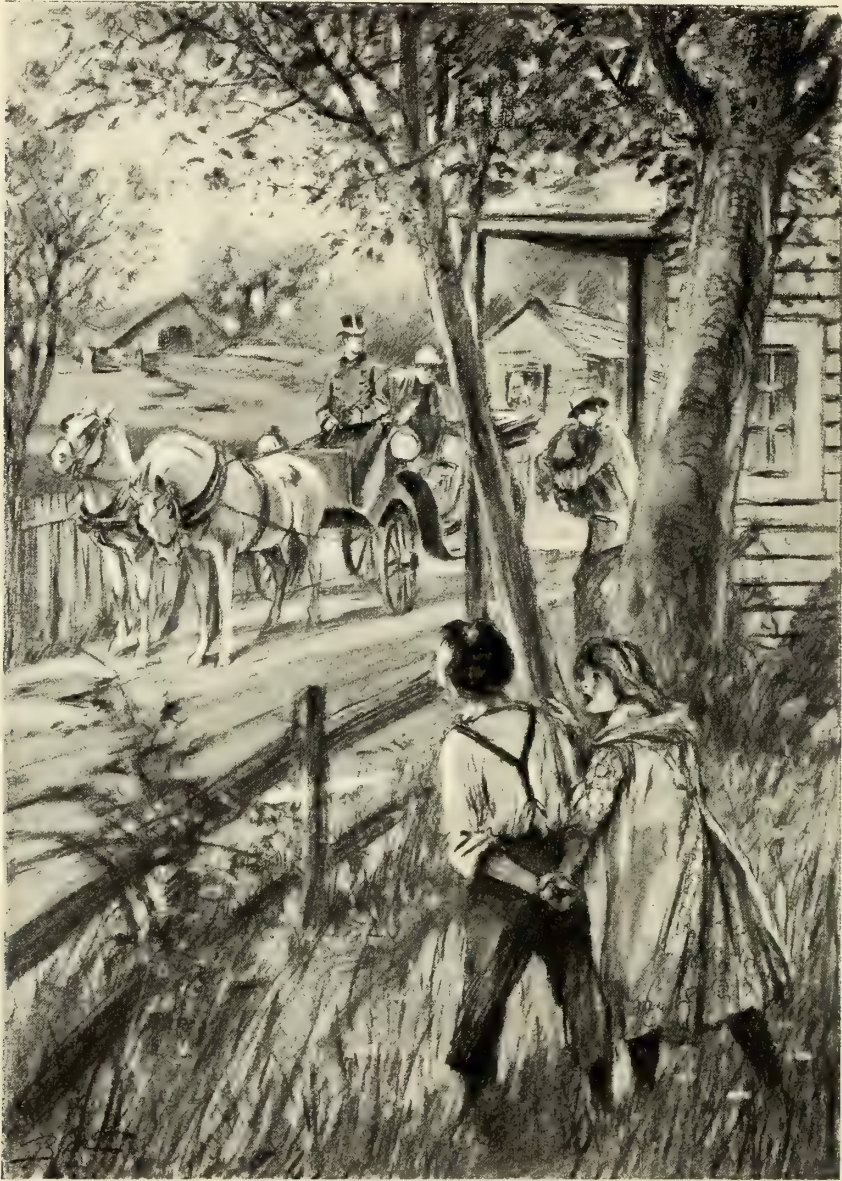
"'CAUGHT! HA, HA! CAUGHT!' HE MOCKED, AS MAGGIE WAS LED PAST HIM."

left alone in the room with the voice. For a few moments there was complete silence.

"You must not try to see me," said the voice, presently—such a sweet voice! Maggie almost fancied she had heard it before somewhere, though she could not remember; perhaps it was only in a dream. "I suppose you will obey *now*." The voice grew a trifle sterner.

"I did n't mean to disobey," said Maggie, quaveringly. She suddenly felt very tired and ill, her head was throbbing painfully, and she wanted to cry. "I did n't think it was very wrong—"

"You took everything that came your way; all the privileges, and the presents, and the good things. But you would not mind; you could not check your curiosity that once. Oh, we are dis-



"THE WHITE PONIES OF THE PRINCESS!" CRIED BESS."

"Not to trespass where you were not invited? Not to disobey the sign 'No Passing Through'? It was put there to test you. We thought we could trust you." Maggie was silent, and the tears were in her eyes. She had nothing to say for herself. The voice went on:

appointed in you, Maggie Price—more disappointed than I can say!"

A tear rolled down Maggie's cheek. "I did n't mean to!" she said. "I'm sorry."

"What did you want?" questioned the voice, more sharply. "They say you were found in the

sunken garden, bothering the parrot. Were you stealing flowers?"

"Oh, no, I was n't stealing!" cried Maggie. "Bob wanted to see the ponies, and Bess did, too; and I—"

"And you?" the voice echoed questioningly.

"I wanted to see the Princess," said Maggie, simply. "I've got to go back to the city in three days."

"H-m!" The voice was softer, but it grew hard again. "You ought to know better than to trespass, and spy, and pry. These are private grounds."

"The gate was open," volunteered Maggie, with some spirit, though her knees were shaking.

"That was a test, too," answered the voice. "We hoped you would not try to come in to-day when you were not invited. If you had been good children, there would have been such a nice treat to-morrow!"

Maggie sobbed aloud at this; but the voice was now quite cold, and went on without noticing the interruption: "We might have known how it would be. You cared only for what we could give you. You did not wish to please any one. You are like every one else, Maggie Price. You want to get all you can, and you don't care how you do it. Give you an inch and you take an ell. I'm tired of it! Why did I ever imagine there could be anything different?"

Maggie said nothing, but stood with the tears rolling down her cheeks, a picture of misery. If the owner of the voice could have seen her now, surely she would not have spoken so harshly.

"There, you may go," said the voice, finally; and there was no sweetness at all left in the tones. "You will not be punished except in one way. You shall never come to the Park again, neither you nor those other two ungrateful children. The game is ended."

A little bell tinkled behind the screen, and immediately Miss Miggs appeared at the door. "Take the child to the main entrance," the voice commanded, "and let her go home by the shortest way. She will not trouble us again."

Miss Miggs did as she was bid. She led Maggie through the house—bigger than the tenement; big enough for twenty families—down the hall,—wider than the alley in which Maggie played at home,—to the great front door. Without any words they followed the avenue with its lovely flower beds and fountains to the entrance guarded by the marble lions. Here Miss Miggs pulled the bolt and let Maggie pass through. "Do you know the way home, child?" she asked, not unkindly. Maggie nodded, and pointed up the hill.

"Ah, yes," said Miss Miggs. "You live at Mrs. Timmins's? I thought so. Well, good-by. You'd better not be caught here again. They're awful fussy about letting strangers see this place. Some might call it selfish,—but it's no business of mine. Now run along. You look sick, child. Your cheeks are red as fire! Tell the folks to put you to bed as soon as you get home."

Maggie walked away slowly up the hill, feeling strangely tired.

"I feel almost as if I'd been magicked!" she said wearily, as she went in at the gate of the farm. "And I've given away my lucky stone!"

CHAPTER IX

THE SPELL

It was a beautiful, bright morning in Bonnyburn. The whole air was sweet with the perfume of flowers growing in the various gardens of the Park. Even the parrot, on his perch in front of the veranda, was in an unusually pleasant humor, and made happy noises as he looked proudly down upon his coat of many colors.

Allegra lay in her chair just as she had done on the day when Maggie came to Bonnyburn. But this time no butterfly tempted her to wander out of her sad mood. Miss Miggs came out on the piazza singing, but stopped when she saw the occupant of the chair.

"Well, I declare!" she cried, "I did not know you were here, Miss Allegra. I thought you had gone to walk in the garden, the way you've been doing every morning this last week."

Allegra shook her head slowly. "No," she said, "I'm tired of the garden. I shall spend the morning here, probably."

"Oh!" cried Miss Miggs, with a disappointed air. Her charge had been so much livelier and more human of late, that she had hoped the change was permanent, and that soon she herself might go away to where she was more needed. This relapse was very discouraging. "By the way," she said carelessly, "a big express bundle has come from Boston. What do you wish done with it?"

Allegra frowned. "It is of no consequence now," she said. "Have James take it up to the green room in the west wing."

"Yes, Miss." The nurse sailed away to execute this errand. The parrot cocked his malicious little eye at his mistress, and chuckled.

"He, he, he! Thieves! Trespassers! Fie!" he cried, as if he knew what she was thinking about at that moment. He began a series of monologues on the subject, varying the words, but keeping to the original theme with madden-

ing persistence. At last, Allegra could stand it no longer. She rose and went down the terrace to find Michael, the gardener, and have him remove the tiresome bird. Also, she wanted to have a talk with Michael about the subject upon which Old Nick was so eloquent. Allegra walked with a much lighter step than a week ago, and before she knew it, she found herself at the great cobweb which barred the path to the gate. She tore it down pettishly, and went on. When she came to the gate, she paused. Caesar was lying by the gate, half asleep. He wagged his tail expectantly as she approached.

"I wonder if they took me at my word?" she thought. "Perhaps they will come, after all. I should like to know." She paused at the gate, listening. But there was no sound to break the stillness. Allegra drew a key from her pocket, and, inserting it, lifted the latch cautiously and peered outside. Caesar also thrust out his head and sniffed. There was no one to be seen, up or down the pasture. Allegra sighed.

"It is too bad!" she said to herself. "There were many more things I could have done for them, if they had not been such ungrateful little creatures. Come in, Caesar." She closed the gate and locked it irritably, then, almost without thinking, continued her walk. Caesar stayed by the gate. Allegra came first to the garden of the peacocks, the lake, and the swans. Getting into the green boat, she paddled idly about the lake until she tired of the exercise, and drew up at the little island. But, instead of landing, with a sigh and a yawn she dropped the oars and lay back on the cushions, drifting. Everything was dull and stupid to-day. She missed something that had been making life interesting of late.

"Oh, dear!" mused Allegra. "Why could n't they have been different? Why does every one disappoint me so?"

Restlessly she wandered over the Park: to the wishing-well, and the cave, and the wigwam,—all the places which the children had enjoyed on the different days of mystery. Finally, she returned to the villa. But instead of sinking back on the cushions of the long chair, she made her way through the hall and up-stairs to a little room in the west wing. It was the green room, where the Penfolds had stored away all the old toys, fancy costumes, and theatrical "properties" which a series of children had collected in years past. Over a chair hung a long, brown robe such as the children's old guide had worn one morning. Beside it were tossed green hose and russet doublet, a hat with a red feather, a bow and arrows. On the table lay several wigs, a witch-wife's long gray hair, an old man's

snowy locks and beard, a boy's short black curls. Allegra eyed them with disfavor; finally, she seized them impatiently, and began to stuff them into one of the trunks, the lid of which was raised.

As she shut in the folds of the Peter Pan costume, something fell from it upon the floor. It was a small stone, shaped like a heart, with a white stripe around it. Allegra picked it up and looked at it earnestly.

"Maggie's lucky stone!" she said. "The little thing sent it to me to bring me luck. She said it was all she had. I wonder if that is true,—I know so little about her. She did not seem like a selfish, grasping child. I wonder if I was too hard on her? Children are curious, and I suppose it was a great temptation to them all. Perhaps it was n't quite fair to tempt them so." She put the lucky stone in her pocket.

Behind the door stood a large express package, as yet unopened. Allegra set herself to undoing the fastenings, and strewed the contents carelessly about her on the floor. There were dolls, animals, mechanical toys, books and favors, ribbons and gloves, and children's garments. In a box by itself was the spangled dress and wand of a conventional fairy. Allegra took this out carefully, and held it up with something like eagerness. "It is perfect!" she murmured. "If only they could have kept up the game a little longer. What geese!" And she shook the glittering dress as she would have liked to shake the children who had disappointed her and spoiled her plans.

Allegra sat down in the window with Maggie's lucky stone in her hand and with the fairy dress across her knees, and pondered.

"I can write to them," she said to herself. "I can have them find mysterious notes in some strange place. If I say I have forgiven them, I believe they would come again. Maggie said she was to go home in a few days,—there is no time to lose. There might be rain, which would spoil everything. Yes,—I'll write now."

Allegra laid the fairy dress carefully on a chair, went down to the library, and busied herself with pen and paper. To her there came Miss Miggs, with a stern look on her face and determination in her eye.

"If you please, Miss Allegra," said Miggs, standing before the desk at which Allegra sat, "you told me yesterday that I need not give notice, but could go any time I wanted to, for you did n't need me. And I think that is true. I'd like to go at once, then."

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Allegra, looking up from her note with annoyed surprise

at being thus interrupted. "Has anything happened?"

"Nothing important to *you*, Miss," said the nurse, with biting emphasis. "But there 's a child taken sick with scarlet fever, and I 'm going to nurse her."

"A child?" said Allegra, laying down her pen, "what child?"

"Nobody of any account to you, Miss," answered Miggs, cruelly. "A child at Farmer Timmins's, up the road."

"Oh!" cried Allegra, half rising from her chair, "which one?"

"The little city girl called Maggie," replied the nurse, looking steadily at Allegra; "the one Michael caught trespassing, and that you had brought to you in here, and then sent packing home, crying all the way as if her heart would break."

"Maggie!" exclaimed Allegra, clasping her hands. "Oh, I am so sorry! The poor little thing! If I had only known!"

"She looked sick yesterday," went on the nurse in her professional manner. "I knew something was the matter. The doctor says she must have brought the infection from the city. She lives in a wretched tenement, it seems, and her folks are n't good to her. She 's got to be quarantined from the other children, and I 'm going to nurse her through." Miss Miggs's determination was evident.

Allegra's mind moved rapidly. "Where can she be quarantined?" she asked. "There 's no suitable place in the village, is there?"

The nurse shook her head. "There 's a camp out in the woods that some men have just left,—a nice shack with everything all ready for the next tenant. The doctor 's going to fix us up there."

"But how inconvenient it will be!" cried Allegra. "No hot and cold water—none of the things you are accustomed to."

"I can do it," said Miss Miggs. "It 's the best we can arrange. The country folks are so scared, it 's got to be some place away from everybody in the village."

Allegra was silent for a minute, then she said: "There 's the east wing. It is all planned for a quarantine, just as it was when my brother John was sick, years ago; when I cried because they would not let me see him. We could put her there."

Miss Miggs gasped in amazement. "Miss Allegra! Do you mean it?" Her eyes shone eagerly.

"She can have the little pink bedroom," answered Allegra; "she would like that when she got better. And you had best move your things into the blue room next to it. I will telephone the doctor to have Maggie brought here directly, and I 'll tell the maids what they must do to make ready. You can get whatever you need at the village; or, if they are not supplied, I will myself go to the Junction in the automobile."

Allegra bustled out of the room with more animation than she had shown for months, while the nurse stared after her with eyes wide open.

"Well, I never!" was all she said.

Two hours later, Bob with a scared face and Bess with tear-stained cheeks were sitting much subdued under a tree beyond the Timmins house, from which they had been temporarily banished.

"Poor Maggie!" sighed Bess. "The doctor says she 's awful sick. And she was going back to the city in two days! Was n't it strange, Bob, that she got sick just now?"

"I told her she ought not to give away that lucky stone!" said Bob.

Bess shook her head. "I believe it was the un-fairies' doings. But why did n't they punish us? We were badder than Maggie was. Maggie did n't want to go."

"If that parrot had n't given us away, no one would ever have known," grumbled Bob. "He 's about the nearest to a bad fairy that I want to see!"

At that moment, before the astonished gaze of the two children, a carriage drove up to the Timmins front porch. Bess nearly screamed aloud, and Bob's eyes stuck out of his head. For it was a tiny carriage drawn by two white ponies! On the box sat a coachman in livery, and in the carriage was seated Miss Miggs. The children did not know who she was; but it was the team of tiny steeds that made them stare.

"The white ponies of the Princess!" cried Bess, clapping her hands. "They have come for Maggie! It 's like *Cinderella's* coach!"

Bob said nothing, but gave a low whistle, and glued his eyes upon the fascinating turnout. Presently, down came the doctor, and bundled upon his strong arm was Maggie. He put her upon the nurse's knees, with her head resting against Miggs's sympathetic shoulder. The coachman touched up the ponies, and very gently they drove away down the road and disappeared in the direction of the Park.

"Well, I never!" said Bob, just as Miss Miggs had done.

(To be continued.)

THE POLITE PIRATE

BEING A POETICAL APPRECIATION OF THE PROPER DEPORTMENT
OF CAPTAIN O'CHESTERFIELD PARAGON PINK

BY FREDERICK MOXON



OH, he was n't one bit like a
buccaneer bold of the pat-
tern of Captain Kidd!

And you need have no fear
of your spine getting cold
when you hear of the
deeds he did.

As a gentleman true, of the
purest degree, he undoubt-
edly bore the palm,

And he never invited his men
out to sea unless it was
perfectly calm;

For he feared in his own
estimation to sink,

Did Captain O'Chesterfield
Paragon Pink.

Now the cross-bones-and-skull, on
a flag black as tar, is the time-
honored trade-mark shown

By piratical craft; but the *Beautiful Star* never once such device had flown.
For instead, from the rigging would gracefully swell a large pennant of brightest blue,
Bearing "WELCOME" in letters quite easy to spell, of a pleasant, contrasting hue;
For from any rude shock to the feelings did shrink
Brave Captain O'Chesterfield Paragon Pink.

When his business demanded the taking a prize for the pay of his pirate band,
The necessity stern he would kindly disguise by deportment politely bland.
Not a shot would he fire, but his megaphone big in his manicured hands would take,
And call out, "Ship ahoy! I am sending my gig,
—please come over to tea and cake."

Not one "salt" by his orders salt-water
should drink,

Said Captain O'Chesterfield Paragon
Pink.

So delighted his captives, they never demurred to
hand over their stores of wealth;
Not a thought of refusing him ever occurred, but
they merrily quaffed his health;
For he practised this motto, "'T is better, by far,
to conquer by love than fear,"

And his guests, ere they rowed from the *Beauti-
ful Star*, stood and gave him a parting cheer!

"An occasion of pleasure and profit, I
think,"

Smiled Captain O'Chesterfield Paragon
Pink.



WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER VIII

TAMING STEEL WITH FIRE

WHEN we asked Uncle Edward to tell us something about Gary, all we could get out of him was, "I don't know, boys. I went through the place eight years ago, and there was n't the sign of a house anywhere around—nothing but a wilderness of sand." You can imagine our surprise, then, on getting off the train at Gary, to find ourselves in a flourishing city of nearly forty thousand inhabitants. That is what a steel plant did for a wilderness in eight years.

Uncle Edward had brought a pass with him from the main offices in Chicago, and so a guide was appointed to pilot us around.

"Are there any ore-boats in?" asked Uncle Edward. "Take us over there, please, for I want these boys to see the whole show from start to finish."

He led us past buildings from which issued mysterious clanking noises, past tall structures that looked like giant factory chimneys.

"But there can't be anything very interesting in unloading a boat," protested Will.

"I suppose you think they take the stuff off in wheelbarrows," replied Uncle Edward. "If it had to be done by hand, it would take an army of men a week or more; but now unloading machines do the whole job in a few hours."

The unloading machines were bridge-like structures mounted on wheels, and traveled on rails laid parallel to the dock line. Big grab-buckets, hung from the ends of gigantic scale-beams, moved forward over the boats, and dived down through the hatches into the holds, only to reappear in a moment with jaws shut tight over a huge bite of ore, which was dumped on shore, and afterward picked up by other buckets and dumped where required in the ore-yard.

"But is that stuff iron?" I exclaimed. "It looks just like red dirt."

"Oh, yes; it's iron ore, and pretty good ore, too. We'll go back to the blast-furnaces now, and see what they do with it."

The blast-furnaces proved to be the "factory chimneys" we had seen on our way to the ore-unloading machines. Alongside of each furnace were four "stoves," to heat the air that was blown into the furnace. The stoves were big fel-

lows, almost as high and as big around as the furnaces.

"Do you see that big pipe that goes all around the lower part of the furnace?" asked Uncle Edward. "That is called the 'bustle pipe.' It feeds hot air to the 'twyers,' which are the pipes that carry the hot air into the furnace. They have copper nozzles, and are made hollow so that water can keep circulating through them; otherwise the intense heat of the furnace would burn them right out."

"But why does n't the furnace itself melt?" I queried. "It is made of iron, is n't it?"

"Yes, outside; but it has a lining of fire-brick that will not melt, and that protects the outer shell."

"Where is the door to the furnace?" I asked.

"The door?"

"Yes; where do they put the ore in?"



THE UNLOADING MACHINES.

"Why, they dump it in at the top. Don't you see that inclined elevator leading up to the top of the furnace? There goes a car of ore now."

"But there must be a furnace door somewhere to let the coal in," I persisted.

"Oh, no. In the first place, they don't use coal, but coke, which is coal with the coal-gas baked out of it. The coke goes in at the top, too."

"What! Over the iron?" I exclaimed, mystified.

"Usually we build our fire under the pot containing the water we wish to boil," explained Uncle Edward; "but here the fuel and the ore go into the pot together. You see, this is not like any ordinary furnace you ever had anything to do with. There is n't even an ash-door at the bottom, because the ashes float on top of the iron

that collects in the bottom of the furnace, and so the ashes are drained off from time to time in the shape of molten slag. If you could get ashes out of an ordinary furnace or a kitchen range like that, it would simplify housekeeping a lot. The earthy matter in the ore comes out in the slag, too. To make the ashes and dirt melt, a lot of limestone is put into the furnace with the ore and coke. The furnace is kept full all the time, but the charge is constantly settling as it burns, and the molten part trickles down to the bottom, and so more material has to be added at the top. The materials are added through a sort of air-lock, like those of the tunnels you went into last summer, because they have further use for the gases, and don't want them to escape."

"I wish we could see the inside of the furnace," remarked Will, wistfully.

"You can, if you want to," spoke up the guide.

"Yes," put in Uncle Edward; "there are windows in every blast-furnace."

"Windows!" Will exclaimed. "Oh, you are joking!"

"Yes, glass windows, only the glass is colored so that your eyes will not be injured by the dazzling glare of the incandescent metal. They are in the twyers, behind the air-jets, where the glass will not melt."

Uncle Edward pointed to a tiny peep-hole in the end of one of the twyer pipes. It was just like the eyepiece of a telescope. When I peered in, I could plainly see the seething mass in the interior, with pieces of coke dancing in the blast of the twyer.

"They are about to 'flush the cinder,'" said the guide.

"He means," explained Uncle Edward, "that they are going to drain off some of the slag."

We saw a man pull a long-handled plug out of a hole in the side of the furnace, and out gushed a brilliantly glowing stream.

"What do they do with it?" I asked.

"Just watch it," said Uncle Edward.

The stuff flowed along rather sluggishly down a trough banked with molders' sand. The trough ended rather abruptly at the brink of a pit, and there, from under it, gushed a wide flat stream of water. The instant the slag struck the water, there was a burst of steam, and it exploded into a hail-storm of hot pellets.

"I suppose they do that to cool the stuff quickly," I remarked.

"Oh, no; there is another object in view. They'll scoop the granulated stuff out of the pit with a clam-shell bucket, and make Portland cement out of it. They'll crush it, mix it with lime, burn it, and powder it, and then it can be

used for concrete work. They make money now out of stuff that used to cost them money to get rid of a few years ago. Why, for every ton of iron, they had half a ton of slag to dispose of, and you can imagine how pleased they were to find a use for the stuff."

"It is a wonderful sight!" said Will, turning back and looking at the glowing stream.

"Yes; but that's nothing to the splendor of the iron itself, as it runs out of the furnace," declared Uncle Edward. "You can find out for us, can't you, guide, when they are going to tap one of them?"

As the guide turned off to make inquiries, Uncle Edward remarked reminiscently: "Yes, they have made a lot of wonderful improvements in ore-smelting in recent years, and that means a pile of money saved. Why, it is only a few years ago that they used to let all the blast of hot gas go to waste out of the top of the furnace. Now they burn the gas in the stoves. The stoves are filled with bricks to store up the heat. When they are hot enough, the gas is diverted to another stove, while air is pumped through the honeycomb of white-hot bricks. In that way, the air is made as hot as molten iron before it is pumped into the blast-furnace. After a time, the bricks grow comparatively cold, and the air is turned off and the gas is turned on again. I said the bricks grow cold, but not so cold that you would care to put your hands on them. In fact, they are so hot that the gas bursts into flame as soon as it strikes them."

"But," protested Will, "is n't the gas that comes out of a furnace all burned out?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Uncle Edward, "I thought you would ask about that. In other words, you want to know why, if there is anything left in the gas to burn, it did n't burn in the furnace? It's a perfectly natural question; and this is the answer: the gas that comes from an ordinary fire is gorged with about all the oxygen it can carry; it is called 'carbon dioxid.' But in a blast-furnace there is so much carbon present that there is not half enough oxygen to go round, and the gas is ready to devour more oxygen as soon as it strikes the air. This half-fed gas is called 'carbon monoxid,' and is very much like the stuff we burn in our gas-jets. In fact, they are now using this gas here to run two enormous gas-engine plants, because the furnaces produce far more gas than they can use in the stoves. One of these plants runs the pumps that force the air-blast through the stoves and furnaces, and the other plant produces enough electricity to run all the machinery in the works."

Just then, our guide came back with the news that a certain furnace was about to be tapped.

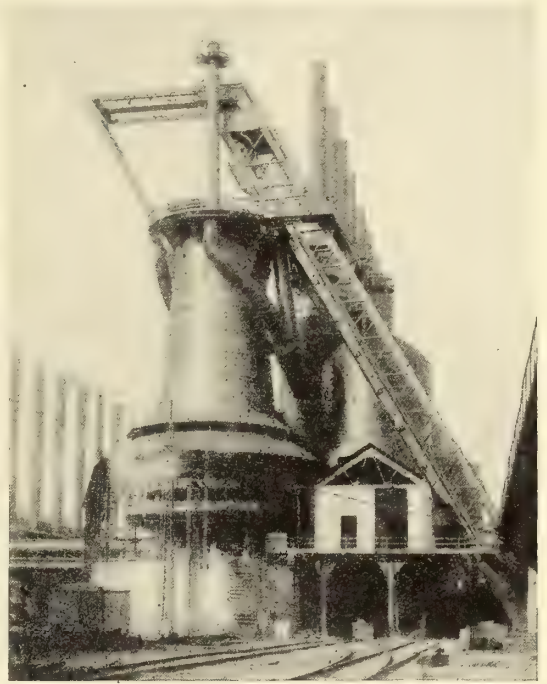
When we reached the furnace, men were at work at the tap-hole, out of which the molten iron was to pour. The brick paving in front of the furnace had a trough in it lined with sand, just like the trough for the slag, which was to guide the molten metal to the ladles that stood ready on cars below. The tap-hole was closed with a plug of clay, but this had been cut away until there was only a thin wall left that showed red from the heat within. At a cry of warning, every one stood aside except one man armed with a long bar, which he drove into the clay stopper. Out squirted the fiery metal pressed by tons of material overhead. In a moment, it had widened the breach through the clay to the full diameter of the tap-hole, and the dazzling white iron poured out in a torrent, while a veritable shower of sparks burst into the air and rained down upon us. We hastily backed out of range. Soon the stream of liquid fire found its way to the farthestmost ladle and began to fill it. The heat was so intense that we could not go anywhere near the stream, but one of the men with a long-handled ladle dipped up some of the liquid iron and poured it into a test mold. In a few minutes, it had cooled enough for him to take it out of the mold and break it in two. Then he took it over to an inspector, who gazed critically at the grain of the broken section to determine the character of the iron.

Suddenly, there was a deafening roar. Will and I were panic-stricken at once. To tell the truth, I had come to the steel-works with the notion that it was a dangerous place at best, and I was really expecting trouble from the very start. Naturally I supposed that a horrible accident had occurred. The noise was very rasping and penetrating. Of course, while it lasted, Uncle Edward could not explain what it was, because he could not possibly pit his voice against that thunder. But his tantalizing smile assured us that there was no danger until he had a chance to explain that it was the "snort-valve." "The iron was coming out of the furnace a little too fast, and so they turned the 'snort-valve' to shut off the air-blast from the twyers. The noise of that escaping air will give you some idea of the blast that is pumped into a furnace."

One after the other the ladles were filled, and then the train chugged off with them. We followed it over to a building where a crane picked up the ladles, one by one, and poured their contents into a big vessel so that they would be mixed with iron from other furnaces.

"They call that a mixer," explained Uncle Edward. "It holds three hundred tons of molten iron—that's three times the weight of a good-sized locomotive—and yet the pot is mounted to turn on an axis, so as to pour out metal into the ladles as needed. There goes one now!"

One of the mixers was being tilted by some



EXTERIOR VIEW OF A BLAST-FURNACE, SHOWING FURNACE AND SKIP BRIDGE IN FOREGROUND, AND DUST CATCHERS AND STACKS OF HOT BLAST STOVES IN BACKGROUND.

huge invisible hand, "just like a giant tea-pot," as Uncle Edward put it, "spouting a stream of white-hot tea. And that tea-cup which we see there," pointing to the huge ladle, "holds sixty tons! Let's go on and see them turn that iron into steel."

I had never had a very clear idea of the distinction between iron and steel, but now I learned that it is mainly the carbon that makes the difference. Cast-iron has more carbon in it than steel has, and steel, in turn, has more than wrought-iron. The ladle that we were following was on its way to the "open-hearth" furnaces, to have some of its carbon burned out. That open-hearth building was the largest building I had ever seen—nearly a quarter of a mile long, and close to two hundred feet wide. The furnaces were arranged in a row down the middle of the building. Outside they were not very interesting, but a gleam of light that showed through a hole

in each furnace indicated that there was something doing inside.

"They burn gas in these furnaces, not coke," explained Uncle Edward. "You see, if they brought any coke into contact with the iron, they would be simply adding more carbon to it. In order to make the fire very hot, the gas and the air that burns with it are heated before entering the furnace. On each side of the furnace there is a pair of stoves filled with brick. A stack sucks the burned gases out of the furnace into one pair of stoves, heating the bricks in it, while the air and gas are drawn into the furnace through the hot bricks in the other pair of stoves. Then a valve is turned reversing the current, so that the first two stoves do the heating, while the other two store up heat."

"But if the air and the gas go into the furnace together, why don't they burn before they get to the furnace?" asked Will.

"The gas and air run through separate stoves and separate passages until they enter the furnace— Hold on, there!" cried Uncle Edward, as he saw Will go to one of the peep-holes to look in. "Do you want to lose your eyes? Why, it is as bright as the sun in there."

"I 'll get him a pair of glasses, sir," said the guide. He borrowed a pair of blue goggles from one of the men so that we could see the iron boiling into steel.

"How long does it have to stay in there?" I inquired.

"That depends somewhat upon the grade of steel that is to be made; that is, on the amount of carbon that is to be left in it. It takes anywhere from eight to twelve hours. But there is a way of doing it in as many minutes. Guide, suppose you take us over to the Bessemer plant next, so that these youngsters can see cast-iron turned into steel in ten minutes."

"But we have n't any Bessemer furnaces at these works," said the guide. "We only make open-hearth steel here."

"Oh, that 's so; I forgot," exclaimed Uncle Edward. "We 'll have to go back to Chicago to see them. I suppose they have Bessemer furnaces there?"

"Yes, and they have an electric furnace, too, at the South Works."

"Very well; we 'll go there to-morrow."

Tapping an open-hearth furnace cannot be compared in splendor with the tapping of a blast-furnace, but there is something so fascinating about the sight of liquid steel, that we had to stop and gaze at the spectacle until we had seen a ladle filled to the brim and the slag drained off into a smaller ladle at the side. Then a giant

traveling-crane picked up the ladle and carried it off to one end of the building.

"Now they are going to cast the ingots," said Uncle Edward, pointing to some large boxlike molds about two feet square and eight feet high.

We watched the crane-man manœuvre the ladle to position over them, and then a stream of molten metal poured out of the bottom of it into one of the open-mouthed molds. As each mold was filled, a cover was placed over it. The molds were made of cast-iron, and I noticed that they rested on little cars. These cars were coupled together to make a train, which was pulled out into the yard by a dinkey engine, as soon as all the molds had been filled. It looked as though the brightly glowing molds must surely topple over, as they swayed along the uneven track and swerved around the switches. They looked top-heavy, even though they were larger at the bottom than at the top. And that puzzled me, too, because they had been filled from the top, and I could n't figure out how in the world they were going to get the ingot out.

"Very simple," explained Uncle Edward, in answer to my query. "The mold is just a box, open at both top and bottom. It merely rests on a bottom plate. A 'stripping-machine' pulls the mold off from the top, leaving the ingot resting on the bottom plate."

We saw that operation a moment later. The covers had already been removed, and then two hooks moved down over a pair of handles on the mold, and, while a plunger pressed down upon the glowing top of the ingot, the hooks pulled the mold up and lifted it clear of the ingot. After the molds had all been removed, the train pulled out with its incandescent white-hot columns, looking more ominous than ever as they swayed over the tracks.

"Next, the ingots go to the soaking-pits," said Uncle Edward, "where the inside, which is still liquid, has a chance to become solid; then they go to the 'blooming-mill,' where they are rolled down into 'blooms,' or smaller pieces, before going to the rail-mill to be rolled into steel rails."

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted the guide; "we make our rails right from the ingot here."

That was news to Uncle Edward. "Is that so!" he exclaimed. "Take us over there then, please. I know you pride yourselves on the rails you put out here."

That rail-mill was certainly a wonderful sight! The enormous glowing ingots were carried on a transfer car to a sort of trough. The floor of the trough, or "table," as they call it, consisted of a series of rollers that were turning rapidly. Riding on them, the big clumsy ingot sailed along

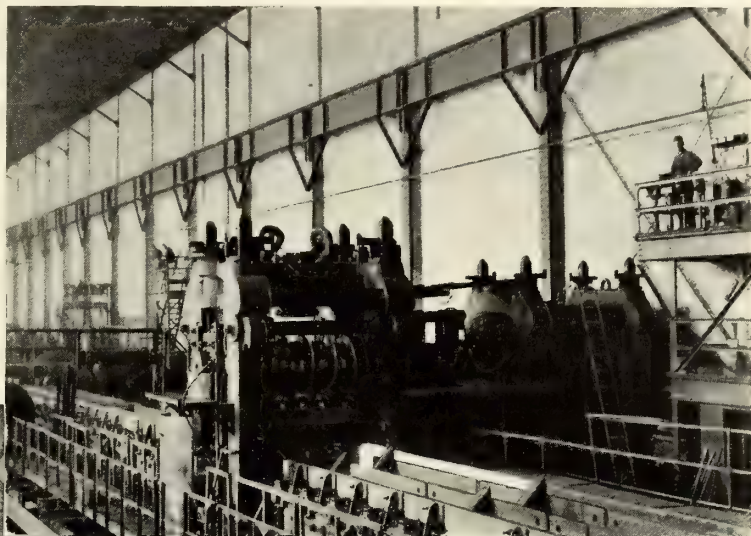
until it bumped against a pair of large steel rolls. Immediately the rolls seized it and hauled it through, like clothes through a clothes-wringer. We could not see that it had been flattened down very much, but we noticed that deep corrugations had been cut into its upper surface. As it moved on, the rollers turned it over on its side before it was caught by the next pair or "stand" of rolls. It went through four stands in succession, turning over between each stand, until it had made a complete turn. Then it came to what is called a "three-high" mill, which has three rolls, one above the other. First the "bloom," as it was now called, went between the middle and bottom rolls; but

the rolls were a little larger in diameter, and it was a tighter squeeze getting through them. And so the bloom went back and forth, being switched over to a tighter pass each time until it was squeezed down to about eight inches square and over forty feet long. Then it was cut in two,



INTERIOR VIEW OF RAIL-MILL, SHOWING (IN THE FOREGROUND TO THE LEFT) STEEL COMING THROUGH FINISHING PASS ON ITS WAY TO THE SAWS. AN ELECTRIC MOTOR SITUATED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRICK WALL DRIVES THE SERIES OF ROLL-STANDS SHOWN IN THE FOREGROUND.

no sooner had it emerged, than it was raised bodily, the supporting roller "tables" on both sides of the mill being raised up simultaneously. The rollers of the tables were then reversed, causing the bloom to start back between the middle and top rolls. The tables were now lowered, their rollers reversed, and the bloom sent through between the middle and bottom rolls as before; but this time it was switched to one side, where



INTERIOR VIEW OF RAIL-MILL, SHOWING BLOOM ABOUT TO ENTER PASS IN THE "THREE-HIGH" BLOOMING-MILL, WHICH IS ALSO DRIVEN BY AN ELECTRIC MOTOR.

and each bloom went through another set of rolls that gradually worked it down to the size and shape of a rail. It was fascinating to watch that snakelike bar over a hundred feet long, writhing as if alive. As it came back for its last sally through the rolls, a whistle was blown as a warning that the rolling was finished, and the rail was now on its way to the saws. There were five circular saws that dropped down upon the glowing metal, and, amid a shower of sparks,

sawed it into four ten-yard rails. After that, the rails were carried off on "run-out tables" to the "hotbeds" to cool.

From the rail-mill we went to the plate-mill, and saw big slabs of steel rolled out into long thin sheets, but the process was so much like that of rolling rails, that I am not going to describe it here.

The sights we saw at Gary were so impressive

that we thought there could be little more to see at South Chicago, except possibly the electric furnace; but the Bessemer plant proved to be the most wonderful and spectacular thing yet. The



A BESSEMER CONVERTER "BLOWING OFF."

Bessemer converter was a big barrel-shaped vessel, open at the top and with a lot of nozles in the bottom, connected with an air-blast. The vessel was mounted so that it could be rocked over to the horizontal position. Then a ladleful of molten iron was poured into the converter, the air-blast was turned on, and the ponderous vessel slowly turned back to its upright position. The scores of air-jets blowing through the metal set it to boiling violently. A column of fire, sparks, and white-hot gases poured out of the mouth of the furnace, and every now and then, splashes of molten metal were blown, by bursting bubbles, high into the air, and exploded into showers of sparks. I never saw fireworks to equal that spectacle. All the time there was a steady roar, as the air forced its way up through the molten metal. In about ten minutes, the operation was over, and the vessel, still blowing a stream of fire, turned slowly over and poured out the freshly made steel.

As we were walking toward one of the open-hearth buildings, we were again startled by an explosion. A burst of flame shot out of the door, and almost at the same instant, four or five men leaped out of a window to the ground. We rushed forward to see what was the matter.

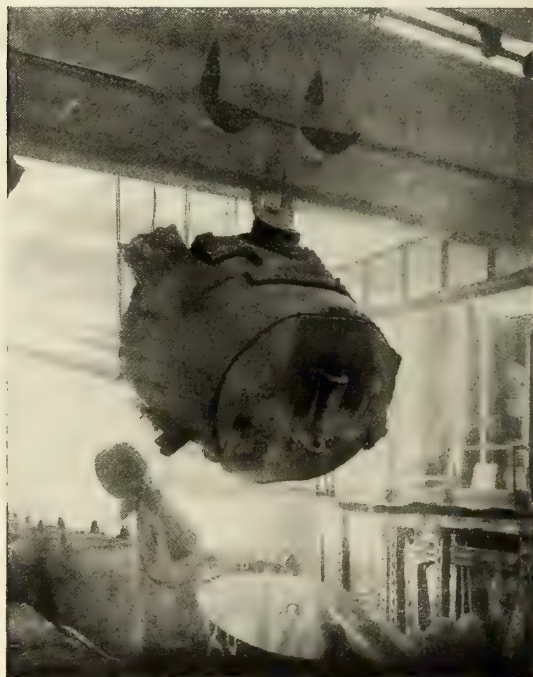
"Oh, look! look!" cried Will.

There was a runway along the outside of the building about twenty feet above the ground, and a lot of windows opening out to it. A man had leaped out of one of the windows to the runway, wild-eyed and greatly excited. His clothing was afire, and he stopped to beat out the blaze, when suddenly he began to rush along the runway again, and presently dodged back into the building.

"Why, the fellow is crazy," exclaimed Uncle Edward; "the excitement has gone to his head."

We dared not enter the building at that end, for a mass of molten steel lay in a pool on the floor; but we ran to the opposite end and crowded in with a number of others who had collected to see what had happened.

There was the man who had dashed out upon the runway, climbing out of his crane-cab, his clothing still smoking. Hanging from one hook,



THE HUGE LADLE DANGLING FROM THE CRANE BY A SINGLE HOOK.

with the tackle at the other side slacked away, was the ladle that had done all the mischief, still pouring a trickle of molten metal.

The men all crowded around the crane-man when he came down. He was pretty cool, considering the fact that his hair was singed and big patches of his clothing were burned away.

"What happened?" he was asked.

"Do you mean to say you thought of that?"
 "Sure! I ran along ahead of the crane until the first flare was over, and then went back in again and jumped aboard the crane as she came along. You see, there was men in the pit as

might not have a chance to get out in time, and, besides, if I had n't ha' stopped her, she 'd ha' gone to smash and like as not 'a' busted a hole through the side of the building. You see, I just *had* to stop her."

An inspector arrived just then and began an investigation. Not a life had been lost. Except for the crane-man, no one had been injured. He was only slightly burned, and protested vigorously against going to the doctor. No property had been destroyed; merely a ladleful of metal was lost. The cause of the accident was a broken bearing on the winding drum of the crane.

"But what made the explosion?" I asked.

"There is always an explosion when hot metal spills on moist ground," replied the inspector.

"The steel business is pretty dangerous," remarked Uncle Edward.

"You must n't think that a thing like this happens every day," answered the inspector. "Why, we have n't had a spill like that in years. No, the steel business is no longer the dangerous one it used to be. We are spending so much on safety precautions that our men are actually safer here in these works than on the streets of New York or Chicago. In proportion

to our numbers, we have fewer accidents than they have in the big cities."

We learned later that the crane-man who had proved such a hero was rewarded by a banquet, and a raise of pay, which was particularly acceptable, because he had been planning to get married the following month.

(To be continued.)



"A BURST OF FLAME SHOT OUT OF THE DOOR, AND ALMOST AT THE SAME INSTANT, FOUR OR FIVE MEN LEAPED OUT OF A WINDOW."

"Don't know. Something broke, and there was a spill. I jumped out of me cab to get out of the way of the explosion."

"But why did you go back again?" queried Uncle Edward.

"To stop the crane. I had to jump too quick, to turn off the power."

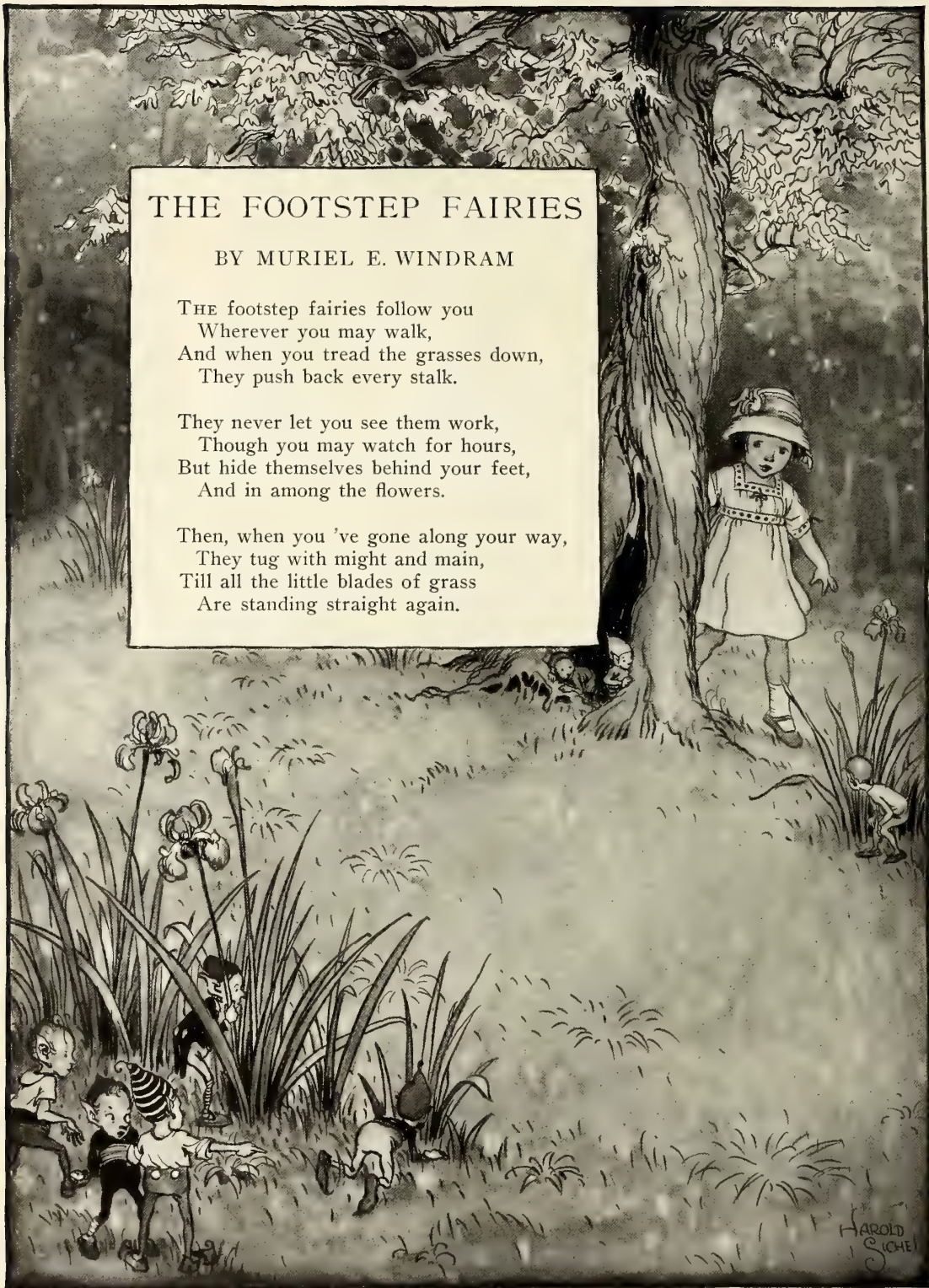
THE FOOTSTEP FAIRIES

BY MURIEL E. WINDRAM

THE footstep fairies follow you
Wherever you may walk,
And when you tread the grasses down,
They push back every stalk.

They never let you see them work,
Though you may watch for hours,
But hide themselves behind your feet,
And in among the flowers.

Then, when you 've gone along your way,
They tug with might and main,
Till all the little blades of grass
Are standing straight again.





"IT 'S A DREADFULLY BIG HOLE!"

THE MAKING OF A CANOEIST

("UNDER THE BLUE SKY" SERIES)

BY E. T. KEYSER

"It 's a dreadfully big hole!" and Harry gazed, for the third time, at the spot where some shifting trunk in the baggage-car had punched through canvas and planking of the long green canoe.

"Well," observed the matter-of-fact Fred, "if she had n't been smashed pretty badly, we would n't have got her."

"Hello, boys! Where 'd you get the battle-ship?" and the red head of "Freckles" White appeared above the rear fence. If there was anything interesting in that particular neighborhood, Freckles was pretty certain to be among those present.

"Cousin Will sent his canoe home from the Canoe Association meet," explained Fred, "and the express company punched a hole in the stern and cut a slit in the side. They 've pretty nearly paid for the boat, and Will gave her to us. Now, it 's our job to fix her, but it *does* look like something of a bit of work."

Anything that resembled a tough proposition was a direct challenge to Freckles, so he climbed over and studied the damage with close attention, first from the outside and then from the interior. "We can do it," was his verdict, where-at the owners brightened perceptibly, only to relapse into gloom again at his query, "How much money have you now?"

"Forty-nine cents," replied the brothers disconsolately, after turning their pockets inside out.

"Not enough," said Freckles, decisively. "It costs money to put a yacht in commission and run her, and, if you 're to do this, you 'll have to cut down on soda-water and ice-cream cones, and quit being first-nighters at the 'movies.'

"When your father comes home to-night, tell him that for three dollars and a half we can make that boat look and be as good as new, and that if he will stake you to that amount, you will cut out the candy store and the picture shows, and spend your allowances on an outfit for camping and cruising. My! but you fellows can have the time of your lives with that canoe, a tent, and some dishes. Come around to-morrow if you get the cash, and I 'll show you what to do with it." And Freckles crawled back over the fence.

"WHOOP! Wow! Whee!" and Freckles looked up from his weeding next morning to see a full-sized Cheshire cat grin, with Fred's countenance behind it, shining above the fence.

"Father said that it was worth *four* dollars to get us into a real boy's game, let alone a chance to laugh at Cousin Will and the express company, but that, if we don't make good, his confidence in you will be the worse for wear."

Freckles produced a rather grimy bit of paper. "Take this list in one hand and your four-dollar bill in the other, go down-town, and bring back the stuff that I 've marked on it. By the time

you 're back I 'll have finished with the two bushels of weeds that have come up over night, and be ready to help rebuild that dreadnought of yours.

"Wait! Come back! You might have the same trouble that the writing teacher does in getting at the meaning of some of my work. I 'll read the list over to you, just to make sure:

$\frac{1}{2}$ yard good quality China silk 27 inches wide .	\$.40
1 bottle of white shellac25
1 pint of green canoe enamel70
1 pint of spar varnish60
1 dozen sheets of #00 sandpaper10
1 two-inch flat varnish-brush25
1 three-inch flat paint-brush50
1 one-inch flat shellac-brush25
Copper tacks, very small10

\$3.15

You see that I was a little high on my estimate. Take a good look at the color of the canoe, and get the same shade of green or a darker one. If you try to use a lighter color, it will take too much enamel to make a good job. Now skip!"

The purchases made, the boys gathered about the canoe where it lay on the lawn, ready to begin work.

Freckles took charge of the operations. He had evidently planned his campaign beforehand, for he gave his orders without any hesitation or uncertainty.

"The hole in the stern is above the water-line," he began. "It 's almost round, so, you see, it won't spread.

"First we 'll shove the splintered pieces of the planking back into place, so fashion, and tack this thin piece of shingle on the inside, first coating it with shellac on both sides to help it to stick and keep it from warping. Now, Fred, you sneak up-stairs and get your sister's manicure scissors—the little ones with curved points—and trim the threads from the outside canvas, where it is torn.

"Now, while Fred 's doing that, we 'll cut three pieces of the China silk large enough to patch the hole, and lap over the edge an inch all around. Now we lay them on this board and cover one side with shellac, just as if it was a picture that you were going to paste in a scrap-book—the shellac is our paste.

"All ready there, Fred? Good! No time to lose on a thing like this, so, quick, before it dries, let 's lay the first piece of silk over the hole and be careful to smooth out all wrinkles and air bubbles—start from the edge of the hole and work outward. It 'll dry in a few minutes, and then we can give it another outside coat of shellac, and, when this dries, put on a second and then a third patch, one over the other. This will make

a water-tight job, and one over which the canoe enamel will lie so smoothly that you won't be able to see where the patches were.

"There!" said Freckles, with some pride, as he straightened up and then squinted along the side of the canoe. "Not such a bad job, but not a hard one, either. The long cut is another matter. It 's below water-line, and will open and get longer as the canvas stretches if we don't fasten it around the edges. Now here 's where our little copper tacks come in. One of you fellows hold a piece of wood against the inside of the boat, while I drive the tacks."

Both Fred and Harry volunteered for this task, and Freckles drove home the tacks with skilful fingers.

"Now that that 's done," he said, as he laid down the hammer, "we can put the silk patches on, just as we did before. When they get good and dry, we can smooth down the old enamel and the gunwale and keel with the sandpaper, but we must n't bear on too hard, and we must keep away from the patches. Then we 'll haul her out from under these trees and leave her in the sun while we go to lunch. When we come back, the canvas will be warm enough to let the enamel flow on smooth and thin, instead of being all lumps.

"Suppose, while we 're waiting, we get the loose bristles out of the paint and varnish brushes by rubbing them over a clean piece of rough board. There 's nothing meaner than a lot of them sticking in one's work to spoil the looks of it."

By the time that the brushes were cleaned to Freckles's liking, the patches were dry. So the canoe was turned right side up and carefully braced with blocks of wood, and Freckles continued in his capacity of foreman of the amateur shipyard.

"Harry, you take one gunwale, and Fred the other, while I tackle the deck pieces at each end. Sandpaper with the grain of the wood, or you 'll raise 'whiskers' which will spoil the varnishing, later on. When the sandpaper clogs, put it to one side and use a fresh piece; the clogged bits will do to smooth down the varnish, after it 's dry."

The three boys got through at about the same time, and Freckles gave his next orders:

"Now let 's turn the boat over and get at the keel. We must make a good job there, and get it *smooth*, working *out* of the small dents and *into* the large ones. It will have to have three good coats, well smoothed down between each coat, as the keel gets the hardest usage.

"Now, for the sides, work lengthwise with a long arm-motion, putting your weight into the

swing, and get it perfectly smooth, so that the enamel will lie on nicely. All the pains which you take in this part of the work will save trouble later on."

For some time, nothing was heard but the scratching of the sandpaper, until, finally, Freckles announced, after a careful inspection, "She is

"Yes, the color 's all right," said Freckles, "but keep on stirring, until the lumps are all gone. And remember that you must always stir any paint thoroughly before using it.

"Now, commence along the keel and lay on the enamel fairly thin, and work it out lengthwise, nice and even. Take a strip about a foot wide,



"'QUICK, BEFORE IT DRIES, LET 'S LAY THE FIRST PIECE OF SILK OVER THE HOLE.'"

smooth enough now, and it 's almost lunch-time. Bring her over here in the sunshine. See you after lunch. Good-by." And Freckles was gone.

"STUNG! Swindled! Let 's go back and masacre the fellow who sold us this enamel," cried Harry, who had opened the can. Luncheon was over, and the trio had returned to the task.

"What 's the trouble?" asked Freckles.

"It 's about fourteen shades lighter than the color-card from which I picked it out, and you warned me against getting a lighter green."

"Stir it well with a clean stick and see what happens," was Freckles's suggestion.

"That 's funny," exclaimed Harry, who promptly followed this advice. "It 's getting darker. Why, it 's just the right color now!"

and, when that is covered, go back to the end and start another strip below it. By the time that you 've painted the first strip, which will be under the bottom and out of sight, you will have caught the trick, and be able to do a better job along the gunwale, where it shows."

"But the directions say *not* to work it out," said Fred, who had been studying the label.

"We won't follow the directions in this case," said Freckles. "I did it that way once, and had to go all over it again, because it was too thick in one place and too thin in another. That 's why we fried the canoe in the sun, to get the surface hot enough to put the enamel on like varnish. Always follow directions the first time, but use your experience after that.

"Here, let that fly alone! You 'll make a

lovely mark prying him out of the wet enamel, while, if you let him stay and dry up with the paint, you can take off the remains with sandpaper when you smooth down the coat, and there will be no sign to tell that you have been running the most successful fly-trap in town."

The boys worked steadily and silently for a little while, then Harry stood off, to admire the new complexion of the canoe.

"Say, it looks fine! Won't Cousin Will have enough fits to start a tailor shop?"

"And we can hardly see where the patches are," was Fred's comment.

"You won't see them at all, when it 's dry," promised Freckles. "When the enamel is safely hard, and I 'd wait a couple of days for that, put on the varnish—three coats on the keel and two on the gunwales, rubbing down between each coat with the used sandpaper. But first wipe it off clean, and be sure that each coat is dry and hard *all the way through* before you smooth it—better give each coat two days to dry—clear days I mean; damp ones don't count for drying, and should never be used for painting or varnishing."

"Will another coat of enamel be needed?" Fred inquired, gazing dubiously at the small quantity remaining.

"No," was Freckles's reassuring decision; "but I 'd give the outside of the hull a good coat of varnish, about the middle of the season."

"Say, Freckles," asked Harry, "what kind of paddles do we want? I saw some pretty rock-maple single-blades the other day."

"Cut 'em out!" was the emphatic reply. "What you fellows will need will be a pair of nine-and-a-half-foot pine double-blades with square ends, well coppered. Then, one of you can use the doubles, which is the real *get there* method for one-man power, or each of you may use one half as a single. It would be a good idea, when buying the paddles, to get a pair of supplemental handles, which may be slipped onto the ends of the half lengths and prevent the ferrules from blistering your hands on a long hike. If you can afford it, I 'd advise getting *two* pairs of blades, right at the start. You will find that you can make much better time with them, and they are more comfortable to use when sitting on the bottom of the canoe, where you should sit most of the time, and *always* when it is the least bit rough."

"What are the seats for, then?" asked Harry.

"To give you a change of position at times, and for use in absolutely calm weather," was the answer. "The careless use of seats is responsible for most capsizes when paddling, and has made what was intended for a convenience, when

used at the proper time, a danger if you don't stop to realize that as low down as possible is the position to occupy in a canoe, when wind or waves commence to rise."

Just then, Freckles's small sister appeared with the message that he was needed for an errand, and he reluctantly started for home.

"It 's a good thing that Freckles gave us the right medicine about keeping off the seats," said Fred, who wore a pair of moccasins, and was, therefore, trying to use an Indian word when the chance offered.

"Yep," was Harry's response. "If we had been anywhere but on the floor, those whitecaps would have rolled us over. Of course we can swim, but I don't care particularly about spending the rest of the afternoon in drying out."

The canoe had been launched that morning, and the two boys were on their first short trip with her.

Just at present they were sitting on a log which the winter storms had washed up on the beach, engaged in demolishing a generous lunch, while the craft on which they had toiled for a busy, happy week lay on the sand below them.

They had paddled out with double-blades, and Harry, who occupied the stern, quickly discovered that it was easy for him to steer the course, while Fred kept up a regular stroke; also that meeting a wave bow on and with lessened speed was conducive to dryness.

"Well, I feel pretty well dried out, right now," said Fred. "Wonder if we can find a spring anywhere around here?"

"If we do, it will be somewhere along the little brook that empties yonder," was Harry's sage deduction. "Anyway, let 's explore a bit."

So they followed along the tiny brooklet, until, a few hundred yards from its mouth, they saw a spring flowing into it. The water was ice-cold and refreshing, and, when their thirst was quenched, the beauties of the spot dawned upon them. Climbing the green slope from the spring to take a short cut to the beach, they found themselves in a meadow which ran down to a small bluff behind the beach. In the center of the meadow was a group of trees shading a spot about forty feet square and free from underbrush. Even to the unpractised eyes of the boys, the suitability of the place for a camp was plain.

"Tell you what we 'll do," said Harry, struck with an idea, "to-morrow we 'll borrow some dishes, a tin pail, and some blankets, and come heré and camp. There 's good fishing just off the beach; you know we saw some people there when we came, and there 's plenty of live bait in the

brook. Now that we have the canoe, we might as well be real Indians."

"All right, but we 'd best ask Freckles to come along; he camped with his uncle last vacation, and knows all about it," said cautious Fred.

"But how are we to get Freckles, and us, and the grub, all into the canoe?" asked Harry.

"That 's easy. You and I paddle over here, unload, and while I 'm catching bait, you go back for Freckles," was Fred's second suggestion.

"That sounds good to me," admitted Harry.

But it did not seem to sound good to Freckles that evening, when they invited him to join them, after a glowing description of the advantages of the spot, for he shook his head sagely.

"So you fellows figure on three of us sleeping on a couple of blankets, under an overturned canoe, and taking chances that it does n't rain?" was his comment. "I know just what would happen—you 'd start out full of enthusiasm, and come back full of colds, malaria, and disgust for camp life. It 's the people who have lived a civilized life and try to jump into an Indian's way of doing things without first getting hardened to it, who are responsible for most of the troubles that

are laid to camping. Even soldiers, who are supposed to be tough, have the best of camp comforts, and don't give 'em up unless the commissary train is delayed or a big battle makes it necessary to push on in light marching order."

"Then you won't come?" asked Fred.

"With that equipment? No. But I 'll tell you what I *will* do. If you boys are willing, I 'll chip in with you and help make and buy what will allow us to camp comfortably and have the biggest summer of our lives. It won't cost much, divided among the three of us."

"All right!" the canoe owners agreed. "Instead of going into camp this week, we 'll stay home and get the camp materials."

"We 'll commence right now," said Freckles, promptly. "Fred, run home and ask your mother if she will cut out a tent of heavy unbleached muslin and sew it for us if we provide the patterns and material. Scoot!" Fred scooted.

"While we 're waiting the verdict," Freckles continued, "I 'll run up-stairs and dig up the paper patterns that we used for our tent last summer. It 's mean to bother your mother to help us out, but then—that cutting and sewing!"

(To be continued.)



"THE ETERNAL FEMININE."



GARDEN-MAKING AND SOME OF THE GARDEN'S STORIES

THE STORY OF THE TWOFOLD TORMENTS

BY GRACE TABOR

"WAKE up!" said the Sunbeam that had come to arouse them; "hold up your heads, and wake up!"

"Oh, I can't hold up my head. I am waked up, but I cannot hold up my head! Oh, please don't!"

"My head I cannot hold up, either," said the next one. "I did n't sleep," moaned another; and another, "Oh, how sick I am!" "And I can't hold up my head—oh, dear!"

"Why can't you hold up your head? *Whose* head is heavy, I should like to know? *Why* did n't you sleep? *How* are you sick?" demanded the Sunbeam. He was very severe too, as became one always up and doing on time; and he searched his charges with the most penetrating glare you ever could imagine. No use trying to conceal anything from *him*!

Yet all these sharp questions brought only just one answer, spoken by every one at once, so dejectedly and desperately and emphatically that its sound was really quite startling, and made the Sunbeam wink. "I don't know! *My* head is heavy!"

So—! This *was* serious, evidently; no shamming here. Not that he had thought of such a thing really, even in the first instant; only it was not very long since he had been on indoor duty,

and his experiences there were still so fresh in his mind that he could hardly be criticized for remembering that there was such a thing. Indeed, no.

"You don't know," he mused, "and *all* your heads are heavy. Well, well!"

"Something happened yesterday," volunteered one, weakly. "Yes, when Rain was visiting," seconded her sister.

"I think it's measles," shuddered a third.

"Or vaccination," suggested another.

Of course the Sunbeam, traveling as he had, knew better than this last; but he saw that she was too weak and miserable to care if he did correct her. So he refrained. "When Rain was visiting, eh?" was all he said, "while I was away yesterday." And he looked very serious—as serious as it is possible, I suppose, for a fine, able-bodied Sunbeam ever to look.

And small wonder; for from this account he was almost sure, at once, that it was the darkest and most dreaded of the Torments that, taking advantage of his absence, had seized upon these innocents—the one that hides and rides, often, in the crystal chariots of Rain. So he shook his head and sighed heavily; and then withdrew hur-

riedly, determined to find out if possible, though he could do nothing, if what he feared were true. Indeed, his limitations weighed heavily upon his spirits at times like this.

In the cloud he found Rain, and made the accusation sternly. But Rain was sorrowful, too, when he heard. "You know as well as I that I cannot help it," said he, "free as I am to go and come all over the earth, and even into the earth, yet must I serve alike the good and the bad, the just and the unjust—even as you, my friend."

Yes, the Sunbeam knew that. "And I observed, near this same place, only yesterday," went on Rain, with very natural reproach, "many of the other Torments, boasting about the service which *you* had rendered *them*."

Of course the Sunbeam apologized, and made what amends he could at once, for having allowed his temper to get the better of him; and while the two were talking, the best thing that could have occurred, did. The small sage ran through the flower garden, on an eager trip to the vegetables. But half-way he stopped, suddenly.

"Something is the matter with the asters," he cried, dismay in his voice and on his face. "They are bending right over and dying. Oh—and come see the hollyhocks! All speckled!"

The big sage came in a hurry; and he said, "Bless my soul!" when he got there. For the asters were very choice plants, and great things were expected of them; and the hollyhocks were favorites of his.

"Just a day too late," he said ruefully, as he bent over for closer inspection, "the rain did the mischief yesterday. We ought to have done some preventing the day before it came."

This had a tragic ring to it. "But can't we do *anything—now*, Uncle Ned?" asked the other.

"We'll try. But it's a sorry business, with the asters especially. Nothing for them but to out with the sick ones, altogether."

Which was a third of the number, almost! Right down at the ground the stems were rotted across or almost across; and of course it was plain that such plants could never be made well and strong again. It was here that the fungi had entered the plant skin and destroyed the living tissue. And, of course, plants harboring these fungi colonies were a dreadful menace to others who had not developed the disease, and perhaps were not yet infected with it.

This is what fungi always do, go right into the plant's tissue and build up their colonies there, and so either destroy the plant completely, or make it sickly and unsightly—"all speckled" as the hollyhocks had become, almost over night. And because fungi are actually *in* the tissue in-

stead of *on* the plant's surface, nothing can be done to destroy them after their presence is revealed by the plant's sickening. The disease is established then; and if it is one of the very malignant ones, the plant is doomed.

All of the troublesome complaints which we call "scab," and "rust," and "black-rot," and "yellows," and "leaf-spot," and "mildew," and any number of names such as these, are diseases caused by these much-to-be-dreaded fungi of different kinds, that give an appearance suggesting these terms to the plant. And many of these diseases are more prevalent in wet seasons than in dry ones, because the spores of fungi—corresponding in a way to the seeds of plants—are not only carried onto the plants by rain, which picks them up in its passage through the air, but because the spores themselves are started into growth by moisture—very much as seeds are!—and also, possibly, because they more readily penetrate the plant skin when this is moist.

By all of which you will see that we cannot wait until a plant is sick of one of these diseases to give it medicine; we must doctor it first, before it gets sick. In other words, we must doctor it while it is well, in order to keep it well.

All sick plants are not always sick of a fungous disease, however; for fungi, although the subtlest and most sinister enemy to plant life, are, after all, only one of the two great menaces which always threaten it. The other is that great army of tiny, active enemies which we call, collectively, insects—much less to be dreaded in one way than the fungous diseases, for insects work in the open mostly, where our eyes may discover them. Consequently we do not have to anticipate their depredations and doctor for them when they are not there.

Yet there are two kinds of insects whose presence may be totally unsuspected until they have done much injury, so we must always remember about these when anything in the garden shows signs of distress. One is the borer, which dwells within the stem or branch of his victim; the other is either a worm or a plant-louse form, which works beneath the earth, attacking the roots instead of the upper part of the plant. Some of you will remember learning about plant-lice last summer, and how they suck the juices of the plant on which they elect to colonize. Of course the root-louse injures in just the same way, for he takes his food through a "lemonade straw" too, and is a juice consumer. So, too, is the scale insect, which fastens itself to the bark of trees and shrubs; but these we will not try to learn about just yet.

Wilting is usually the warning of the presence

of both borers and root-lice or maggots; so, when anything wilts unaccountably, and you can find nothing on its leaves or stems—or *in* its stems, which will have a paler color where the grub is concealed, if grub there be, than elsewhere along their length—you will pull up a specimen, please, and search carefully among its roots for worms (not angleworms of course; these do no harm to a plant), or for any kind of queer mite of an insect with a trunk or bill; and then for any kind of creature *inside* its roots. Borers you will find to be worms also, but they do not eat into the thing which they adopt for a home from the outside. Instead, they are hatched inside it, from the egg which has been hidden away there; and, consequently, there is no opening to the outside, to reveal their hiding-place. Ordinary worms, on the contrary, eat from the outside into and through the root or branch; and are, therefore, easily detected.

Happily there is not a great lot to be learned about plant doctoring, if we begin by learning three things very surely and positively and unforgettably. Two of these things you already know by the time you have read thus far. The first is that there are *both* fungi and insects to be watched out for. The second is that fungous disease must be prevented because it cannot be cured. And here is the third: all the insects which bother the plant world are divided into just two kinds, according to the way they eat, and these two kinds are called "chewing" and "sucking," which exactly describes them, for the first have mouths to chew and eat up the plant, while the second have only the tubes, already described, to draw the juices from it.

It would hardly seem, at first glance, that it can matter much how a bug or a worm feeds itself—worms, by the way, always eat up the plant and never draw its juices—but that is where you are very much mistaken. It really matters more than anything else to the careful keeper of the garden. For what he is going to do to doctor his plants for it, depends entirely on just this little peculiarity.

There are not many kinds of plant medicine, you see; for, after all, plant medicine is really just insect poison, as all that we need do is kill the Tormet that is making the plant sick. Get rid of him, and the plant will get well of itself, if it can get well at all. But you will see at once that an insect that does not eat anything but plant juice, drawn from down under the plant skin and so not where it can be reached by poison, is a problem, when it comes to killing him off. How can we poison a creature whose food we cannot reach? It seems impossible.

It would be, if there were no way save poisoning his food; but, fortunately for our plants, we can get the same result by smearing him with certain solutions—very often with just common soap-suds, as you who remember Rosycoat and Greenjacket will recall. This is called the indirect method, because the insects are not fed the "plant medicine," but are killed indirectly by means of it. The other kind of insect which eats its food the same as animals and people eat theirs, is dealt with by means of what is called the direct method; that is, the food itself is covered with the "plant medicine," and so he eats it; and that is an end of him.

The one thing which we must surely know before doctoring any plant, of course you will see for yourselves, is whether it is a chewing or a sucking creature with which we have to war. And the one sure way of finding out about this is to examine the plant and see whether there are holes chewed in its leaf—whether it is ragged and portions are gone—or whether all the substance of the leaf is there, but dry-looking and brown in places, and the leaves rolled up as a withered leaf will roll. The latter condition may be the symptom of fungous trouble, to be sure; but you will very soon learn to tell the difference between this and plant-louse work, by the simple method of looking for the insect. On the under side of the leaf you will find him, and along the twigs and tips of stems; or perhaps you will see a million or more tiny powdery-looking things rise in the air or jump out from a branch when you touch it to examine it. These are not plant-lice, but they work in the same way, and commonly we call them leaf-hoppers, because they hop. If it is fungi that are responsible for the plant's trouble, however, there will be no sign of any kind of creeping or crawling thing on its leaves and branches. It will just look sick; and *be* sick, from within.

The very best direct poison that I know of is so very poisonous that I am not even going to tell you what it is; for only grown-up folks dare handle it at all. So if your plants should be so unfortunate as to become the dwelling-places of any of the chewing insects which it is used to destroy, some one quite grown up must prepare and apply it for you, very, *very* carefully.

Kerosene emulsion is the best indirect, or contact, poison to be used for San José and other scales, and for sucking insects generally, although it is stronger than aphids need, under ordinary conditions. Soap-suds I find sufficient for them usually. When you use kerosene emulsion, you must be very careful, not because it is poisonous, but because it will burn up the leaves

of a plant unless it is exactly right for the season and that particular plant. Buy the paste and dilute this in the proportion of 1 pound to 10 gallons of water, which amounts to 1½ ounces to 1 gallon of water, with an ounce left over at the end, which will not matter. If you have no scales to weigh ounces with, call 3 table-spoonfuls an ounce and a half.

This strength is for summer use, when plants

are in leaf; and you will not need to trouble about the stronger solutions just now. If you should have scale to give battle to, however, remember that 1 part of *concentrated* stock—which is a liquid that you can buy in place of the paste—to 8 parts of water is the safe winter strength, while 1 part of the same form of stock to 15 parts of water is as strong as it can be used in summer.

(To be continued.)



UNSELFISHNESS

BY MARJORIE OSBORN WESSON

THAT 's a nice piece of cake on the tea-tray!
And Mama 'd have said "yes" had she stayed—
But it is the *last* piece—and to take it
Would make you, they say, an old maid!

Well, Papa and Mama both will love me;
And Towser would die for my sake;
And they 'd miss me so much if I married—
I *must* eat that last piece of cake!

SIR RIGMAROLE'S RAMBLE

A Wandering Ballad

By Charles F. Lester

T WAS just about as night set in, Sir Rigmarole set out
To take a moonlight ramble in the country round about.
He rather ran to walks at night; in fact, he 'd often say
You really could n't get a first-rate moonlight walk by day.

I might remark Sir Rigmarole was old Sir Doodab's son,
Who had led a hundred fights and never lost a single one
(But was chiefly famed as maker of the Doodab coffee-mill).
—I said I *might* remark this fact; in fact, I think I *will*!

"He'd
fallen
off a lot"

The
Ghooghum

Sir Rigmarole was dark. ("Of course," methinks you say, "a knight
Is apt to be; you 'll hardly ever hear of one that 's light.")
He 'd tried a wheel to see if he could get a little lighter,
But, though he 'd fallen off a lot, his clothes grew always tighter.

The knight just now was thinking of the scenes that he had seen;
Of the land of Over Yonder, and his visit to its queen
(He rescued her pet walrus when the poor thing nearly drowned);
And his battle with the Ghooghum; and the treasure that he found.



He thought of Ziz, the wizard (who lived a dreadful life),
Whose spells made everybody dumb (except the wizard's wife);
And of dainty Princess Dodo (both of whose eyes were blue),
—And if he 'd had an uncle, he 'd have thought about him, too.

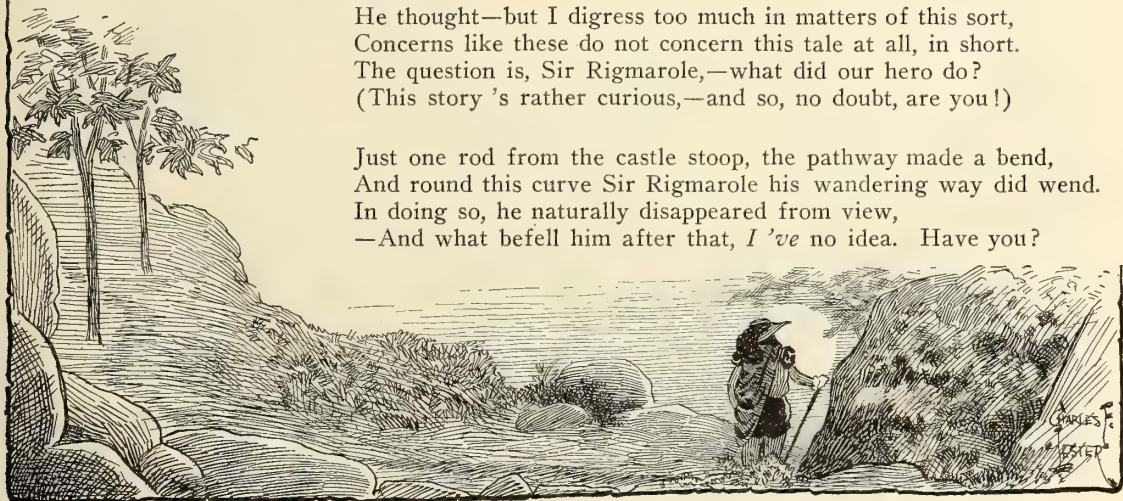
Dodo had an orphan father (his given name was Gil),
Who did *not* live in a castle, which did *not* stand on a hill.
He was always writing poems, which were never known to rhyme,
And was likely to recite them—if he was n't stopped in time.



"He was likely
to recite them"

He thought—but I digress too much in matters of this sort,
Concerns like these do not concern this tale at all, in short.
The question is, Sir Rigmarole,—what did our hero do?
(This story 's rather curious,—and so, no doubt, are you!)

Just one rod from the castle stoop, the pathway made a bend,
And round this curve Sir Rigmarole his wandering way did wend.
In doing so, he naturally disappeared from view,
—And what befell him after that, *I 've* no idea. Have you?





CONCERNING TRAVEL

BY CAROLINE HOFMAN

THE lightning express goes rushing through
 With a scream, and a toot,
 and a great to-do;
 But the slow old local just lumbers
 along
 Like the sing-song verse of an old-
 time song.

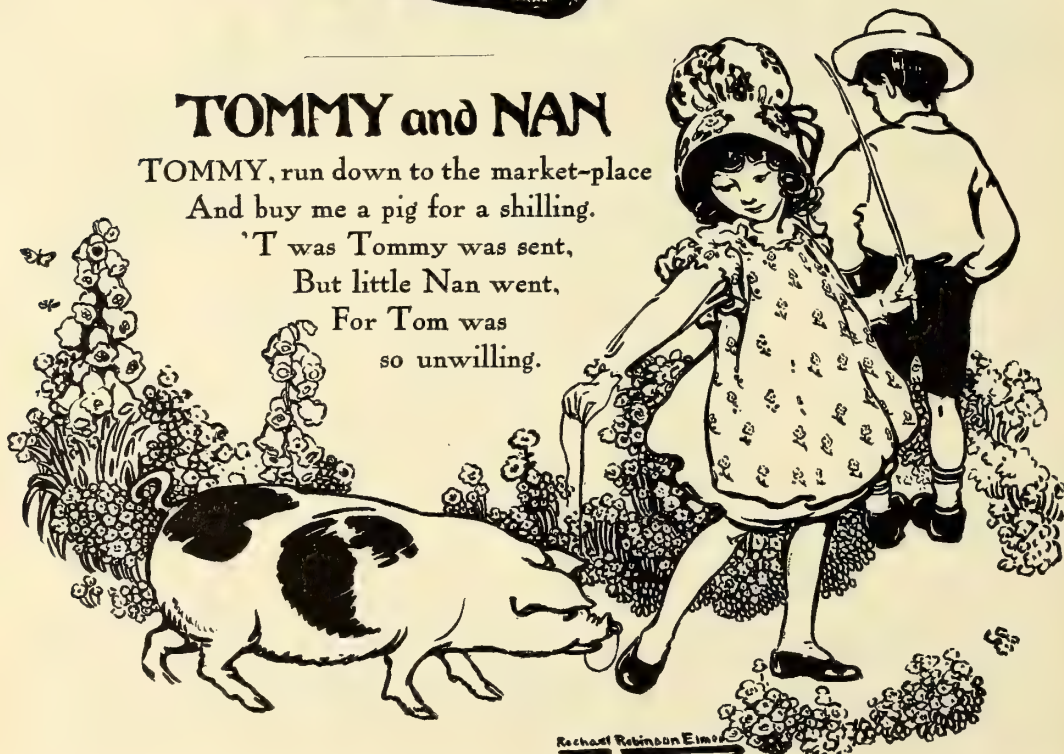
The lightning
 express is fun
 to see,

But I like the local, it stops
 for me.

TOMMY and NAN

TOMMY, run down to the market-place
 And buy me a pig for a shilling.

'T was Tommy was sent,
 But little Nan went,
 For Tom was
 so unwilling.



Richard Robinson Elmer



"YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MANY THINGS YOUR CHILDREN CAN DO WHEN THEY TRY!"

THE HOUSEKEEPING ADVENTURES OF THE JUNIOR BLAIRS

BY CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON

Author of "A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl," "Margaret's Saturday Mornings," etc.

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

ONE Sunday afternoon just as the clock struck three, the Blairs' telephone rang; and after she had answered it, Mother Blair called Mildred, who sat reading by the window.

"My dear," she said, "do you remember hearing Father speak of his old friends the Wentworths, whom he used to know so well years ago? Well, they have come east, and are in town for a day or two, and they want to come out and see us this very afternoon. Now I should love to ask them to stay to supper, but if I do, I shall have to stay with them and visit and can't help you at all; and Norah is out. Do you suppose you three children could get the supper and serve it nicely all by yourselves?"

"Why, of course, Mother Blair," said Mildred, reproachfully. "Of course we can! You don't know how many things your children can do when they try! Now what shall we have? It ought to be something very good, because they have never been here before."

"We were going to have canned salmon," said her mother, thoughtfully; "we might scallop that,

and have potatoes with it, and perhaps muffins or biscuits."

"Oh, have muffins, Mother! I have seen Norah make them lots of times, and I'm sure I could, too, if you give me the recipe."

"Well, you may try," said her mother, "but I think you had better have some toast ready, too, in case they do not come out right. And what else can we have? Preserves, I suppose; but, Mildred, all the nice preserves are gone, because it is so late in the spring. But we might have little baked custards."

"Yes, in the cunning little brown baking dishes; those will be lovely! And I'll make some little cakes to eat with them; Norah said there were just cookies for supper."

"But do you really think you can do all that? Don't you think the cookies will do?"

"No, indeed!" said Mildred, "not for extra nice company! But little cakes are no trouble to make. And is n't it fun to have company come when you don't expect it! It's so much nicer than to specially invite them!"

Mother Blair laughed. "I hope you will always think so," she said. And Mildred ran away

to call Brownie to get her apron and come to the kitchen.

"We will lay the table first, even though it is so early," said their mother. "Brownie, bring me the pile of the best doilies in the sideboard drawer."

"The Wheelers always use a regular big cloth for supper," Brownie said, as she came over with them to the table.

"Many people do, but I think the table looks prettier at breakfast and luncheon and supper with the doilies. And then, too, if anybody happens to spill anything—"

"Jack spilled gravy yesterday, awfully," said Brownie, soberly.

"Well, you see Norah had to wash only one little doily because of that; if we had had on a nice table-cloth, all of it would have had to go into the wash. But if we had no doilies, I should use a lunch cloth that would just cover the top of the table, and that would be pretty, too. Put one doily for each person, Brownie, and a large one



"BROWNIE ROLLED THE CRACKERS."

in the middle for the fern dish, and little ones for the tumblers. Now for the silver."

Mildred came with knives, forks, and spoons.

"No knives, because there is no meat," said her mother; "but if we were going to use them, which side would you put them on?"

"Left," said Brownie, guessing.

"Not unless you were left-handed," smiled her mother. "The rule is: put on the right side what you will use with the right hand, and on the left what you will use with the left hand. That is, if there are no knives, all the silver goes on the right, and the fork or spoon you are to use first goes the farthest away from the plate, the next one next to that, and so on; if you remem-

ber that, you will never be puzzled as to which fork to use. Now the teaspoons—put those on the right, too; and the dessert spoon or fork may go at the top, across the plate if you like, though I prefer it on the dessert plate itself. Put the napkin at the left, always; and the tumbler goes at the top to the right, and the bread-and-butter plate and knife at the top too, toward the left. There! Does n't that look pretty?"

Mildred had been getting out the best cups and saucers and arranging a small round tray in front of her mother's place, with cream and sugar, and the tray bowl, and a place left for the tea-pot; the cups she put at the right, arranging them in twos—two cups on two saucers.

"Now, Mildred, after you pass the salmon, you may put the dish right in front of Father; and the potatoes may go on the table too, as Norah is n't here, though I like best to have them passed from the sideboard. The muffins may stand at the side of the table, half-way down. Now let us carry out all the dishes and begin to cook."

So Mildred took a pile of plates to heat, and Brownie carried a dish for the potatoes, and Mother Blair brought the little custard cups; they arranged these on the kitchen table where they would not be in the way, and then Mother Blair told Mildred to see that the fire was all right. "Always remember to look at that first," she said. "It needs shaking down a little, and to have more coal on; and pull out the dampers so the oven will heat."

Mildred hunted for the dampers, but could not find any. "I don't believe there are any on this stove," she said, just as Jack came in to see what was going on.

"No dampers! Is n't that just like a girl!" he exclaimed. "See, here they are, tucked under the edge of the stove. You pull them out—so—and then you shut the draft at the top, opposite the coal, and open the one at the bottom, so the air will blow right up through the fire and make it go like everything. And you have to turn the dampers in the pipe, too, to let the heat go up the chimney."

"Good!" said his mother. "I did n't know you knew so much about stoves. Now suppose you shake the fire down and put the coal on—that 's a man's work."

"All right," said Jack; "I don't mind things like that; but boys don't cook, you know."

His mother put both hands over her ears. "Jack, if I hear you say that once more, I shall believe you are turning into a parrot! And you are all wrong, too, and some day I am going to give you some special lessons myself. But to-day



"ARRANGING A SMALL ROUND TRAY IN FRONT OF HER MOTHER'S PLACE."

you may just tend the fire and bring us things from the refrigerator as we need them, to save time. Now, Mildred, we will begin with the custards, because they must be nice and cold. Brownie, you bring the spoons and bowls and such things, and, Jack, you get the milk and eggs."

BAKED CUSTARDS

- 1 quart of milk.
- Yolks of four eggs.
- 4 teaspoonfuls of sugar.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of vanilla.
- 1 pinch of salt.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of grated nutmeg.

Put the sugar in the milk; beat the eggs light, and add those, with salt and vanilla. Pour into the cups, sprinkle with nutmeg, and arrange the cups in a shallow pan. Bake half an hour, or till, when you put the blade of a knife in one, it comes out clean.

It took just a few moments to make these, and then came the next rule:

CURRENT CAKES

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter.
- 1 cup of sugar.
- 1 cup of milk.
- 1 egg.
- 2 cups of flour.
- 2 rounded teaspoonfuls of baking-powder.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of currants.
- 1 teaspoonful of vanilla.

Wash the currants and rub them dry in a towel. Put the flour in a bowl; take out a large table-spoonful and mix with the currants, and then mix the baking-powder with the rest of it. Rub the butter to a cream, add the sugar, then the milk, then the egg, beaten without separating, then the flour mixed with the baking-powder, then the flavoring, and, last, the currants. Grease some

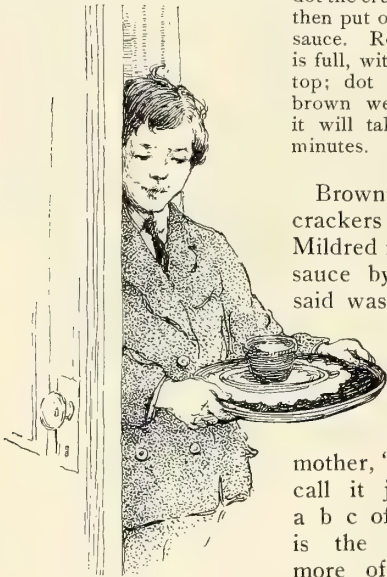
small tins, fill them half full, and bake in an oven not too hot.

"You must always mix some flour with raisins or currants to keep them from sinking to the bottom of the cake; but do not add any to the rule—just take a little out from what you are going to use in the cake. Now, Jack, please get me two cans of salmon from the pantry and open them; and we will need butter and milk from the refrigerator, too. It's nice to have a 'handy man' around to help us cook! Now, Mildred, double this rule, because there will be so many at supper."

SCALLOPED SALMON

- I good-sized can of salmon, or one pint of cooked fish.
- I cup of white sauce.
- I cup of cracker crumbs.

Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of fish, then one of crumbs; sprinkle with a little salt and pepper, and dot the crumbs with butter; then put on a layer of white sauce. Repeat till the dish is full, with the crumbs on top; dot with butter and brown well in the oven; it will take about twenty minutes.



"JACK SERVED THE CUSTARDS."

Brownie rolled the crackers for this, while Mildred made the white sauce by the rule she said was so easy it was exactly like learning a b c.

"That is so queer," laughed her mother, "because cooks call it just that—the a b c of cooking! It is the rule you use more often than any other."

WHITE SAUCE

- I rounded table-spoonful of butter.
- I rounded table-spoonful of flour.
- I cup of milk.
- ½ teaspoonful of salt.
- 2 shakes of pepper.

Melt the butter; when it bubbles, put in the flour, stirring it well; when this is smooth, slowly add the milk, salt, and pepper; stir and cook till very smooth; you can make it like thin cream by cooking only one minute, or like thick cream by cooking it two minutes.

"Sometimes you want it thicker than others," said her mother, "so I just put that in to explain. To-day make it like thin cream. Now, Mildred, you can put it all together while Jack brings in the cold boiled potatoes and Brownie cuts them up."

CREAMED POTATOES

Cut eight large boiled potatoes into bits the size of the end of your thumb. Put them in a saucepan and cover them with milk; stand them on the back of the stove where they will cook slowly; watch them so they will not burn. In another saucepan make white sauce as before. When the potatoes have drunk up all the milk and are rather dry, drop them in the sauce; do not stir them; sprinkle with pepper.

"Now for the muffins, for it is after five o'clock. Brownie, you find the muffin pans and make them very hot. Do you know how to grease them?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Brownie, proudly. "This is the way." She got a nice clean bit of paper, warmed the pans, and dropped a bit of butter in each, and then with the paper rubbed it all around.

MUFFINS

- 2 cups of flour.
- I cup of milk.
- I rounded table-spoonful of butter.
- 2 eggs, beaten separately.
- I teaspoonful of baking-powder.
- ½ teaspoonful of salt.
- I teaspoonful of sugar.

Beat the egg yolks first; then add the milk; melt the butter and put that in, then the flour, well mixed with the baking-powder, then the salt and sugar. Last, add the stiff whites of the eggs. Fill the pans half full.

"Some things, like cake, cannot bear to have the oven door opened while they are baking," said Mother Blair; "but salmon does not mind if you open quickly; so, Mildred, put these in as fast as you can; they will take about twenty minutes to bake. I do believe that is all we have to make except the tea, and that takes only a moment when everything else is ready. I will give you the recipe for it now, and after everybody is here and you have said 'How do you do?' to them, you can slip out and make this, and while it stands you can put the other things on the table."

TEA

Fill the kettle with fresh, cold water and let it boil up hard. Scald out an earthen tea-kettle, and put in two rounded teaspoonfuls of tea for six people, or more, if you want it quite strong. Pour on six cups of boiling

water and let the pot stand where it is warm for just two minutes. Scald out the pot you are going to send to the table, and strain the tea into that. Have a jug of hot water ready to send in with it.

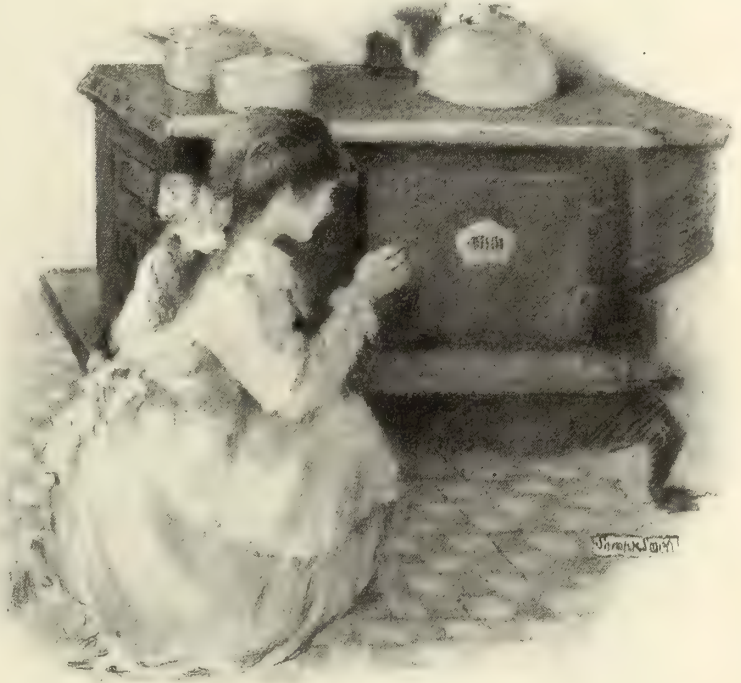
Just before the door-bell rang, Mildred went to the refrigerator to look at her custards and found them nice and cold. Then she looked carefully in the oven through a tiny crack, and found the muffins were done and the salmon beautifully brown; so she took up the potatoes, and put them in the covered dish on the back of the stove where they would keep hot, and asked Brownie to lay the hot plates around the table, one for each person. Then she went into the parlor and said "How do you do?" to the guests, and after a moment slipped out again, and put everything on the side-board, made the tea, filled the glasses, and put butter on the bread-and-butter plates. Then Brownie asked everybody to come to supper.

When they had all sat down, Mildred passed the dish of salmon, offering it on the left side, of course, just as Norah always did; then she put the dish down before her father and passed the potatoes and muffins in the same way, while Mother Blair poured the tea and handed it around without rising from her seat. And then everybody began to eat, and to say, "Oh, how good this salmon is!" and "Did you ever taste such muffins?" and "Did you really, really make all these good things yourselves, children? We don't see how you ever did it!" And they ate two helpings of everything, and Father Blair ate three. And when it was time to take the dishes off, there was not a speck of salmon left, nor a spoonful of potato, nor even a single muffin.

Then Brownie quietly took the crumbs off as she had seen Norah do, brushing them onto a plate with a folded napkin; and as she was doing

this, Jack slipped out to the refrigerator and got the custards, all as cold as ice and brown on top, looking as pretty as could be in their cunning cups; each cup was set on a dessert plate and a spoon laid by its side, and the fresh cakes were passed with them.

Soon after supper the company went home, and then Mildred said: "I feel exactly like a toy balloon—so nice and light inside! Was n't that a good supper? And did n't they like the things



"SHE LOOKED CAREFULLY IN THE OVEN THROUGH A TINY CRACK."

we had? And is n't it fun to have company! When I am grown up and have a house of my own, I shall have company every day in the week."

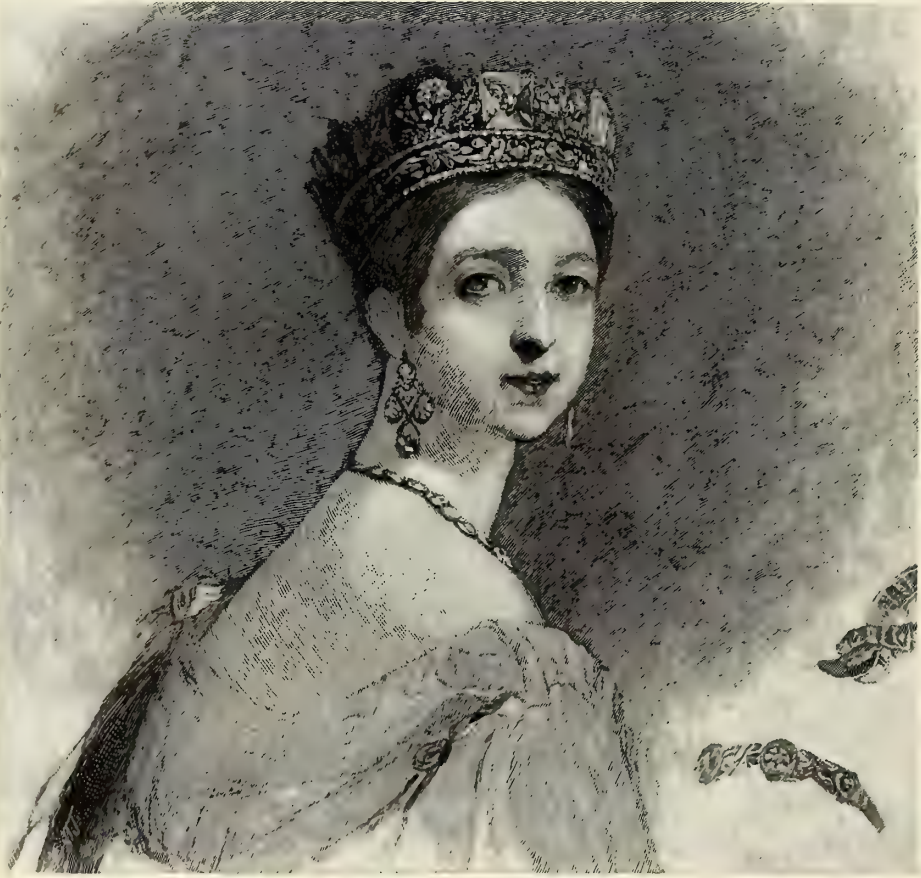
"I shall make a point of coming every other day at least," said Father Blair. "I'm so proud of my family to-night! Those Wentworths may be staying at the very best hotel in town, but I know they don't have such suppers there."

"Don't you wish you could cook, Jack?" inquired his mother, with a twinkle in her eye. And then everybody laughed, and said: "Dear me, what good times we Blairs do have together!"



BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



QUEEN VICTORIA.—FROM THE PAINTING BY THOMAS SULLY.

THE YOUNG VICTORIA

It is less than eighty years ago since the princess Victoria was crowned queen, and yet the world is extraordinarily different now from then. Almost all modern methods of travel, of living, of thought, have come in since that year, 1837. The structure of society has altered; people look at things in a different manner. The early Victorian days and ours seem to have no relationship with each other.

The reign of Victoria is as remarkable for its great figures as is that of Elizabeth. Soldiers and sailors, statesmen and poets and novelists, paint-

ers and scientists of genius, distinguish the Victorian era. And some among these distinguished persons were women, such as George Eliot, the Brontë sisters, Christina Rossetti, and Mary Godwin Shelley.

Victoria was the first English sovereign to travel in a railway train, and the circumstances of this trip were rather funny. The queen only went from Windsor to Paddington, on the Great Western line. Before she started, her Master of the Horse, who looked after her usual journeyings, went to the station to inspect the engine, much as though it had been a pair of chargers. Then her coachman insisted that it was his right

to drive the queen, and room was made for him on the pilot-engine, which preceded the royal train. So he climbed aboard in all his fine regalia of scarlet uniform, white gloves, and wig. But the engine spilled such a lot of soot over him, and turned him into so bedraggled an object, that he never again begged to direct the queen's railway trips. As for Victoria, she found the motion of the train so comfortable that she soon took a longer journey, much to every one's admiration and delight.

Until she was twelve, the little princess was never told that she would probably be England's queen. She led a simple and healthy life as a child, traveling much with her mother, and with her uncle, Prince Leopold of Coburg, who later on became king of the Belgians. This Leopold was a good and wise man, and watched carefully over the princess's education and upbringing.

A book that tells a lot about the childhood and young girlhood of Victoria, as well as of the later parts of her life, is by Eva M. Tappan, and is called "In the Days of Queen Victoria." It is written particularly for you young people, and I know you will find it entertaining.

Most of the books that tell about the Victorian era were written by contemporaries. It is in the novels of men like Thackeray, Disraeli, Trollope, and Dickens that you will find wonderful pictures of the nineteenth century. For early Victorian days and ways, the two enchanting books by Mrs. Gaskell, "Cranford" and "Mary Barton," are the best of reading, and perfect reproductions of life in a small village and in the city of Manchester. A quiet, self-contained life, full of scrupulous duties carefully fulfilled, of gentle pleasures, of gossiping ladies, gallant gentlemen, and the most precise little girls imaginable. Homely pictures these, amusing and touching.

Maria Edgeworth wrote before Queen Victoria came to the throne, yet her stories belong with the years of the queen's childhood, and reveal the kind of England to which she came. They are extremely moral, but they are also good reading, and some of them you will like immensely. Look through the two volumes, "The Parent's Assistant" and "Popular Tales." They are crowded with rustic scenes, with the occupations, longings, the training and ideals, and the daily way of living of men, women, and children—the children who were growing up to be the men and women of the long reign.

An excellent story, vigorous, full of incident, and faithfully depicting the times and spirit, is Henry Kingsley's "Ravenshoe." This is a novel you should in no case miss reading. It is so gay and romantic, its characters are so attractive, so

varied, and the sentiment so healthy and natural. It is set about the middle of Victoria's reign.

A good deal of the history of England at this time is outside the country itself. In India, and in Australia and New Zealand, great things were happening, and this part of the story has been told by many writers. There is Henty, of course, with his "To Herat and Cabul" and "With Clive in India," both good stories, full of thrilling incidents. A splendid story of the siege of Delhi is by Clive R. Fenn, "For the Old Flag." And if you can get Meadows Taylor's "Seeta," you will find most of the story of the Indian Mutiny forcefully told. Edward Gilliat, too, known to every boy reader, in his fine book "Heroes of the Indian Mutiny" (Lippincott), gives a stirring series of sketches of the bravery, and devotion, and courage, and the sufferings of the English during the dreadful period.

The Maoris, as the natives of New Zealand are called, are probably the finest race of savages in the world. They made a stubborn resistance to the English, and in a book by H. B. Marriott Watson, called "The Web of the Spider," many of the events of the war are well told; one also gets an excellent impression of the country and the people.

Before leaving India, I must not forget to tell you about Lionel J. Trotter's book, "The Bayard of India" (Everyman's Library). The man who won this title was Sir James Outram, and after you have read the story of his marvelous adventures and achievements, and become acquainted with the beauty and nobility of his character, you will not wonder at his being called after the greatest and gentlest of knights.

I have not been able to find a good story of the whole Crimean War, though I feel certain there must be one. There is, to be sure, the very interesting story by Besant and Rice, "By Celia's Arbour," which is set during the period, and which has something to do with it. But it is mostly laid in Portsmouth. Then there is E. W. Hornung's "Denis Dent," that moves from the Ballarat gold-fields to England, and finally takes the reader through the battle of Inkerman. This was a terrible battle, wild and confused, finally won by the Allies, though the English alone lost nearly twenty thousand men. The story is very exciting.

James Grant wrote what I hear is a good story of the famous Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, "The Six Hundred," but I have not been able to get it. Perhaps some of you can do so, however. Grant was himself a soldier while a young man, and wrote several good stories on military matters, depicting the feeling of the army for the queen in his "Frank Hilton: or, The Queen's Own," very patriotically.

Another book by Henry Kingsley is "Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn," a story of Australian bush life. You are sure to like it. A New South Wales story that deals with the convict system is Charles Reade's famous "It is Never Too Late to Mend."

Then there is the boys' book, "The Squatter's Dream," by Rolf Boldrewood, another Australian tale (MacMillan). It is crowded with adventures, and gives an intimate notion of Australian perils and rewards.

Most of you must know Dickens's immortal stories. He was thoroughly Victorian, deeply interested in the life about him, anxious to do what lay in his power to correct the many abuses he saw in political and social life, always heartily on the side of the poor. All his books, except the "Tale of Two Cities," tell of England and the English, in town and country; busy over their countless occupations, his characters are a huge gallery of Victoria's subjects, especially of the rougher class, of whom we get few glimpses in any other writer. Thackeray is more interested in giving us portraits of the middle class Englishman and woman. In his "New-comers" you get as close to this class as though you had lived with them for years.

I hope you won't be afraid to begin Thackeray because he looks rather thick. You will find him greatly worth your while, a big, tender, loving man under his sarcasm, a man desperately anxious to tell the truth.

Then there's Trollope. Few of you youngsters ever open one of his books to-day. Yet I can remember many hours of pleased delight I spent, tucked away in the hay-loft that was my favorite reading-room, with "Barchester Towers," which is perhaps his best story. He is so real, so quaintly funny, his people are so friendly and likable, and the story itself is extremely interesting, even though it is so leisurely. But in Victoria's day, every one was leisurely, which makes part of their charm for our rushing generation.

Jane Austen is another inimitable writer of her period. Her "Sense and Sensibility" and "Pride and Prejudice" were prime favorites of mine, and are to this day; I have read and re-read them, and always with keen enjoyment. They are absolutely true to the types they portray, to the life lived by most English people in the first years of the nineteenth century—she died before Victoria was born, but her characters are the prototypes of the men and women of the following thirty years in rural England, where changes came slowly.

The last years of Victoria's life saw the Boer War, but this campaign, so far as I know, has not yet been told by the story-writers. It is still too close at hand, I suppose.

For political pictures of the long reign, you ought to read some of Disraeli's stories, such as his "Sybil," which introduces its reader to the social ranks that ruled England during mid-Victorian years. His books are all of them well written and full of incident, and particularly sharp and clever in the portraits of his contemporaries, whether men or women. Disraeli's own life was a romantic adventure, as well as a life packed with hard work, for there never was a man more untiring or ambitious.

So here we are at the end of the long story of England as the romance writers have told it. The changes have been extraordinary indeed, since the times of Harold and the invading Normans, nine hundred years ago. An adventurous story, crowded with fighting, splendid with the steady advance of the people, the growth of liberty and self-respect, the enormous development of power, a power that now stretches out around the world, bringing a whole host of new duties, opportunities, and dangers. What started as a little group of wild islands inhabited by a savage race, easily conquered by the fierce Norman invaders, is now the mightiest of empires.

Without one important gap, this great story has been told in the series of books I have recommended to you. Perhaps I have missed some that would have been valuable additions, and I have included some that are more or less alike. But I knew you could not always find a special book, since some are difficult to come by, and so I gave you several titles wherever possible.

I hope you have enjoyed the series, and I am sure if you have made a little collection of the books, you have a library that is not only different from most, but that has considerable value.

The story of America has been even more completely told by the romancers. It is, of course, much shorter, and the materials are far more easily come by. With its picturesque beginnings, its splendid march across the west, its vivid and successful wars, the story is peculiarly suited to adventurous rendering. Many of our best authors have gone to our history for their inspiration, and much of our finest literature is based on Revolutionary and Civil War episodes. Then there are the wild Indian stories, some of these even having been told by Indians themselves, the humorous studies of New England characters, the tales of privateering on the high seas, of gold-hunting among the lofty mountains.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



THE LOST CURL

BY
GRACE
E. CRAIG



WHEN Teddy was a baby he had soft, silky, golden ringlets all over his little round head. As he grew, the curls grew, and when he was four years old they hung quite down to his shoulders.

Mother loved those silky curls, but big Father said they were "girly." And, indeed, strangers often called out to Teddy: "Hello, little girl! What pretty curls you have!"

Teddy did not like that, and he was still more unhappy when the boys at kindergarten called him "Sissy." He came home crying one day when they had asked him if he played with dolls.

That afternoon Father took Teddy down-town in the big automobile, and came back with some one whom Mother thought at first was a strange small boy sitting up proudly beside him. But when the little lad jumped out and ran to her, crying, "Dear Muzzer! I'm a real boy now," she saw that it was Teddy without his curls!

They were gone, all cut off by the barber man's sharp shears.

Mother cried a little at first and said, "Oh, I have lost my baby!" but when Father answered, "Yes, but you have a little man now!" she began to smile a little, and by and by she laughed.

Then Father took something out of his pocket. It was a folded bit of paper. He gave it to Mother, and when she had opened it she found one of Teddy's golden curls all twisted up inside.

"To remember the baby by," Father said, and turned away with a smile when she kissed the shining strands,

MOTHER was sure that she left that precious curl in her work-basket on the table by the open window when she went down to dinner, but when she looked for it that evening she could not find it. It was the first warm day of spring, and the wire window-screens were not yet in place, but nobody could believe that the soft breeze had blown the treasure away. The paper it had been wrapped in was in the basket, but no golden ringlet. It was very strange, and Mother was sad.

"Why did n't I wrap it up again and put it away safely?" she mourned. Days and weeks went by, and the riddle was not solved.

One night late in May there was a wild storm. In the morning the sun shone gaily, and Teddy ran out on the lawn bright and early. He trotted down under the big maple in the branches of which Mr. and Mrs. Robin Redbreast had their little brown house. They had just been teaching their babies to use their tiny wings. He peered up among the leaves to see if the four little Robin Redbreasts were all safe after the stormy night. There was no nest there! Teddy gazed around, and then, giving a little squeal, pounced upon something lying on the fresh grass at his feet. It was the birdies' little nest—quite empty! Carefully carrying the nest, he hurried in to tell Mother.

Together they looked at the Redbreast family's pretty home. Outside it was all rough and brown, but inside it was well lined with something soft and silky and golden.

Mother cried out in surprise when she saw this lining.

"See, see, Teddikin!" she said. "*Here is your curl!*" And then Auntie Bess came running to look, and Father, and Hannah the cook, and Maggie the waitress, and James the coachman, and all laughed heartily when they found that it was Mr. Robin Redbreast who had taken the lock of Teddy's golden hair from Mother's basket. He had borrowed it (they were sure he only meant to *borrow*) to make a soft bed for his babies.

"But I fink it was n't very *polite* of him to take it without asking leave," Ted asserted.

"It certainly was not, dear," Mother said. "Just think how much anxiety he has caused us. It was not a nice thing for a little bird to do, but then, you know, Mr. Robin did not know any better."

Teddy's face grew rosy, for he remembered that sometimes he took cookies from the jar without asking permission, and lumps of sugar from the bowl, too. And he was a big boy, not a bird, and knew better. Yes, he did. Perhaps poor Mr. Robin had seen him and thought, if a boy did such things, a bird could do



"SHE LEFT THAT PRECIOUS CURL IN HER WORK-BASKET."

them, too. Well, Teddy made up his mind that he would n't be so naughty any more. In the future he would show his bird neighbors, if they happened to be watching him, or listening to what he said, how to be polite and good.



"MR. ROBIN REDBREAST HAD BORROWED IT TO MAKE A SOFT BED FOR HIS BABIES."

"Where are the bird babies now?" he inquired anxiously. "Were they hurt in the storm?"

"No, laddie," Father answered. "They had learned to fly and take care of themselves. They will not need the little nest any more."

"I shall keep it always," Mother said, with a smile, as she kissed her little son's smooth head and remembered how curly it once was.

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



"THE ROCKS FOR THE CONIES"

THREADING our slow way along the narrow divide of the Wallowa Mountains that runs between the branches of the Snake River in the northeast corner of Oregon, we had stopped for a moment to breathe our horses, when the guide (who had formerly been a sheep-camp-tender) and our mammal collector left us and rode on ahead.

An hour later, I saw them round the breast of a peak far along on the trail and disappear. That night they brought into camp a "cony," or "little chief hare"—the first I had ever seen.

It was only the year before that this same camp-tender, in passing a rock slide in the peaks of the pass, had heard and seen, for the first time, a peculiar little animal about the size and shape of a small guinea-pig, whistling among the rocks.

It was to this high, bleak slide that he had now taken our naturalist, in the hope of showing him the "mountain guinea-pig"; and, sure enough, they brought one back with them, and showed me my first cony, one of the least-known of American mammals.

As for me, I was undone! That I should have been so near and missed seeing the cony *at home*! We had descended two thousand feet to the camp that night, with never the hope of another "cony-slide" on the rest of the trail.

To ease my disappointment, while the others were busy about camp next morning, I slipped off alone on foot, and, following the trail, got back about ten o'clock to the rock slide where they had found the cony. A wilder, barren, more desolate land of crags and peaks I never beheld. Eternal silence seemed to wrap it round. The slide was made up of broken pieces of rock, just as if the bricks from two immense chimneys had cracked off and rolled down into the valley

of the roof between. Stunted vegetation grew about, with scraggly wild grass and a few snow-line flowers blooming bravely along the edges of the melting snowbanks which glistened in the morning sun about me.

I crept around the sharp slope of the peak and down to the edge of the rock slide. "Any living thing in that long heap of broken rock!" I said to myself incredulously. "This barren, blasted pile of splintered peaks the home of an animal?" I was on the ridge-pole of the world! All about me were peaks—lonely, solitary, mighty, terrible! Such bleakness and desolation!

And here it was, they had told me, they got the cony. I could not believe it. Why should any animal live away up here on the very roof of creation? For several feet each side of the steep, piled-up rock grew spears of thin, wiry grass about six inches high, and a few lonely flowers—pussy's paws, alpine phlox, beard-tongue—all of them flat to the sand.

And here, above the stunted pines—here, in the "slide" rock where only mosses and a few flat plants can live and blossom in the snow—they told me dwelt their cony.

I sat down on the edge of the slide, feeling that I had had my labor for my pains.

We had been climbing these peaks in the hope of seeing one of the last small bands of mountain-sheep that made these fastnesses their home; but, much as I wished to see a wild mountain-sheep among the crags, I wished even more to see the little cony among the rocks.

"As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies." I had always wondered about those conies—what creature, exactly, was meant, and when and how they live among the rocks.

I knew, of course, that these little conies here in the slide (if, indeed, they could be here!) were not the conies of the mountain peaks of Palestine, for that cony is little hyrax, a relative of the elephant, while the cony of these peaks is pika, a member of the rabbit family.

I sat for a while watching. Was this the place? I must make sure before I settled down to waiting; for when, in all my life, would this chance be mine again?

Going quietly out to the middle of the slide, I

examined the rocks closely, and found the perfect print of a little bloody paw on one of them.

The right place, surely! Here is where they shot the specimen brought into camp. I went back to my seat, content now to wait, even while I knew that I was holding back the camp from its day's march.

I had been watching for perhaps half an hour, when, from somewhere in the rock slide surely, though I could not tell where, there sounded a shrill, bleating whistle.

I waited. Presently a little gray form crept over a stone, stopped and whistled, paused for a moment, then disappeared. It was my cony. If you can think of Molly Cottontail turned into the shape of a guinea-pig about eight inches long, with positively no tail at all, and with big, round, broad ears, and with all four legs of equal length, so that the creature walks instead of hops—if you can imagine such a rabbit, you will get a pretty clear picture of the cony (pika, or "little chief hare," or "calling-hare").

I kept as still as the stones. Presently the plaintive, bleating whistle again sounded from nowhere—behind me, beyond me, up the slide and down, I could not tell. The rocks were rough, rusty chunks two or three feet long, piled helter-skelter without form or order, so that any one spot in the slide looked precisely like every other spot. I could not tell just the piece of rock the cony had crossed, once my eyes were off it, nor into which of the cracks he disappeared. I could only sit still and wait till I caught him moving, so completely did his color blend with the rusty brown tone of the slide.

All the while the shrill, piteous call kept coming from anywhere in the slide. But it was not the call of several voices, not a whole colony whistling. The conies live in colonies; but, judging from the single small haycock which they had curing in the sun, I think there could not have been more than two or three pairs of them in this particular slide. Possibly there was only the single pair living here, one of which had been shot, for presently, when my eyes grew sharp enough to pick the little creature out against the rocks, I found that it was he alone who was doing all the calling, and that for some reason he was greatly disturbed.

Now he would stop on a slab and whistle, then dive into some long passage under the stones, to reappear several feet or yards away. Here he would pause to listen, and, hearing nothing, would call again, waiting for an answer to his tremulous cry—for an answer which did not come.

Under and over the stones, up and down the

slide, now close to me, now on the extreme opposite edge of the pile, he traveled, nervously.

Up and down, in and out, he ran, calling, calling, calling, but getting no answer back. It was the only cony that showed itself, the only live one I have ever seen, but I followed this one with my eyes and with the field-glasses, as it went searching and crying over the steep rock slide, until



"PRESENTLY A LITTLE GRAY FORM CREPT
OVER A STONE."

long past noon—with the whole camp down the cañon looking for me.

They might have known where to look: out of the cañon, back to the roof of the world on the cony-slide.

Higher up than the mountain-sheep or the goat can live, where only the burrowing pocket-gopher or rare field-mice are ever found, dwells the cony. This particular slide was on one of the minor peaks, loftier ones towering all about. Just how much above sea-level it was, I do not know, but well above tree-line, up in the arctic-alpine cold in a world of perpetual snow, from ten to fourteen thousand feet above the sea.

By perpetual snow, I mean that the snowbanks never melt in the shadowed ravines and on the

bare north slopes. Here, where I was watching, the rock slide lay open to the sun, the scanty grass was green beyond the gully, and the squat alpine flowers were in bloom, the saxifrage and a solitary aster—April and October together—blossoming in the edges of the snow just as fast as the melting banks allowed them to show their heads. But any day the north wind might come down and whirl about the summits, and leave the flowers and the cony-slide covered deep beneath the drift.

Spring, summer, and autumn are all one season, all crowded together—piercing like a peak, for a few short weeks, the long, bleak, unbroken land of winter here at the top of the world. But during this brief period, the thin grass grows and the conies cut and cure enough of it to last them from the falling of the September snows until the drifts are once more melted and their rock slide warms in another summer's sun. The cony does not hibernate. He stays awake down in his catacombs. Think of being buried alive in pitch-black night with snow a hundred feet thick above you for nine out of twelve months of the year! Yet here the conies are away up on the sides of the wildest summits, living their lives, keeping their houses, rearing their children, visiting back and forth through their subways for all their long winter night, protected by the sheltering drifts,—fleecy blankets which lie so deep that they keep out the cold.

As I looked about me, I could not see enough grass to last a pair of conies for a winter. Right near me was one of their little haycocks, nearly cured and ready for storing in their barns beneath the rocks. But this would not last long. It was already early August, and what haying they had to do must be done quickly, or winter would catch them hungry. Well-known naturalists who have observed them, describe with what hurry and excitement the entire colony falls to taking in the hay when bad weather threatens to spoil it.

Hardy little farmers! Feeble little folk! Why do you climb for a home with your tiny bare-soled feet above the airy of the eagle and the cave of the soaring condor? Why, bold little people, why not descend to the valleys where winter indeed comes, but does not stay away? or farther down, where the grass is green the year around, with never a need to cut and cure a winter's hay?

I do not know why,—nor why upon the tossing waves the little petrel makes his home; nor why,

beneath the waves, "down to the dark, to the utter dark," on "the great gray level plains of ooze," the "blind white sea-snakes" make their homes; nor why, at the north, in the fearful far-off frozen north, the little lemmings dwell; nor why, nor why—

But as I sat there above the clouds listening to the plaintive, trembling whistle of the little cony, and still hoping his mate was not dead, and wondering why he stayed there in the barren peak, and how he fared in the black, bitter winter, I said over to myself the lines of Kipling for an answer:

"And God who clears the grounding berg,
And steers the grinding floe,
He hears the cry of the little kit-fox
And the lemmings in the snow."¹

DALLAS LORE SHARP.

WHITE-TAILED MONGOOS OF AFRICA

AMONG the very rare and out-of-the-way mammals obtained by Colonel Roosevelt on his African trip was a white-tailed mongoos—a little known



THE RARE WHITE-TAILED MONGOOS.

species of that fearsome but cunning beast which, by reason of its appetite for poultry and its destructiveness in other ways, our government is so anxious to exclude from the United States.

Those who have read Kipling's story of brave little *Rikki-Tikki-Tavi* will remember that in India the mongoos is more kindly regarded because of its fearlessness in attacking poisonous reptiles. Easily domesticated, it is kept in many houses to rid them of such intruders as well as of rats and mice.

The photograph of this interesting creature which we reproduce was taken by Kermit Roosevelt.—ROSE L. HONEYMAN.

¹ These lines are from an earlier edition than that of the collected verse recently brought out by Doubleday, Page & Co., where it reads "and the wind across the snow."—D. L. S.



A PART OF THE AIR FLEET OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

AN UP-TO-DATE SIGN-POST

TWENTY years ago, if any one had been passing along one of the roads that run over Salisbury



THE SIGN ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

Plain in England, how he would have been puzzled if he had seen such a sign-board as the one in the picture! "Danger, beware of," that was plain English, surely, but what were these un-

known things from the air—these *aéroplanes*—against which one was warned? To-day, however, it is a different matter. The stranger is told that this great plain has been selected as the ground over which the English army tests and manœuvres its flying-machines, and then he goes quietly on his way, with a glance at the sky, perhaps, to see if any of the air-men are afloat, —for we have not yet grown indifferent to that wonderful sight,—but without giving a second look at this curious notice.

A WHOLE FLOCK OF AIR-BIRDS

It is claimed that in no other country in the world could there be presented such a spectacle as was enjoyed by the onlookers at a recent review of the French army. On this occasion, there was assembled upon the manœuver field a flock of seventy-two military flying-machines. They were drawn up for inspection in even, far-flung lines, just as batteries of field-artillery might be ranged; and, as the crowning feature of this annual review of the army of France, more than twenty of these modern air-birds, as they have been called, rose from the ground at a given signal, and circled over the vast parade-ground, just as a flock of pigeons or other feathered fliers might do.

While the Germans have been devoting themselves to the development of dirigible balloons, the French have devoted almost all their attention to *aéroplanes*. Their sky scouts are, accordingly, of the same general type as those employed in ever-increasing numbers by the United States Army, but our sister republic possesses several

times as many of these machines as does the United States, or any other nation, for that matter. The possession of so large a number of aëroplanes is an advantage in that it admits of the training of a large number of military aviators—an important consideration when a country has frontiers, such as those of France, to be guarded.

A MINIATURE AMUSEMENT PARK

A WONDERLAND for children has been built, piece by piece, by a Pittsburgh mechanic who evidently is fond of the little people. Every detail of the tiny pleasure-resort operates by the electricity of a lighting current, and there are scores of devices to make a youngster happy. There is an electric trolley system encircling the "park," a merry-go-round, a roller-coaster, a Ferris wheel, a circular swing, and incandescent bulbs that illuminate the pavilions, the playhouse, and the amusement devices. On a roadway running around the park are a number of vehicles of all sizes and descriptions, forming a very busy highway full of automobiles, delivery wagons, and sight-seeing motor-cars. At Christmas time, an electrically lighted tree adorns one corner of this small Coney Island. This wonderful toy represents the work of years for the builder, George Haslam, who put in his spare time after

the day's labor in constructing the toys and setting them in place; but he is fully repaid, no doubt, when he sees the happy faces of the children who come to see the wheels go round.

C. L. EDHOLM.

THE PORPOISE AND YOUR WATCH

Do you own a watch? If you do, you will be interested in what we are going to tell you about the porpoise. Your watch is meant to mark the hours, the minutes, and even the seconds, provided these small fractions of time concern you, and the movements of the hands warn you of the fleeting moments, and thus help to make you punctual. In short, your watch takes time quite seriously.

Now the playful porpoise is a spendthrift of time; and day after day and month after month, this small cousin of the whale just gambols through the water and frolics away its existence. It never gives time a single thought. Just the same, but for this sportive creature of the sea, our watches would have a sorry task in living up to their reputations.

You know enough about machinery to realize that oil is needed to make it run smoothly. The finer the mechanism, the better the grade of oil required for this service of lessening friction



"EVERY DETAIL OF THE TINY PLEASURE-RESORT OPERATES BY ELECTRICITY."

between moving parts. A good watch won't run properly unless oiled with the most refined lubricant, and the oil must have qualities not found in the usual run of its relatives. A good-sized

arctic region. A chronometer that had lain four winters in the frozen North, with the temperature reaching seventy-two degrees below zero, when re-wound, ran perfectly. It could not have done this had its sensitive mechanism been lubricated with anything else than the oil from the jaw of a porpoise.



THE PORPOISE AT HOME.

stick won't block a wagon wheel, but the thinnest hair will halt a watch. You know that some lubricants are as thick as paste, while others are well-nigh like water. One will stay where it is placed, and the other will run or drip away.

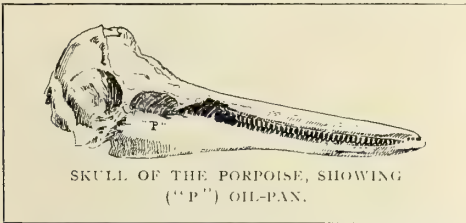
Now a watch needs an oil which will be so fluid that it will not clog the smallest wheel, and yet it must be good and stay just where the watchmaker places it. It must not get so thin when heated by the body that it will desert its post, nor must it thicken when exposed to the cold. In short, it must always help the wheels

cated at a pretty heavy cost in time and labor, and the makers made sure that only the best of porpoise-jaw oil was then used.

ROBERT G. SKERRETT.

A UNIQUE MAIL-BOX

To keep the cattle that stray over the Arizona mesas from rubbing up against his mail-box and tearing it off, a rancher constructed a revolving mail-box by driving a short iron rod into the



SKULL OF THE PORPOISE, SHOWING ("P") OIL-PAN.

to run smoothly and regularly, so that the watch can keep time correctly.

Watchmakers have tried all kinds of oil, and science has done its best to help in this matter; but Nature has given us just one lubricant fit for watches and chronometers—the chronometer, you know, is the precious timepiece of the navigator. This oil comes from a recess or "pan" in the jaw of the porpoise. This oil will do its duty in the tropics, and it will not thicken even in the



DELIVERING THE MAIL IN ARIZONA.

post for a pivot. On this he set two four-foot lengths of light wood so that they would revolve like a turnstile. The box was secured to the end



THE GREAT OAK AT THOMASVILLE, GEORGIA.

of one of these lengths, and a stone was wired to the opposite end to act as a balance.

Now when the cattle start to scratch themselves on the post, the mail-box simply moves around, offering no resistance to the pressure of the animal.

L. M. EDHOLM.

AN ENORMOUSLY WIDE-SPREADING OAK

In the city of Thomasville, Georgia, is a water-oak that has unusually wide-spreading branches. In width it measures one hundred and ten feet from tip to tip of the foliage. Owing to the great age of the tree, it has been found necessary to support the branches, and for that purpose the tree-surgeons used about one hundred feet of strong chain, that puts much of the weight of the weaker limbs upon the stronger.

The accompanying photograph was sent to ST. NICHOLAS by Ethel Rowan Fasquelle, who was visiting in Georgia and became much interested in this huge tree.

AN INGENIOUS CLOCK

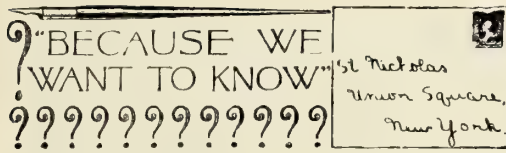
A CLOCK that resembles a perpetual-motion device operates by the weight of a number of steel balls that rest upon one side of a wheel surrounding the face. As they reach the lowest point, they drop into a runway and slide back and forth until they are picked up by the elevator at

the left, which carries them to the top of the clock and releases them to repeat the performance. Although the dropping of the weights



THE CLOCK RUN BY STEEL BALLS.

regulates the clock, it requires springs to keep it going, so it cannot be classed with the perpetual-motion machines.



NOTE: So many questions are received that we can undertake to answer in these pages only those of unusual or general interest. Other letters, containing return postage, will be answered personally.—EDITOR.

MOON RAINBOWS AND OTHER FORMS OF REFLECTED LIGHT IN THE SKY

BRONXVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In "Because We Want to Know" of the November ST. NICHOLAS, Marguerite Barnett spoke of having seen a rainbow in the night. Perhaps it would interest her to know that at Quogue, Long Island, on the evening of September 21, 1907, at about quarter of seven, I saw a rainbow caused by the moon and the rain. A full moon was rising in the east, and a thunder-storm was coming up from the west. The moon shone through a light shower preceding the storm, and made a distinct rainbow against the black clouds in the west. This rainbow was very light in color, in fact almost white. It lasted about five minutes.

Very sincerely yours,

ALICE L. JONES.

Moon rainbows are due to precisely the same causes that produce sun rainbows, but we do not notice them as often because usually they are too faint to catch our attention.

There is often a bright primary rainbow, and a larger, fainter, secondary rainbow. These are both due to the fact that the sunlight or the moonlight enters into the round drops of rain and is reflected back to the observer from the inside surface of the drop. Therefore, when our face is turned toward the rainbow, our back is turned toward the sun or the moon. There are many other kinds of bows to be seen in the heavens; some are formed by snowflakes and even by round drops that are too small to form rainbows. Have any of our readers seen glories about the moon, or solar or lunar halos, or the beautiful pink spot in the west after sunset, which is a reminder of the famous red sunsets in 1884 after the great eruption of Krakatoa?—C. A.

A QUEER PILE

SHEBOYGAN FALLS, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a picture I took in the woods near here. It is a pile over a foot high, and seems to consist entirely of the scales from pine-cones. It is built on the decayed roots of an old tree, and near the bottom are five or six holes. One shows in the center in the picture. I suppose it must be the home of some squirrel, and would like to know if they often build homes in like manner, as this is the only one of its kind I have ever seen.

Yours truly,

B. LEAVENS.

From my western notes I find "the Douglass red squirrel carries his cones to a long distance and shucks them in great piles." But knowing that this squirrel was not found in Wisconsin, I sent the letter and photograph on to Dr. C. H. Merriam, who replied that "the mound of cone scales shown in the picture is undoubtedly the work of the common red squirrel, *Sciurus hudsonicus*." I hardly dared to say it was the red squirrel, though reasonably sure of it.



A PILE OF PINE-CONE SCALES.

The holes were doubtless made by mice.

DALLAS LORE SHARP.

SALT FREEZES ICE-CREAM AND MELTS ICE

TOLEDO, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why salt will freeze ice-cream, then also melt ice (as when sprinkled on the sidewalk)?

Your interested reader,

PAULINE WISNER.

"Why will salt freeze ice-cream?"

It is because the salt makes the ice melt that cold is produced to freeze the ice-cream. If you stir up a lot of ice with pure water and put in a thermometer, the temperature will go down to precisely the freezing-point of water—32° Fahrenheit—which is the same as the melting-point of ice; but if you stir up ice with very salt water, the temperature will fall to the freezing-point of the salt water, after a part of the ice has melted, and this temperature, with the strongest brine, is in the neighborhood of zero. The salt causes more ice to melt than would melt in pure water, and this melting absorbs much heat, or, in other words, it produces much cold. Cold water will dissolve only about one third of its weight of salt, so that a brine stronger than this cannot be made. Therefore a good mixture to use is three parts by weight of crushed ice and one part of salt.—H. L. W.



SOME of our ambitious young folk still need to remind themselves of those interesting Rules and Regulations printed on the last of the League pages, in every number of ST. NICHOLAS.

It is a sad thing, for instance (as happened this month), when a clever young contributor sends us such a jolly good story that the Editor fairly chortles over it, only to find, when he comes to send it to the printer, that it contains over 500 words! For the League rules expressly state, you remember, that the limit is 350 words for prose contributions! It is a doubly sad thing, you see, because the young author has deprived herself of the joy of a silver badge, to which the story itself was justly entitled, and the Editor is deprived of the joy of sharing the delightful little narrative with all the members of the League, who would have welcomed it with hearty appreciation. But rules are rules, and in justice to all they must be observed.

And it would be just as well to read through every one of these rules, while you are about it, for with each com-

petition there are still a few names destined for the Roll of the Careless, because their contributions lack the indorsement of parent or teacher, which is, *in all cases, necessary*.

It is a rich and goodly budget of prose, verse, and picture that our loyal young Leaguers have conjured up for our benefit this month. On the serious side, there are several real gems which you will not fail to discover for yourselves (including the opening Springtide verses on the opposite page, the final stanza of which fairly sings itself into the memory). And then, too, a plentiful supply of jollity leavens the whole exhibit. It would be strange, indeed, if some of the family traditions called forth by the title "Mother's Best Story" were not spiced with liveliness and fun; and many of the young artists found that the two words, "Something Wrong," fairly bristled with humorous ideas and suggestions.

So there is not only good reading, but good fun and merriment in the League pages this time,—as well befits the "Merrie Month of May."

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 171

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Lois Hopkins** (age 15), Massachusetts.

Silver badges, **Helen Goodell** (age 14), Illinois; **Margaret B. Boynton** (age 15), New York; **Valerie Torpadie** (age 16), New York; **Robert Henry Reid, Jr.** (age 15), California.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Lucile H. Quarry** (age 16), Michigan; **Neil Adams** (age 15), Arkansas.

Silver badges, **Julia McDonald Davis** (age 13), West Virginia; **Mildred E. Hudson** (age 15), Oregon; **Lois C. Myers** (age 13), New Jersey.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Loena King** (age 15), Texas.

Silver badges, **Ruth C. Robinson** (age 14), New York; **Ardery De Fonds** (age 15), Missouri; **Natalie Van Vleck** (age 12), New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Margaret Kew** (age 17), California.

Silver badges, **Russel Sholes** (age 15), New York; **Urling Valentine** (age 12), New Jersey; **Emily Rice Burton** (age 14), Connecticut; **Margaret A. Biddle** (age 15), Oregon; **Harry L. Snyder** (age 13), West Virginia.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Margaret Laughlin** (age 15), Illinois.

Silver badges, **Gladys Blakely** (age 15), Oklahoma; **Charles Scribner** (age 14), New Jersey; **Wilella Waldorf** (age 15), Indiana.



BY RUSSEL SHOLES, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY URLING VALENTINE, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

"A WINTER WORLD."

AN OLD MELODY—THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG

BY LUCILE H. QUARRY (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1914)

A MELODY of the springtime!

A tune of the April sky!

A music like vocal sunshine,

As a flash of blue skims by.

Blue are the sky and the river,

And the music the Lord hath made

Is held in the throat of a songster

That gleams with the same bright shade.

And we know that spring is coming,

When we see the bird of blue,

And hear his song in the orchard—

A melody old, yet new.

For it seems that the bird is a spirit

Whose summons sweet will bring

Over the river the dawning,

And over the hills the spring!

"If—a"—first—you—don't—succeed—try—try—a—gain. A loop on this side; a loop on other side; poke him through, and here we have a bow! Sure enough, under my chin was a truly bow. I had won my first victory, but the little verse has helped me to win many more since."

A MODERN VERSION OF AN OLD MELODY

BY NELL ADAMS (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1912)

OH, don't you remember last summer, my dear,

Our camp by the old millstream;

That freedom has spoiled me for school work this year—

It seems like a terrible dream,

And after a while I will wake from my sleep,

And see the old tent in the shade;

The clothes and the dishes all piled in a heap,

The table that wobbled and swayed.

Oh, don't you remember the "chuggers," my love,

And the burs that grew up on the cliff;

The many mosquitos that hovered above,

The black snake that frightened me stiff.

So well I remember the hot, dusty road

That we tramped in our bathing-suits wet;

The leaky old boat that we patiently towed,

The fish that we never *did* get!

MY MOTHER'S BEST STORY

BY LOIS HOPKINS (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1912)

ONE day, my mother got a letter from her cousin who lived in the country, asking her to come and visit the farm. As Mother had always lived in a city and did n't know much about the country, she was delighted.

She arrived at the farm a few days later, and was met by her cousin, who was very glad to see her. This cousin was full of fun, and always playing pranks on people, so that night she asked Mother if she would like to get up early the next morning and let the hens out, as it was such fun to watch them, and see how glad they were to get out into the air after being shut up all night. Mother thought it would be fine sport; so, at four o'clock the next morning, Mother

was awakened and told to be very quiet in dressing, so as not to wake anybody up. Mother's hostess had already told the man not to let the hens out, as she and her cousin would do it.

They dressed themselves quickly, and, taking their shoes in their hands, crept down-stairs.



"A WINTER WORLD." BY ESTHER R. HARRINGTON, AGE 14.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

MOTHER'S BEST STORY

BY HELEN GOODELL (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

We snuggled closely to Mother's side and pleaded: "Just one story before bed, Mother, please." Glancing at our eager faces, aglow with excited anticipation, she consented and began:

"Many years ago, when I was six years old, I lived on a big farm. I had a little fur coat and a gay scarlet hood, but, sad to say, I could n't tie a bow-knot. My efforts were all in vain, and when I was about to give up, your grandmother reminded me, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again—remember this, dear.' These were pretty big words for a little girl, but they at least had a pleasant sound.

"It was a bright, snowy morning among the old New England hills. After breakfast, I bundled into my fur coat and hood, and joined my playmates in their snow frolic. For some time, we toiled industriously, making a snow-man, and I was about to try on his nose when my hood came untied. What could I do? I was a mile from home, and my friends could n't help me. Suddenly it flashed over me—the magic words! Would they work? Feverishly I began:

"If a' first you don't succeed, try, try again. A loop on this side; a loop on other side; poke him through, and—' The attempt failed. Again I tried, more slowly:



"A WINTER WORLD." (IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA). BY MARGARET KEW, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE, SILVER BADGE WON MAR., 1913.)

When they had got out of doors and put on their shoes, Mother's cousin said: "Now run and open the door and let them out"; so Mother went and opened the door.

There was a great fluttering and flapping of wings, and a tremendous cackling, and poor Mother had half a hundred chickens flying at her head. That was the first and last time she ever got up at daylight to let the hens out.



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY LORNA KING, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON FEB., 1914.)

AN ANCIENT VEDIC MELODY

BY JEAN DICKINSON (AGE 17)

I cannot find thee, e'en when most adoring,
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond the bounds of thought my thought upsoaring,
From farthest quest comes back, thou art not there.
VEDIC HYMN.

"I CANNOT find thee, e'en when most adoring,"
Four thousand years ago was sung this song.
A Brahman priest, with longing "thought upsoaring,"
Sought for his God through ways obscure and long.

Had he had wealth and those whose love is treasure?
Had he been famed, and worthy honest pride,
Having great learning and all means of pleasure,
And o'er the earth had traveled far and wide?

Then, had he found these blessings not perfections,—
Not the true end of all; and did he fear
He could not reach the "void" and "vast dominions"
Of the great God?—that God who was so near!

Despairing priest, when thou art bent in prayer,
Go not on "farthest quest" to regions dim;
Thy heart is God's true shrine, and He is there,
Oh, thou composer of this ancient hymn!

MOTHER'S BEST STORY

(A true tale)

BY MARGARET B. BOYNTON (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

My mother has told me a great many stories about that delightful time when she "was a little girl," so I have a large number from which to choose. There is the Thanksgiving story, the sled story, and the story about her pony; but of them all, I think I like the hail-storm story best.

This happened when my mother was about fifteen years old. She then lived in the country, with her invalid mother and one brother. One afternoon in May, she was using the sewing-machine by a north window

with small, old-fashioned panes, when suddenly the sky grew very dark, and large hailstones began to fall. Before she realized it, they had broken the window before which she was sitting, and were racing across the room, striking against the door at the opposite side. My mother ran into my grandmother's room and wheeled her in her invalid chair out into a little dark entry without windows, shutting the doors on either side. In the meantime, my uncle had snatched up a large molding-board from the pantry, and was holding it up at the north window to keep out the hail.

The storm lasted only a few minutes, and when it was over, a huge pile of hailstones, at least two feet deep, was found under the window, where they had rolled off the watershed roof. Some of them were as large as hen's eggs. But the part of the story that always interested me the most was that, when the storm had passed, my mother was so sorry that she had no ice-cream ready to freeze, with so much nicely chopped ice going to waste on the ground!

MOTHER'S BEST STORY

BY SOPHIE C. HILLS (AGE 14)

"ONCE upon a time," began Mother, sitting in a low rocker by the fire with Peggy and Billy one on each side of her, "when I was a little girl about eleven, my mother wanted some preserves for supper, so she told me to go down and bring some up. I started down the cellar steps, and walked toward the closet where the peaches were kept. I had always hated to go down in our cellar, because it was so dark and gruesome. Well, I had just put the key in the door, when I heard a voice exclaiming, 'Well, I never!' apparently coming from this very closet. I was so terribly frightened I could n't even move, and when I tried to scream, my tongue stuck in my mouth. You can imagine how terrified I was. At last, when I could move, I listened intently. Yes, I could hear soft rustlings. When I heard that, I dashed as quickly as possible to Mother, but could scarcely tell her, I was so excited. When she, at last, understood me, she armed herself with a small revolver which we always kept in the house, and gave me an ax. We stole softly down and stood beside the door. Mother herself heard the noise. Suddenly we burst open the door, Mother aiming her weapon and calling out bravely, 'Hands up!' The closet was dark, so we had a lantern. Suddenly, 'Well, I never! Bless my buttons!' came in screeching tones. Then how we laughed when out from a corner walked a parrot! We were puzzling our brains to discover how in the world he could have gotten in, when we spied an open window in the house next door, which explained it.

"It was our neighbor's parrot, and he had flown out of their window and into our preserve closet."



"A WINTER WORLD." BY COREY
H. FORD, AGE 11.



BY EMILY RICE BURTON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY HARRY L. SNYDER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY LOUISE NORTHRUP, AGE 13.



BY FLORENCE R. MACLAREN, AGE 17.



BY VIRGINIA STERRY, AGE 12.



BY JOSEPH C. SMITH, AGE 13.



BY CARMEN MCKERCHER, AGE 14.



BY WILLIAM H. WRIGHT, AGE 13.

"A WINTER WORLD."

AN OLD MELODY

BY JULIA McDONALD DAVIS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

MIDNIGHT in May! The world steeped in a misty light!
An ancient mansion, faced with moonlit pillars white,
Lies silent in a garden of forgotten flowers;

Dreaming, deserted.

No more the stately halls are filled by a glad throng,
Ladies and knights. The harp, once thrilled by constant
song,

Urged by the fingers of brocaded belles, stands now
Lonely and soundless.

But suddenly the golden chords are throbbing low,
Tuned to the melody of a quaint dance; and slow,
So soft that it can scarce be heard, but wondrous sweet,

Answering, a voice!

A bygone song, sung with a lilting note and glad,
Steals through the air (but, hidden 'neath its joy, a sad
Minor refrain, in sorrow for the long-lost days)

And softly dies.

What was the sound? Was it the wind that cried aloud?
A breeze that touched the strings? Or soul of lady
proud,

Returning to the silent house where once she dwelt,
To sing, departing

To return no more? The sound has fled, and all is still.
A pillared mansion, throned in state upon the hill,
Lies silent in a garden of forgotten flowers;

Dreaming, deserted.



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY RUTH C. ROBINSON, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

MOTHER'S BEST STORY

BY MARGARET GEORGE (AGE 12)

MOTHER tells this story: When she and her brother, Robert, were small, their favorite (but rather naughty) game was "Missionary and Heathen."

Uncle Robert would sit in the lid of the clothes-hamper, and, pretending he was a missionary in a boat, would push himself over to Mother, who was encamped

on the footstool, which they pretended was a cannibal island, and she was one of the savages.

He would stand cautiously in the lid of the clothes-hamper and anxiously inquire of Mother, "Heathen, want a Bible?" And Mother would answer, "Whack! No!" (The word "whack" was their idea of the heathen language.)

The "missionary" would then ask, "Heathen, want a pair of shoes?" And again the "heathen" would answer, "Whack! No!" Then Uncle Robert would ask, "Heathen, want a School paper?" And Mother would again reply, "Whack! No!" Then Uncle Robert would cautiously ask, "Heathen, want a jug of whisky?" And Mother would emphatically answer, "Whack! Yes!"



"A WINTER WORLD." BY MARGARET A. BIDDLE, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

MOTHER'S BEST STORY

BY ROBERT HENRY REID, JR. (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

"ONCE," began their mother, complying with a request from her children for a story—"once, when I was a little girl about eight years old, and when we lived in the country, I ran away.

"I don't remember just why, but I do remember that it was raining, and I had been naughty, and got the idea that Mother did n't like me.

"So I slipped out of the back door and started up the road toward the brook. Just as I came in sight of it, the rain came down in torrents. As I had no umbrella, I crawled under the bridge, which happened to be much longer than the brook was wide, to wait till the rain ceased.

"I had not been there long, before I was joined by a boy of about my own age, who, like myself, had been caught out in the rain.

"We talked about different things, and I said I was running away. To my surprise, he said he was, too. So we decided to run away together.

"When the rain stopped, we started up the road, talking gaily about the adventures we would have.

"Just at this point, I saw my mother hurrying along after me. I ran as fast as I could, but I was soon caught, and your father—"

"Who?" cried the children.

"Your father (for the boy I met was none other than he) dodged into the bushes and disappeared.

"When Mother got me home, I was punished so effectually that I determined to stay there in future.

"As for your father, I learned, when I met him years later, that, upon my capture, he, after thinking the matter over very carefully, decided to return home, too."

WHEREUPON the children unanimously agreed that that was "Mother's best story."

AN OLD MELODY

BY MILDRED E. HUDSON (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

A SUNBURNED sailor stood upon the coast of Labrador
 At twilight, gazing at the surf which beat the rocky
 shore,
 And at the glowing sunset whose wondrous, aureate
 gleams
 Illumed the tossing ocean,—the wilderness of dreams.
 The rover listened sadly; he had often heard the song
 Of Neptune, as before the gale his good ship fled along.
 Through strange, wild realms he'd traveled, from Suez
 to ice-bound Nome;
 Yet the music of the billows was always "Home, sweet
 home."

In many climes, in peace and war, he spent his carefree
 days:

Far in the frozen Arctic, in India's golden bays,
 Amid the pirate waters of the darkest continent,
 By lonely coral islands, on treasure-seeking bent,
 Along the mighty Amazon, within the jungle shades,
 And through the sultry tropics to Florida's everglades.
 And, like the tireless albatross whose crest is flecked
 with foam,
 To the brave mariner the vast, blue sea was home, sweet
 home.

When tempests threatened ruin and silvery spray dashed
 high,

The sailor climbed the masthead, laughed at the frowning
 sky,

And with his merry comrades battled with the stormy
 sea,

For he loved the tempest's passions, and somber mystery.
 To him the boundless ocean was the reeling sea of Life,
 Whose mighty undercurrents were adventure, hope, and
 strife.

And dear to him its melody; wherever he might roam,
 The wind and blue waves welcomed him with gladsome
 "Home, sweet home."



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY VIRGINIA P. BRADFIELD, AGE 16.

MOTHER'S BEST STORY

BY ELIZABETH CHILD (AGE 12)

MOTHER NATURE sat in her cheery sitting-room, in the
 center of the earth, with all the little seedlings and
 plants (who were housed for the winter) around her.
 "Do you know what it's like on the earth now?" she

asked. "Well, as you don't, I'll tell you. It's covered
 with a soft, cold, white frost, two and three feet deep—"

"How awful!" exclaimed a tender rose-bush.

Then Mother Nature continued: "After a long time,
 the sun will get hotter, and warm rains will come and
 melt the snow. Then
 you'll begin to push
 your way through
 the earth; after
 a while will come
 the eventful night
 when you first come
 into the open. What
 a difference! The
 stars shine brightly,
 the breezes blow
 softly, and all is
 calm; then the sun
 comes; he sheds
 his radiance every-
 where, and all is
 beautiful."

"Pooh! that's no
 sort of story," said
 an old tree.

"Yes, yes, my dear,
 but you liked it when
 you were little."

This is what Mother Nature tells the little seeds every
 winter, and they always welcome it as her best story.



"SOMETHING WRONG." BY ARDERY DE
 FONDS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



"SOMETHING WRONG." BY ELIZABETH HULL, AGE 13.

MOTHER'S BEST STORY

BY VALERIE TORPADIE (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

ON the road whose aim was the little country school-
 house, there grew a tree whose spreading branches cast
 a cooling shade over the dusty highway. But better
 than the tree's shade, at least to the children, were the
 delicious black cherries which hung on it. Before and
 after school, they climbed it and feasted among its
 branches—and one of them was Mother.

One day, after having been expressly warned against
 tree-climbing because of the splendor of a new dress,
 Mother passed by on the way to school. The shade was
 very grateful, and she rested a moment. That moment
 was her undoing, for the tempter, passing by and seeing
 an idle little girl, flew into her ear and whispered: "Go
 on and climb! You never fell or tore your dress be-
 fore!" The shining juicy cherries hung tantalizingly
 on the boughs, mutely inviting her to ascend. Caution
 was thrown to the winds. She yielded, and was soon
 sampling the luscious fruit. But, alas! there was a
 sudden crack, and Mother, instead of sitting on a
 branch vigorously eating, was hanging on its stub by
 the hem of her dress, swinging to and fro like a pen-
 dulum. No hero appeared on the scene to rescue the
 lady in distress. The cloth was very tenacious at first,
 but the strain finally told on it, for, with a bump,
 Mother fell to the ground. Happily, no broken bones
 resulted, but what seemed worse than any bruise, was a

rip of prodigious size in the skirt, quite destroying its pristine beauty. This was, however, remedied by the judicious arrangement of pins, and nothing being seen at the time, nothing was said. But finally the pins were discovered, and Mother received a punishment whose vigor certainly made up for lost time.



"SOMETHING WRONG." BY FREDERICK W. AGNEW, AGE 16.

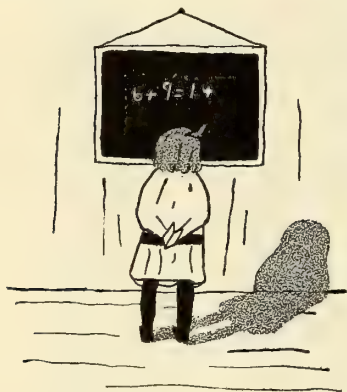
MOTHER'S BEST STORY

BY SALLY THOMPSON (AGE 13)

"ARTHUR, you really must give Rex his bath this morning. He is a dreadfully dirty dog," Mrs. Smith said to her son, one Sunday morning at breakfast.

"Very well, Mother," Arthur answered; "I'll do it directly after breakfast."

So after breakfast, Arthur got the bath ready, and called Rex; but there was no answer. He looked in all the downstairs rooms, and then on the second story; but no Rex was to be found. At last, Arthur gave it up, and decided to wait for another chance. A little later, he went to his room in the third story, and the first thing he saw was the tip of a dog's tail sticking out from under the bed. Sure enough, there was Rex, the great pointer, crouched under the bed, looking out of the corner of his eye. He had outwitted his master and escaped his bath for that time. And let us hope that the next time, his mistress was wise enough not to speak about Rex's bath when he was within hearing.



"SOMETHING WRONG." BY NATALIE VAN VLECK, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

AN OLD MELODY

(A song of joy)

BY IRENE MOTT (AGE 14)

THERE are places out in the deep, deep wood,

Where the moss-covered logs are intercrossed,

Where you feel as if you were understood,

And the sounds of the world are lost.

Where the catbird comes out, and sings, and sings,

Till the bad thoughts go, and leave the good;

And you think of brighter things.

There are places out on the lake at eve

Where you watch the sun sink behind the hill;

And if you've been grieving, you cease to grieve,

Because everything is still.

And you watch the bright sky change to blue,

And the purple steal in where the gold must leave,

And the beauty creeps into you.

There are times when you drive in the country wide,

When you see in the heat of the blazing sun

The man and his horse work side by side,

And he sings, for the joy of the work he's done,

And the work he has yet to do.

And a ray of joy in the wheat you've spied,

And you've said: "I'll be happy, too."

AN OLD MELODY

BY LOIS C. MYERS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

It is an old, old melody;

I heard it in my youth,

When I was but a little babe,

Without a single tooth.

It is an old, old melody;

I heard it as a man,

And often at the singers

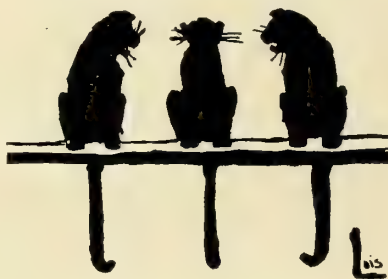
I've thrown a frying-pan.

It is an old, old melody,

And one you surely know;

But what you don't remember,

The picture here will show.



DRAWN BY LOIS C. MYERS, AGE 13.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Elizabeth Cobb
Lily Caddoo
Gladys M. Smith
Eleanor E. Osborne
Tudor Gardner
Gertrude Harder
Eunice Attebery
Loren H. Milliman
Dorothy A. Smith
Harriet D. Price
Prospera Dezzani
Elizabeth F. Bradbury
Theo. E. Wright
Frances E. Thomson
Griffith Harsh
Katherine G. Batts
Dorothy Towne
Eleanor Schermerhorn
George R. Leighton

Ijlla G. Carmichael
Marion L. Rogers
Susan C. Duffield
Adelaide H. Noll
Eleanor A. Janeway
Charlotte L. Hall
Josephine S. Wilson
Millard Getty
Catherine Oppel
Helen A. Barber, Jr.
Gertrude Johann
Louise M. Skinner
Helen E. Westfall
Helen A. Rader
Dorothy Reynolds
Ruth Schmidt
Mildred Fish
Charlotte Covert
Maria L. Thompson
Eunice Cole
M. Elizabeth Wells

Ruth B. Brewster
Catharine E. Cook
Hermas Stephenson
Earl D. Hollinshead
Rose Kadishevitz
Alfred Valentine
Lois D. Cole
Virginia Wilder
Gretchen L. Tuthill
Doris G. Tipton
Ruth C. Harris
Betty Humphreys
Fannie W. Butterfield
Elmaza Fletcher
Mildred Lawson
Frances Neville
Eliza A. Peterson
Emmy-Lou Schwartz
Clarice M. French
Katharine Beals
Edith N. Coit

Marguerite Sisson
Carolyn Berg
John E. Moody
Agnes Janeway
F. Alma Dougherty
Elise Houghton
Phyllis Fletcher
Henry M. Justi, Jr.
Elizabeth Bade
Persis T. Rogers
Gladys Holden
Edith M. Levy

E. Theodore Nelson
Emily P. Call
E. H. Chapin
Charlotte F. Kennedy
Marion Monroe
Jessie Niblo
Lillian Anderson
Lucile Smith
Pincus Polinsky
Thomas Struggles
Sam Kirkland
Marian Pierson

Hughes Beeler
Adeline de V. Kendall
Clarence L. Wynd
Marie L. Rupp
Susie Busch
Theodore M. Lay

PUZZLES, 1

J. Fessler Haller
Gustav Diechmann
Ruth A. Jeremiah

Dorothy E. Urick
Charles A. Stickney, Jr.
J. Roy Elliot
Edith P. Stickney
Alvin E. Blomquist
Caroline E. Ingham
T. B. Sweeney, Jr.
Chalmers L. Gemmill
Margaret P. Spaulding

PUZZLES, 2

Pauline Coburn
H. R. Hitchcock
Agnes Nearing
Doris Libby
Ferner Nuhn
Marquis Ewing
John Perez

Helen L. Rockwell
Teresa Winsor
Ruth Tyler
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Karl Piez
Ethel T. Boas
Frank Chesnut
Anna Stonebraker
Mary Davidson

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 175

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 175 will close **May 24** (for foreign members **May 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **September**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "When Woods Are Green."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Dog Story."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "My Favorite Photograph."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "An Object of Interest," or a Heading for **September**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if by manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"SOMETHING WRONG." BY MARIAN H. CHASE, AGE 13.

VERSE, 1

Emily T. Burke
Isabel Davis
Eleanor May Bell
Marion McCabe
Mary E. Gorham
Marion M. Casey
Florence W. Towle
Helen D. Hill
Emily Delafield
Eleanor Johnson
Christina Phelps
Helen L. Carroll
Loury A. Biggers
Margaret A. Norris
Mignon H. Eliot
B. Cresswell
Catherine E. Cook
Sarah F. Borock
Bessie Blocker
Louise Eaton
Marjorie Seligman
Mary Dendy
Dorothy Levy
Elsa Rogow
Gladys H. Meldrum
Hope I. Stelzie
Emanuel Farbstein
Charlotte Chace
Alice Weil
Isidore Helfand
Walter B. Lister
Mary B. Thayer
Eleanor Mishnum

DRAWINGS, 1

Venette Milne Willard
Lucy F. Rogers
James Thomas
Marvis H. Carter
Anna Mammano
Marie C. Bouniol
Harlan Hubbard
Kenneth C. Davis
Marguerite T. Arnold
Margaret F. Foster
Ruth Seymour
Genevieve K. Hamlin
Welthea B. Thoday
Doris Pineo
Mary P. Reeves
Margaret K. Turnbull
Elinor G. Smith
Philip Stringer
Alma Kehoe
Frances Eliot

DRAWINGS, 2

Beatrice Beard
Margery Andrews
Paulyne F. May
Louise S. May
Emma Stuyvesant
Dorothy W. Crook
Gregory Cooper
Woodworth Wright
Helen R. Davis
Helen Benedict
Henrietta M. Archer
Ruth Steckler
Lida Raymond
Augusta L. Burke
Sara Eastburn
Muriel Ashcroft
Winifred F. Bostwick
Ruthana Anderson
Katharine Thompson
Vinton Liddell
Alice Warren
Ethel Neuman
Helen G. Barnard

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Columbia Maxwell
Mary Dickson
Ruth Yoerger
Margaret Lautz
Eugenia A. Lee
Margaret A. Fitzgerald
Sylvia F. Wilcox
Martin Biddle
Barbara Knight
F. Brice Johnson

Irving A. Leonard
Sue Golding
Helen F. Neilson
H. W. Larkin
Miriam A. Johnson
Nathalie C. Gookin
Marion Dale
Helen G. Scott
Margaret Metzger
Josephine Root
Mabel H. Child
Esther J. Lowell
Winifred Jelliffe

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Dorothy Parker
Ernest E. Jacobs
Catharine Tarr
Jane F. Magee

Alpheus B. Stickney
Sherwood Buckstaff
Margaret Thayer
Jean F. Benswanger
E. Barrett Brady
Elizabeth Huff
Winifred Capron
Kathryn S. Ferris
Beulah Lloyd
Philip T. Clark
Gladys Dingleline
J. Elizabeth Thompson
Henry S. Johnson
Wyllis P. Ames
Joseph Steber
Marie R. Erscher



"SOMETHING WRONG."
BY KATHARINE
PETTINGILL,
AGE 12.

Bessie Radlofsky
Alfred Curjel
Janet Brouse
Armand Donaldson
Bernard Caudip
Eloise M. Peckham
Marian Gardner
Virginia Donham
Joe Earnest
Mignon K. Eliot
Catharine D. Oxholm
Emery L. Mallett
Grace Perkins
Winton G. George

THE LETTER-BOX

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just started taking you, and I like you very much. I have a dog, named Tim. He is an Irish terrier, and came home to-night limping badly. He had been in a fight, of course, and was all bitten up. He comes to school with me every day. He lies under my desk and goes to sleep. He is brown all over, and has soft, velvet ears.

In summer, we go down to Los Altos, about forty miles from here. We have a fine place down there, and we have a great deal of fun. We have a lake there, and go swimming all the time. There was very little rain this year, and all the creeks were dry.

Last summer, I went to a place where they raised fish, just trout. They had flumes with the fish in them. In one flume there were some very small fish, only about an inch long, and they were baby ones. In the next flume were some a little bigger, and so on, until the biggest ones were about ten inches long. They changed the water for them every day, as they were right on a creek. In some large glass jars there were some very large trout. Some were speckled, and some had rainbows on them. The speckled ones were called Eastern Brooks, and the rainbow ones were called Rainbow Trout. We bought some fish there. There were thousands of them. The men threw some meat in the flume, and all the fish darted after it. The men then put down screens about a foot and a half square and dipped them up.

That day, we found a nice little spot by the creek, and we had lunch. The fish were fine. After we finished lunch, we all played games.

This year there was no water in the creek, and the fish farm lost all its fish. It had forty thousand.

EVERETT GRIFFIN (age 13).

TORONTO, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a welcome visitor to our home for ten years. At first, I am afraid I was rather too young to appreciate you, but my elder sister did instead.

On the day of the arrival of ST. NICHOLAS in our home, there is always a scramble to decide who is to read it first. In rainy weather, or when we have n't anything else to read, we all fall back on our bound ST. NICHOLASES. I have read a great many of the serial stories several times. I am especially fond of those written by Ralph Henry Barbour.

Your stamp pages are also very interesting to me, as I am an enthusiastic stamp-collector.

Your interested reader,

ELIZABETH H. CHANT (age 14).

COLUMBUS, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very interested when I noticed the article on Bingham in the November number, because I have had some interesting experiences there. My mother and I went up from Salt Lake City on the railroad described. When we arrived, we were taken up to the hotel. My brother was a mining engineer there, and had a small house with another friend next to the hotel. In the parlor of the hotel we found a baby grand piano and a large set of mission furniture. How they were ever able to get the grand piano up there was more than I could understand, but it was there. We had dinner there at the hotel. After the first course, a maid stood at the door and called out, "Stack 'em up or you don't get no pie!" We did as we

were told, and got our pie, which was worth "stacking 'em up" for. After dinner, my brother took my mother up the mountain to see the mines. I stayed at the house with his friend. Later, Mother and my brother came back. They did not have to take the horses down to the stable, which was a long way down the street, but just put the reins over the pommel of the saddle, and the horses went themselves. If you accidentally left the reins hanging in front of the horse, you would find it standing there, no matter how long you were gone. The next morning we left for Salt Lake City, and from there started home.

Your interested reader,

FLORENCE BRUGGER.

CONCORD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for about five years, and then I was too young to read you. But the first thing I ever learned to read was "For Very Little Folk," and ever since, I have read you six or seven times before the new one comes.

I have a pony forty-two inches high, and an Airedale pup who chews up all my shoes.

I am eleven years old, and have a little brother three and a half.

Your interested reader,

CATHERINE ADAMS.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for two years, and I am going to take you again next year. I just love to read you, and I love the day you come.

I have a little dog, named Jip. He can sit up, speak, and jump through my arms and "sing" with me. It is funny to see him; sometimes he will just bark, but every now and then, he will hold up his chin and give the queerest little howl you ever heard.

Your interested reader,

MARY DUKE WIGHT (age 8).

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking your ST. NICHOLAS three years, and I hope that I always will be able to take it. I also hope that the Editors and contributors may live many, many years, to gladden the hearts and improve the minds of all the children who read your dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Your little friend,

EVALYN COOK (age 13).

GORE BAY, ONTARIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For the last year, I have been an interested ST. NICHOLAS reader; although I am a true Canadian, I am interested in American magazines, especially ST. NICHOLAS.

My home is on the Manitoulin Island, which is situated in Georgian Bay.

Gore Bay is a delightful summer resort, but in the winter is rather slow. 1913 is the first year there has been a railroad on the island, so you can imagine what we felt like before it came, as there was a week, spring and fall, when we had no mail or communication with the world outside Manitoulin.

There are beautiful drives on the island, and partridge are plentiful here. I often go out shooting with my

father and mother. I love reading, and so I love St. NICHOLAS; but, as I often say, I wish it would come every week.

Your interested reader,
HELENA HURST (age 12).

RUPERT, IDAHO.

TO THE ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you the picture of a club of little girls here in their costumes for the christening scene of that charming fairy play you gave



us in your magazine for April, 1913. They gave the play "The Sleeping Beauty" early in September, and found it so successful that they repeated it a month later. The two performances brought them about thirty dollars.

People were unanimous in pronouncing it a beautiful thing.

The fairies were all in white, with wings and star-tipped wands.

The play, as this club gave it, opened with a song and drill by all the fairies but Winter; we also inserted a winter song, sung from behind the scenes, as Winter sat sewing at the beginning of Act III, and a lullaby at the close of the same act, while Winter and the Sleeping Beauty made a pretty tableau. At the close of Act IV also, the three fairies again gave a little song, "The Shining Prince," with a simple wand-drill.

The girls greatly enjoyed giving the play. This one was very lovely, without question.

Very sincerely,

ETHEL TEMPLIN.

SOFIA, BULGARIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Often when I read the Letter-box, I see letters from all over the world, but only once have I seen one from Bulgaria, and not written by a Bulgarian at that. That is why I am writing to you.

We only live in Bulgaria in the summer, which we spend in Teham Korja, seventy kilometers from Sofia. This year we could not go there on account of the war.

Of all the serials I have read I like "The Lucky Sixpence" and "Beatrice of Denewood" best, though I enjoyed "Captain Chub," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," and "Harry's Island" very much. "The Lass of the Silver Sword" and "The League of the Signet-Ring" were also very nice.

You are a very old friend of the family, on our mother's side, for her older sister took the St. NICH-

OLAS when it was first issued, and Mama herself was a subscriber when she was small.

I am nearly thirteen years old, and my sister, also a member of the League, is a year and a half older than I am.

During the war, Mama worked in the hospital. I used to go with her quite often and distribute tobacco and candy among the wounded. The men asked Mama to get them different little things, and every morning we had a long list of orders for them: candies, sausages, cheese, raisins, brushes and combs for mustaches, and a roasted lamb's head! (That capped the climax!)

The men were all very brave and patient, but it was sad to see the badly wounded who could not recover.

The population has bravely gone to work again, and one would hardly know there had been war, except that, occasionally, in the streets one sees amputated men limping along painfully.

I have a little baby sister twenty months old who loves to look at your pictures; no doubt when she is big enough, she will take you also.

Your interested reader,
MARGUERITE HADJI MISCHIEF.

SUMMIT, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before.

We live in a big house here in New Jersey.

We had a lot of chickens, but quite a lot of them have been eaten by cats.

The people next door have twelve cats.

We have taken St. NICHOLAS ever since 1906, and I like it very much.

Your sincere reader,

JOHN UNDERWOOD (age 8).

NORTH ABINGTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you almost five years. The first year I took you, I was rummaging in some drawers and came upon you. I looked you all through, and then put you back. You were a Christmas present. When I finished reading that number through, I could not live without you.

I am very much interested in all the serials and short stories. I have no favorites; they are all lovely.

Your interested reader,

HELEN B. BENNETT (age 11).

RAHWAY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I love to read your stories, they are so interesting. I can hardly wait for you to come each month.

I have only been taking you since January. You were a Christmas present to me from Mother and Father. They did n't tell me that I was going to have you for a year, and when you came, I jumped up and down, I was so happy.

I have n't any brothers or sisters, so you see I would be quite lonesome without you.

Your loving reader,

RUTH MURIEL KEMBLE (age 11).

THE ROBIN

HARK! Hark! While the robin sings,
Leaves, twigs, and worms she brings
To feed the young, to build the nest
In which her birdies go to rest.

GERALD HOUGHTON TABER (age 8).

WORCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and like you very much.

"Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman" and "The Run-away" are my favorite stories; but they are all lovely. Every one in our family likes you, from Grandma down to my brother Jack. He is too young to read the stories, but he looks at the pictures.

Your interested reader, BARBARA DENHOLM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write you about some black foxes I saw last summer. I was staying at my grandmother's, at Tignish, Prince Edward Island. The ranch belonged to some friends of ours, and one afternoon we were invited up there to see four little baby foxes that had been brought up by a cat.

As soon as the little foxes were born, they were taken away from the mother fox and given to the cat, who had a family of kittens.

The little foxes were very cunning, soft, fuzzy, gray things about the size of kittens. They were now able to eat meat. Each little fox had a white tip to its tail, by which tips they could be told apart. The mother was

a superb fox with splendid fur, though she was very wild. The father fox was much tamer, but he did not have such good fur.

Both the father and the mother fox were just losing their first coat, and the second coat was coming in in long, black, glossy hairs, differing much from the baby foxes' fur, which was a soft gray wool.

All the foxes were kept in a large inclosure, and fenced off from each other by smaller walls of chicken wire. The mother had a large place to run in, and a "den" in which to sleep. The father fox had a smaller inclosure, and the four baby foxes had a smaller inclosure still.

To prevent the foxes being stolen, the owners of ranches have to either stay in their ranches all the time themselves, or hire some one to stay there instead, for the little baby foxes, even at that age, cost eight hundred dollars apiece. So you can see that fox-ranching is no easy thing of itself, and, besides, there is always the possibility of something happening to the foxes.

Your loving reader,

MAE M. BRADFORD.

WEBSTER GROVES, Mo.

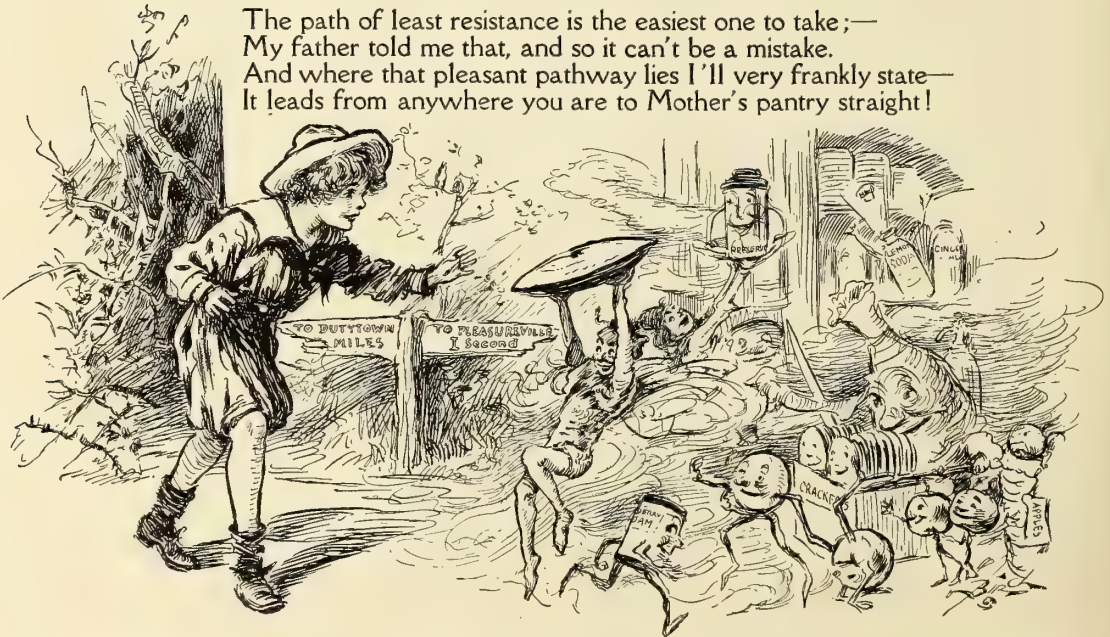
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old. My father is an Armenian, and that is why my name is Dikran. I am named after a great Armenian king, Dikran II. He was a great warrior, and fought with Cyrus the Great, and so I am proud to be named after him. I like to read the Letter-box.

Your little friend, DIKRAN SEROPYAN.

The Path of Least Resistance

by Helen Cole Crew

The path of least resistance is the easiest one to take;—
My father told me that, and so it can't be a mistake.
And where that pleasant pathway lies I'll very frankly state—
It leads from anywhere you are to Mother's pantry straight!





"I hear the kettle humming
That lovely *Campbell* tune:
So clear the way! I'm coming
With a great big spoon!"

**He
can't
resist it.**

Neither can
you. No matter
whether you are
young or old, grave or
gay, robust or delicate,
you just can't help enjoying

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Its delicious fragrance wakes up your appetite even
before you taste it. And its pure, wholesome flavor makes
you feel that it is doing you good as fast as you eat it. And
that is true. For it is nourishing in itself, and it helps you
to digest all other nourishing food.

Ask "Mother" to have it prepared as a Cream-of-
tomato *today*. The label tells how. You'll say there
never was another tomato soup to compare with it.

21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon

Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail

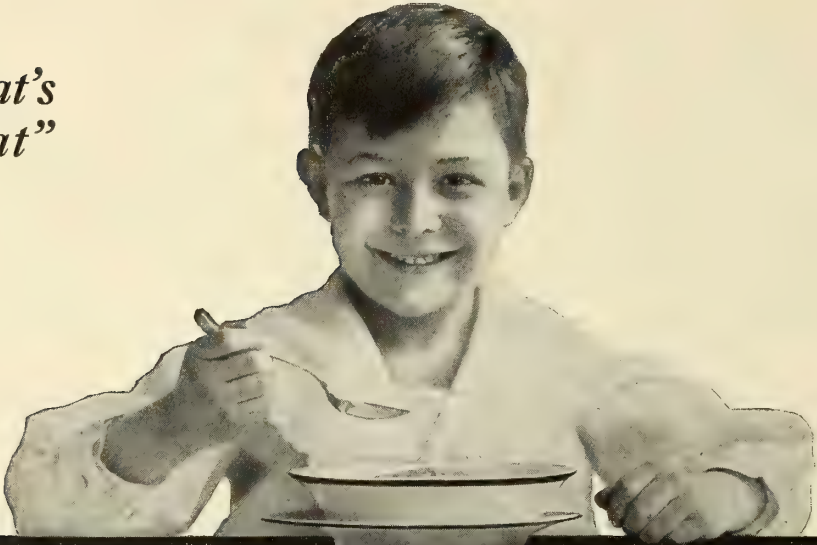
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

*"That's
Great"*



A Rarity Without Any Extra Price

Among oat lovers, all the world over, Quaker Oats is known as a rarity. Even Scotch connoisseurs send here for it.

Because Quaker Oats is always made from big, plump, luscious grains. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker.

These picked-out grains may have twice the flavor of puny, half-grown grains. And that flavor—kept intact by our process—has won the world to Quaker.

Now there are millions, of every race and clime, who insist on this Quaker flavor. The demand has grown to a thousand million dishes yearly.

And now our mammoth output lets us give you this rarity without any extra price.

Quaker Oats

Flakes Made from Queen Grains Only

If you think Quaker Oats important to the welfare of children, this flavor is also important. It is flavor that wins them, and keeps them, and causes them to eat an abundance of Quaker.

And each dish means energy and vim. Each supplies a wealth of the elements needed for brains and nerves.

Don't let children grow away from this food of foods. And

**Now a
25c Size**

**Now we put up a large package
for 25 cents. It lasts nearly three
times as long as the 10-cent size.
And by saving in packing it
offers you**

**10% More
For Your Money**

don't, if your vitality is taxed, grow away yourself.

As a vim-producer, as a food for growth, all the ages have found nothing to compare with oats.

That is the reason for Quaker. Its flakes are big and inviting. Its flavor makes this dish delightful.

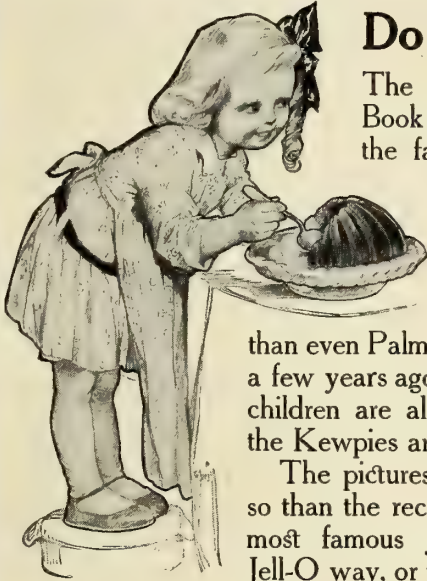
You make a mistake when you don't get this Quaker flavor.

10c and 25c per Package, Except in Far West and South

The Quaker Oats Company

(564)

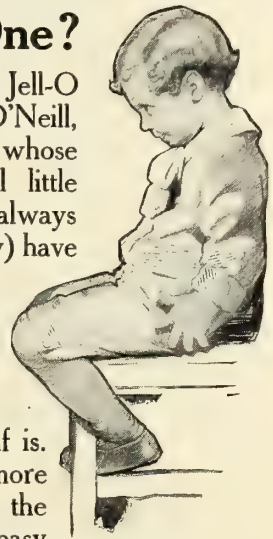
Do You Want One?



The pictures in this year's Jell-O Book are all by Rose Cecil O'Neill, the famous artist and author, whose "Kewpies" (delightful little imps, whose frolics always bring good to somebody) have found a firmer place in the affections of children

than even Palmer Cox's "Brownies" had a few years ago. Rose O'Neill's Jell-O children are almost as well known as the Kewpies are or the Jell-O girl herself is.

The pictures are delightful, but no more so than the recipes for making some of the most famous Jell-O desserts in the easy Jell-O way, or the recipes for making brand-new Jell-O dishes just as easily.



One of the old and one of the new recipes are given here, so that you may see just what to expect in the beautiful new book.

Peach Delight.

Dissolve one package of Peach or Orange Jell-O in one pint of boiling water, or one-half pint boiling water and one-half pint juice from peaches. Pour a little of the Jell-O into the mould, lay in sliced or canned peaches, add a little more Jell-O, let it harden, then add another layer of peaches and more Jell-O until mould is full. Set away to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

Mrs. Rorer's Bavarian Cream.

(Observe the simplicity of this recipe, and the low cost of the dessert as compared with the usual Bavarian Cream recipes.)

Dissolve one package of Orange Jell-O in one pint of boiling water. Add half a cupful of sugar and stand aside until it begins to harden. Then fold in one pint of whipped cream and turn into the mould. Serve very cold.—Contributed by Sarah Tyson Rorer.

JELL-O

Twelve million copies of the Jell-O Book are printed, and twelve million homes—nearly two-thirds of all in America—will each receive one of them.

If you have not already received a copy of the book, and will write and tell us so, one will be sent promptly, free of cost, to you.

"A little more"

There are seven pure fruit flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

10c. each, per package, at grocers' or general stores.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.





The KODAK BOY

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

*Kodak and Brownie catalogue free
at your dealers, or by mail.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

An illustration of a Nabisco Sugar Wafer box, partially open, showing the wafer packs inside. The box features the Nabisco logo and decorative patterns.

NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

An illustration of several Nabisco Sugar Wafers stacked on a small plate. The wafers are rectangular with decorative patterns.

THESE incomparable sweets are the most universally popular of all dessert confections. Whether served at dinner, afternoon tea or any social gathering, Nabisco Sugar Wafers are equally delightful and appropriate. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA

Another dessert delight. Wafers of pleasing size and form with a bountiful confectionery filling. Another help to the hostess. In ten-cent tins.

An illustration of an Adora wafer box, partially open, showing the wafer packs inside. The box features the Adora logo and decorative floral patterns.

**NATIONAL
BISCUIT
COMPANY**

An illustration of several Adora wafers stacked on a small plate. The wafers are rectangular with decorative patterns.



Wear Holeproof Hose Yourself—Get them for the Children

Buy six pairs of Holeproof Stockings or Socks this month for yourself, your husband and for the children. They'll last without holes for six months or longer.

If any of the six pairs fail within six months we will replace them with new hose free.

Thus you can depend on having good hose *all summer and fall*, without the trouble and bother of darning. Think of the convenience.

These hose will stand the roughest play that the most active children engage in.

They will not wear out within six months. Yet they are trim, neat and stylish. For we guarantee the *thinnest* Holeproofs—as sheer as any hose on the market—just the same as the heavier weights.

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. Write for dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book which tells all about Holeproofs.

Holeproof Hosiery Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.,
London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley,
Liverpool, England



Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

By invitation, member
of Rice Leaders of
the World Association



\$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's; \$2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's or children's; \$1.00 per box for four pairs of infants'. Above boxes guaranteed six months. \$1.00 per box for three pairs of children's, guaranteed three months; \$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's *silk* Holeproof socks; \$3.00 per box for three pairs of women's *silk* Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed three months.

Holeproof
GUARANTEED
Silk Gloves

For Women

Write for the free book about Holeproof Silk Gloves, and ask for the name of the dealer who sells them. These are the *durable*, stylish gloves that every woman has wanted. Made in all sizes, lengths and colors. (561)



Look at These Tempting Grains

These toasted, steam-exploded grains—crisp, brown, inviting—puffed to eight times normal size.

Shaped as they grew, but changed, by this strange process, into thin-walled, airy bubbles.

The very sight of Puffed Grains is enticing.

One wants to taste them. Then these fragile morsels, with their almond flavor, reveal an unforgettable delight. The taste is like toasted nuts.

Mark Their History

Then think that each grain was puffed in this way by a hundred million steam explosions.

Inside of each granule a trifle of moisture was turned to super-heated steam. This was done in huge guns, then the guns were shot. And every food granule was thus blasted to pieces.

Not to create these myriad cells. Not to make grains which fairly melt in the mouth. But to make every atom digestible. That never was done before. And that is the sole object of this curious process invented by Prof. Anderson.

Beyond all their fascinations lies the fact that these are the best-cooked cereal foods ever created.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

*Except in
Extreme
West*

Note the facts which make these foods unique.

They are whole grains made wholly digestible. One may eat them any hour without tax on the stomach.

Served with sugar and cream, or mixed with fruit, they have delicious crispness and a nut-like taste.

Served in bowls of milk, like bread or crackers, they are dainty wafers, toasted, porous, thin.

And they are used like nut meats in a dozen ways—in candy making, in frosting cake and as garnish to ice cream. Or, crisped in butter, children eat them dry like peanuts.

Every day, in some way, let your folks enjoy one of these two delightful foods.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(563)



"Which hand will you take?"

It really doesn't matter, you see. They are both *Skylet's*. Mother doesn't want either of the children to be disappointed, and she does want to be sure that they have only candy that is pure and fresh.

Skylet's
Bonbons Chocolates

Besides these masterpieces of flavor there are nearly fifty other kinds of *Skylet's* to suit every candy taste.

Skylet's candies are sold by *Skylet's* sales agents (leading druggists everywhere) in United States and Canada. If there should be no sales agent near you, please write us.

Skylet's

64 IRVING PLACE
NEW YORK



**THE
BOOK
MAN**

THE BOOK MAN has received a very interesting letter from a Plainfield, N. J., reader, which says in part:

"I have a good many volumes of ST. NICHOLAS. My Grandfather took it for my mother when she was a little girl. When she went to college he continued taking it because he said it was the best magazine that came into the house. When my mother was married she took it for herself and then for me."

That makes a splendid row of bound volumes, does n't it? Other young folk who have nearly complete sets of ST. NICHOLAS can secure the missing volumes, if in print, by writing to The Book Man and sending two dollars for each volume (six months to a volume).

Do *you* have your ST. NICHOLAS bound every year?

Now, have n't most of you readers of The Book Man read "Master Skylark"—and loved it? Because it was a serial in ST. NICHOLAS in 1896-97, and the advertising pages of ST. NICHOLAS have talked a great deal about it ever since, and because here is a Cambridge, Mass., twelve-year-old, who writes:

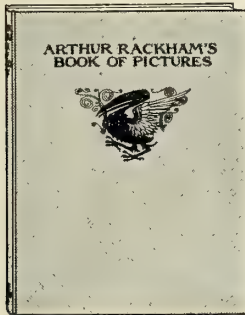
"I have just read a book that I wish you would tell ST. NICHOLAS readers about, for I don't think many children know about it and it is very nice. It is called 'Master Skylark' and I think I should include it in my list of favorites. It is a book about the reign of Elizabeth, and the hero is kidnapped by one of 'the Lord Admiral's players.' He is a charming little boy, and his adventures are exciting, and in some places this book is sad. The edition I read is published by The Century Co., and illustrated by R. Birch, very well—just the way I imagine the characters. 'Will' Shakespeare, 'rare Ben Jonson,' 'Tom' Heywood, 'Tommy' Webster, and many other famous men are in this story—and their contrasts brought out. Please tell ST. NICHOLAS readers about it, for they should n't miss it."

The Book Man indorses all this, and still thinks, for all his grown-up years, that "Master Skylark" is one of the most charming stories ever written.

THE BOOK MAN—Continued

A delightful play has been made of the book. The dramatization was made three years ago by Miss Anna M. Lutkenhaus, a teacher in Public School No. 15, Manhattan, and director of the school's Dramatic Club; but it was published, in convenient pamphlet form, only in time for general and very successful use in the different public schools' celebration of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Shakspeare's birth.

The dramatization is most cleverly and charmingly done, it is in eleven scenes, and requires forty-five minutes for production. Give it in *your* school or church. Copies may be secured from The Century Co., Union Square, N. Y., at ten cents each.



There is a very beautiful new book, the Arthur Rackham Book of Pictures, which means delight to every one in the family who ever cares at all for pictures. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who wrote the charming introduction, calls it

"The wayward visions that beset every true artist's mind, while he bends over the day's news.

"The elusive dreams of an artist such as the goblin in Hans Andersen saw and adored for the moment as he peered down the chimney into the student's garret over the huckster's shop; the dreams of an artist who has taught English children of our time to see that

"All things by immortal power,
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linked are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star."

The book gathers together in unusually attractive and beautiful form forty-four pictures—of children, of familiar figures from fairy tales and classical mythology, of many grotesque and fantastic figures—all reproductions in color from water-color, oil, and pastel originals, by the artist who, beyond any living artist, perhaps, has the gift of imagination.

The Book Man

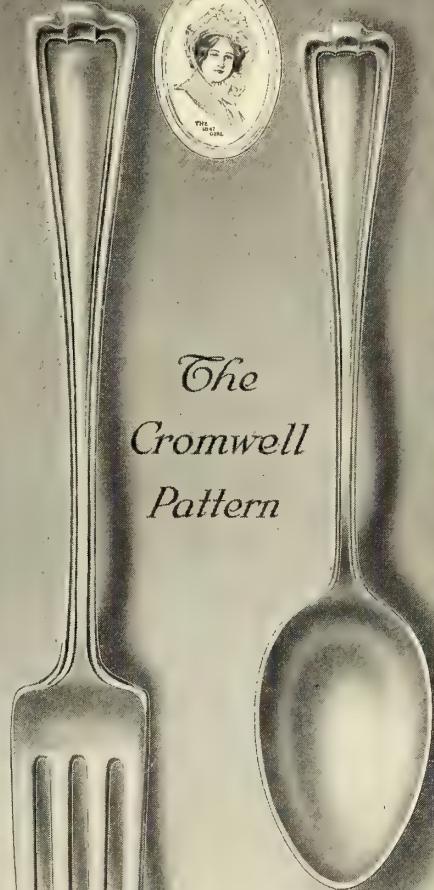
1847 ROGERS BROS.

Silver Plate

that Wears



*The
Cromwell
Pattern*



The Cromwell Pattern here illustrated is much admired by those who incline toward a design of simplicity and strength.

In addition to silver plate of the very highest quality, a choice from a wide variety of artistic designs is offered. Sold by leading dealers.

Ask for silver that bears the trade mark 1847 Rogers Bros.
Send for illustrated catalog "S-5"

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.
MERIDEN, CONN.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO HAMILTON, CANADA

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

Frances Duncan's Gardencraft for Children



This is the Gardencraft Country House with the plant-as-you-please garden in suburban size (\$3.50)

If your ideas are larger there is the

Country Estate for \$10.00

A beautiful old-fashioned house, with lawns and tennis-court, rose-garden and sundial, old-fashioned garden with hollyhocks, larkspurs—everything you'd like; place includes greenhouse, garage, gardener's cottage, poultry yard with pedigree fowls, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, etc. Terraces and fences in perfect order. The gardens and grounds to be arranged as the owner likes.

You can learn to be a landscape gardener if you have the Gardencraft Toys. There are sets from 50 cents up.

Your parents will buy Gardencraft for you because it is

Endorsed by Montessori

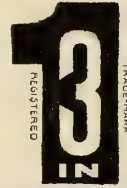
Send for Catalogue

Gardencraft Toy Company

Craftsman Building

6 East 39th Street

New York



THIS SIGN-BOYS

is for 3-in-One—the perfect bicycle oil. It oils the bearings exactly right and makes them run about 100 times easier. 3-in-One won't collect dirt, gum and hurt your wheels like inferior greasy oils. 3-in-One cleans and polishes all metal parts, and absolutely prevents rust.

Always use 3-in-One on every part of your gun, just like any sportsman. Every gunner will tell you it's the only oil on earth. Try 3-in-One also on your ice and roller skates, fishing reel, golf clubs, scroll saw, camera, printing press, magic lantern and every tool in your tool chest. A few drops of 3-in-One will preserve and keep pliable your catcher's gloves; also prevent rust on your mask.

FREE—Write this very day for a generous free sample and the helpful 3-in-One Dictionary. Both free to live boys. Get yours now!

3-in-One is sold at all drug, grocery and general stores, in 3-size bottles: 10c, 25c, 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz., 25c.

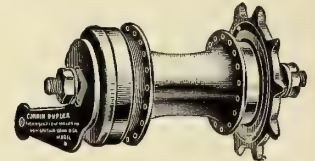
Three-in-One Oil Co.
42 QM. Broadway, New York City



Boys! Girls! Equip your Bicycles with

The ORBIN Duplex Coaster Brake

You'll get much more fun out of cycling. You'll be able to take longer trips than ever before.



You can coast at will and thus save your energy.

You stop your wheel gradually or instantly if need be.

"Corbin Control Means Safety Assured"

Sold and equipped by bicycle and hardware dealers everywhere

Write for new 1914 Catalog

THE CORBIN SCREW CORPORATION

The American Hardware Corporation, Successors

211 HIGH STREET

New Britain Conn.





Polly and Peter Ponds

have gone away to school.
Their letters will appear in this
magazine each month.

DEAR PETER:

I suppose you have been wondering why you did n't get this letter last Monday. The reason was, there was n't any. You know, when I don't have any time to spare I am just full of interesting things to write, and when I have lots of time it's awfully hard to begin.

Well, I have lots of time now. I am up on my divan by the window, and have been here for a couple of days, just doing nothing.

Now don't begin to be envious, and say, "Oh, you good-for-nothing loafer!" and think that nobody works but Peter. It's pretty comfortable here with the warm breeze coming in and the sun shining and the little birds singing, except those mean English sparrows who do nothing but quarrel *all* the time. But it's rather tough to see the girls playing tennis and basket-ball and all, and not be able to be in it.

I just really might as well 'fess up. I sprained my ankle. And I did it climbing a tree. It was the darlings' apple tree and just full of beautiful blossoms, and we girls were all picking flowers to decorate the chapel, and Betty Sloane said, "Polly, I dare you to climb up and get that very pinkest bunch!" So I took the dare, and just as I got hold of the blossoms the branch broke and down I came. I know you'll laugh and say, "Ah ha! Thought you could climb like a boy, did n't you?" That was just what Miss Minchin said, only she said I was a very careless girl. But I was n't careless: the *tree* was careless. More than that, it was *treacherous*: it betrayed my confidence.

Well, they all said, "Now you've done it, Polly! You won't be out for two weeks!" But I told them just to keep that ankle *soaked* with

POND'S EXTRACT

all the time, and, do you know, Peter, it hardly hurt a bit after the first hour or so, and the doctor says I can walk on it *tomorrow*. Is n't that fine? And I'm really enjoying my little vacation, because I don't have to study.

Anyway, I got the apple blossoms.

Your affectionate sister, POLLY.

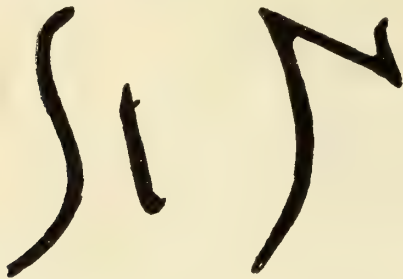
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson Street - - New York

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream
—Talcum Powder—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract.

Time to send in answers is up May 20. Prize-winners announced in the July number.

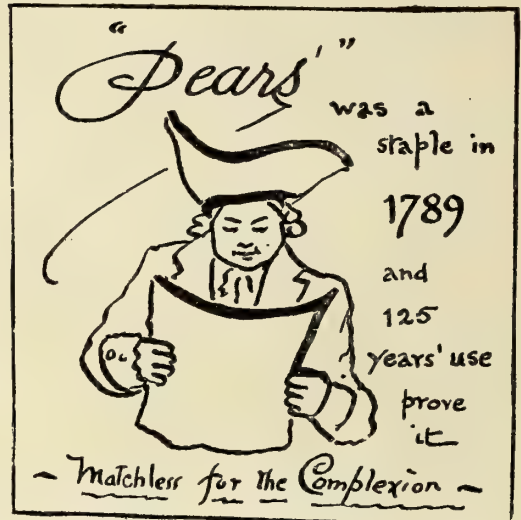
WHILE there is a disposition on the part of the Judges to give to all talents a fair chance in the competitions, it has now and then happened that for a time the writers are to the fore, and that at another the young artists seem to be favored. In looking over the more recent competitions it seems that the artists have been a little overlooked, though past contests show that they are as eager to do advertising work as the writers.

Now the artists, as our advertising pages show, have a large share in making the *St. NICHOLAS* advertising effective and attractive. We are, consequently, going to make this competition for our budding young Raphaels and Michelangelos.



Above are the letters "ST N" and we do not need to tell you what these stand for. They are to be copied. A good way to start is to take a piece of paper and blacken 3 square inches of it with a soft lead pencil. Then place this, black side down, on your answer paper; put the page from *St. NICHOLAS* over it and trace the lines as they appear in full size, as printed here. The idea is to make them part of the lines of an advertising illustration about some well-known thing advertised in magazines, which is or should be advertised in *St. NICHOLAS*. You may add as many other lines as you choose, to make your picture. You should also add sufficient text to tell what your picture is about.

Following is an example of what is meant. We hope you can do much better than this. Of course you may turn your tracing in any direction you like, but the given letters must be brought into your drawing in the order in which they stand—not each separately, since that would be too easy for artists so ingenious.



Do not make your drawings larger than about ten inches either way, and do not send in more than one drawing. The prizes will be awarded to the makers of the best drawings that keep to the condition of bringing in the given lines, and yet are good and effective for advertising illustrations.

The merits of the text given with the picture will not be taken into account except in deciding between pictures that may seem equal in merit otherwise.

As usual, there will be One First Prize, \$5.00, to the sender of the best drawing, as above explained.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each, to the next two in merit.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each, to the next three.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each, to the next ten.

Note: Prize-winners who are not subscribers to *St. NICHOLAS* are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to *St. NICHOLAS* in order to compete for the prizes offered. There is no age limit, and no indorsement of originality is required.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your letter give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (149).

3. Submit answers by May 20, 1914.

4. Use one side of your paper only, but be sure your name and address is on each paper, also that where there is more than one sheet they are fastened together.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win a prize.

6. Address answer: Advertising Competition No. 149, *St. NICHOLAS* MAGAZINE, Union Square, New York.

(See also page 22.)



The Kiddies' Feast of Fairy Food

Let your little kiddies be in Fairyland by giving them the tasty confections from a package of Necco or Hub Wafers.

A safer and more delightful way to satisfy their "sweet tooth" can't be imagined than by nibbling these delicious "joy disks." For

Necco Wafers

Glazed Paper Wrapper

Hub Wafers

Transparent Paper Wrapper

are irresistibly good and guaranteed pure. And they're kept pure and fresh by the dust-proof package. Just pop any one of the nine favorite flavors into your mouth—ah! Here's real enjoyment for all the family.

Be sure to get the guaranteed kind—the Necco Seal is your guide to confection perfection.

Sold at your druggist's or confectioner's.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO., Boston, Mass.

*Makers of Necco Sweets—guaranteed confections
in over 500 varieties.*



Spring-time is JOY-time



—the time when you want to be outdoors and do all sorts of things for having a good time. Also, **Spring-time is TOY-time**, so come if you can and see the wonderful collection of Toys, Games, Sporting Goods, and Novelties which we have gathered together from all over the world, for gladdening the hearts of "St. Nicholas" boys and girls, and for making their spring-time play and recreation most enjoyable.

Baseball Outfits—Bicycles, Tricycles, and Velocipedes—Dolls, Doll Carriages, and Outfits—Cameras—Golf Goods—Gymnasium Outfits—Paint Boxes, and Manual Training Outfits—Skates—and a thousand other delightful toys, games, novelties, etc.

If you live too far away to come personally, write for our **Spring Catalog**—which is full of pictures of things you will enjoy.



F.A.O. SCHWARZ
Fifth Ave. at 31st St.
New York. **"The Home of TOYS"**

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 147

The country is saved! The judges are now perfectly contented because they know the future of this great land is in safe hands. Of all the competitions which our ST. NICHOLAS friends have answered, revealing the true character of the readers of this mighty magazine, No. 147 holds first place—but there, we are getting ahead of the story and putting the cart before the horse, as the old saying goes.

First, as to the list of words. A goodly number submitted correct lists, but far more did not. Are you one of the 90% who failed to write "THE" where it was given in the firm name, who omitted apostrophes, or put them in where not given, who did not find all of the twenty answers? or are you one of those who went a little too far and supplied from your knowledge the name of the manufacturer instead of taking the advertisement as the basis of your answer?

It was, however, the sort of stories and articles which you asked to see in ST. NICHOLAS which interested us most. We made a list of them, and it would surprise you to see how many interesting things there are in the world to think about. How Asphalt is obtained, the Origin of ST. NICHOLAS, the Peanut Plant, Radium, Coining and Minting of Money, were some of the things suggested.

And how glad the judges were to find that there were a great many more requests for instructive articles than for stories, although even the latter, when requested, were founded on interesting facts. Stories about camping seemed to be the favorite, with athletic stories a close second. Then articles about birds in third place, while flower articles and Boy Scout stories tied for fourth.

Altogether, the judges had a fine time judging this

competition, and they finished their task with a very fine feeling over the result of your work.

Many of you will do well to watch ST. NICHOLAS closely for the next year or two, because it will take every bit of that time to prepare and publish from time to time what you have suggested.

The first and second prize winners wrote, respectively, on "The Children of Mexico," "Photography for Amateurs," and "Current Events."

Here is a list of the prize winners:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Dorothy E. Hubbard, age 15, New York.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Patrina M. Colis, age 16, New York.

Helen M. Wilcox, age 17, Connecticut.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Harold Kirby, age 14, New York.

Rosalie L. Smith, age 15, New York.

Gertrude Bryant, age 14, New Jersey.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Hoyt Insko Williams, age 9, New York.

Alice C. Smith, age 16, Connecticut.

Annie D. Egbert, age 13, New York.

Winifred B. Marcell, age 17, New Jersey.

Edith N. Coit, age 17, New Jersey.

Gertrude Bendheim, age 14, New York.

Maud Ludington, age 14, New York.

Eunice M. Koelsel, age 18, California.

Madeline Ray Brown, age 15, Rhode Island.

Mary E. Broderick, age 15, New York.

Honorable Mention:

Edmund N. Robinson, Massachusetts.

Dorothy Emogene Jones, Michigan.

Dorothy Burr, Pennsylvania.

Edith Petty Shearn, New York.

Doris M. Wood, Canada.

(See also page 20)



“Have you a little ‘Fairy’ in your home?”

Your healthy, husky boy or pretty, playful girl will enjoy Fairy Soap for the toilet and bath and what they enjoy you will also appreciate.

5¢ FAIRY SOAP 5¢

It is healthfully cleansing, of course—and it is sweet and pure and clean because it is made of fine vegetable oils.

Each white, oval floating cake of Fairy Soap is good for twenty-five full baths.



Wears to the thinnest wafer — that's economy; delights its user — that's satisfaction.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
MAKERS

MUSIC



BOSTON TEA-PARTY



25 Heroes of History Set to Music

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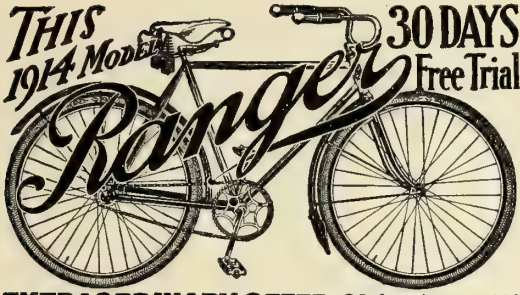
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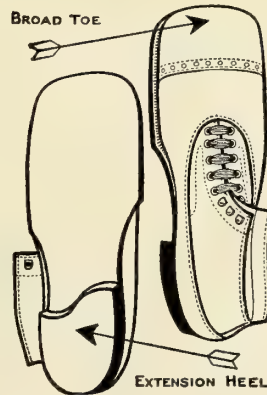
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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

NEW ISSUES

WE illustrate this month the new Panama stamp, commemorative of the anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific. The stamp is very beautiful in design, and is printed in two shades of green. The central oval shows Balboa—"Silent, . . . upon a peak in Darien."



Swiftly upon the heels of the issue of Egypt comes a new series about as interesting. These stamps are the new issue of Turkey. We illustrate the two-, four-, six-, ten-, and twenty-para values. For a second time Turkey has departed

from the traditional Toghra, and although we have always believed that the Mohammedan religion disapproved of pictures, here is a long list of them upon



(Slightly reduced)

the stamps of the foremost Mohammedan nation. The stamps are quite large in size, rectangular in shape, both horizontal and upright designs being used.



While not so beautiful as the Egyptian stamps, this series is extremely interesting and well-printed. The stamps are in pleasing colors, some of them bi-colored, and run in value from two paras to 200 piasters. A piaster is worth not quite five of our cents. The following is a brief description of the set: two-para, mauve, Obelisk of the Hippodrome; four-para, sepia, Column of

Constantine; five-para, purple brown, Tower of Leander; six-para, blue, the Seven Towers; ten-para, green, the Faranak; twenty-para, red, Castle of Europe; one-piaster, blue, Mosque of the Sultan Ahmed; 1½-piaster, rose, center in black, Monument to the Martyrs of Liberty; 1¾-piaster, gray, center brownish red, Bathing Fountain of Suleiman; two-piaster, green, black center, Turkish War Ves-

sel; 2½-piaster, orange, green center, Candilli on the Bosphorus; five-piaster, lilac, Government Buildings, War Department, at Constantinople; ten-piaster, chestnut brown, Sweet Waters of Europe (the prettiest stamp in the series); twenty-five-piaster, dull green, Suleiman Mosque; fifty-piaster, rose, the Bosphorus; 100-piaster, indigo, Sultan Ahmed's Fountain, and 200-piaster, green, center black, Portrait of Sultan Mohammed V.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

I DO not know which country issues the largest variety of stamps. In the United States we have in current use certainly over fifty stamps, if we count all the adhesives, Panama Exposition, parcel post, dues of both kinds, special delivery, registration, envelopes, and savings-bank officials. The country or place where most stamps can be used would undoubtedly be some of the Turkish or Levantine cities. Here probably over a hundred varieties of stamps are in daily use, because not only are the regular Turkish stamps available, but also a long series of Austrian, French, Italian, English, German, and Russian surcharges. ¶ The question of "wove" and "laid" paper comes to us frequently. Hold several sheets of paper to the light and look for differences. Such as appear uniform in texture throughout the entire sheet are wove paper, while those which show parallel lines of lighter structure are laid paper. Do not confuse this, however, with any letters or designs which may appear here and there as light lines in the texture; such are only the water-marks. In laid paper the lighter lines appear regularly all through the paper; they may be narrow lines close together, or wide and not so close, but they run uniformly throughout the entire sheet. In order to determine absolutely whether a stamp is on wove or laid paper, immerse face downward in your benzene cup, just as though you were looking for the water-mark. If the stamp is on laid paper, the "lines" will become visible. ¶ Scott's North Borneo Nos. 86 and 88, and more frequently Nos. 87 and 89, puzzle a good many. In the lower left corner of No. 86 is the word "Postal"; while in the same space in No. 88 are the words "Postage &." In No. 89, on the background below the natives, in small letters are the words "Postage & Revenue." These words do not appear at all upon No. 87. ¶ Stamps perforated with little holes (usually the initials of some large firm, and so punctured as a guard against theft) are not considered so valuable as those not so mutilated. Scott's Catalogue quotes the perforated ones at one half the price of perfect copies. ¶ It does not pay to save the "common" stamps en masse, but it does pay to study the so-called common stamps. It "pays" in two ways. In the first place, such study often enables one to add not only scarce shades but often minor varieties to one's collection. The "cap" two's, and the various triangle types are examples of minor varieties. But of more importance than this, the study of your common stamps teaches you to observe closely, teaches you to distinguish differences, to notice shades and varieties; this training will be of great value to you in your grown-up life. The possession of such training will surely "pay."

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INTERNATIONAL

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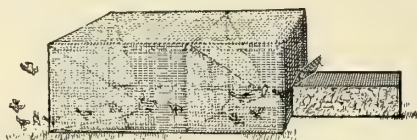
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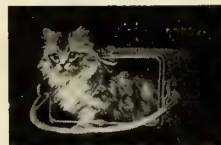
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STAMP PAGE—Continued

ARGENTINE stamps catalogued by Scott as No. 71 and No. 77 certainly look very much alike, as illustrated in their book. There are, however, very marked differences which appear when the stamps are placed side by side. The words "cinco centavos" are very much smaller in the second type. So also is the head of Rivadavia. If you have only one stamp, it can be definitely determined in several ways. The portrait is surrounded by a circle of small pearls, which in the first type are all white, but in the second have a small carmine dot in the center of each pearl. Again, in the first, or large head, type, only the collar of the coat shows; that is, the line of the coat-collar comes straight to the frame of the stamp without an angle. In the second type, on the left side the outline of the coat turns to the left, so as to show both collar and shoulder. ¶ Argentine stamps catalogued No. 69 and No. 89 are very puzzling to the beginner. There is, however, an easy way to distinguish them, once it has been pointed out. Just before the "R" of Republica, and just after the final "a" of Argentina, is an ornamental curve or scroll. Note the space between this curve and the letter "C" of correos, or "s" of telegraphos. In Scott's No. 69 there is quite a space between these, but in No. 89 the scroll and letter are very close together. ¶ For the difference between Rhodesia No. 26 and No. 50, notice the scroll under the central coat of arms. This scroll bears the words Justice, Commerce, Freedom. In No. 26, the ends of this scroll or ribbon pass beyond the feet of the upstanding beasts supporting the shield, and touch the outer frame. In No. 50, the ends of the ribbon terminate in a little twist between the two feet of either beast.

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

Continued from page 27

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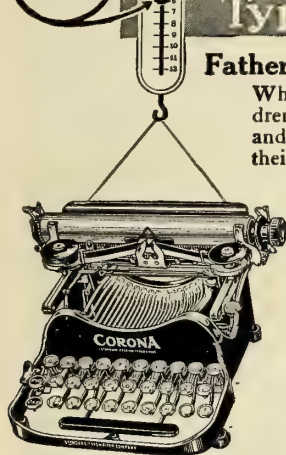
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ST. NICHOLAS offers the advertisers of schools "100 per-cent" value circulation. In each home to which it goes there is at least one child—and one young girl told us that, like the famous poem, "We are seven"—and all read and enjoy ST. NICHOLAS.

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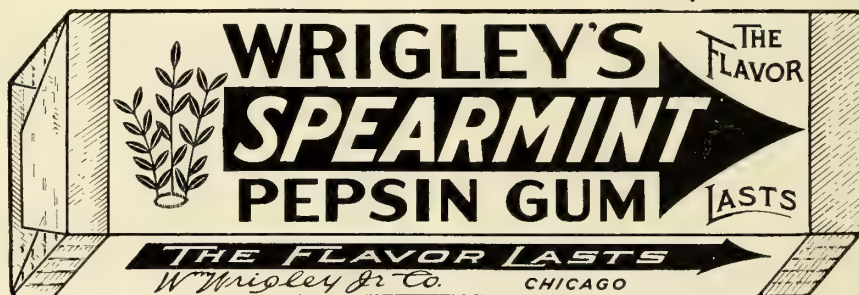
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A naval officer I know canceled a lot of engagements last week in order to devote the time to his dentist.

"I am going on a long cruise," he said, "and I know the value of good teeth. Good teeth mean good health afloat or ashore, and a man can't do his work well unless he has good teeth."

In the army and the navy and in all great industrial spheres the value of good teeth is being recognized. Statistics prove that sound, clean teeth preserve health and promote business efficiency.

The twice-a-year visit to the dentist and the twice-a-day use of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream (the efficient, deliciously flavored dentifrice) insure sound, clean teeth, better health and better looks.

You too should use
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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
TRADE MARK



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in the heart of the Park, nearly a *Mile* and a *Half* above sea level and swarming with salmon trout, is the major note of *Peace* and *Rest* found here in *Nature's Profound Scenic Symphony*.

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PIECES OF PARK LITERATURE

GARDINER
GATEWAY



The cruise of IVORY SHIP and how the MUDDIES were cleaned.



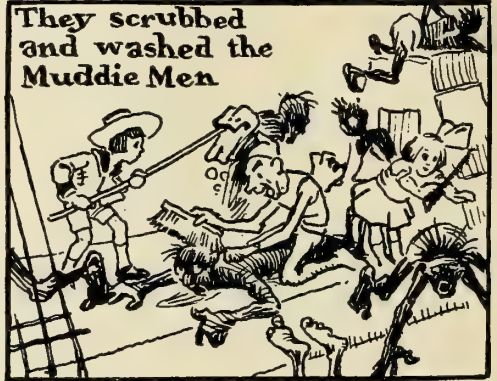
O, THOSE Muddies were a sight for dirtiness and grime, and so of course their hearts were black and full of "thoughts" of crime. For dirtiness goes hand in hand with wickedness to hurt you, while *cleanliness* and IVORY SOAP go hand in hand with VIRTUE. Of course our little heroes had ne'er seen a mussy Muddie whose dirtiness and gruesome yells were murderous and bloody.



But still, upon the other hand, the Muddies ne'er had seen some children and a dog and cat so scandalously clean. So naturally that Muddie band stopped in their charge to see if anything so sweet and clean could really truly *be*. Now it is said with truth that they who hesitate are lost, and this the dirty Muddies learned at their own naughty cost. For Bob and Betty, also Gnip, and Snip and Pussy too, charged down upon the Muddie Men as heroes *always* do. They tied the Muddies 'round the waists with yards and yards of rope, and without ceremony scrubbed them all with IVORY SOAP.

And then they dragged the Muddie Men upon their IVORY SHIP and made

They scrubbed and washed the Muddie Men



it teeter in the sea and toss about and dip. They scrubbed and washed the Muddie Men and chased them all around and even dropped them overboard till they were *nearly* drowned. But being *nearly* drowned in suds of IVORY SOAP is sure to be a very pleasant way of growing sweet and *pure*. And never in their lives before had these fierce Muddie Men felt *such* a sense of purity and cleanliness as when our little heroes *rescued* them and dried them all with towels 'mid joyous shouts and loud *meows* and most triumphant howls.

So then upon their bended knees they swore with all their might to keep their souls and bodies clean, and rompers snowy white. So Children, all of us must see that while there's life there's hope, and none of us need feel despair when we have IVORY SOAP.

on bended knee they swore...



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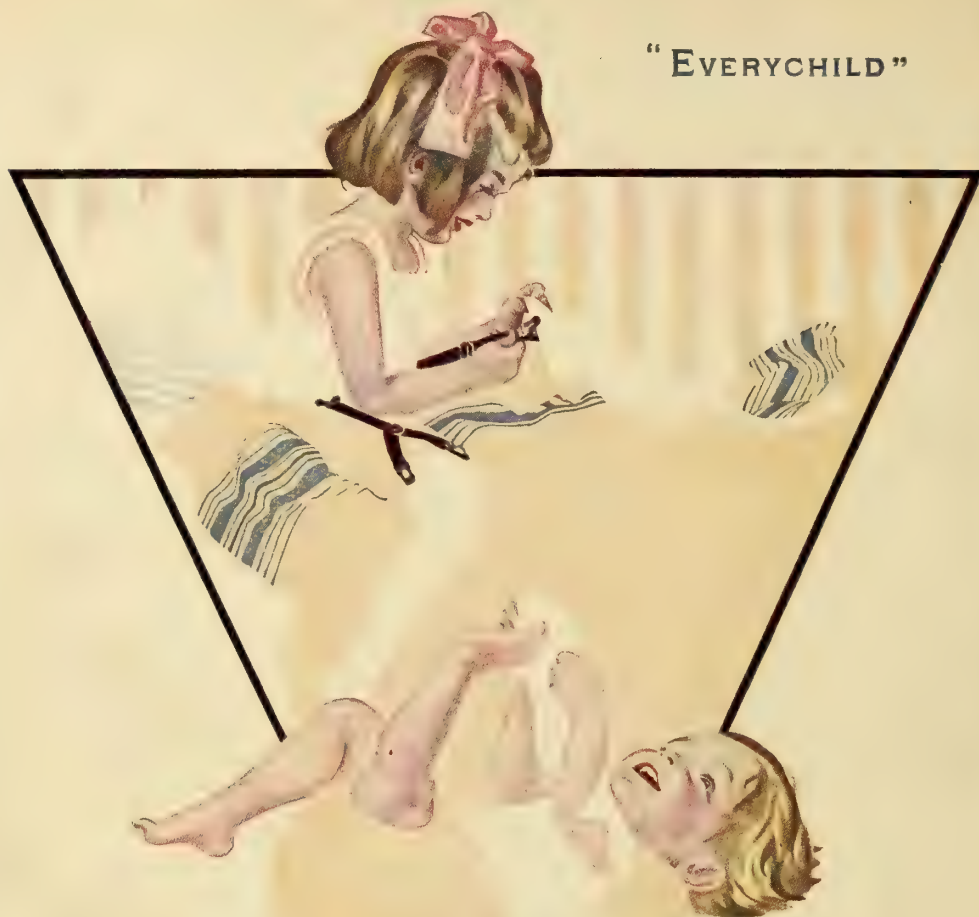


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HOSE SUPPORTER

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In the United States and Canada, the price of THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is \$3.00 a year in advance, or 25 cents a single copy, without discount or extra inducement of any kind. Foreign postage is 60 cents extra when subscribers abroad wish the magazine mailed directly from New York to them. We request that remittance be by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. The Century Co. reserves the right to suspend any subscription taken contrary to its selling terms, and to refund the unexpired credit.

The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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UNCLE GLEN ON ST. NICHOLAS NEXT MONTH

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS READER: It is really unnecessary to tell *old* ST. NICHOLAS readers what is going to be in the next number. They are sure that a wealth of stories, pictures, and articles awaits them every month.

What this page is for is mostly to explain to *new* readers that however much they may enjoy the present number, there is more to follow at least as good.

The July ST. NICHOLAS contains a rattling good Fourth of July story. "The Flag and Mickey O'Shea" might be the title of it, but it is not. Don't fail to make the acquaintance of Mickey.

Another good instalment of "The Runaway" will appear in the July ST. NICHOLAS. The mysteries of the story begin to unravel, but are soon tied up again in a hard knot.

Readers of ST. NICHOLAS will be sorry to find the words "To be concluded" at the end of this month's instalment of "The Lucky Stone." ST. NICHOLAS has received a great number of letters from boys and girls telling how much they like this story, which will close in the July number. All good stories, sooner or later, come to an end, and the regular ST. NICHOLAS reader is fortunate in being able to look forward to having "The Lucky Stone" tucked away safely in the bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS where he or she can get at it conveniently. I am told also that the story will appear in book form this fall.

It is said that in the public libraries the demand for fairy stories is greater than the supply. This is one reason why librarians are able to make such effective use of ST. NICHOLAS, nearly every number of which contains at least one beautifully illustrated fairy tale. For example, "The Friendly Giants," who are introduced to ST. NICHOLAS in this present number, will appear again in July ST. NICHOLAS. The author, Miss Fuller, will then tell the story of Thor's attempt to get the better of the Friendly Giants and of the difficulties he met.

"The Princess and the Pirate," also in the July number, might be called a semi-fairy story. It is a delightful yarn, and the characters in it are a pirate, a painter, a porter, a poet, a prince, and a princess.

Did you know that Paul Revere, beside being a patriot and a man capable of taking a long, hard gallop in the night time and rousing the country-side (as we all learned from the gallant ballad "Paul Revere's Ride"), was several other things besides, including a goldsmith and an engraver? An article on Paul Revere appears in the July ST. NICHOLAS. It is fully illustrated with pictures that include one of himself, his copperplate views of the city of Boston, his home in Boston, now a national monument, and summer home and copperplate factory adjoining.

Grace Tabor will have another article on "Garden Making" of practical value to every young gardener.

"The Housekeeping Adventures of the Junior Blairs" gives some very good strawberry recipes that ought to be welcome about July 1, when ST. NICHOLAS arrives.

The instalment of "With Men Who Do Things" in July will tell of the sinking of a section of steel tunnel in the Harlem River. It is hard to read these articles

without either regretting that you are not a civil engineer or hoping some day to be one.

Francis Ouimet, the youthful golf champion, continues his serial on "The Game I Love." The July instalment contains a portrait of Hilton, the golf player, and three pictures of Ouimet himself on the links at Pinehurst.

Billy Evans, the peerless umpire, has chosen a very interesting title for his July article. It is on "Out-guessing the Opposition." Every one who knows base-ball appreciates how important it is to anticipate what the opponents intend to do. Many a game has been won by this kind of correct guessing.

The "Under the Blue Sky" Series, by E. T. Keyser, continues with an article full of clearly written details, telling how to make and rig sails for a canoe. Mr. Keyser has a fund of experience, from which he draws, for these articles. He tells in the July number not only how to rig a canoe, but how to prevent it from sliding to leeward when under way.

ST. NICHOLAS is *your own* magazine. It has been successfully edited for generation, after generation of children since its foundation in 1870, but you surely do not begrudge the fact that your elders read it. Here is part of a letter from an art connoisseur which shows how much enjoyment grown-ups get out of ST. NICHOLAS:

"I am a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE wherein I was first introduced to the genius of Arthur Rackham. Since then I have purchased your splendid publication of his 'Book of Pictures' to be still further engrossed in his work. I also have his 'Mid-Summer Night's Dream,' and am now so ardent an enthusiast of his art that I am making a collection of selected prints to go with my other collections of Dürer wood-cuts, Japanese wood-cuts and color prints, mounted on especial mats."

There will be another beautiful Rackham painting for the frontispiece of the July ST. NICHOLAS, reproduced in full colors. Its title is "Marjorie and Margaret."

As usual the July ST. NICHOLAS is richly illustrated. The cover has a picture in full colors of a boy and girl in a canoe. Then comes the Rackham painting in full colors, and throughout the number are all sorts of pictures which alone would make the magazine interesting even if there were no text at all.

Among the humorous illustrations are those by George O. Butler for a poem also by George O. Butler, who has been contributing to ST. NICHOLAS some of the most amusing poems and pictures that have ever appeared in the magazine.

The departments of July ST. NICHOLAS are as fascinating as ever—St. Nicholas League, Nature and Science for Young Folks, Letter-box, The Riddle-box, St. Nicholas Stamp Page, Books and Reading, and The Book Man. I believe that there is hardly a reader of ST. NICHOLAS that is not interested in every single one of these departments.

Uncle Glen



Your little girl's vacation time is the time to

run about and breathe the free air, to expand, to grow and rest from her winter school tasks. But vacation time is long—many a midday is too hot to be out in the sun. Then, under the shady tree or in the cool sitting room is the place to be. But what shall she do? Little fingers *must* be busy—little eyes and brain occupied. Just think of an absorbing fairy story that will keep her busy for an hour or more a day teaching her to sew real, practical dollies' clothing *without her knowing she is being taught.*

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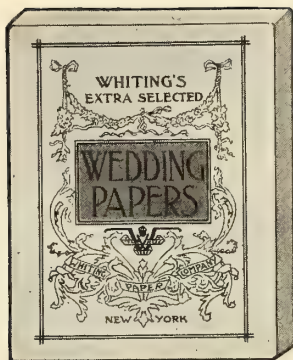
Form a "Sewing Circle" yourself. Each of the members receives one of these beautiful badges free.



Be President

of your "Circle." Your badge will then have a silk ribbon attached with the word "President" in gold letters.

How to form a "Circle"—how to become President—are all fully explained in the front of the Mary Frances Sewing Book. Get mother to send for a volume on approval.



When you think of writing
think of Whiting.

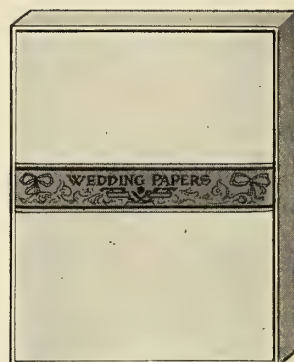
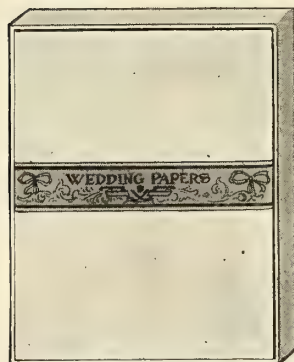
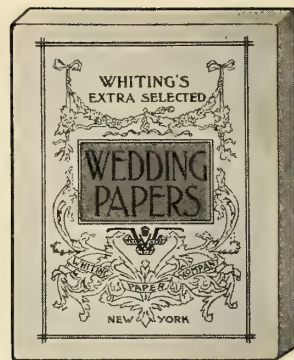


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(Seal)

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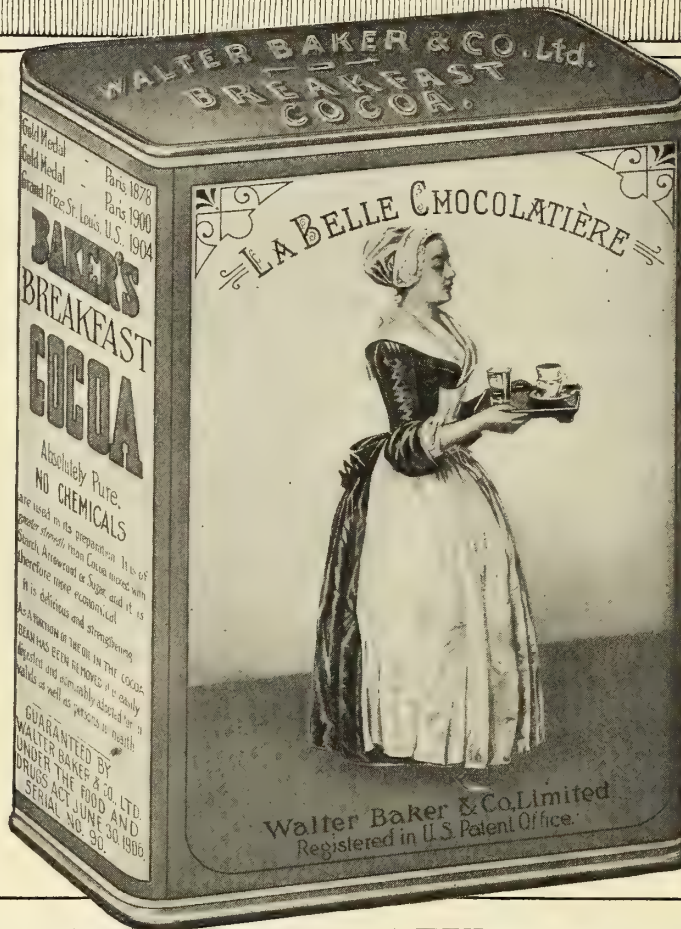
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CHERRY-TIME

BY MARION MALLETT THORNTON

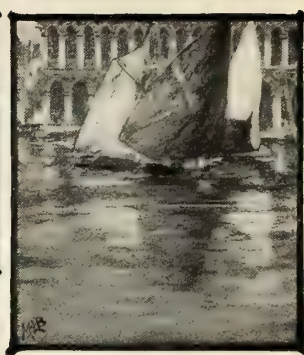
A TINY black-haired maiden
Her tiny garden walked,
And to the bare, brown branches
Most earnestly she talked:
"Oh, Honorable Branches!
Behold me very sad,
Because within my garden
No blossoms make me glad.
I'm only little Iris,
A maiden of Japan,
But oh, Most Noble Branches!
Pray help me if you can."

The moon rose soft o'er Fuji,
The wee maid sought her bed;
A mat and wooden pillow
Beneath her dreaming head;
Her dainty blue kimono,
All brodered down with gold,
Drawn close about her shoulders,
To keep her from the cold.



The sun rose bright on Fuji,
And through the paper wall
The little maid came, smiling,
In answer to his call;
Out in the rosy morning
She to her garden flew,
And, lo! her sweetest dreaming
Before her eyes was true!

For while the little Iris
Slept in her bamboo room,
The Honorable Branches
Burst thick with cherry-bloom!



THE BOY OF CADORE

BY KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

THE boy's eyes were dark as the hearts of the daisies he carried, and they gazed wistfully after the horseman who was dashing along the white highway.

"Think of it, Catarina!" he exclaimed. "He rides to the wonderful city."

Catarina looked at her brother as if she did not understand. There were many towns along the road that ribboned away to the south, each of which seemed large indeed to the mountain girl, yet she had never thought of them as wonderful.

"The wonderful city?" she repeated. "Where is that, Tiziano?"

"Why, don't you know?" he asked in surprise. "As if it could be other than Venice, the great city of St. Mark!"

But the name did not thrill black-eyed Catarina. Older than her brother, and far less of a dreamer, she had heard that dreadful things happened in the city, and that sometimes people went hungry there. In the mountains there was food enough and to spare, and though no one was rich and lived in palaces with tapestried walls and gorgeous furnishings, neither were there any very poor. So she shrugged her shoulders and replied: "Oh, Venice! I don't know why you call that wonderful. Graziano, the weaver, has been there many times, and he thinks it not half as nice as our own Cadore. There are no mountains there, or meadows where wild flowers grow. Are you tired of the Dolomites, Tiziano?"

"Ah, no!" came the earnest reply. "But the artists live in the city, and if I could go there, I might study with Bellini, and paint some of the things that are in my heart."

Catarina was just a practical village girl, who thought that if one had enough to eat and wear, he ought to be satisfied. So her voice was chiding and a bit impatient as she answered.

"You talk so much about painting, and seeing things no one else sees, that the villagers say unless you get over your dreaming ways, you will grow up to be of no account. That is why Father thinks of apprenticing you to Luigi, the cobbler. For he can teach you his trade, which would be far better than always thinking about Venice. For, Tiziano, there are other things in the world beside painting."

Tiziano shook his head, but did not reply. Nothing else mattered half so much to him, and many a night, when the rest of the family were sleeping, he lay in his bed wondering how he could persuade his father to let him go away to study. It was well known that he spent many hours drawing on boards, stones, and anything he could find, and that the village priest, the good padrone, had praised his work. But little was thought of that. Other youths of Cadore had sketched as well and amounted to nothing. So why should he be sent to the city just because he could copy a mountain or a bit of woodland? For he could not make them understand that color was what seemed to burn in his soul, because that he could not express with charcoal.

A whistle came from down the road, and Catarina saw her brother Francesco beckoning them to hurry.

"They must be ready to begin weaving the garlands!" she exclaimed.

So they broke into a run toward the village inn.

It was the glowing, fragrant June time of the Italian highlands, when the hillsides and meadows of the fertile Dolomite valleys were masses of many colored bloom, and next day the Festival of Flowers was to take place. They had spent the afternoon blossom hunting, and now, when sunset was crimsoning the peaks, were homeward bound with their spoils, to aid in preparing for the revelry.



"THEY HAD SPENT THE AFTERNOON BLOSSOM HUNTING."

In a few minutes, they joined the other young people at the inn, and began making garlands, and planning games and frolics as they worked. Pieve di Cadore was very far from the world in those days of little travel, and when the time of a festival was at hand, the villagers were as light-hearted as the gay Venetians at carnival time. Songs and merry jests went round, and bits of gossip were told to eager listeners.

"Have you heard that Salvator, the miller's son, is going to Venice to study the art of carving?" asked a girl whose tongue kept pace with her hands. "Since his father has become rich, he has given up the idea of having him follow his own trade, and thinks it more elegant to become a sculptor. At first, Salvator did n't fancy it, but when told that an artist may get to be the favorite of a great lord or even of the doge himself, he was much pleased. Won't it be splendid if he becomes a noted man and lives in a fine house? Then we can say, 'Why, he is one of our Cadorini!'"

Sebastiano, whose uncle was a lawyer's clerk in Bergamo, and who knew more of city ways than the other village youths, remarked: "I did n't know he had the love of carving. It takes something beside a rich father to make an artist."

The talkative girl tossed her head.

"That may be!" she retorted. "But no money, no masters; and without them, pray, how can one do anything?"

"So I tell Tiziano when he talks about going to the city to study painting," Catarina broke in. "Father is not rich, and it would be better for him to think about learning cobbling with Luigi."

Peals of laughter followed the announcement, and some one called out, "Tiziano! Why, he has n't had even a drawing-master. He builds the tower of his castle before he makes the foundation."

Tiziano's face turned very red. He had no teacher, it was true. But he believed he could prove he was worth one if given a chance.

"Oh, if I only had some paints!" he thought. "Maybe they would stop calling me a dreamer, for I am sure I could make a picture, and then perhaps I could go."

But pigments were rare and costly, and though his father was a well-to-do mountaineer, he had no gold to waste in buying colors for a lad who had never been taught to use them, and of course would spoil them.

The next morning, the boy noticed stains on the stone walk made by flowers crushed there the day before. They were bright and fresh as if painted, and it put an idea into his head. He

did not speak of it, however, although it was on his mind so much that, when the gaily decked villagers danced on the green, he did not see them, but, as soon as a chance came, he crept from the revelers and went out into the meadows.

Catarina saw him go, and wondered what took him from the merriment. Her curiosity was greater than her desire for fun, so she followed, and overtook him just as he reached a hillside aglow with blossoms.

"What are you doing, Tiziano?" she called.

The boy looked up as if doubtful whether to tell or not. But he knew his sister loved him even though she did criticize his dreaming, and that she would keep his secret.

"I am going to paint a picture," he answered.

For a minute she stood and stared. Then, thinking he was teasing, she retorted: "Of course you are, without any paints!"

But his earnest face told he was not joking.

"I shall use blossoms," he continued, with a wonderful light in his eyes. "See, all the colors are here, and I have found that they will stain. I saw where they did it on the stone walk."

Catarina was not a dreamer like her brother, and never saw pictures where others found only a bit of color, but she believed that what he proposed to do was not impossible, for she too had noticed the stains on the stone. And she began to think that he must be a very bright lad, for no ordinary one would have thought of it, and that perhaps his wanting to go to Venice was not a wild idea after all. If it was a splendid thing for Salvator, the miller's son, to become a sculptor, would it not be more splendid for Tiziano to paint pictures, and might not Cadore be proud of him too? She had heard the padrone say that no undertaking that fills the heart is impossible to one who has patience and courage and persistence, and that help always comes to those who try to help themselves. So she decided to help Tiziano, even though it was only in the keeping of his secret and the gathering of materials for the work.

So into the fragrant patches they went and began collecting blossoms of every hue—reds, pinks, blues, and purples such as sunset painted on the mountains, and warm yellows and lavenders that the boy saw in the pictures of his fancy. Then they hurried to an old stone house that stood on land owned by their father. It was a vacant house, seldom visited by the family, and never by the villagers, and there, where he would be safe from molestation, he was to paint the picture that they hoped would be the means of taking him to Venice.

Catarina wanted to stay and watch the work, but Tiziano objected.

"I don't want even you to see it until it is finished, because at first it will not seem like a picture."

So she went away and left him outlining with a bit of charcoal on the wall.

For many days afterward, whenever he could steal away without being noticed, he worked with

who was destined to win glory for Italy. Little did the villagers dream, as Catarina skipped over the meadows, that the blossoms she gathered were being put to an immortal use.

One evening, when the sun was dipping behind the peaks and the merry voices of shepherds homeward bound with their flocks sounded down from the heights, Tiziano stepped to the door of the house and called to his sister outside.



"A GROUP OF FOLK MOVED TOWARD THE BUILDING WHERE THE LAD WAITED."

his flower paints. Catarina went over the meadows on feet that seemed to be winged, always watching that none of the villagers saw her put the blossoms in at the window near which her brother worked. So, while each petal made only a tiny stain, and the boy painted with the rapidity of one inspired, he not once needed to stop for materials.

Little by little the picture grew beneath the magic of his touch, and he and Catarina kept the secret well. Only the flocks pasturing on the fragrant uplands went near the deserted house, so no one knew that a boy was at work there

"It is finished, Catarina, and is the very best that I can do!"

She went dancing in, filled with joy that the task was done; but when she stood in front of the picture, the merriment went out of her face, and she spoke in tones of reverence:

"Oh, Tiziano, a madonna!"

"Yes," he agreed. "A madonna and child, with a boy like me offering a gift. It is what was in my heart, Catarina."

For some minutes, she stood there forgetting everything else in the beauty of the fresco. Then, thinking of what it would mean to her

brother when the villagers knew he had done such a wonderful thing, she started out to spread the news.

"Come and see!" she called to Luigi, the cobbler, as she hurried past the door where he was sorting his leather. "Tiziano has painted a madonna on the walls of the old stone house."

Word travels fast when it goes by the tongues of villagers, and soon a group of folk moved toward the building where the lad waited. His father, coming down from a day's hunting in the mountains, saw them go, and followed, wondering what was the matter. But by the time he reached the place, such a crowd had gathered that he could not see the fresco.

Murmurs of "How did he do it!" "Where did he get his paints?" rose on all sides, and every one was so excited that the father could not find out why they were there. Then he heard Tiziano's voice: "I did it with flowers from the hill-sides. Catarina gathered them while I worked."

Exclamations of amazement followed, and the village priest, the good padrone, spoke reverently: "With the juices of flowers! Il Divino Tiziano!"

Antonio Vecelli looked about him as if dazed, for he could not believe what he heard.

"Am I mad," he asked a villager who was standing close by, "or did the padrone call my Tiziano 'the divine'?"

"No," came the answer. "You are not mad."

And when they told him the story, and the crowd stepped back that he might see, he, too, thought it a wonderful thing.

Whether or not Salvator, the miller's son, went to the city to study sculpture, no one knows. But Tiziano did go, and the boy of Cadore became the marvel of Venice. There, guided by the master hand of Bellini, he began plying the brushes that were busy for almost eighty years, painting pictures whose glorious coloring has never been equaled, and proving to the mountain folk that it is n't bad, after all, to be a dreamer, for dreams combined with works do marvelous things.

That was back in the olden days, before Columbus sailed westward. But if the father, who thought he had gone mad when the village priest spoke his boy's name as reverently as he would a saint's, could come again to the valley of flowers in the Italian highlands, he would hear the selfsame words that were used that twilight time in speaking of his lad.

"Ecco!" the villagers say, as they point to a noble statue that looks out toward the meadows in which Catarina gathered blossoms for her brother, "Il Divino Tiziano.—See, the divine Titian!"

And by that name the world knows him to this very day.



TITIAN'S STATUE AT PIEVE DI CADORE.



The GREATER VICTORY

BY H. CARSON DAVIES

It was evening at High Wold, and that particular and much-prized interval which came directly after dinner and before the study-hour at eight o'clock. The big gymnasium looked like some gay flower-bed,

with the girls in their pretty light frocks scattered over the floor. A few couples were dancing to the music afforded by the one at the piano; a few were strolling up and down, while here and there little groups stood in corners chatting.

On one of these, the largest and most animated, the eyes of Anna Forester were fixed as she sat alone in a recess. The eyes were rather wistful, and there was a sort of lassitude in her aspect that might have been taken for indifference; but a close observer would soon have seen that the apparent indifference was assumed in order to hide the depression which lay beneath it. Anna had been more than two months at High Wold, and yet felt "out of things" and dejected.

What was wrong? She was a good student, and had seen her name in red letters on the monthly bulletin; she was sufficiently good-looking; her manners were courteous; but there was, nevertheless, no disguising the fact that she did not "get on." While the girls respected her for her standing in class, there was no free-and-easy comradeship between her and them, as there was among the rest; much less had she, so far, inspired any schoolmate with the enthusiastic admiration and affection that were so lavishly bestowed, school-girl-fashion, on those who happened to appeal to one another. Again and again she would feel, not that she was treated unkindly, but that she did not count. And why?

The trouble, if she could have seen it, lay in herself, and was largely the result of unusual conditions acting on her particular temperament. Naturally shy and reserved, these drawbacks had

been accentuated by a delicate childhood involving much care and individual attention on the part of the aunt who had brought her up, and who, while devoting herself to Anna's physical and intellectual development, had not sufficiently considered the importance of companionship for her niece. Therefore when, at sixteen, and now strong and well, she had come to High Wold, she came knowing little or nothing of girls of her own age and their ways together; her diffidence made her hold aloof, and expect all advances to come from the other side, and her shyness made her response to such as were offered seem to lack the readiness and warmth to which the girls were accustomed in their intercourse with one another. And when they naturally interpreted her attitude as a desire to be left to herself, and acted accordingly, she yielded to a little morbid sensitiveness and brooded, instead of bracing herself to find out where the misunderstanding lay.

Her aunt, with the kindest intention but with mistaken judgment, had arranged for her to room alone, as she always had at home, and so she had missed the enlightenment that she might have gained through the close intercourse and daily give-and-take of life with a room-mate; and the self-consciousness and self-engrossment which resulted from all these things built a barrier between her and her fellow-students.

Now, as she sat, self-isolated, watching the eager talk in that group on which her eyes were fixed, her foolish heart was sore and resentful, yet she could not make up her mind to go and join in it uninvited.

She knew what they were talking about, the most desperately interesting and exciting topic of the hour, the great basket-ball match with Maiden Moor, their one hitherto-unconquered rival. The team would be picked in a few days, and who, *who* were to be the lucky girls to fight this all-important battle? That was the question in everybody's mind,—especially since the line-up practice that very afternoon, when the play between several of the first squad had been so bril-

liant and so close. One or two, of course, stood out above the rest. Hester Rutherford's guarding was of inconceivable quickness and strength. And the unfailing shot, almost superhuman in its certainty, of the senior forward would place her, beyond a doubt, with Hester on the team; but among the other candidates there was a sufficiently close competition to make the probable decision a most exciting subject of speculation and debate. The rivalry was perfectly good-humored, for the sporting spirit of the school was sound enough for the girls to honestly wish the best players to go. What glory for High Wold if they could only capture that flag! And they really had a chance this year; the coach had told them so, and even Miss Cartwright, their principal, who had been a first-rate player herself in her college days, and was not wont to prophesy smooth things, had said this afternoon: "If you keep your heads and play as well as you did to-day, you have a fighting chance of beating Maiden Moor." And her hearers' hearts had throbbed with exultation.

Oh, to do it, after all the many encounters out of which High Wold had come defeated; to see that white-and-silver flag on the wall of the gymnasium at last!

Anna had felt the enthusiasm surging in her breast with the rest of them, but still it had not enabled her to fling aside her self-consciousness and join the chattering, guessing circle; she sat alone, naturally giving the impression to any one who had the leisure to notice her that she was not greatly interested in the matter.

Suddenly a girl detached herself from the group and strolled in her direction.

Anna watched her keenly without seeming to. Was she really coming to speak to her? She almost held her breath, for this was none other than Violet Markham, the "Faultless Forward," as the girls delighted to call her; the invincible shot, the idol of the team, and secretly adored by Anna. They were both in the fourth form, but Violet had been three years at High Wold, and was so popular that she was always surrounded; and Anna, a recent comer and one slow to make her way, had hitherto only worshiped from afar.

Now, however, it became evident that Violet was making for her, and presently she dropped into a chair at her side with a smile and a lift of her pretty eyebrows. "All alone?" she said; "tired? Or are you too superior to be interested in the team?"

"S-s-superior?" repeated Anna, stammering in the vehemence of surprised denial; "superior? Why, I—I—I'm just *crazy* about it!"

"You are, you funny creature? You don't look

like it, sitting 'way off here by yourself; nobody could guess you cared a snap for basket-ball. Why did n't you come over with the rest of us? Did n't you know what we were talking about?"

"Of course I knew; I'm dying to hear who will be chosen. I'd give anything in the world to see our team beat Maiden Moor. Do tell me who has the best chance."

Violet looked at her curiously; there could be no mistake as to the genuineness of her enthusiasm; her cheeks were burning, and her eyes—had they actually tears in them?

"You are the oddest girl!" she said; "I believe you do care, but why on earth do you pretend not to? I know lots of the girls think you are too learned to take any interest in the sports."

"Too *learned*?" echoed Anna, in unfeigned astonishment; "why, I'd give every mark I've ever got since I came, to be on the team, or to have one finger in helping win this game; I'm mad that Aunt Lucy would n't let me go in for basket-ball. And they think I'm too learned?" She laughed incredulously. Could girls really think such absurd things as that?

"That's what they think, honest Injun," answered Violet; "and if I had n't happened to just catch sight of your face once or twice this afternoon, I'd be thinking so myself, still. You looked so frightfully excited that I wondered what was up; I could hardly believe it was the play, so I came over to find out. And you really are as keen on it as all that? But then, why did n't you come over and talk about it?"

Anna gave a little gasp, but the moment had come for her to speak, and speak she must.

"I begin to believe I'm stupid," she said, flushing; "but I—I'm horribly shy; it's awfully foolish,—I don't suppose you can even guess what it feels like?—but I've lived all my life with grown-up people, and, somehow, I—well—I don't know how to get on with the girls; I always feel as if they did n't want me." The last words came with a rush.

"Well, are n't you a silly!" said Violet, good-naturedly, slipping her hand through the other's arm; "who'd have thought it? We'd all be in a bad way if we waited to be invited, my dear. What you've got to do is to *show* you are interested. Don't wait to be asked."

"But I never seem able to do anything worth while. Every day I think I'll begin to get on better, and every night I seem farther off than ever. Nobody wants anything that I can do."

"Did you ever really try to find out? You are so clever, there must be scores of things; offer to do them; you'll find no end of opportunities if you are on the lookout for them."

"The girls won't think I am 'butting in'?"

"No, indeed, you goosie," a little impatiently, "of course they won't; just try and see. Most of us are n't shy, that 's a fact—it must be a wretched feeling—but just you stand up and get the better of it, once for all, that stupid notion of not being wanted; it sounds like story-book stuff; I 'd no idea that real, live girls ever felt that way, and I 'm sure the others have n't. If you are not wanted, it 'll be your own fault; I tell you that; so don't ever be so foolish again!"

"I won't, I won't, if you really think that!" cried Anna, so relieved that she could have hugged her companion, and did even give the friendly hand Violet held out a hearty squeeze. "I dare say I shall bungle at first," she went on, in a more natural tone now that the ice had been broken; "it takes me so long to make up my mind to speak that, by the time I have, my chance has usually gone by."

"It 's no end of a pity that we can't shake you and Milly Wayne up together; she is such a forward, meddlesome little bantam, putting her finger into every one's pie. Do you think, if you were to room with her, you could manage to get the proportions right between you?"

At this suggestion, Anna's reserve broke down entirely, and her "Mercy, no!" was so spontaneous and fervent, that Violet laughed merrily.

"All right, you 'll do!" she said; "you will soon get hold of the trick of speaking in time, and mark my words, you can be as popular as any one, if you choose."

"But all this time," cried Anna, "you have never told me about the team. Who will be chosen? You and Hester, of course, but how about the others?"

"Yes, I suppose Hester and I will go, bar accidents; and Betty Blake will play center; then Grizel Cochrane may be the other guard, though some say Lillie Fairfax is stronger."

"And the other forward?"

"Well, it 's almost an even draw between Kitty Woodhouse and Ida Cary; they both play a stunning game. I prophesy it will be Kitty, with Ida for first sub. I suppose it will be settled after the practice on Wednesday. Oh, dear, there 's the bell, we must go! I 've a dreadful lot to do. By-by; remember, now, and be sensible."

The girls streamed down-stairs; the younger ones to the study hall, where they did their preparation under supervision; the older ones to their own rooms, and silence reigned at High Wold; but Anna seated herself at her little table and attacked her Latin prose composition with a lighter heart than she had felt since the day she came to boarding-school.

Next morning, at the eleven-o'clock recess, mindful of Violet's advice, she joined some of the girls who were strolling up and down the frosty drive, and, the first effort over, found it distinctly more amusing than solitude and injured feelings. Before the bell rang, she had undertaken to execute a needed poster, and if a little surprise was mingled with the effusion with which her offer was received, she knew she alone was responsible. Her sky was beginning to clear.

She did not see much of Violet during the next day or so; the latter was busy every spare minute shooting goals in the gymnasium, and practising a very special and particular throw with which she purposed to confound her enemies if they should put her in a corner. But on Tuesday night after study-hour, Anna, not seeing her anywhere around, took courage, and went and knocked on her door.

"Come!" was the response, in a tone the reverse of inviting, and Anna's confidence failed her a little. However, she rallied herself and opened the door, and beheld Violet sitting at her table with a pile of books before her, and a look of deep gloom upon her charming face.

"Oh, I 'm disturbing you—I won't come in; I thought you would have finished!"

"Finished!" repeated Violet, with an irritable edge to her voice, "I shall never have finished. I 'm frightfully behind in everything. I 've had so much practising to do in the gym that was *really necessary*, and the class work is all extra hard this week. Of course it would be. I believe the teachers like to see how difficult they can make things. You 'd think, when there was anything on that involved the standing of the school to such an extent as this match—you know, *nobody* beat Maiden Moor last season; think what it would mean for High Wold—the teachers would feel a pride in it, and have a little indulgence, instead of pouncing on trivial mistakes, and taking marks away on the slightest excuse!"

"What 's wrong?" asked Anna, in a soothing tone. Violet was evidently greatly disturbed. "Can't I help you? I 've finished my work."

"Of course, and I might have done mine, too, though I don't pretend to work as fast as you, and the algebra is awfully hard; but I felt it was due to the school to make as sure of my baskets as possible; you don't know how some of 'our friends, the enemy,' can shoot—they are perfect fiends; the *time* I have *had* to give to practising!"

"That 's just what you would do," said Anna, with no intention of flattering, but full of admiration of Violet's high standard of play and fine school spirit. "And, of course, that means doubly hard work, both ways."

"Yes, but it means time, too, and how in the world am I to get the time to do everything? The team is to be picked to-morrow, and if all my work is n't done, I sha'n't be allowed to play."

"*Not play?*" repeated Anna, confounded at the bare idea of such a calamity; "why, that 's impossible! You have *got* to play; you *must*!"

"Don't you know it is the horrid rule that no one may play who has been blacklisted three times? And my name has been up twice already."

"But—well, the school simply can't spare you," repeated Anna, unable to face such a disaster.

"I do think an exception ought to be made this once, for a thing that might not happen again in years!" Violet's tone was injured and mournful.

"Can't you ask Miss Cartwright to give you special permission?"

"She would n't; she 's very strict about our not letting athletics interfere with our work. I know exactly what she would say."

"Well, then," said Anna, with prompt common sense, "why are we wasting all this time talking? Let 's get to work! What have n't you done?"

"I was just finishing my Latin, but I have n't touched my mathematics yet—two papers, horrid stuff; it always takes me twice as long as any other lesson—I can't possibly get through before the bell rings, and if they are not handed in to-morrow morning, my fate is sealed; I shall be off the team for Maiden Moor."

"Oh, nonsense!" The shy and tentative Anna of a few minutes earlier had vanished completely. "You 'll get done. Why, yesterday's algebra was easy, it won't take you any time; to-day 's is harder, but if you set right at it, I know you can finish. Look here, suppose you do the rest of your Latin first, then let 's do to-day's algebra, and if the bell goes before you have done, get up and finish it to-morrow before breakfast. Wait a moment. I 'll get mine, and help you out with what you have n't time to do."

She was gone before Violet could summon up the resolution to protest.

Did n't Anna know that it was against the rules for one girl to do another's work for her? she wondered. It was quite possible, as Anna was rooming alone, and had hitherto kept so much aloof that the matter easily might never have come up, as far as she was concerned. But Violet knew very well; oh, yes, she knew. Yet, after all, this was an exceptional case, and for such a very public-spirited reason. If she were put off the team, Ida Cary would take her place, and, without vanity, she knew she was the better player; quicker, and more sure of the baskets; and it meant so much to High Wold to win! Surely the interest of the school should come first?

She had just reached this point when Anna returned with the algebra papers, radiant at the thought of being useful to her friend, and, moreover, indirectly of service to the school.

"Put up my sign, will you, while I finish this," said Violet, indicating the little card with "Busy" printed upon it, and determined to give the matter no further consideration.

Anna pinned the little card outside the door, and then, having secured freedom from interruption, came back to the table where Violet was scribbling away at her Latin prose. This written, the girls turned to the algebra. Violet abhorred anything in the way of figures, and knew that, if left to herself, the paper would never be finished before the bell rang. "*I could* do it, of course," she said to herself, "if I had longer; it is n't as if it were really dishonest"; but she did not let herself dwell upon this point.

With Anna's clear-headed help, the first paper was done before the clock warned them to prepare for bed. Then, with a hasty good-night, Anna went off to her own room, leaving the other paper behind; and by nine o'clock next morning, Violet's completed work was handed in, and the black-list was cheated of its prey.

THE team for the great game was picked after the final line-up that evening, and the following names were posted.

Center: Betty Blake (captain). Forwards: Violet Markham and Kitty Woodhouse. Guards: Hester Rutherford and Grizel Cochrane. Subs: Ida Cary, Dolly Bingham, Olive Weir, and Lillie Fairfax; and eager girls, reading the list, were unanimous in their approval.

Saturday dawned clear, cool, and brilliant, and a crowd of expectant and excited girls drove off in the early hours for Maiden Moor, fifteen miles away. The issue of the event was too important and too uncertain for pronounced joviality at present, especially as the day before Kitty Woodhouse had developed so severe a cold that the authorities had no choice but to consign her to the infirmary, despite her bitter tears; and Ida Cary was taking her place, which was a solemn matter, for Kitty was indubitably the better player. But the school had confidence in its team, notwithstanding, and they were, on the whole, cheerful. Even if they were beaten, it could not be by a really bad score, they thought.

The crisp, frosty air, the deep blue of the sky, the gleams of vivid red here and there as they passed great clumps of swamp holly with its brilliant berries, were all invigorating and inspiring; above all, Miss Cartwright was with them, with her cheery, sympathetic presence; yes, the

auspices for the day were favorable, and when the beautiful graystone buildings of Maiden Moor became visible in the distance, they were as eager for the fray as a company of little war-horses, scenting battle.

The game was called for noon, and, as the clock struck, the two teams met upon the floor.

The girls were good to look at, in their pretty gymnasium suits, with their clear, bright complexions, erect carriage, and easy movements; types of the healthy, well-developed, open-air girl who has come into being in these days. In addition to the two schools, spectators from outside lined the walls and filled the gallery, for this meeting between two notable teams had created considerable interest in the neighborhood.

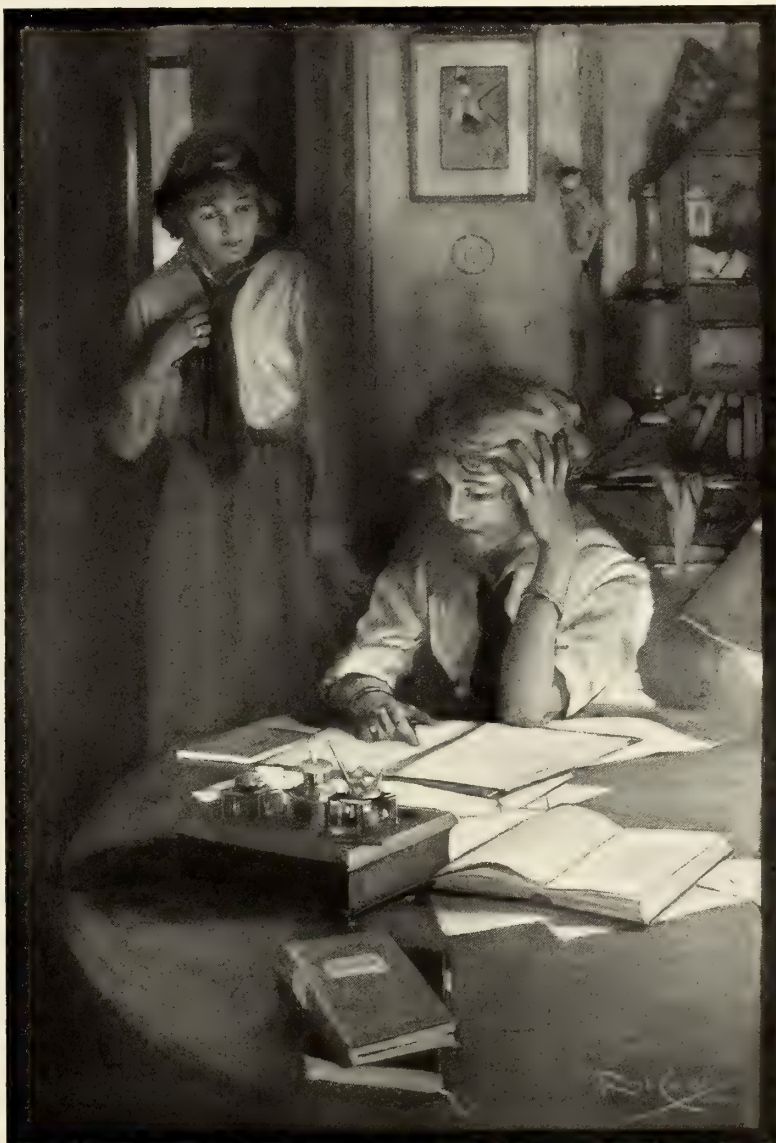
The officials took up their positions, and after a few preliminary points of detail had been settled, the captains shook hands, the whistle sounded, and the fight was on.

Swift, strong, and sure from the start, it was plain this was going to be no snap victory for either side. The first goal was thrown fairly soon by Maiden Moor, after which, for more than five minutes, neither side could get in a try. Up and down the ball traveled, from end to end of the gymnasium, manifesting remarkable teamwork, and some rapid, pretty passing on the part of the players. The guarding was strong and alert, and effectually balked the attempts of the nimble forwards to shoot. Presently, however, the home team threw a second goal, and up on the board went the score 4-0.

But High Wold was not rattled; the visitors were finding their way about on the floor, and as their supporters broke into one of the favorite school-songs, Violet eluded her powerful guard

and put in her first basket: a long, clean, beautiful throw that elicited hearty applause from the spectators.

Again an interlude of close, quick play; passing and catching that rejoiced the hearts of the coaches and all connoisseurs of the game; then,



"OH, I'M DISTURBING YOU—I WON'T COME IN!"

with a leap, Ida caught the ball and put it neatly in, bringing the score even.

The excitement grew as the minutes passed and the play was more and more hotly contested. So admirable was the guarding of Maiden Moor that Violet had no chance of making the throw

on which she had spent so much time: her shooting was well enough known for the rival captain to have placed her strongest "man" against her.

A couple of fouls were called, but without altering the score; the end of the first half was drawing near, and the home team was on its mettle; amid ringing cheers its captain put in a skilful goal from the center just before the cry of "Time!" and the board recorded 6-4.

"Well done, Team! you are giving them a tussle; don't lose your heads, and we'll beat them yet!" said the High Wold coach, as he walked to the door of the gymnasium with the girls on their way to the dressing-room; "but, remember, the real fight is coming in the second half. What's wrong, Miss Cary?" he asked, looking at Ida, who had suddenly turned pale.

"Nothing. My ankle is hurting a little, I must have twisted it; it'll be all right directly," she answered eagerly. But on examination the foot was found to be swelling, and Ida was inexorably ruled out.

Groans rose from the team. "Did one ever know such luck!" "Just when we needed all the strength we could muster!" "Hush, girls, hush; don't make a noise about it!" "Dolly, you've got to go in." "Do your little best, Dolly!" "Violet, it's up to you—play for your life!" "You know I will, but that new guard of theirs is a perfect giant; the stiffest player I ever came up against. Hurry up, girls; are you ready, Dolly?"

The girls' training showed in their condition; they had been playing hard, but there was no sign of exhaustion or overstrain among them, and when the interlude was at an end, they prepared to renew the struggle as fit as though the first half had been no more than a preliminary skirmish limbering up for the main action.

Their sporting spirit, too, was equal to their physical fitness, and, despite the maiming of their team, their courage was undaunted.

Meanwhile, the captain of Maiden Moor had been exhorting her men. "We're going to have a harder time beating them than ever before," she said; "I had no idea they would be so strong; they may weaken a little this half, but we can't count on it. We shall just have to fight, every minute, if we don't want them to get away with our flag!"

Again the whistle sounded; the ball flew from the center and passed with incredible swiftness back and forth in a tense and breathless silence. Up in the gallery, Anna Forester watched with all her soul in her eyes. How plain it was that High Wold needed every skilful player she possessed to uphold her honor in such a struggle. Kitty ill, Ida disabled, what would have hap-

pened if Violet had not been on the team? The thought was constantly in the back of her mind, while she strained to watch every movement of the lithe forms running, darting, leaping on the floor.

Cheers broke from the backers of Maiden Moor as again the home team evaded their opponents and got the basket, and the inexorable board showed 8-4. The High Wold contingent drew a deep breath. Was the day to go against them, after all?

Anna, pressing her hands hard against the rail of the gallery, whispered: "Play up, Violet! Oh, play up!"

Then it was, at that moment, that something happened to Dolly Bingham; Dolly, who had not even been first sub, hard-pressed by her guard, seemed suddenly to awake, as, with phenomenal skill, she caught and threw the ball backward over her head, clean through the basket. So unexpected, so spectacular was the throw, that a thrill ran through the watching crowd before a storm of applause greeted the achievement of this little "dark horse."

From that instant she played like one inspired. The danger to their cause, the compelling impulse to fill Ida's place with credit, the conviction that the victory must come to High Wold, nerved her to feats which amazed the beholders. Again, again, and yet again did the hall ring as the little, slight sub sent up the score by leaps and bounds. She dodged, she passed, she caught, she jumped, in a way that bewildered her foes and sent her friends into ecstasies of enthusiasm. "Bravo, Dolly!" "She's a witch!" "Did you *EVER*!" "Keep it up, Dolly—keep it up!"

Maiden Moor was playing with stubborn determination, but it became evident that she was playing a losing game; she had met with more than her match at last. The ball was being kept almost wholly at one end of the gymnasium now; the High Wold team were playing like one man, Dolly still doing most of the scoring, but with a fine throw to the credit of Betty Blake. One last desperate goal was achieved by Maiden Moor; but the board showed 18-10 when time was called and the match was over. High Wold had captured the white-and-silver flag!

The defeated team, like the good little sports they were, seized the victorious captain and carried her in triumph round the hall, cheering lustily; for, though they were beaten, they could appreciate good play.

Perhaps never, among all the triumphs of her later years, when school-days were a thing of the past, did Betty Blake feel quite the same thrill of rapture as when, hoisted upon the shoul-

ders of the Maiden Moor girls, and acclaimed as captain of the conquering team, she caught the beaming eye of her principal full upon her. It was no unworthy thrill, either, for self had very

Meanwhile, the two coaches were shaking hands and congratulating one another on the play of their respective teams.

"The best girls' game I ever saw," said the Maiden Moor man. "If we had to be defeated, I could n't wish it to have been by better players. You have some wonders on your team."

"I 'm feeling pretty proud of them, I own," admitted the other; "and one of them sprang a surprise on all of us. I had no notion she had it in her; like a little steel wand, she was. Well, sir, the fact that for once we have got the better of Maiden Moor marks this as a red-letter day for us. You 've beaten us so often that you can afford us one victory."

"Fairly won, sir; you have the better team this year. And it won't hurt Maiden Moor to realize that she has n't quite conquered the earth yet. This will give us a touch of the spur, and we shall have a fine fight again

next season. Now come and get something to eat."



"SHE DODGED IN A WAY THAT BEWILDERED HER FOES.
(SEE PAGE 684.)

little place in it. It was not a personal triumph; the team, not Betty Blake, had won, and the glory was for the school: High Wold had defeated Maiden Moor. They tasted one of the big things of life: participation in a well-fought, fairly won battle, the satisfaction of common achievement, the noble joy of feeling themselves vital parts of a great whole—their school.

THE celebration that night at High Wold is a matter of history, and is talked of still with bated breath when the alumnae come back, "and fight their battles o'er again."

Dinner was spread in the gymnasium, and flowers, and lights, and decorations made a festive and brilliant setting for the happy faces that gathered at the long tables. Between the courses school-songs were sung, and the rafters rang to the cheers that greeted every name on the victorious team; the coach, the score, the assisting officials, and the valiant opponents. Dolly Bingham was the heroine of the hour, and was vociferously accorded three times three all to herself, to her overwhelming joy. And loud

and long they cheered their principal, who had encouraged them year by year, and had always stood for as high a standard in sport as in study.

Then came a little pause before the traditional concluding ceremonies, the culminating point of all their celebrations—the passing of the loving-cup, and the hanging of the newly won flag in its place of honor on the wall of the gymnasium.

Miss Cartwright rose at the head of the main table. "Girls," she said, "I have only a few words to say to you to-night. You have won the victory that you have waited long and worked well for, and we are all immensely proud of our team. It was a game worth winning, played throughout fairly, squarely, finely; without disputes, with no undue roughness, and no hard feeling; and though we saw some very brilliant individual play, it was kept subordinate to the work of the team as a whole, just as it should be. The temper and self-control on both sides could not have been better. If you had lost the flag instead of winning it, I should still have been proud of my girls; as it is, you have won it in the way I have always hoped it would be won, and, what is best of all, I believe the spirit of the team reflects the spirit of the school as a whole; I have no better wish for the future of High Wold than that this should always be so." She lifted the silver cup and touched it with her lips: "To High Wold!" she said, and passed it to the captain on her right.

The girls rose en masse. This, after all, was the best moment of the day. If a pang shot through the heart of one of the team, no one else was conscious of it, and no one noticed the color in the cheeks of Violet Markham deepen to crimson, pale, and then flush again. No one guessed that the deciding moment of a battle as real as the one that had been fought that day against Maiden Moor had been reached. The conflict was sharp and hard. During the long drive home, as the dusk slid into dark, and little pauses in the joyous chatter around had occurred now and then, the thought of something not quite straight, not entirely aboveboard in connection with the game, had intruded itself persistently. It had been at the back of her consciousness all day, ready to start into the foreground directly the immediate excitement of the game was removed; and she had been debating with herself, off and on, ever since.

She would have to own up, of course; but she had thought perhaps it would be best to say nothing to-night, just when everybody was triumphant and happy, and full of enthusiasm for the team. That would be a mistake. After all, the victory was fairly theirs—it would have been theirs if she had not gone; Maiden Moor would never have put their strongest guard against a little sub like Dolly; she would wait, and later tell—perhaps the captain—or Miss Cartwright—only—she would keep silent to-night.

But now the principal's words stirred her to her depths, and in a minute she knew what she had to do. She saw in a flash how she had failed

in both sporting and school spirit, though she had yielded to the temptation to cheat (yes, that was what it really amounted to—to cheat!—and she a soldier's daughter), using school spirit as her pretext. How would she be feeling now if Dolly had not played up so miraculously, and if she, Violet, had shot the goals by which their score had outstripped that of the vanquished team? Why, in that case the game would not have been fairly theirs. She knew that the recognition of this had been in her mind when, in the dressing-room at Maiden Moor, she had caught Dolly in her arms and whispered feverishly: "You are an angel, Dolly—Dolly, you are a blessed angel! How did you—ever—do it?"

She saw it all, now, as clear as daylight.

"To High Wold!" she heard the girl next her saying, as she turned to Violet with the cup.

Violet took it, and, to the surprise of every one, set it deliberately before her on the table, still keeping her hand upon it. Her heart was beating as if it would choke her, but with a great effort she managed to control her voice after the first little gasp as she faced her principal.

Many a time at celebrations and school meetings, Violet had addressed the room; she was regarded as a good speaker, and the training she had gained stood her in good stead now; but never had she been listened to with the breathless silence upon which her few halting words fell this night of the school's greatest victory.

"Miss Cartwright, and girls, there is something I have to say. I ought to have said it yesterday. I had no real right to play on the team to-day—I should have been blacklisted again if—if I had not let another girl help me with my lessons. I thought it was so important that I *should* play—and I took so much time to practise that I got behind with my work. I felt as if it would be wrong to fail the team, and—and—" Her voice trembled, but she nerved herself to finish—she was a soldier's daughter—"I can't say how thankful, *thankful* I was for Dolly's splendid play. The team would have won if I had not gone; that is my one comfort. High Wold really won—and fairly."

There was a stir round the table, but Miss Cartwright stilled it with a gesture; she saw that Violet had not quite finished.

"There is one thing more; I want to say that the girl who helped me was not to blame in any way; it was entirely my fault. I don't think she knew she was breaking rules. It was nobody's fault but mine."

As if this day's surprises were never to cease, before Miss Cartwright could reply, Anna Forester,—shy, silent, easily embarrassed Anna,—from

her place far down the table, spoke out clearly and unhesitatingly: "Yes, I did know. I did n't think of it at first when I offered; I did n't think of anything except that it was absolutely necessary for Violet to play in the match. But when I went to get my papers, I remembered hearing that we were not allowed to help one another; and I did it all the same. Violet had been good to me, and I was glad of a chance to do something for her; and it seemed like having a little bit of a hand in helping win the game, too. I see it was wrong, now—not straight—but it was my fault; she would never have *asked* me to help her, and there was so little time left. I was afraid she would refuse, and I believe she would have, if there had been longer for her to think about it. I just hustled her to get the work done before the bell rang."

If the basket-ball decked with roses in the center of the table had suddenly exploded, it could hardly have created a greater sensation at that moment. Could this possibly be the same girl who had been so shy and silent among them all ever since October? Again that rustle and murmur, while Violet still stood with cheeks flushing and paling, her fingers clasped round the loving-cup.

Then Miss Cartwright, in a voice moved beyond its wont, and a look in her fine gray eyes that some of the girls found a little difficult of interpretation, so strangely were regret, sympathy, and gladness blended in it, said:

"Girls, deeply as I regret that any shadow should be cast even for a minute over our happy celebration to-night, no words can say how greatly I rejoice that neither of the two comrades who knowingly broke one of the strictest of our school rules has been willing to let the day close with her fault unacknowledged.

"Their confession, made at such a time and in such a spirit, goes far toward atoning for the fault itself; for we must all, I am sure, realize how strong the temptation was, and how great an effort has been needed to speak out to us all, as they did just now.

We must realize that we have been present at a second victory—one harder to fight and really more glorious, believe me, girls, to win, than the battle against

Maiden Moor. The Athletic Association will, of course, deal with the matter of Violet's penalty, and Anna must be ready, as I am sure she will, to bear the consequences of her action, generous though its motive was. We cannot forego discipline; the rules of the school must be kept; but, having said that, I will also say that if I had to choose between the two, I would rather my girls should have the courage and strength to frankly own up under very difficult circumstances, and take the consequences of a wrong act, than even to see them win such a beautifully played game as to-day's. It is of far more lasting importance to the school. So now, Violet, let us resume the proceedings," and she smiled down the table; "I am very, *very* glad you spoke."

Violet raised her eyes and met those of Miss Cartwright fearlessly as she lifted the cup and drank. "To High Wold!" she said with trembling lips, and passed it to her neighbor.

And then they crowned Betty Blake, the captain, and Dolly Bingham, and Violet, and Anna with chaplets of bay-leaves, and next, with renewed cheers and a brand-new song composed for the occasion, hung the long-coveted flag in its destined place.

Prayers were read in the study-hall that night, while the tables were cleared and removed; bedtime was postponed for an hour or so, and despite the early morning start, the excitements of the day, and the two long drives through the frosty air, the girls danced and sang as if there were no such thing as sleep or fatigue in the world.

When, at length, the lights winked their premonitory warning and the music stopped, the girls paraded the gymnasium, saluting the flag of Maiden Moor as they passed where it hung on the wall before they trooped to the door.

But of all that crowd of happy faces, perhaps the most noticeably radiant was that of Anna Forester, as she came down the hall, the center of a merry group of girls, her voice sounding as High Wold certainly had never heard it before: "Oh, girls, has n't it been the *greatest* day!"

And Miss Cartwright, watching the troop disperse, said to herself: "Can that really be my self-conscious, difficult, unsociable Anna? Verily, it *has* been a day of victory!"

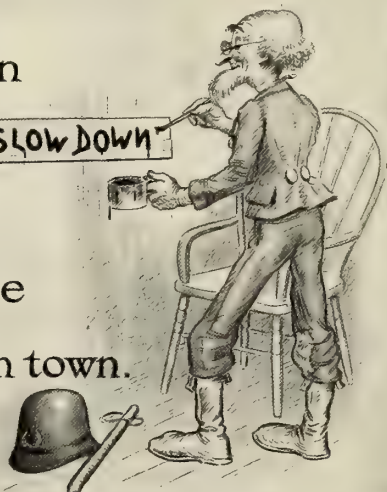




An Ingenious Officer

BY GEORGE O. BUTLER

Artistic old Officer Brown
 Had painted **SLOW UP!** and **SLOW DOWN**
 And he could not decide,
 Just which sign to provide
 As a warning to speeders through town.



On a hillside his "slow" village lay,
 So the Officer, that very day,
 At the *high* end of town
 Placed the signboard **SLOW DOWN!**
 At the *lower* **SLOW UP!** marks the way!





The GAME I LOVE

By Francis Ouimet
National Golf Champion

AS TO IMITATING THE STYLE AND METHODS OF OTHER PLAYERS

In the matter of trying to imitate the style and methods of players who have made their mark in golf, discretion must be used. Many golfers would never amount to much as drivers if they followed, exactly, the style of J. J. McDermott, the brilliant Atlantic City professional and former national open title-holder. They might devote a great deal of time and effort trying to master his long, flat swing, only to find in the long run either that they could not hit the ball on the nose, so to speak, or else that they could not hit it accurately. On the other hand, they might choose to fashion their style after that of Alex Smith, also a former national open champion, whose comparatively short swing has an added attraction from the very fact that it looks so simple. Yet they might fail to take into account the exceedingly powerful forearm that the Wykagyl professional has, and which makes it possible for him to get a power into the short stroke which few could hope to duplicate.

Different players have their individual peculiarities, and the more a new-comer in the golfing ranks watches the leading exponents of the game, the more readily he recognizes these peculiarities, and abstains from incorporating them in his own game. For my own part, in my earlier experiences at golf, I took particular pains to watch such players as Mr. John G. Anderson, Mr. Arthur G. Lockwood, and other Massachusetts amateurs who had achieved distinction on the links, before I ever thought of being able to compete with them on even terms. I noticed that Mr. Anderson had a habit of sort of gathering himself together and rising on his toes during his upswing. As he hits a powerful blow, I deduced that this rising on the toes and then coming down with the downward swing, had a good deal to do with the results achieved, so I experimented a

little on that line. The experiment with me was not a success. The secret of Mr. Anderson's success and my failure, of course, is that he rises on his toes and descends all in perfect rhythm with his stroke, and I do not. The upward and downward movement of the body in my case throws me off my timing of the shot. It did not take me long to discover that, whatever advantage Mr. Anderson might derive from that peculiarity, it would not do at all for me.

It is a great pleasure for me to watch a player like Charles E. ("Chick") Evans, Jr., of Chicago, a former interscholastic champion, who, for half a dozen years or so, has been rated among the leaders of amateur golf in the United States, and who, perhaps, would have been national amateur champion before this, if he could putt with as much success as he can play other shots. His style is so easy and graceful, that to watch him is to get the impression that golf is an easy game to master. Watching him, and a number of others I might name, shows in a striking way the difference between the good player and the bad. One goes about his task laboriously, in a sort of I-pray-I-hit-it attitude; the other steps up to the ball with a confidence born of success, as if to hit the ball in the middle were just a perfunctory matter, after all. Confidence is half the battle, anyway, though over-confidence is the worst enemy a golfer ever had. Doubtless that is true of most games.

HERRESHOFF'S LONG DRIVE

MR. FREDERICK HERRESHOFF, runner-up to Mr. H. H. Hilton for the national amateur championship in 1911, is another golfer whom I like to see in action, particularly when he is having one of his good days with wooden clubs. Edward Ray, I know, is rated as a wonderful driver, and I have seen him hit some long ones; I have seen others who are renowned for the long hitting,

but I have yet to see another wooden shot which, to my mind, quite comes up to one that I saw Mr. Herreshoff make at The Country Club, Brookline, Massachusetts, in the National Amateur championship tournament of 1910. The ninth hole, as then played, I think was about 500 yards in length. Mr. Herreshoff made so long a drive that he used a jigger for his second shot, despite the fact that the putting-green is on an elevation considerably above the point from which he played his second shot. The jigger, I will explain for those who do not know its uses, is a club for shots a little too long for the mashy, and, at the same time, requiring a little loft to the ball. In the hands of a golfer like Mr. Herreshoff, I suppose it is good, ordinarily, for 165 yards. The disappointing thing in this instance was that, after his remarkable drive, Mr. Herreshoff was a wee bit off the line with his second shot, and not quite far enough, so that his ball went into a trap to the right of, and just below, the green.

Mr. Herreshoff is one of those players who get their wrists into shots in a most effective manner.

For my own part, I never have tried to achieve distinction as a long hitter. To be successful in open competition, a golfer necessarily must be able to hold his own fairly well in the matter of distance; but I have found it possible to do this to a reasonable degree by trying to cultivate a smooth stroke and timing it well. Being of good height, almost six feet, and having a moderately full swing, my club gets a good sweep in its course toward the ball, so that the point I strive

for is to have the club head moving at its maximum of speed at the moment of impact with the ball. I know I could get greater distance than I do ordinarily, for now and then I do try to hit as hard and as far as I can, with additional yards resulting. These efforts, however, are made when there is nothing at stake, and are merely a bit of experimenting. To make such extra efforts the rule, rather than the exception, would be the old story of sacrificing accuracy for distance. The minute a golfer begins doing that in competition he is "lost," or such is my belief.

MY FIRST NATIONAL EVENT

THE 1910 Amateur championship at The Country Club, Brookline, where I saw Mr. Herreshoff make the drive above mentioned, was the first national event I ever entered, my age at the time being seventeen years. I did not qualify, but my failure did not make me feel very badly, considering all the circumstances. My total of 169 in the qualifying rounds was only one stroke worse than the top qualifying figure; and among those who, like myself, failed to get in the match play were such noted golfers as Mr. Robert A. Gardner, then the national amateur champion, and Mr. H. Chandler Egan, a former champion.

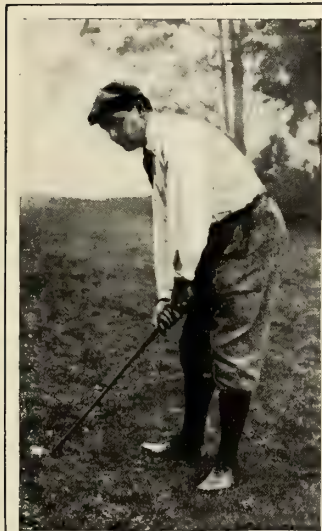
Furthermore, I played under circumstances that were a handicap in themselves. The championship field was inordinately large, and I was among the late starters for the first round, getting away from the first tee at 2:44 o'clock in



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MR. J. J. MC DERMOTT.

MR. ALEX SMITH, FORMER NATIONAL OPEN CHAMPION.



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

MR. FRED. HERRESHOFF.



Copyright by Brown Bros.

"MR. CHARLES E. EVANS'S STYLE IS SO EASY AND GRACEFUL."

the afternoon. This would have been ample time to get around before dark, had it not been for an extraordinary congestion at the third tee. Some one of the earlier starters was exceedingly slow, not to mention the time taken to search for a ball, and other little things that helped to cause delay and hold the players back. When my partner and I arrived at the third tee, there were ten pairs then waiting for an opportunity to play that hole, and there was nothing to do but wait. An hour and ten minutes of waiting at one tee in a championship is not conducive to best efforts; at any rate, it was not in my case.

While waiting at this tee, I remember having watched Mr. W. C. Chick take eight for the sixth hole, and, while mentally sympathizing with him, I did not dream that I would get a similar figure for my own card, when I finally did play the third hole, for I had started most satisfactorily with four for the first hole, and the same figure for the second. When it came my turn to drive from the third tee, I drove into a trap, lost a stroke getting out, put my third in the woods, was back on the fair green in four, on the green in five, and then took three putts for an eight. But from that point, I was forty-four strokes for the first nine holes. By this time, the afternoon was pretty well gone, and my partner and I had to stop playing at the fourteenth, because of darkness. As my card showed even fours for the first five holes of the inward half, I was beginning to feel better, and had I been able to complete the round that day, I think I might have been around in seventy-nine or eighty.

Along with several other pairs who were caught in the same dilemma, I had to go out the following morning to play the remaining four holes, and the best I could get for them was a total of nineteen strokes, whereas I would do those same holes ordinarily in sixteen strokes, at most. My score of eighty-three for the first round was not bad, however, and a similar round the second day would have put me in the match play.

A BIG MISTAKE

BUT I had made one serious mistake, as I learned in the course of the second round. My supposition had been that, after playing the last four holes of the first round on the morning of the second day, I would have ample time to go home to breakfast and then return for the second round, my home being in close proximity to the grounds. What actually happened was that, after completing the four holes of the first round, I was told to report immediately at the first tee for my second round, in which I was to have the pleasure of being partnered by the present president of the United States Golf Association, Mr. Robert C. Watson. For the first nine holes I had reason to feel satisfied, doing them in forty-one strokes, with every prospect of doing even better in the scoring for the last nine, which are less difficult. But by this time the pangs of hunger had taken a firm hold, and I could feel myself weakening physically, which was the result both of my failure to get breakfast, and the strain of a week of hard practising. The consequence was

that I made a poor finish, took forty-five for the last nine, eighty-six for the round, and had one hundred and sixty-nine for my thirty-six-hole total, or just out of the match-play running. The moral is, to be properly prepared for competition.

BE PREPARED—BUT DON'T OVERDO THE PRACTISING

ABOUT that "week of hard practising" I would like to add a little. My experiences of practising for the championship of 1910 taught me a good lesson, which is, that practising may easily be overdone. My idea of practising for that event was to get in at least thirty-six holes a day for the week prior to the championship. This was based partly on the idea that, with so much play, the game could be brought to such a point of mechanical precision that it would be second nature to hit the ball properly. The thought of "going stale" from so much play never occurred to me. Probably one reason was that I never had had a feeling of physical staleness in any sport up to that time. I always had been keen for golf, from the time of becoming interested in the game, and could not imagine a state of feeling that would mean even the slightest repugnance for play.

That is, perhaps, an error natural to youth and inexperience. It was not for me to know that a growing youth of seventeen years is not likely to have such a robust constitution that he can stand thirty-six holes of golf a day for a week, not to mention fairly steady play for weeks in advance of that, and still be on edge for a championship tournament.

It really was not only the Saturday previous to the championship (which began Monday) that I knew this feeling of staleness. It did not come on all at once, by any means, and I did not realize even then what was the trouble, for on the day that I first noticed that I was not so keen for play as usual, I made a particularly good score. That day I was playing in company with Mr. H. H. Wilder, Mr. R. R. Freeman, and Mr. W. R. Tuckerman. This round was more or less of a tryout for places on the Massachusetts State team, and I was fortunate enough to get in the best round, a seventy-six. Incidentally, I might add that this performance did not land me the coveted place on the State team, for Mr. Tuckerman reached the semi-finals of the championship the succeeding week, which gave him precedence. That year I did play one match for the State team, however. It was in the match against Rhode Island, when the Massachusetts team found itself one man shy on the day set for play, which also was at The Country Club. Somebody

discovered that I was in the vicinity, looked me up, and I played with a set of borrowed clubs—also won my match.

To revert to the physical strain of too much practice, I found that on Saturday of the practice week my hands were sore, and that I was playing with unwonted effort, though not getting any better results than when hitting the ball with normal ease. It was my first lesson in the knowledge that when the game becomes a task, rather than a pleasure, something is wrong physically.

My advice to any golfer preparing for a championship is, therefore, not to overdo the practice end. To my mind, the wise thing is to play thirty-six holes a day for perhaps two days a week in advance of the championship. Then spend a morning in practising shots with the irons, the mashy, and putting, followed by a round of the course in the afternoon. This might be done for two or three days, with special attention given to the club which perhaps is not getting satisfactory results. One round of golf, without special exertion, the day before the tournament, after such a program, ought to put the player in good shape for the real competition. As for the superstition of some golfers that a particularly fine round in practice means so much less chance of duplicating it in tournament play, I hold a different view, which is, that an especially good round gives an inspiration to equal it when the real test comes. I always feel after such a round that, if I can do it once, there is no reason why I cannot again.

GOLF A GAME OF UNCERTAINTIES

ELIMINATION from the championship, in the qualifying round, had its compensations. It gave me the opportunity to watch the championship play for the remainder of the week, to see in action those golfers of whom I had heard so much. That in itself was a treat. Some of the matches, moreover, gave me some new ideas about golf as played in competition by men in the foremost ranks. For one thing, it was rather startling, if such a word can apply, to see a golfer like Mr. Herreshoff literally "swamped" in his match with Mr. Evans. Mr. Herreshoff had made the lowest score of the entire field in the qualifying round, yet here was the same man unable to put up anything but the most feeble opposition to the young Chicago golfer. Such a match only goes to show that the best of golfers occasionally have their bad days, days on which they find it seemingly impossible to play satisfactorily. That is a good thing to bear in mind

—no match is lost before it is played. When a golfer possessed of such ability as has Mr. Herreshoff can be defeated eleven up and nine to play, it simply shows that golf is a game of uncertainties, after all; that, in fact, is one of its great charms.

In that same championship, the uncertainties of the game were shown in another match, and again Mr. Evans was one of the factors, though this time on the losing side. He had been playing in form which made him a distinctive favorite for the title, and, in the semi-final round, he came to the sixteenth hole two up on Mr. W. C. Fownes, Jr., of Pittsburgh. The sixteenth is a short hole, just a mashy pitch. Mr. Evans reached the edge of the green with his tee shot, whereas Mr. Fownes made a poor effort, and put his ball in a sand-trap.

The match appeared to be over, then and there. But a match in golf never is over until one player has a lead of more holes than there are holes to play, a fact which was demonstrated anew in this match. Mr. Fownes played out of the trap, and holed a long putt for a three, while Mr. Evans, using his mid-iron instead of his putter from the edge of the green, was well past the hole on his second shot, and failed to get the putt coming back. Hence, instead of winning the hole and the match, as he seemed bound to do, he lost the hole. Then, as so often happens when a man apparently has a match absolutely in hand and loses an opening to clinch it, Mr. Evans lost the seventeenth, likewise the home hole, and, with the loss of the eighteenth, he also lost the match. Instead of winning the match and the championship, as nearly everybody figured he would, he only got to the semi-finals. It is true that Mr. Fownes made a wonderful recovery at the sixteenth, to get his three; he played a remarkable shot at the seventeenth, too; but a man is apt to do that after recovering from an almost hopeless situation.

STICK TO THE PUTTER ON THE GREEN

It was in that championship that I was astonished to see such a great golfer as Mr. Evans using his mid-iron instead of his putter most of the time on the greens. He was then following the same practice that was true of his play in the middle west, notwithstanding that the putter is a much superior club for greens such as are found at The Country Club. He could not be expected, of course, to come east and learn to get the best results from the putter in such a short time as he had for practice.

To see him use the mid-iron on the greens, and then practically lose his semi-final round match, and possibly the title, because he could not lay a mid-iron approach-putt dead at the sixteenth, helped me to form one resolution for which I since have been thankful. That was to use my putter from any point on the green, provided there was no special reason for doing otherwise. Of course, there are circumstances when the mid-iron is better for an approach-putt than the putter, as, for example, when there is a little piece of dirt on or in front of the ball, casual water,



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MR. OUMET ON THE PUTTING-GREEN.

or uneven surface to go over. But under normal conditions, nowadays, I would rather use my putter and take three putts, than take a mid-iron or another club. By adhering to that policy, I think I have gained more confidence in my putting, and confidence is a wonderful asset in this branch of the game.

Watching the good players in that championship gave me one distinct ambition, which was to try to steady my game down to a point where I would not play four holes well, say, and then have two or three poor ones before getting another three- or four-hole streak of satisfactory play. The steadily good game is better than the combination of brilliant and erratic. It is something like the hare and the tortoise.

(To be continued.)

STORIES OF FRIENDLY GIANTS

BY EUNICE FULLER

IN DEFENSE OF GIANTS

SOMEHOW or other, the giants seem to have got a bad name. No sooner is the word "giant" mentioned than some one is sure to shrug his shoulders and speak in a meaning tone of "Jack and the Beanstalk." Now, this is not only unkind, but, on the giants' part, quite undeserved. For, as everybody who is intimate with them knows, there are very few of the Beanstalk variety.

No self-respecting giant would any more think of threatening a little boy, or of grinding up people's bones to make flour, than would a good fairy godmother. Giants' dispositions are in proportion to the size of their bodies, and so when they are good, as most of them are, they are the kindest-hearted folk in the world, and like nothing better than helping human beings out of scrapes.

The trouble is that many of the stories were written by people who did not really know the giants at all, but were so afraid of them as to suppose that giants must be cruel just because they are big. Every one else has taken it for granted that the giants were big enough to take care of themselves, and so nobody has bothered to look into the facts of the case. Mr. Andrew Lang has given us a whole rainbow of books about the fairies, but no one seems ever to have written down the whole history of the giants. This is a pity, particularly since a great many people have had a chance to know the giants intimately. For, in the old days, the giants used to live all over the world—in Greece, and Ireland, and Norway, and even here in our own country. And since they have moved back into a land of their own, they have sometimes come into other countries on a visit, and a brave Englishman once went to visit them.

The history of the giants is as simple as their good-natured lives. All the giants came originally from one big giant family. And wherever they went, they kept the same giant ways, and enjoyed playing the same big, clumsy jokes on each other.

I. THE WIGWAM GIANTS

Children, by this story we
Learn how kind the red men be;
Though the things related of them
Made it difficult to love them,
Here we see that, as with white men,
Some are amiable, polite men;
No one wicked and defiant
Could have been a wigwam giant.

Scymour Barnard

ONCE upon a time, in the not-so-very-long-ago, an Indian had his wigwam on the shore of a cold north sea. The Indian's name was Pulowech, and he had a wife and ten children. But for all his big family, Pulowech might have lived there as snugly and happily as you please, had it not been for the unkind fact that, in that north country, it is very hard to get enough to eat. Pulowech found it hard indeed, for no sooner was the tenth child fed, than the first one was hungry again; and the bigger and hungrier the children got, the less food there seemed to be.

This spring it was worse than ever. Not even a bear had shown its furry nose within sight of the wigwam. As for the crops, there was hardly a green shoot in all the field Pulowech's wife had planted. There was nothing left to do but to fish. And fish Pulowech did. Every morning long before sunrise, his canoe was a far gray spot on the horizon. But alas for Pulowech's hard work! the more he set his nets, the fewer fish he seemed

to catch; and he might trail his line in the water all day without so much as a nibble.

Finally, in despair one day Pulowech and his wife got into their canoe, and set out for the far fishing-grounds, beyond any part of the sea where they had before been. They paddled and paddled until they could no longer see their wigwam or any land at all. Time after time they stopped and let down their lines, but that day again there seemed to be no fish in the sea. The squaw's arm grew tired, but still they kept on, hoping to find some magic spot where the fish would come crowding about the canoe, eager to be caught.

Suddenly, up from the sea and down from the sky and around them from every side, swept clouds of fog. In long, quick puffs it came, as if the whole world had begun very quietly to steam. The air was full of it, and as for the sea, it seemed to have vanished in an instant. Pulowech could see the shine of the little waves as he dipped his paddle, but beyond was only grayness. He began to paddle faster, first in one direction, then in another; but no matter which way he turned, the fog seemed to pursue them. There was no end to it at all.

By this time, Pulowech was quite lost. He could not make the smallest guess where his wigwam lay or how to go to get back there. There was nothing to do but to paddle fiercely on, deeper and deeper into the fog. As for Pulo-

wech's poor, tired wife, she began to cry, which made things very little better.

All at once she stopped paddling. "Listen!" she cried. "Thunder!"

Pulowech stopped too. Over the sea came long, continuous roars. There was no pause in them, and they grew louder and louder, as if the thunder were coming straight—straight—straight at them through the fog. There was something very strange about it too. The nearer, the more deafening it became, the more *alive* it seemed, the more it sounded as though it were *thundering in words*. There was another noise too, regular, but not so loud, as though a thousand paddles at once were cutting steadily through the water. Then the fog grew dark ahead. Right upon them loomed the thundering monster. Pulowech and his wife shouted with all their voices. The great shape stopped. There above them in the fog towered a tremendous canoe as high as a cliff, and filled with men who seemed to touch the sky.

The giants looked at Pulowech and laughed,—a roar that shook the waves and made the little canoe bob up and down as on a stormy sea. "Ho! Ho!" cried one at last. "And where are you going, my little brother?"

Pulowech took his hands from his ears. "I wish I knew," he answered bravely. "We are lost in the fog."

At that the giants laughed ten times harder than ever. "Lost in the fog!" they cried, and wiped their eyes, as if it were the best joke in the world.

"Well, well, well," said the leader at last, "if that is the case, why don't you come home with us? You will be well treated. That I can promise you, for my father is the chief. And in spite of your great size, my friends, I warrant there will be plenty of room."

With that, two of the giants put the ends of

their paddles under the Indians' canoe and lifted it into their own, as easily as if it had been a chip. Then very carefully they handed it around, from giant to giant, as pleased over the little folk as boys would be who had found a flying-squirrel. As for Pulowech and his wife, if they shook with fear before, now they sat in the bottom of their



"ABOVE THEM IN THE FOG TOWERED A TREMENDOUS CANOE AS HIGH AS A CLIFF."

canoe still and speechless at such gentleness from beings so immense.

The giants again took up their paddles as big as trees. With a single stroke, they sent the canoe a clean hundred yards through the water. As for the fog, their eyes seemed to bore straight through it, as though it had been so much air.

Then swiftly, with a tremendous grating, the canoe stopped. They had beached it upon a wide sandy shore. One of the giants jumped out, and, taking Pulowech's canoe in his hand, ran shouting up the bank. There ahead rose three wigwams as high as mountains. And from the largest came the chief to meet them, a giant taller than all the rest.

"Well, well, my son!" he cried, "what have you there?"



"THEY HANDED THE CANOE AROUND FROM GIANT TO GIANT."

"Oh, Father, only see," called the young giant, in gasps that shook the trees. "See—a little brother!—We found him—on the water—lost in the fog!"

And at this shouting came giants running from all sides, to see what the noise might be about. They crowded about the chief's son and peered into the small canoe until the poor Indians, finding themselves surrounded by great eyes like so many suns, sank down in terror.

"Noo, then," cried the chief in anger, "you have scared the little people!" And taking the Indians, canoe and all, he gently carried them to his own wigwam.

Inside sat a pleasant-faced woman, no bigger than a good-sized hill. "Look, wife," said the chief. "See what I have brought you!"

The giantess was delighted. Very deftly she picked the Indians up with her thumb and forefinger without crushing out their breath. She laid them in the hollow of her hand as in a cradle, and rocked them to and fro, softly thundering a lullaby, while with the end of her little finger she tenderly stroked their hair.

As for the chief, he hung up the Indians' canoe where it could not be stepped on. Then he bent down to the Indians and told them in a confidential whisper that could hardly have been heard a hundred miles away, that he was their friend, and that his name was Oscoon.

"And now, wife," he cried, "our little people must be hungry! Is there enough in the house for them to eat?"

The good woman gave a housewifely chuckle, like the dry roar of a forest fire, and looked into a great steaming pot. In the bottom were a dozen or more whales. But remembering the small size of her guests, she picked out but one little one about forty feet long, and put it before them in a wooden bowl. The poor Indians did their best, but by the time they had made a little hole in the whale's side, they were fast asleep from so much food.

Then it was that the giants were troubled, for they had no place to put the little people for the night. For there was no part of the wigwam where a giant might not step on them or roll over them in the dark. Finally, the giantess had a happy idea. She took down the Indians' own canoe and put some little skins in the bottom. Then very gently she laid Pulowech in one end and his wife in the other, tucked them snugly in, and swung the canoe up again at the top of the wigwam.

Days went by, and the giants delighted in nothing so much as in their little people. For hours at a time Oscoon would sit quite still while his small guests ran about his hand or explored the long gullies between his fingers. As for the giantess, she never left the wigwam without bringing them great handfuls of apples, which were to her, to be sure, no bigger than so many currants. But when the giants went hunting, then it was that Pulowech and his wife feasted. For always they brought back two or three moose swinging in their hands like rabbits, and two or three dozen caribou hanging on their belts, as an Indian would carry a string of squirrels.

So it happened that Pulowech and his wife lived among the giants as happy and as care-free as two children. From the first morning when they awoke, high in their canoe-cradle, they seemed to have forgotten everything; not only the fog and terror of the day before, but all their past life as well. They had no memory of their home, nor even of their hungry children waiting for them in the wigwam beside the sea. It seemed to them that they had always lived in this warm, happy Giantland where deer swarmed in the forests and fish in the sea.

Every day they ate a little out of their whale,

and every night they went peacefully to sleep in their high canoe. When they were neither eating nor sleeping, they romped about like children. They slid down the back of Oscoon's hand as down a hillock; they played hide-and-seek in one of his moccasins; and they ran about in the wigwam till the good giantess would have to put them in one of her big baskets for fear they might be stepped on.

But good times do not last forever, even in Giantland. One day, Oscoon picked up his Indians with a grave face. "My little people," said he, "to-day the great Chenoo, the dreadful ice-giant of the North, is coming to fight us. It will be a hard battle, but, most of all, I fear for you. For no one less than a giant could hear the Chenoo's war scream and live. We will wrap you up the best we can, and no matter what happens, do not uncover your ears until I come for you."

The Indians promised that they would do as he said, and entered into all the plans for the battle as gleefully as though it had been a new game. They tore little pieces of fur from a rabbit skin and stuffed them so tightly into their ears that they could scarcely hear Oscoon when he whispered to them. Then the giantess bound up their heads with many strips of deerskin, and, laying them in their canoe, fairly smothered them with fold after fold of wrappings. When she had finished, Oscoon took them, canoe and all, and put them in the bottom of a great stone pot. Beside them he laid a ton or so of deer meat and nine or ten bushels of apples, so that they should have enough to eat in case the battle lasted over night. Then over the pot he spread a robe made of thousands of bearskins, which covered all the top.

After that, though Oscoon shouted with all his voice, the Indians could not hear a sound. It was dark in the pot, and, under all their coverings, rather warm. And so, since they could neither move nor hear each other if they spoke, they very sensibly fell asleep.

After a very long time, Pulowech opened his eyes. Everywhere was blackness. For a moment, he thought that he must have gone blind. Then faintly, far above somewhere, he made out a tiny crack of light, and he remembered: they were in the stone pot, and the light was creeping in at the edge of the bearskin. He touched his wife. She stirred and rubbed her eyes. And there in the dark they shouted at each other,—and the stillness was unbroken. Pulowech started up, and sank suddenly back again, pulled down by the weight of his coverings. Then angrily he tried to pull them off, and could not so much as lift one of them. For they were made of hundreds of skins. There was nothing for it but to lie still.

A slow, familiar, hungry pain seized Pulowech. Greedily he remembered the apples and the deer meat, and put out his hand. There they were, close beside him. He clutched great handfuls of them, and ate eagerly. He touched his wife and made her understand too. For some time, they forgot the dark and even the silence. But gradually, as Pulowech began to care less and less about eating, his head seemed to feel extraordinarily hot and uncomfortable. His hands fumbled the wrappings and twitched at the knots. If only he could get one of them off, it might be more bearable.

Then he remembered his promise to Oscoon. But surely, he thought, the battle must be over by now. And even if it were not, what difference would one deerskin, more or less, make in hearing the ice-giant's scream? Oscoon was too careful.

Nevertheless the promise held him. He took down his hands and lay for some time quite still. A dreadful terror came over him: suppose the battle *was* over, and Oscoon had forgotten them. Worse still, suppose Oscoon should never come at all; suppose he had been killed! Then they might die there, for even if they could get free of their coverings, they could never climb up the steep walls of the stone pot.

Pulowech's wife moved. She began to pull fiercely at the bandages about her ears. It was too much for Pulowech. He put up his hands again and tore wildly at the deerskin strips. If Oscoon *was* dead, he decided, then they must talk together; they must plan some way of escape. They must not be found there helpless by the dreadful Chenoo.

Suddenly something swifter, keener, shriller than the sharpest spear seemed to pierce through Pulowech. His hands dropped limp. His breath went. His whole body seemed divided, and his ears shattered by the wild, high, cruel sound of it. It was the Chenoo's war scream. Again it came, lower and less intense, shooting through Pulowech's numb body like pain let loose; and then a third time, faint and far away, no longer cutting, but chill as the wind from icebergs.

When Pulowech came to himself, he was startled by the light all about him. Then dimly he made out the great face of the giantess bending over him. He was no longer in the pot. He was lying beside his wife in the hollow of the giantess's hand, and she was rubbing them vigorously with her little finger.

"There, there, my little people," she said. "You're all safe, so you are. And the wicked Chenoo shall never scream again to hurt you. For he is dead, so he is. Killed, by my Oscoon and

our sons. There, there, my little people, open your eyes."

Pulowech blinked, and looked around the wigwam. All about sat the giants, binding up their cuts, and picking out the pine-trees that were stuck in their legs like splinters. For the fight had been in a forest, and the poor giants were bothered with the trees, as men would be with thistles.

All at once the door-flap moved, and Oscoon's youngest son fell down in the doorway, quite dead. Now, in some families this would have caused a commotion. But the giants went on talking of the battle as if nothing unusual had happened. Finally Oscoon, who was smoking his pipe in a corner, looked over at his boy upon the ground.

"Well, my son," he said, "why are you lying there?"

"It is because I am dead, Father," answered the young giant. "The Chenoo has killed me."

"If that is all," said Oscoon, quietly, "get up at once. It is supper-time."

The young giant opened his eyes and sat up. He did not seem to be any the worse for having been dead. And at supper, certainly, he ate none the less for it.

So the days passed as before. The giants never tired of petting their small guests. Every day the young giants would bring them new treasures, and every day Oscoon would contrive some new game for them. The youngest giant, who was quick with his hands, caught some small live deer, which the giantess kept for them in a basket, as a boy might keep pet mice.

But in spite of these new diversions, Pulowech's wife became less and less lively. She did not play as she used to, and she would sit quietly for hours at a time as if she were trying to think out something that troubled her. Finally, a thoughtfulness settled over Pulowech as well. They gave up hide-and-seek entirely. Instead, they talked and talked together, sometimes far into the night. Little by little they seemed to be remembering something, and the more they remembered, the more worried they grew.

The giantess became anxious. The little people got on more and more slowly with their whale, and as for the deer meat, they no longer seemed to care for it at all. The giantess racked her brains for some way to tempt them. So with long patience she made for Oscoon a tiny net which would catch the sharks that wriggled through his whale net like minnows. And when he caught some, she broiled three fine ones for dinner. But the Indians, who had been so pleased with new dishes before, seemed hardly to notice the change.

At last one day, when Oscoon had taken them to the beach, he spoke to them. "My little people," he said, "it worries me to see you so quiet and sad. Tell me what troubles you. For we will cheerfully do anything that will make you happy again."

"Oh, dear Oscoon!" cried Pulowech, "we could not be happier than in your wigwam. It is something that we partly remember that makes us sad. Ever since we heard the ice-giant's scream, it has seemed to us that we have not always been in this Giantland. Once we seem to have lived in a different country, where we were cold, and often hungry. But there our wigwam was, and our children. It is they that worry us. For we do not know what they can do without us. They must be hungry—" Pulowech caught his breath, and his poor wife began to sob.

Now Oscoon was a good giant if there ever was one, and it grieved his big heart through and through to see his small friends so unhappy. "Oh, my little people," he cried, heaving a little himself, "I would rather give you anything than to have you leave us. But you must go back to your children—*right away*." And with that he sneezed so violently that the rocks were jounced around in their places, and the Indians had to cling tight to his thumb for fear of falling off. Then they all laughed,—which made them feel so much better that everybody's sobs got swallowed.

And so, grasping his little people, Oscoon ran leaping back to the wigwam, calling the giantess at the top of his big lungs. "Oh, wife! Wife!" he bellowed, "our little people have a voyage to take. We must give them the little dog, and some food to take along with them."

When the giantess heard about the children at home, she kissed her little Indians very hard indeed, and then she set all the young giants at work piling up furs and dried meat for them to take home to their wigwam. And so, as they all worked with a will, in about two minutes and a half, there were enough furs and meat stacked up to sink three or four hundred canoes the size of Pulowech's. When Oscoon saw that, he took the Indians' canoe down from the top of the wigwam, and filled it as full as it could hold. Then he set Pulowech in the stern, and his wife in the bow, and, holding the canoe high over his head, roared out to the whole camp that they were ready to start.

So they set out, Oscoon ahead, carrying his little people in their canoe in one hand, and in the other a tiny, sharp-nosed gray dog. All the giants followed in a great procession, leaping up and down and singing, as though it were a very gala occasion indeed. When they came to the shore,

Oosoon gently slipped the canoe into the water, and gave Pulowech the little gray dog.

"Paddle," he said, "just as the little dog points. He will take you home."

The little dog ran to the middle of the canoe, and stood with his paws resting on the edge. He barked, and pointed with his nose straight out to sea. Pulowech dipped his paddle, but he could scarcely see to steer for the tears in his eyes.

"Good-by!" shouted the giants.

"Good-by!" called the Indians.

And Oosoon cried out, last of all: "Do not forget us, little people! Come back to visit us, and send your children. Sometime we will send the little dog for you."

The Indians paddled, and the little dog pointed. They seemed to glide over the smooth sea at a wonderful rate. In a few minutes, they were out of sight of the giants, who stood on the beach, still waving and shouting good-by. In no time at all, it seemed, they came straight to their own home. There stood their wigwam just as it was the day they left it; and as the canoe grazed the shore, their own children came running to meet them, rosy and well.

The little dog jumped out of the canoe, barking and wagging his tail. He ran about on the sand, and licked the children's hands. Then he turned and trotted home again over the top of the sea, as if it had been made of hard ice. Pulowech caught up his two youngest children, and set them on his shoulders. And so, carrying the giants' gifts, they came into their own wigwam.

After that, whenever Pulowech set his nets, they came up bursting with fish. When he went hunting, his arrows brought down all the deer he could possibly need.

As for the children, they grew so tall and hearty that the old wigwam would not begin to hold them, and they had to build a new one—the biggest in all the country.

So Pulowech knew that the giants had not forgotten him. And his heart was glad when a year and a day after they had come home, the little dog came again trotting over the water. The children ran to meet him, and he bounded up to them and licked their hands, just as he had done when he first saw them.

Pulowech smiled to himself, for he knew quite well why the little dog was there. Then he launched one of his canoes (for now he had many), and calling his two oldest children, told them to get in. The little dog jumped in too, and pointed with his nose the way they were to go. The children paddled safely over a sea that was as smooth as glass, and so they, too, went to Giantland.

In three months, the little dog brought them back again, with their canoe full of furs and meat enough to keep them all warm and happy for years to come.

So every year the little dog came, barking and wagging his tail, and every year two of Pulowech's family went to visit the giants. And none of them was ever cold or hungry again,—of that you may be sure.

From a Micmac legend.

JUNE-TIME JINGLES

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

UPON A MORNING SUNNY

UPON a morning sunny,
Thus said a big brown bee:
"I'll show you the Isles of Honey,
If you'll just come with me!"

A BIRD

I KNOW a bird that likes to mew
Just like a pussy-cat;
Now tell me what you're going to do
With any bird like that!

THE DOG

I HAVE a dog that loves to bark
From peep of dawn till deep of dark,
And when the shadows closer creep,
He dreams of barking in his sleep!

PUSSY

MY pussy's fur lies on her back
All soft and smooth and sleek and black;
But when she sees a dog go by,
Oh, my!—oh, my!—oh, my!—oh, my!

THE RUNAWAY

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Author of "The Junior Cup," "Pelham and His Friend Tim," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII

INVESTIGATIONS

WHEN Mr. Lee entered the breakfast-room, he found an indulgent family waiting for him. A guest who has just saved the lives of two members of the household can very well be excused if he is late for breakfast. And he was only fashionably late. It was a pleasant characteristic that he had the air of fashion. His clothes and his automobile were not only of the very best quality, but seemed naturally to belong to him. His carriage and his glance were self-possessed yet unassuming, frank but not too familiar.

"He looks you in the eye," thought Pelham, "as if you and he had a joke together."

And Mr. Lee apologized delightfully for being late, and was not particular about his breakfast, except that he was hungry. Mrs. Dodd smiled to herself as she poured his coffee.

"You said you had to be busy to-day, Mr. Dodd?" inquired Mr. Lee.

"I am sorry to say that both Bob and I must be," answered Mr. Dodd. "Some retailers are coming to place their fall orders, and I must spend the whole day with them."

Mr. Lee smiled at Bob. "I shall have to show you my machine some other day."

"But if you want to make a beginning of studying our processes," said Mr. Dodd, "Pelham can take you over the buildings."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Lee. "But, Pelham, sha'n't I be taking your time?"

Pelham beamed at him. "I should love to show you round."

"We all work in the mills," said Bob. "On a first trip, Pelham can show you as much as any one."

"And perhaps afterward," added Mr. Lee, "you two boys will take a ride with me."

Even Brian grinned at that. Harriet felt a bit out of it, but Mr. Lee turned to her: "And then this afternoon, when it 's cool, maybe you can persuade your mother to let me take both of you out with me."

"Mother," cried Harriet, clasping her hands, "may I ride in front?"

Mrs. Dodd laughed as she gave permission.

Pelham took Mr. Lee over the buildings, showing every process, from the first to the last. Mr.

Lee's interest was keen; his eye lighted, and he paused often to study details. Everything that Pelham told him he understood in a flash, and he asked more questions than the boy could answer. In every room, too, he held a kind of reception, the men leaving their machines to shake his hand and thank him for saving the "young leddy." When the last process of the manufacture had been shown, he turned to Pelham with something like a-sigh.

"Ah, I should have had a technical education!"

"You went to college, sir?" asked the boy.

Mr. Lee twinkled as he shook his head. "I was not allowed to stay.—There is nothing more to show me?"

"Only the office," said Pelham.

"Where you keep the books?" asked Mr. Lee, smiling at him.

"Well," acknowledged Pelham, "the book-keeper 's not yet well from an operation, so he scarcely works half-time. I used to help out, but Rodman does that now."

Mr. Lee was walking toward the door over which was the office sign. "And who is Rodman?" he asked. "A cousin, perhaps."

"He 's an odd case," explained Pelham. "He 's just about my age, though we can't tell exactly, because he does n't know his age."

"Ah!" said Mr. Lee. "A foundling?"

"In a sense," said Pelham. "He turned up here weeks ago, injured. He has lost his memory."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mr. Lee, pausing at the door. "And may I see him, and the office?"

"Certainly," said Pelham. He opened it for the other to pass in, then followed him.

The office was a large room, airy and bright, with windows opening on the pond. The visitor looked about with pleasure. "Comfortable here."

Then Rodman, slipping down from his high stool, came out from behind his desk. "Good morning, sir."

Pelham, behind Mr. Lee, could not see his face, but he noticed his start. And he heard the change in his voice to sudden and deep feeling:

"You here!"

Rodman stood rigid, his look steady, in fact, stony and expressionless. "Beg pardon, sir?"

Two strides, and Mr. Lee stood over the boy, holding him by the shoulders. Pelham could now see neither face, but he saw that the clasp was gentle. "So here 's where you 've been!"

Rodman drew away, and turned to Pelham. "If you 'll explain about me—" He went back to his desk and clambered on his stool.

"Explain?" cried Mr. Lee, staring at him. But then he turned to Pelham. The boy led him to the window.

"I told you, sir," he reminded in a low voice. "He 's lost his memory, that 's all. Otherwise he 's perfectly well."

"Lost his memory!" cried Lee. "That 's quite impossible. Why—" He checked himself, and stood watching Rodman.

Rodman did not take his eyes from the book before him. "If you can tell me anything about myself, sir, I think I ought to hear it."

Mr. Lee did not answer. For a long time he studied the boy. Pelham, fairly quivering with excitement, at last could wait no longer. "Oh, sir, can't you tell us something?"

Mr. Lee asked, "How long has he been here with you?"

"Five weeks next Saturday," answered Rodman for himself.

"And you were injured?"

"I hurt my head in a fall, sir, but I am quite well now, except for—for this."

"Five weeks," said Mr. Lee, thoughtfully. Then he shook his head. "I must be mistaken."

"Oh!" cried Pelham, immensely disappointed.

"Yes," said Mr. Lee. "I 've thought it out now. It 's less than five weeks since I saw the boy I was thinking of. But the resemblance is very close."

"I would give anything—anything—" exclaimed Pelham.

Rodman turned to him. "I am rather relieved," he said. "I have a feeling that when I hear from my people the news will be disagreeable." He spoke to Mr. Lee. "You are quite sure, sir?"

"Quite sure," answered Mr. Lee, "especially now that I see you again in full face." He turned away. "Sorry I—I disturbed you."

"It 's all right, sir," answered Rodman, quietly. "I think, though, it would be rather disagreeable to me if this were talked about. You can see that it 's troublesome to have to answer questions. If you both—"

"I won't say a word!" promised Pelham, eagerly.

"Nor I," added Mr. Lee. He went toward the door. "You 'll excuse me, I hope."

"Of course," replied Rodman, again coming down from his chair. "You must n't think of it again, Mr. Lee."

Pelham was relieved to find himself outside. He was very sorry for Rodman, who, in spite of

his self-command, must have been very much upset. And at Mr. Lee's next words Pelham was sorry for him.

"Never blundered like that before," grumbled Mr. Lee, half to himself. "I 've a pretty good memory for faces, usually. Most unusual situation, too. Makes me feel small. And I 'm sorry for the boy."

"He 's a good fellow, sir," Pelham assured him. "He won't mind."

With a sudden smile, Mr. Lee cast off his mood. He clapped Pelham on the shoulder. "Much obliged, my boy, for showing me about. Now shall we find Brian, and have our ride?"

In the automobile they shot back to the house, where Brian was impatiently waiting on the piazza. He ran down the steps. "Pelham, I must sit by Mr. Lee!"

Pelham gave him his seat, and clambered in behind. There he sat while the powerful car moved slowly down the driveway and stopped at the gate.

"Which way?" asked Mr. Lee.

"When we go anywhere here," offered Pelham, "we generally go to Winton."

"Oh, Pelham!" cried Brian, much amused. "A car like this will get there in half an hour!" He turned to Mr. Lee. "Take us to Springfield," he begged.

Mr. Lee turned the car to the right. "I know the way," he said. "I came by Springfield yesterday." He looked down at Brian. "Tired of the country, eh?"

"The country 's all right," answered Brian, "but the little towns that these people go to for amusement make me tired. Now when I want to see a town I want to see a town. Springfield for me!"

Mr. Lee laughed as he quickened the speed.

Pelham was quite satisfied to sit in the back seat. Though so big a boy, he had never ridden in an automobile more than a few hundred yards. And Springfield, he knew, was twenty miles away. He was glad at the prospect before him. Even Brian's scorn of his habits did not rankle. "I am a country boy," he acknowledged to himself. "But now I 'll see something new." A second quickening of the speed, as they passed beyond the town, made him draw in his breath with anticipation. This was what he had heard of.

Pelham, as his parents knew, was something of an idealist. Bob's strong practical sense they delighted in, but in Pelham's quick imagination they perceived a higher quality. "They 'll make a good pair when I 've handed the business over to them," said Mr. Dodd. "Bob will keep things from going wrong, Pelham from standing still."

Now, with this new sensation stimulating him, Pelham sat in silence, wondering at such an accomplishment of man, and casting his thoughts forward to still greater achievements in which he, perhaps, might have a share. His ears were deaf to Brian's complacent chatter.

The twenty miles to Springfield were thus enjoyment and a dream to Pelham. He did not come to himself until they were trundling slowly through the city's streets. Then his ordinary keenness returned to him, and he looked about with interest on the various sights and sounds. Mr. Lee took them to the city square, and showed them the still incomplete group of municipal buildings.

"We've got better than that in New York," said Brian, critically.

"My dear boy," answered Mr. Lee, quietly, "you may have something different, but nothing finer of its kind."

"Oh, well!" said Brian, shrugging. "Who cares for such things, anyway? Come, let's find a hotel. I'll invite you both to dinner."

Mr. Lee, looking at him quizzically, smiled before he turned away.

Pelham had come entirely out of his abstraction now. With a little satisfaction he saw the smile, and felt that he liked Mr. Lee the better for it. But Brian, he thought to himself, was having the time of his life. His voice had flowed in a steady stream during the ride; Pelham had a vague remembrance of hearing of limousines, tours, accidents, polo, Newport, Europe. Brian had run through the list of his interests, while Mr. Lee had listened almost in silence. Now the man left Brian choose the hotel, and, when they had left the automobile, its owner still followed obediently in Brian's wake.

"The men's café," decided Brian. "We'll like it better there." At the door he beckoned to the head-waiter, chose his table, and asked for the menu, all with perfect self-possession.

"He's enjoying himself," thought Pelham, watching. "He's lived the hotel life, and he prefers it." For himself, the big rooms, the striking furnishings, and the ebb and flow of people, all would grow tiresome with familiarity.

Pelham looked at Mr. Lee to see if he were still studying Brian. No, he seemed abstracted; and if he followed Brian's lead, accepted his suggestions as to dinner, and still sat silent before the food came, it was because he was rather thinking of his own affairs than amused at the antics of a boy.

But after a while, he roused himself from his mechanical answers and abstracted replies, and fixed his attention on Brian. He gestured at the

busy dining-room. "Brian, I see you like this sort of thing."

"I'm used to it," answered Brian, promptly. "At home I go to the restaurants and cafés a good deal, after the theater. When we're traveling, of course we use them all the time."

"While as for our good Pelham here," said Mr. Lee, "or that young fellow Rodman—by the way, I wish you'd tell me about that boy. I'm interested in his case. It seems very sad."

The question was addressed to either of the boys, but Brian took it on himself to answer. "It's sad or not, according as you look at it. Now I consider there's more to it than appears."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Lee, directly.

Brian waved his hand. "Let me tell you from the beginning. Pelham and I were driving home on the Winton road, when I missed a wallet of mine. We went back to look for it, and found this fellow in the road, looking at something that he held in his hand. Supposing it to be my wallet, I asked for it; but he dodged away from us into the woods, and did not show up again until that afternoon, when he fell down a cliff in the pastures. Luckily for him, Harriet saw the fall, and called a fellow named Nate, who lives near by. The boy was badly knocked up, had a fever, and was in bed for a fortnight. When he came to, it seems he'd lost his memory—so they said. Now he's working in the mill."

Pelham, listening, bit his lip at the abrupt ending. Of course Brian would say nothing of Harriet's return from Winton. Mr. Lee thought for a moment.

"What did the boy hold in his hand? Did you see?"

Brian answered slowly. His attention was suddenly absorbed in his food. "I'm not entirely sure."

"You said it was a wallet," put in Pelham. "I surely thought it was."

"You saw it, then?" asked Mr. Lee.

"Yes," answered Pelham. "I know it was a wallet."

"Yours, then?" asked Mr. Lee of Brian.

Brian hesitated, and Pelham spoke up quickly: "We hope it was not, sir. We—" Here he thought of Brian's feeling toward Rodman, and corrected himself,—"I think him entirely honest. If he could remember, I believe he'd explain it properly. But, you see, he's forgotten; and, what's more, when he was picked up, no wallet was found in his clothes."

"The place was searched?" asked Mr. Lee, keenly.

"Where he fell?" inquired Pelham, somewhat blankly. "No, I don't think it was."

"But," said Mr. Lee to Brian, "you did n't seem to think that the boy had lost his memory."

Brian was a little confused; nevertheless he answered, "As a matter of fact, I never have."

"I don't think you 're quite fair about it," said Pelham, stoutly. "Is n't it only that you don't like him?"

"Well, I don't like him, and that 's a fact," admitted Brian. "I don't want to be mean—maybe I'm unfair to him. Still, there 's something about him—" He finished with the wave of his hand which with him stood in place of argument.

"But there 's nothing that you 've really got to show," remarked Mr. Lee, shrewdly, "that goes to *prove* that the boy is pretending?"

"Nothing definite," replied Brian.

"But you believe in him?" Mr. Lee asked Pelham.

"Why, Mr. Lee," argued Pelham, "what reason can a fellow have for such a pretense? It would be more bother than it 's worth. Besides, he 's not tricky. He 's straight, if ever a fellow was!"

Mr. Lee, as Pelham afterward remembered, turned away, and sat silent so long that Pelham thought he had dropped the subject. At length he asked, "And the doctor agrees to all this?"

"I don't know that the boy has ever been really examined," admitted Pelham. "We 've all of us taken for granted, perhaps, that if he said he could n't remember, why, he could n't remember. But the doctor certainly agreed with the rest."

"Well, well," remarked Mr. Lee, as if satisfied, "it 's a mighty interesting case. We read of these things, but we seldom run across them. And now we 'd better be thinking of starting for home, if I'm to take Mrs. Dodd and Miss Harriet out for a ride before supper. Brian, of course I'm paying for this."

"Of course not!" cried Brian, flushing. "Really, Mr. Lee, I meant my invitation."

His pride seemed quite touched, and Mr. Lee withdrew. "As you please," he said.

The waiter came with the bill, and Brian, looking at it, felt in his pocket. "Not so much," he remarked. Pelham did his best to keep from staring. Where was Brian to get the money to pay for such a dinner? He felt as if his eyes must be popping when Brian drew from his pocket a roll of bills every bit as large as the one he had lost. With the air of being used to handling money, Brian peeled off some bills, and handed them to the waiter. "Keep the change," he said, and rose.

Pelham did not care that Brian, on returning to the automobile, again took the seat by Mr. Lee's side. On the way home he said very little. He felt somewhat contemptuous of his cousin, and somewhat hurt. The contempt was at Brian's

appeal to his mother for more money, the hurt—no, after all, he did not object to Brian's secrecy. If he had been so small as to send for more money, of course he would not tell of it.

CHAPTER XIX

MR. LEE INTERESTS HIMSELF

MR. LEE, with a backward word now and then to Mrs. Dodd, was taking pleasure in occasional glances at Harriet's face. She sat by his side, flushed with the pleasure of the ride, her eyes fixed on the road, and entirely unconscious of his observation. To him the girl was beautiful. Harriet was not pretty in the common sense, but her features were fine, and she promised, to the eye of understanding, a noble womanhood. Mr. Lee scarcely understood all her possibilities, yet as he looked at her he had glimpses of something very rare. The color in her cheeks, the light in her eyes, the awe, rather than mere delight, in this new experience, that spoke in all her features, struck him deeply. Yet Mr. Lee had a purpose in mind, and it could not be set aside for the enjoyment of watching a girl. When at last they were again approaching the town, he roused her.

"They tell me it was you, Miss Harriet, that found this boy Rodman after he fell."

She drew a long breath as she came back to herself. "Oh, this has been wonderful!—Yes, we girls found him, or, rather, we were right there."

"You saw it?" inquired Lee.

"No," explained Harriet. "He fell on the cliff, but the trees were between us."

"Alarming, I should say," remarked Mr. Lee.

"It was very startling," agreed Harriet. "If Nate had n't lived near at hand, I don't know what we should have done."

"Where does he live, anyway?" asked Mr. Lee.

"I can show you from here," said Harriet, eagerly, "if you 'll just slow down.—There, do you see that open pasture on the hillside facing us, on the other side of the town? Beyond it the brown face of the cliffs shows in places above the trees. Then there to the left, a little below, you see the roof of a house, and just a bit of its white face? Well, that is Nate's."

Mr. Lee had stopped the car entirely. "H-m! And where on the cliffs did the boy fall?"

"About a mile to the right of Nate's."

"The boy just slipped and fell, and struck on the bare ground?"

"Oh, no," corrected Harriet. "A big rock gave way under him, and he fell with it. Luckily he was n't under it. Other rocks fell too, and he must have fallen upon a little tree, for it was quite broken down."

Mr. Lee seemed satisfied. "And this man Nate? I suppose he 's the sort of a man you are willing to trust the boy with?" He started the car.

"Oh, yes!" Harriet began explaining about Nate, and had scarcely finished singing his praises when they reached the house.

Mr. Lee was delightfully jovial that night. He challenged Mrs. Dodd to a game of cribbage, changed the invitation to include the family, and finally involved them all, even Mr. Dodd, in an uproarious game of seven-handed euchre. When the younger ones had gone to bed, he stayed for a talk with Bob and the parents.

But in the morning he was the first to stir. The clock had scarcely ceased striking five when he was out of bed, and in less than fifteen minutes he had let himself quietly out of the house. He sat in a piazza chair to put on his shoes, then strode off down the driveway, turning his back on the stable where was his automobile. He took the road for Winton, turned at the first cross-roads, then swung briskly up the hill until he caught sight of the roof of Nate's house.

It lay to the left of the road, and Mr. Lee studied the land to the right. In this dry weather there was scarcely any dew, and choosing a spot where the bushes were sparse, he leaped the fence without fear for his clothes. Across the fence there were woods, but they were thin, and promised to be thinner higher up. Through them he pressed his way until he came to a stone wall, across which lay the broad pasture known to all blueberry pickers. Mr. Lee climbed the wall, and briskly continued his ascent.

The sun was well above the horizon now, and was warm on his back. But time was passing. He took off his coat and never stopped in his climb. Before long he saw in front the fringe of trees that masked the cliffs; then eagerly he climbed still faster. He reached the cliffs at their beginning.

Pushing into the bushes, he began to follow the base of the cliffs, studying not only the ground before him, but also the face of the rocks. The cliffs were not high, twenty feet at the most; but the thickets at their feet were often close, and he had to go slowly. Occasionally he looked at his watch, frowning at the passage of time. Once or twice he paused and studied a space with care, but each time, shaking his head, he continued his search. At length, however, he stopped abruptly.

"Here it is!"

At the foot of the cliff lay two great stones, with other smaller ones near by. Close at hand was a sapling of which the top had been entirely

broken down. Although ferns had sprung up beside the stones, partially masking them, and although the broken sapling had sent forth new shoots, there was no mistaking the fact that the fall and the injury were recent. Had there been any doubt, a glance at the cliff would have furnished other proof. On its weatherworn surface appeared fresh scars, showing whence the fallen rocks had slipped.

Throwing down his jacket, Mr. Lee began to look about him. First he walked carefully about the place, looking minutely on the ground. Then he began systematically to hunt. Every clump of grass was searched; tufts of fern were uprooted and cast aside; he thrust his way into bushes and explored their depths. Shaking his head, he widened the area of his search until at last he came out into the open pasture. There for a while he tramped about, looking on the ground, and always unsuccessfully returning to the cliff. Then for a while he stood thinking, until with hope he cast his eye on the two great fallen rocks. The smaller ones he had already turned over. The big ones were as large as it was likely that a man would be able to move, but with surprising energy he assaulted them. He turned over first one and then the other, but he found nothing where they had lain. Now, shaking his head, he climbed up the cliff as far as he could go, but with the evident expectation of finding nothing. Empty-handed he came down again, gave a last searching look about him, and once more looked at his watch. Starting, he snatched up his jacket and hurried down the hill.

At a rapid pace he swung into the town, and passed up the Dodds' driveway at exactly seven o'clock. A maid, just putting up the living-room shades, saw him and let him in. As he went up the stairs he met no one, but splashes from the bath-room seemed to indicate that some of the family were just out of bed. He reached his room unseen, and studying his costume decided that he needed fresh shoes and a good wash before he could show himself.

After breakfast, Mr. Dodd asked him his plans for the day. "Bob and I shall be busy in the office until eleven," explained Mr. Dodd. "After that we shall be at your disposal."

"Then shortly after eleven I will call at the mill," said Mr. Lee, smiling. "In the meantime, Mr. Dodd, I wonder if there is anything improper in my inspecting your annex here on the hill." Mr. Dodd looked puzzled, and Mr. Lee explained. "I mean the little dye-house of the man named Nate."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Dodd, heartily, "if only you don't put it that way to him. Nate is no

employee of mine, you understand. All his work is independent. He buys his material of me, or of others through me, he dyes them according to his fancy, and I sell his goods apart from my own. He and I bargain as man to man, and he has nothing to do with the mills. So if you will keep in mind that he is a true Yankee, very proud of his independence, you and he will get on."

In the midst of the clacking and thumping of his jigger, therefore, Nate was interrupted by the sudden sight of a shadow on his floor. He looked up, and saw Mr. Lee in the doorway. "Come in," he said, stopping the machine.

Mr. Lee came into the workroom. "My name is Lee," he said. "Mr. Dodd told me that perhaps you would let me see how you work."

"Surely," answered Nate, offering his hand. "Why, Rodman's told me all about you. Goin' inter the business yourself, I understand. Certainly I 'll show you how I work, only—" and Nate smiled slyly at his guest—"only there 's more to dyein' than jes' passin' a cloth through a mixture."

"I know," answered Lee, smiling himself. "I know that the mixture itself is the thing, and that you 'd rather not tell much about that."

"Sho, Mr. Lee, what 's the use o' talkin'?" cried Nate. "I ain't got no secrets that I ain't willin' to tell when a man comes to me as you do, meanin' really to go into the business. I like to make a kind o' mystery o' my receipts with the boys an' the workmen; they think the better o' me for it. But between you an' me now, I 'll tell you as I once told Mr. Dodd. It is n't so much the receipts themselves, as the know-how o' puttin' 'em together. An' more 'n that, there ain't never been no measured quantities to 'em. You know about the old-style cook. She says, 'Yes, o' course I 'll tell you how to make a batter puddin'. Get a lit-

tle butter, an' a pinch o' salt an' cinnamon, an' jes' enough flour—!' Now, Mr. Lee, I can't tell you no nearer than that jes' how much o' one thing an' another I put into my mixtures."

Mr. Lee was laughing. "I understand, Mr. —"



"AT LENGTH, HE STOPPED ABRUPTLY. 'HERE IT IS!'"

"Jes' plain Nate. No one calls me nothin' else. Moreover, Mr. Lee, you can't get no mill workman to study over his mixtures as I do,—no, nor you won't find no employer to pay him for his time when he 's doin' it. You would n't do it

yourself. Rememberin' all that, let me tell you whatever I can."

For more than an hour the two stood over Nate's crude jigger, while the dyer talked of his art. Both men were deeply absorbed. Question after question was asked by Mr. Lee when once Nate had finished his explanation, and detail after detail Nate explained with great fullness.

"Nate," said the visitor at the end, "any man who is going into this business as a manufacturer, no matter how big or how small a plant he intends to have, ought to come first and talk with you."

Nate smiled with gratification. "It does me good to hear you say so," he said. "I'll be glad to feel, sir, that suthin' I may have said will make a little difference to your year's profits."

"It will," replied Mr. Lee. "Or if it does n't, it will be my fault." He turned to the door. "I am due at the mill in less than half an hour, and so I ought to be going."

They had shaken hands at the door, and Mr. Lee was starting to go, when abruptly he turned back. "By the way, I am interested in the story of that boy Rodman. You've been very good to him."

"No more than he deserves," answered Nate.

"Too bad, is n't it?" asked the visitor; "that story about the lost wallet?"

Nate flushed. "So it's got to your ears so soon! Mr. Lee, nothin' makes me so mad as that story. Why, there ain't nothin' in it so far 's Rodman's concerned."

"You looked through his clothes?" inquired Mr. Lee.

"I did," answered Nate. "There was n't nothin' in 'em except a knife an' a pocket-handkerchief. The other boy jes' lost his wallet, an' there's nothin' more to it."

Mr. Lee shook hands with him again. "I'll remember to deny the story whenever I meet it."

"An' wherever you meet it, too," suggested Nate. "Good-by, Mr. Lee, an' much obliged to ye."

Mr. Lee was busy with the two Dodds for the rest of the day. They agreed, when they talked him over later, that he was the keenest visitor that they had yet had. He seemed to understand much instinctively, and their explanations needed always to be of the briefest. It was not till the end of the day that he referred to his visit to Nate. Mr. Dodd was much interested in his account of it.

"Nate is quite right, Mr. Lee," he said. "Neither you nor I could get a millful of workers to follow his methods. Nor would the results pay us if we could. No, it takes a solitary genius,

working for the love of it, as Nate does, to get such results as his. There's such a demand for his product that I sell it at almost any price I please—Nate never bothers himself about that. But I never met another man of the kind."

"Odd stick," remarked Mr. Lee. "He's been very good to that boy Rodman.—By the way, I suppose one can believe what Nate says, about the lad's having no wallet?"

"You're a stranger, Mr. Lee," returned Mr. Dodd, seriously, "or you would n't ask such a question. Nate's shrewd, and does n't tell all he knows; but when he says a thing, no one in this town would disbelieve it."

"I thought so," said Mr. Lee. "But, Mr. Dodd, I'd like to make a proposal to you. The case of this boy has interested me. What should you say to my taking him with me to the city when I go, to put him under good doctors?"

Mr. Dodd looked at him quietly. "How would he be better off?" he asked.

"He would find his people."

"What are his people doing to find him?" asked Mr. Dodd. "The police of New York and Boston, and the constables of every town hereabout as far as Springfield, know all about the boy. If there had been the slightest attempt made to trace him, I should have been informed. No, Mr. Lee, when his people begin to worry about him, I will worry about his people. In the meanwhile I have taken medical advice, not merely of our local doctor, who is pretty clever, but also from experts, men that I know personally. They agree that the quickest way for him to come to himself is to keep in good health and free from worry. In the last twenty-four hours he has appeared rather pale, I have noticed, but I don't see that he could be better off."

"Doubtless you are right," said Mr. Lee.

"I am glad you think so, but," finished Mr. Dodd, "really I don't see that more can be done for him just now."

Mr. Lee nodded, and said no more. For two days he did not mention Rodman, nor did he go near the office in which the boy worked. He went in and out of the mill buildings, however, and discussed with the Dodds every detail of their business, even to their system of paying their men.

"I should think you are inconveniently situated for getting money," he remarked to Bob on Friday evening. "You don't trust such a package of bills to the mail-carrier? For example, who brings it to-morrow?"

"Mail hours are inconvenient," explained Bob. "I carry it myself. Jog over, and jog back."

"I can save you time if you'll let me take you,"

suggested Mr. Lee. "You may drive the machine, too, if you like."

"Good man!" cried Bob.

Not till toward Saturday noon did Mr. Lee go near the office. Rodman had finished a piece of

come back early in the afternoon for the making up of the pay-roll. "I 'll soon be working full time again now," he said, at the door.

"But there 'll be no room for me after that," answered Rodman, with a wry face.

Mr. Hollins laughed. "There 'll be work for you in the office for a long time to come," he declared. "Besides, your arm is growing strong again. It won't be long before you will want more active work." And so he had gone.

Left to himself, Rodman had worked for a while on the stint which Mr. Hollins had left for him. Mr. Dodd and Bob had come in and out, busy with their own work, but for the most part the office was deserted by all but him.

Now notice how a boy, used perhaps to deciding for himself, and carrying quite a burden of responsibility, but nevertheless only a boy, can on a sudden impulse make a false step.

Mr. Lee came into the office. He walked quickly, as was his habit; he seemed satisfied at finding Rodman; and then, having shut the door, he looked about the room to see if any one else was there.

"Where is Mr. Dodd?" he asked.

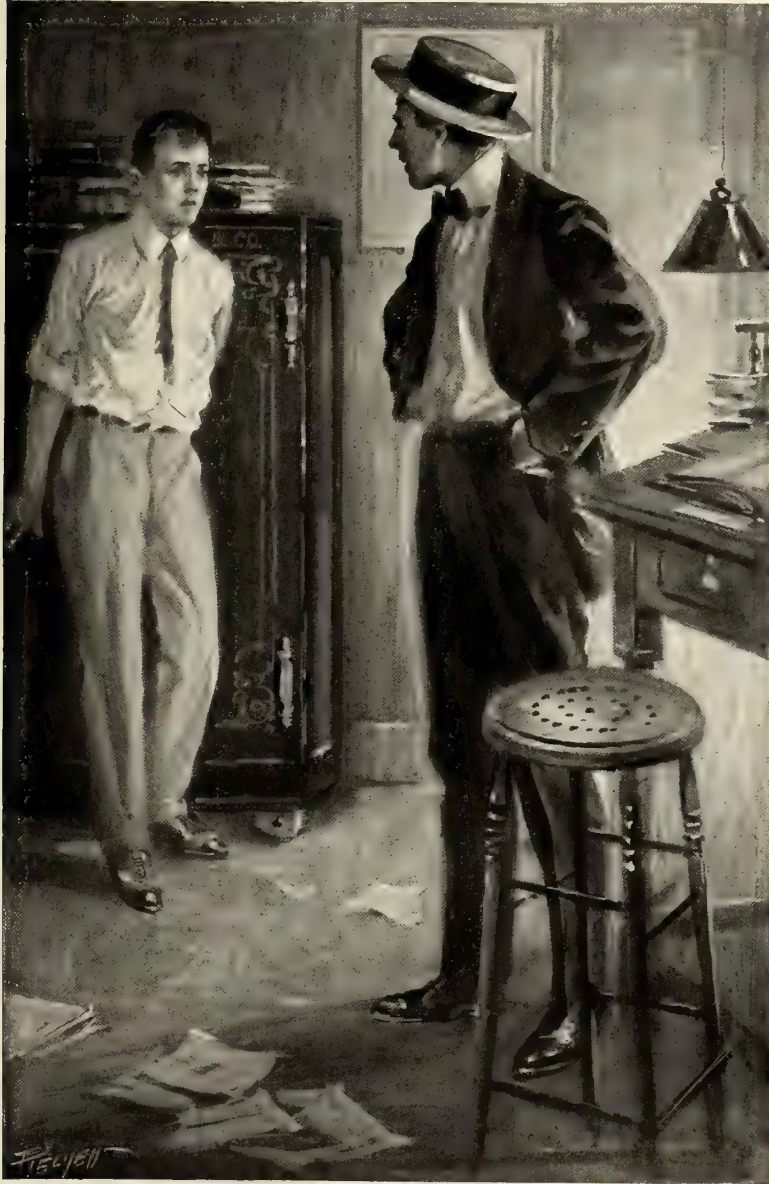
"Somewhere in the mill," answered Rodman.

"And young Mr. Dodd?"

"I think he went to the house."

Mr. Lee stood still as if thinking, his eyes fixed on the boy so long that at last Rodman grew restless. His desk was not far from the big safe, which stood open. Slipping from his seat, Rodman went to the safe, swung

to the heavy door, shot the bolts, and with a spin of the knob broke the combination. And then, at the sudden light that flashed from the visitor's eyes, he knew his mistake.



"AND THEN RODMAN KNEW HIS MISTAKE."

work with the bookkeeper. Mr. Hollins, slowly growing stronger after his operation, had expressed his satisfaction at the help the boy gave him. Now he had limped away, promising to

(To be continued.)

BASE-BALL THE GAME AND ITS PLAYERS

by Billy Evans

Umpire in the American League



CONNIE MACK.

The tall tactician of the Athletics, one of the greatest leaders in the game. His methods differ from those employed by most managers. He never protests the work of the umpires, directs his team from the cover of the bench, and gets results where others fail. Is noted for his liking for college players, and his ability to discover players in the rough.

HOW CONNIE MACK DIFFERS FROM OTHER MANAGERS

He scores every game his team plays. His score card covers every minute detail of the contest.

He holds a daily conference with his players, and points out mistakes of the previous day. Often, he maps out plans for the afternoon's game in advance.

He conducts his campaign entirely from the bench, and retreats to the club-house as the last man is retired.

He always has three or four of his brainiest and seasoned players acting as lieutenants; and courts their advice in mapping out campaigns on the ball-field. Such players are usually referred to as "Mack's board of strategy."

His voice is never heard in protest on the field. He has never been ejected from the bench by an umpire; and has yet to be fined or suspended for breaking any of the laws laid down by President Johnson of the American League.

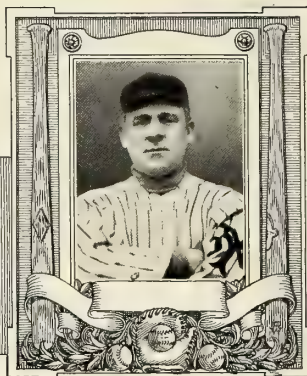
He has no set rules governing the actions of his seasoned players when they are at bat. He lets them use their own judgment if he knows they are "quick thinkers." He may give a player orders, but he does not expect them to be carried out if conditions should make them appear suicidal.

He never openly calls down a recruit in angry tones for a mistake, but quietly corrects him when they are alone.

3

The Unknown Recruit and The Foxy Manager

How two foxy managers by very different methods develop star players from the raw material



JOHN J. MCGRAW.

The famous leader of the New York "Giants," who firmly believes that a manager should reign absolutely supreme. McGraw rules with an iron hand, gives orders for every move his players make, and always shoulders the blame when a scheme fails to work. Several times he has landed a pennant for New York when his team was generally regarded as second-division timber.

He favors developing young players who show promise by keeping them on the bench for several years. He used that system in molding most of his present-day stars.

He places his men entirely on their honor throughout the season.

"WHERE does he get them?"

That is a common question every time "Connie Mack" (which is the well-known, abbreviated name of Cornelius McGillicuddy, the famous leader of the Athletics) springs some youthful sensation on the base-ball world.

No manager in the history of base-ball has ever had such wonderful success at developing stars out of players practically unknown to the base-ball fans until introduced by the wily Mack. Perhaps a good answer to the query would be: "They just naturally come."

Several years ago, a very good friend of mine acted as base-ball coach for one of the larger universities. He also acted as scout for a Major League team during the summer, when his services as a teacher of base-ball were not required by the university. During the spring, I paid my friend a visit of a few days, and, of course, spent much of my time watching him drill his "Rah! Rah!" boys in the art of playing the national pastime properly.

After watching the boys toss the ball around for ten or fifteen minutes on my first visit, my

attention was directed to a big, husky fellow who was warming up. His easy, graceful delivery reminded me somewhat of the style used by the great Walter Johnson, and I watched him closely. In about five minutes he was properly warmed up, and began "cutting loose." I made my way over and took a position that would enable me to look over his stock in trade. He had all the earmarks of a Big Leaguer.

Walking back to where the coach was busy drilling some of his newest recruits, I asked the name of the big fellow. "He is the varsity first-string pitcher," was the response. "What do you think of him?"

"Think of him?" I replied. "You don't have to think about that chap. He is there with the goods. All I hope is that some club in the American League lands him, for he is certain to be a star."

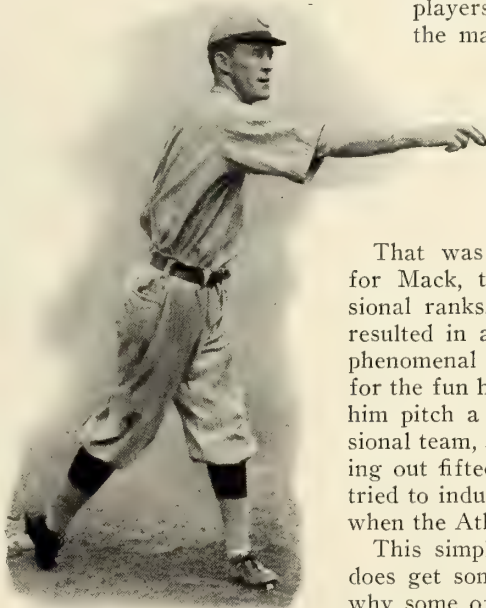
"There 's no chance for any club to get him, but should he play ball, it will be with an American League team," answered the coach.

"Of course with the team you are scouting for?"

"I should say not," replied the coach. "The club I represent is one club he won't play for. For some reason he does n't like the owner of the club I am scouting for, and he refuses to listen to my plea in that connection."

"What team does he intend signing with?" I asked.

"Connie Mack's is the only team that gets the slightest consideration. If he ever plays the professional game, it will be with Mack. There is n't much chance though, for he is a very wealthy chap, and I understand he is to marry very shortly a young lady who does n't look on the professional side of base-ball with favor. He 'll never be a Big Leaguer."



JOHNNY EVERS.

The clever second baseman—now of the Boston "Braves"—and ex-manager of the Chicago "Cubs," who is the direct opposite of Connie Mack. Evers is always in evidence, believes in baiting the umpires, urges his players to do likewise, and is indeed lucky when not on the suspended list for having overstepped the limit.

As I pondered over what the coach had said about his star pitcher, I partially solved the answer to the question I had heard over and over again, "Where does he get them?" I wondered why this young man had such a preference for the Athletics, and why he was satisfied that the Philadelphia club was the only one he really cared to play for. I determined to try to find out, if only to satisfy my own curiosity. After the work-out was over, and the players had donned street attire, I was introduced to the varsity pitcher by the coach, and gradually I worked around to the point where I could pointedly ask him why he considered only the Philadelphia club. He replied:

"The real reason for my favoring Manager Mack is because I know Manager Mack favors collegians. I think the college player has a better chance under Mack than he has under any other manager. If I took up professional base-ball as a business, I should want to succeed; to be a star. I think my chance for success would be greatly enhanced under Mack's direction. College players who join his club are a success, in the majority of cases. Every college fellow I have ever met speaks well of Mack and the treatment that he accords his players. I never met Mr. Mack, but have had some correspondence with him, and if I ever play professional ball, it will be on his team."

That was several years ago. Unfortunately for Mack, the player never joined the professional ranks. His failure to do so undoubtedly resulted in a loss to the American League of a phenomenal pitcher. He still pitches, but merely for the fun he gets out of it. Last summer, I saw him pitch a game against a strong semi-professional team, and he simply toyed with them, striking out fifteen men. It was reported that Mack tried to induce him to join his team last summer, when the Athletics' staff was wobbling, but failed.

This simply goes to show where Mack really does get some of his stars, and it also explains why some of these stars are with the Mackmen. For a number of years, Manager Mack was the only leader who regarded the college player with favor. The great success he has had with them has won over practically every other leader to that type of athlete. Now college players are warmly welcomed on all the clubs, and receive every consideration possible.

Connie Mack is truly the "somewhat-different" type of manager. He "gets results" in his own peculiar way, and he surely does get results! He makes stars out of unknowns, and makes them in

a hurry if necessity demands quick action. He prefers developing men by letting them warm the bench, rather than sending them to the Minor Leagues. This is a custom contrary to that of most managers. Mack's reasons for this system follow:

"If you were going to send a boy to college, and had the proper means, the wise course would be to select one of the leading institutions of learning," argues Mack. "Such colleges have the best professors and the best equipment. The surroundings are usually the best, and environment plays a big part in a fellow's career, whether in base-ball or other business. I liken the Big Leagues to the better institutions of learning. I liken the wise managers and star players to the leading college instructors. I think a player with the ability to succeed has a much better chance to develop sitting on the bench surrounded by the stars of the game and constantly observing the best there is in base-ball, than he has if sent to some Minor League, and started in the wrong direction. The mere coming in contact with stars, rubbing elbows with them, gives the player a polish that cannot possibly be attained in the minors."

There is no denying the fact that there is a lot of logic in Mack's line of reasoning. He insists that much of the success of his twirlers is due to pitching pointers given them by the stars of his staff, Bender, Coombs, and Plank. He claims that Ira Thomas is of great aid in acquainting his young catchers with the weakness of the several batters, and the finer points of the back-stopping game. McInnis, the wonderful first baseman of Mack's team, gladly gives the veteran Harry Davis credit for much of his knowledge as to how first base should be played. Any infielder coached by those two famous stars, Collins and Barry, is certainly a lucky chap. It is certain that no young player could ever get such high-class instruction in the minors. And to top it all off, there are the words of wisdom from the great manager. Mack's methods have surely proven a great success—for Mack.

Harmony is perhaps the biggest cog in the success of the Mack machine. The Philadelphia Athletics are one big, happy family. Mack would sacrifice the best player on his team if he proved to be a jarring note. He has allowed several crack youngsters to slip through his fingers simply because they did not behave as Mack thought youngsters should, and because he feared one bad performer might lead a number of good ones astray. Just to illustrate what consideration Mack has for his men, when the question of the habits of a player is raised, I will cite an incident

of a number of years ago. Mack had a chance to get a catcher who was a star, but who, because of his habits, was about to drift to the minors. During one of his daily conferences with his players, he put the question straight to them:

"Boys, I have a chance to get a great catcher for practically nothing. All the other clubs have waived on him because of his reputation. If he could be made to brace up, he would strengthen our club greatly. It is up to you, boys, as to whether or not I get him."

"Let us get the player, and you place the responsibility for his conduct in our hands," said one of the players. A total abstainer was made the room-mate of the star catcher, and every member of the team made it a point to keep the big fellow in the straight and narrow path. In a month the catcher was an entirely different fellow. In the club to which he formerly belonged he had been shunned to a great extent by the majority of the players. With the Athletics, he found conditions exactly the reverse. Every player was making it a point to impress on him what a good fellow he was, and how much his catching meant to the team's success. The catcher took far better than the average care of himself, and for years was one of the team's mainstays behind the bat.

Some managers make it a point to openly criticize a player for a mistake, especially if the player has made a glaring error that indirectly reflects on the managerial ability of the man in charge. Youngsters, as a rule, make more mistakes than veterans, and naturally many of the "call-downs" fall on the heads of the recruits. Perhaps any person who has ever attended a ball game can remember having heard a remark like this, from some fellow-spectator:

"I'll wager the manager is giving it to him for that blunder!"

Such a rebuke, if delivered in the open, shifts attention from the manager to the player. It is very questionable, however, if such things help to develop the man who made the error. Mack is one who firmly believes that all these methods retard the player's progress, and very often destroy the ability and consequently the value of the player in question. In connection with Mack's ideas along these lines, let me recall an incident of a game in Detroit several years ago.

At the time, the Athletics and the "Tigers" were fighting for the pennant. The game was a very slow one. One of Mack's outfielders, then very much of a youngster, but now rated as one of the best in the business, made the mistake that cost the game. Although he had often been told

how to play for a certain hitter on the Detroit team, on this occasion he shifted to the opposite side from the one he should have taken. As a result he muffed a fly ball, after a hard run, that would have been an easy out had he played properly for the batter. As the inning closed, I walked over to the Philadelphia bench to get a drink. While I was there the player who made the error arrived at the bench. Before he had a chance to utter a word, Mack said:

"No outfielder could have got that ball. Nothing but your speed enabled you to get your hands on it. At that you would have held it, had not that high wind been blowing."

All of this was true, but Mack said nothing to the player about being away out of his position. The next day he told him about it, when the two met in the hotel lobby. And never since has that outfielder made a mistake in position when playing for that Detroit batsman.

Mack instructs his men along the lines employed by college coaches. A daily conference is



FIELDER JONES.

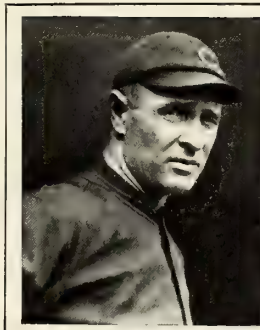
Jones has won a unique distinction in the ranks of the star managers, for, at the very height of his career, he quit base-ball. The real reason for this action has never been made known. At the time of his retirement, he could have commanded a salary of \$12,000 or more. His greatest work was in 1906, when, with a team known as the "Hitless Wonders," he won a pennant and a World's Championship for the Chicago "White Sox."

ball conditions. The weak points in the offense and defense are pointed out by Manager Mack, and the players are urged to take advantage of

held by the Mack-men throughout the season. When on the road the meeting is held in Manager Mack's room at the hotel; when at home, in the players' dressing-room at the ball park. There the players go over the game of the day previous, point out mistakes that were made, and the faults that cropped out. Often plays that proved successful, but could have been made differently and with a much better chance of success, are discussed.

Frequently plans for the afternoon's battle are mapped out in advance as far as it is possible to anticipate base-

any openings. Players are instructed definitely as to how to play for certain batters who invariably hit the ball in one direction. That accounts for the way outfielders shift some twenty or thirty yards for certain batters. Suggestions are always welcomed from any player on the team,



FRANK CHANCE.

His wonderful success with the Chicago "Cubs," one of the greatest teams ever developed, won for him the title of "Peerless Leader," which he richly deserved. Last year, Chance had his first experience with a loser. Taking charge of the New York Americans, a team with little good material, he battled all summer to get out of the last position. He managed to get the Yankees out of last place on the final day of the season.



J. STAHL.

Stahl has had a unique career. After having retired for several years, he was brought back to lead the Boston "Red Sox" and play first base. In his first year, the season of 1912, his team won the American League pennant and the World's Championship. July of the next year found him resigning his position as leader of the club that had been the great surprise of the previous season. Truly fame is fleeting in the base-ball world.

and very often one of the recruits will offer the best advice of the confab. Thus Manager Mack has every member of his club constantly working for its best interests, because he knows that any suggestions are always welcome.

In 1909, George Mullin, then the star of the Detroit pitching staff, was the sensation of the American League. Scarcely a game passed in which he worked that Mullin did not do something out of the ordinary. That year he led the American League in pitching, and was the star of the Detroit team in the World's Series with Pittsburgh.

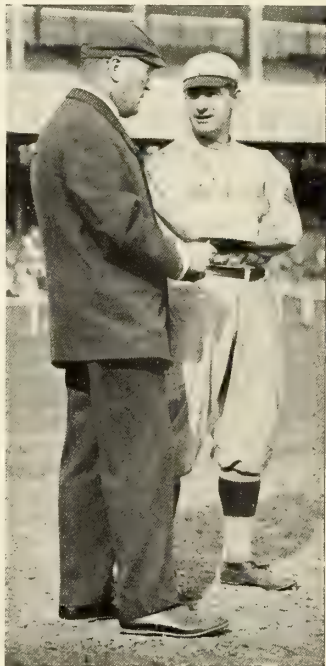
When the Detroit club reached Philadelphia that year, Mullin had ten straight victories to his credit. It was presumed that Jennings would start him in the first game against the Athletics, and in all probability send him back in the last game of the series. The question that concerned the Athletics was how to stop Mullin, and it was the cause of much study on the part of every member of the team.

At one of the conferences, held several days prior to the arrival of the Tigers, Mullin came up for discussion. Strangely enough, the discussion had little to do with Mullin's pitching, but concerned his batting. During his career as a

Big Leaguer, Mullin has always been regarded as a dangerous hitter. He made a healthy swing at the ball, picked out the good ones, and was always liable to break up a game with a long drive. Mullin took almost as much pride in his batting as he did in his pitching. It was around his batting ability that the crafty Mackmen spun a web meant to reduce his pitching effectiveness.

One of the Athletic players said that he had always observed that Mullin was more effective in the box when he was meeting with success at bat; and argued that if the Athletics could stop Mullin's hitting, his pitching would be sure to suffer. Most of the other Athletic players agreed with their team-mate, that base-hits were almost as sweet to Mullin as victory itself. That point having been settled, it was up to Manager Mack to select the pitcher who was most effective against Mullin, to oppose him.—Mack, upon looking over his trusty score cards, discovered that Bender always troubled Mullin when at bat, and confided to the Indian that he was the pitcher who would oppose Mullin. When the Tigers trotted onto the field for the first game of the important series, Mack watched the Detroit pitchers closely. When it appeared certain to him that Mullin would work, he sent Bender out to warm up. The Indian happened to be in superb form that day, and probably would have beaten any pitcher. It is enough to say that he kept Mullin from doing any hitting whatever, and the Tigers left the field defeated—the first time that season such a thing had happened with Mullin doing the pitching.

MANAGER MCGRAW, of the New York "Giants," equally famous as a base-ball leader, is almost



TWO FORMER LEADERS.

O'Day, the veteran umpire, and Roger Bresnahan, of the Chicago "Cubs," talking over their troubles. Bresnahan tried the managerial game at St. Louis, while O'Day was manager of the Cincinnati club in 1912. Bresnahan is back at the catching game, while O'Day has charge of the Chicago "Cubs" this season.

the direct opposite of Mack. McGraw has few college men on his team. Perhaps he has nothing against the collegian, but simply has not been fortunate enough to pick up any good raw material from the college nines. At the art of trading, McGraw is a regular *David Harum*. At any time his club is wavering, he seems able to go out and put through a deal that will strengthen it in the very position where it has seemed weakest. McGraw forgets the past, plays in the present, but is constantly looking into the future.

The theory on which the McGraw school of base-ball is run is that the manager must be absolute in his leadership. He must never consult with his players. Mathewson is perhaps the only New Yorker who is taken into McGraw's confidence. He reasons that the manager should assume the entire responsibility, and shoulder all the blame. McGraw never censures a player for making an error, but let one of the players "pull a 'bone,'" as the saying goes, and he never forgets it. Indeed, he makes it a point to mention it at stated intervals.

McGraw teaches his men not to let the loss of a single game, or a bunch of games, upset them. He impresses on them the fact that a team is built to last a season, not to go to pieces when it meets a few reverses. The percentage of victories at the finish, not the outcome of this or that game, definitely decides the pennant winner. He seldom puts a certain pitcher in to win a certain game, but rather works the men in regular order. Mack, on the other hand, shifts his pitchers to suit his opinions. In some particular series, he will work a pitcher twice, and then perhaps not use him again for five or six days.

That McGraw believes the manager should reign supreme was forcibly impressed on me during the series between the Boston "Red Sox" and the New York Giants for the World's Championship in 1912. It was late in the game, and the Giants appeared to have a chance to win. If I am not mistaken, with one out, Catcher Meyers had reached third base on a drive to the left-field wall. Boston was a run ahead at the time, and a hit would have tied the game. I was umpiring on the bases in that game, and was standing almost directly behind the bag, so as to be in a good position to judge a snap-throw from the catcher or pitcher, and also to observe if the runner held the base in case a fly ball was hit and he made an attempt to score.

As the next batter approached the plate, I heard McGraw say in a tone that made it plain he wanted his orders obeyed:

"If a fly ball is hit to the outfield, I want you to make an attempt to score. Go through with

the play at any cost." The batter did hit a fly ball, which Speaker captured. It would scarcely be correct to say it was a fly to the outfield, for Speaker captured it a very short distance back of second base. Speaker is known to have a strong throwing arm, and to be very accurate. It looked foolish for Meyers to try to score, but he made a break for the plate as Speaker grabbed the ball. When half-way in, Meyers saw the throw would beat him by twenty feet, and he turned and made a dash back toward third. If Cady had handled the ball cleanly, it is very questionable if Meyers would have been able to get back. It so happened that Cady fumbled the ball, and had so much trouble recovering it, that Meyers might have scored if he had gone through, as McGraw had advised.

McGraw was furious at the outcome of the play.

"I thought I told you to go through with the play at any cost," said he to Meyers in an angry voice.

"I did n't think I had a chance," answered Meyers.

"You 're not supposed to think when I 'm coaching!" replied McGraw.

"I would have looked like a joke had I gone through with the play and Cady had handled the ball cleanly."

"Nobody would have said a word to you. I would have been roasted, since I was the coacher," responded McGraw. Then the third out was made, and I missed the rest of what McGraw had to say as the catcher walked to the bench to don his mask and protector.

Mack and McGraw are both great, but entirely different. Take your choice.

(To be continued.)

JOY

ALL the yellow sunshine days
That I have known, that I have known,
Are just a lovely golden haze
That 's all my own, my own.

And every pleasant loving thing
That I have heard, that I have heard,
Within my heart will sing and sing,
Just like a happy bird. C. H.

THE LUCKY STONE

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Author of "The Flower Princess," "The Lonesomest Doll," etc.

CHAPTER X

IN THE PALACE

THE day which was to have taken Maggie back to the city came and went, and she still remained in Bonnyburn. Letters were sent home telling of her grave illness, and of the kind hands into which she had fallen; letters also went to Mr. Graham, who was much more concerned than was 'Tilda. He wanted to go straight to Bonnyburn and help take care of Maggie; but Dr. Foster and present duties at the Settlement forbade.

"However," he declared, in a letter to Miss Penfold, "I shall myself come up to fetch Maggie home when she is well—the dear little thing!"

When she was well! At one time, it seemed as if that day was never to be. Maggie was very ill indeed. She had ceased to be herself, and was like a strange little being under a spell. Some-

times she fancied herself back in the tenement with 'Tilda, and her words of fear and unhappiness betrayed more of her sad life than she had ever confided to any one, even to Mr. Graham. The white presence by her bed listened with tears in her eyes. She had not guessed how hard life was for some little souls. At other times, Maggie told about the fairies who had helped her, who were helping her now. They visited the tenement and made her hard bed soft. They turned her crusts and water into delicious cool drinks and dainty mouthfuls,—such as the nurse brought her nowadays. The fairies laid a soothing spell upon her when she was sore and bruised because of unkindly hands, and they made her ugly room beautiful and bright; see how beautiful and bright it was now! Oh, the fairies! How kind they were! If Maggie could do something for them! She must give them her lucky stone!

Often Maggie talked about Mr. Graham and how good he was, and of the Settlement and all it had done for her. Allegra listened. She thought she should like to know this Saint George who fought dragons so bravely. Maggie prattled, too, of Bob and Bess and the farm. But most of all she talked about the wonderful adventures in the Park, and of the mysterious Princess who needed help. It gave Allegra a pang to see her feverishly rubbing the little gold ring, hanging so loosely on the thin finger, and whispering feebly:

"Open, Gate, I pray,
And let me in to-day!"

It seemed so likely that a gate was going to open for Maggie into a park where little children were never called trespassers.

It was at these times that the soft hand laid on Maggie's would often quiet her restless spirit and bring the peace of sleep.

Then there came a day when Maggie turned the corner and began to mend. One morning, when Miss Miggs had gone to her breakfast, Allegra looked up from the letter she was reading and found two great eyes fixed upon her.

"Where am I?" asked Maggie. Allegra laid down the letter, which was from Mr. Graham, inquiring about his little friend, and, going to the bed, said smilingly: "Good morning, Maggie!"

"Good morning," answered Maggie, still eying her wonderingly. They looked at one another in silence for some seconds. Allegra was saying over and over to herself: "She is going to get well! She is going to get well!"

"Where am I?" asked Maggie again, glancing around the pretty room.

"You are in Bonnyburn, dear," said Allegra, almost afraid to speak.

"In Bonnyburn! Then it may be real. I thought I was at home, and that all this niceness was part of the story I made up."

"No," said Allegra, "it is real, Maggie. But you must not talk any more now. Close your eyes and go to sleep."

"I will," said Maggie, looking at Allegra adoringly for a moment before she obeyed.

Not long after this, when Maggie was stronger, came questions which could no longer be put off. "This may be Bonnyburn," said Maggie. "But it is n't the Timmins's house?" Allegra answered cautiously:

"No. It is the house in the Park."

"The palace!" Maggie's eyes shone. "I suspected it. And how did I get here?"

"You came in a carriage drawn by two white ponies, just like *Cinderella*!" laughed Allegra. But Maggie saw nothing to laugh at.

"White ponies!" she cried. "Oh, I hope Bob saw them. He wanted to so much."

"Yes, he saw you go," answered Allegra.

"Oh, I wish Bob and Bess were here too!" exclaimed Maggie. "How Bess would like this lovely room!"

"They will come to see you as soon as you are a little stronger," promised her attendant. "They come to the Park to inquire for you every day."

"Oh!" cried Maggie, delighted. "Then the Princess has forgiven them?—And me too?" She looked wistful.

"You are all forgiven!" declared Allegra, adding, under her breath, "if there was anything to forgive."

"How good the Princess is!" murmured Maggie, "to let me stay in her lovely house. I wish Mr. Graham knew. She is kind, like him."

"Bless your heart! He knows. And when you are well and strong again, which will be very soon, you shall play in the Park whenever you like."

Maggie was gazing at Allegra with puzzled eyes. "I wish I knew something," said she. "I think I must have been dreaming. I thought the Fairy Princess came here. I thought she came close to me, and told me that I had broken the spell."

"Your Princess did come, Maggie," said Allegra, softly, as she bent over the bed. "And it is true! You have broken the spell that bound her. She is her true self once more, thanks to you."

"Was it the lucky stone did it?" asked Maggie, eagerly.

Allegra nodded. "Indeed, I think so, dear," she said.

"Then I am glad I gave it to her, if it did make me sick," cried Maggie.

"I don't think that," said Allegra, cautiously. Maggie went on speaking:

"I should like to see her," she gazed earnestly at the face above her, "but, somehow, I don't care so much about that as I did, for, anyway, I can look at you. I love to look at you!"

Allegra blushed at the compliment, and found nothing to say.

"I remember your face in my dream, too," said Maggie, musingly, "and it was always getting mixed up with the kind fairy's. Sometimes I thought you were the Princess herself."

Allegra turned away her face. "You have seen her," she said, "though you did not know it at the time. Do you remember the old woman with the black cat?"

"Was that she?" asked Maggie, eagerly.

"That was one of her disguises," said Allegra. "And the old man who guided you to the lake

was a second. And the boy in green with the red feather was a third."

"And the voice behind the screen, that was like your voice, only not so kind," added Maggie; "who was that?"

"They were all the same person," said Allegra.

the nurse, noting the other's strained position as she bent over the bed. She moved Maggie deftly without waking her.

"I was afraid of disturbing her," said Allegra, straightening herself painfully. "What a dear little thing she is!"



"MAGGIE IS GOING TO RIDE WITH THE PONIES TO-MORROW," SAID ALLEGRA."

"She was always disguised. But now, thanks to you, she is herself again, and can answer to a happy name, as she was born to do."

"What's your name?" asked Maggie, suddenly.

"Allegra," was the smiling answer.

"Allegra! That sounds like a fairy with gauzy wings and a wand and a crown," murmured Maggie, drowsily. "You are my real fairy." She laid her cheek on Allegra's hand which held hers, and soon dropped asleep. But Allegra stood motionless with her hand under the child's cheek until Miss Miggs came back, half an hour later.

"My! You must be tired, Miss Allegra," said

Miss Miggs stared after her as she left the room. "Well, I never saw such a change in any one in my life!" she said, under her breath. "It's like one of those fairy stories Maggie tells the Timmins youngsters."

Miss Miggs was an excellent nurse, and her little patient had the best of care. It was astonishing how fast Maggie improved, and in helping her to get well, Miss Miggs's spirits rose to their usual height, as they had not done in the past easy weeks.

One morning, Maggie was sitting in the long chair on the piazza, propped up with pink silk

cushions. Cæsar lay half asleep close by. On the perch near at hand, Old Nick, the parrot, sat preening his feathers, making caustic remarks to himself now and then. Maggie was never tired of watching the quaint bird and listening to his conversation, when he deigned to talk with her. For nowadays they were very good friends, in spite of their first misunderstanding.

Allegra came out and kissed her.

"What is the program for to-day?" she asked.

"I walked all around the piazza yesterday," said Maggie, proudly. "And Doctor Foster says I may go down into the garden to-day. Oh, I wish I could go now!"

"You can go now," said Allegra, unexpectedly. "Here is some one who will carry you as easily as he would a flower-pot. Here, Michael, I want you a minute."

A bulky form that had been moving behind some bushes close by now appeared, bowing and scraping in the path before them.

"Oh," cried Maggie, shrinking a little, "it's the ogre!"

"Nonsense, Maggie!" said Allegra, laughing, but flushing at the remembrance of a hateful day; "Michael is no ogre. He is my good gardener, and he would n't hurt you for anything."

"Then he's changed," murmured Maggie, "like everything else in this enchanted Park—even Old Nick."

"We are all changed, Maggie," smiled Allegra. "The spell is broken, I think. Here, Michael; I want you to carry Maggie down into the garden where the sun-dial is."

"All right, Miss," said Michael, showing jagged teeth in a smile that tried to be affable. But Maggie held back.

"I'd rather wait till I can walk, please," she said.

"I'll take ye as aisy as nothin' at all, Missy," said Michael, bowing. "Ye're only a wisp of a colleen. I'm sorry ye had the faiver, that I am. Did I scare ye that bad the day in the gardin, is it? I've been sore fashed to remimber it, that I have."

"You *did* scare me," said Maggie, truthfully, "but I suppose you were doing your duty."

"Ye'd no call to be there at all," said Michael, firmly, wagging his head. "Them was my orders; no one was to come in but her," he nodded toward Allegra. "But now everything's changed. Ladies has the right to change their minds, ye know." He bowed deprecatingly toward his mistress.

"They have indeed!" said she, laughing. "Now, Michael, you carry Maggie down to the garden, and if you see any other children there, don't you

drive them away. There are n't to be any more ogres in the Park, you know."

"Yes, Miss." Michael took Maggie gently in his arms and carried her down the path to the garden where she had had her great fright. Cæsar kept close at his heels. Miss Miggs followed with a chair and cushions, and they fixed Maggie comfortably in a shady corner. Then Michael went back to fetch Old Nick to join the company, for the bird was complaining loudly at being deserted.

"Here we are! Here we are!" he squawked delightedly, when he was set near Maggie's elbow. "Now for some fun!"

"How I wish Bob and Bess could see me here now!" said Maggie. "It seems an awful long time since we were all here—trespassing."

"'Sh, Maggie! Don't say that horrid word!" cried Allegra, laying her hand on Maggie's lips. "I am never going to have that word used on the place again. You said it so often when you were very ill, dear, that I shall never hear it without a shudder."

"So that is changed too," said Maggie, wondering. "How strange it all is!"

Suddenly, the parrot began to shift uneasily on his perch, and then he burst into loud shrieks as Maggie had heard him do once before. Cæsar rose to his feet, and looked intently before him.

"Help! Thieves! Murder! Go away! Go away!" shrieked the parrot.

"Be still, Nick!" cried Allegra, flapping her garden hat at the bird. "What does he see? Ah! I thought they would be coming!"

Up the path toward them came running two figures which the parrot had recognized first—Bob and Bess, dressed in their Sunday clothes. Cæsar ran to meet them, wagging his tail.

"Oh, Bess! Oh, Bob! How glad I am to see you!" cried Maggie, clapping her hands. And the children seemed every bit as glad as she. Allegra shook each of them cordially by the hand, and Miss Miggs nodded pleasantly as if they were old acquaintances. When Maggie looked surprised at this, Allegra explained:

"Oh, yes, we are old friends, are n't we?" The children nodded, grinning. "You see," she turned to Maggie, "while you were ill, these two had to have somewhere to play, apart from the other children; so they came here, and I used to see them often, and tell them about you."

"We've been all over the Park," volunteered Bob, "and we know the way 'round everywhere. And we've seen the ponies!"

"Maggie is going to ride with the ponies tomorrow, if the doctor is willing," said Allegra. "Would you like to go too?"

"O-o-oh!" trilled three pairs of lips ecstatically.

"Very well. Now we are going away to leave you children together, so you can talk for a little while," said Allegra. "But don't you tire Maggie too much." With that Allegra smiled at them, and withdrew, taking Miss Miggs with her.

"Is n't she lovely!" sighed Maggie, looking after her. "Oh, she has been so good to me—you don't know!"

"I guess we *do* know! And she's been good to us, too," said Bess, eying Maggie half bashfully; it was so long since they had seen her, and she looked so different, paler and thinner, and dressed in pretty white clothes.

"She lets us play here whenever we want to," said Bob, "and she gives us candy and lots of stuff. I think it was she who did all those nice things before,—do you remember, Maggie?"

"Course I remember!" said Maggie. "You don't think I'd forget *that*! But—do you think," she hesitated—"do you really believe she—can be the same as the Princess? I have been puzzling a lot about it, and I wonder—"

"There is n't any other Princess," declared Bob. "Miss Allegra is the whole thing! She can do anything she likes."

"Then she has changed," said Maggie. "For once she could n't have what she wanted most. She said so."

"Maybe she does n't *want* it now," suggested Bess. "Anyhow, there are n't any more 'TRESPASSING' signs in the Park, and she says she is going to let everybody come here whenever they like, after you get well."

"Oh, how nice! How pleased Mr. Graham would be!" cried Maggie. "He was always wishing that there were more parks for every one to play in.—Oh, I wish he would come to see me, and then I should be perfectly happy."

"He's coming," said Bess, unexpectedly. "Mother said so. She had a letter yesterday."

"Oh, when is he coming?" asked Maggie, eagerly.

"I dunno. After you get well enough to go home, I guess. But that won't be for a long time."

"Oh, I wish he were here this minute! I want to see him so much, and tell him all about everything.—I know a secret!" said Maggie, mysteriously.

"What is it?" begged the other two.

"Miss Allegra says I can tell you if you promise not to tell any one else,—not a single soul." The children promised. "Well, we are going to have a party here in the Park! A great big party

for all the children in the town, when I am quite strong again and they are n't afraid to come here."

"What kind of a party?" queried Bob, warily. "I don't like the kind where you sit in a room and play silly games."

"This one won't be that kind," said Maggie. "This party will be outdoors, and there will be funny things happening, the way they did when we came here those first days, do you remember? We three are to help make the party. And Miss Allegra says there will be a surprise that not even I am to know. Won't it be fun!"

"Things to eat?" suggested Bob, cautiously, before committing himself.

"You bet!" replied Maggie, relapsing into the diction seldom heard within the Park walls. "All the things we like best to eat. We are to plan that part of it ourselves, and choose just what we want."

"Gee! I'll begin to make a list as soon as I go home!" cried Bob.

At that moment, Miss Miggs appeared, and announced that Maggie had had excitement enough for one morning. So the children said good-by reluctantly, and ran home to think of the white ponies and the party that was to be.

Maggie continued to improve; and presently the day was set for the grand party which was to celebrate her recovery. The three children went out with Allegra to deliver the invitations. They went in the automobile, and they stopped at every house in the village where there lived a boy or girl, and at some places far outside the village. For Allegra said they were to invite all the children who went to school with Bob and Bess. There were forty of them, and those who had no other way of coming to the party, which was to be in the evening, were promised that the automobile should call to fetch them, and take them home again when everything was over. So nobody had any excuse for refusing to come; and, indeed, it would have been hard to keep those boys and girls away, when they heard that the party was to be in the mysterious Park, and that Bob and Bess, with their little friend Maggie, were to be host and hostesses.

This is the way the invitations read:

You are invited to attend the party given by Bob and Bess Timmins for their friend Maggie Price, at the Park, Bonnyburn, next Wednesday evening, promptly at half-past seven o'clock. Please bring a wrap to sit on, as the party will be out of doors. And do not be surprised at whatever happens. For Maggie Price believes in the fairies!

What did it all mean? There was great excitement in Bonnyburn over that invitation.

(To be concluded.)

WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER IX

IN THE LOCOMOTIVE CAB OF THE "STARLIGHT LIMITED"

I KNEW a man once who could sleep to order. If he had, say, ten minutes to spare, he would lean back in his arm-chair, take his watch in his hand, and immediately begin to snore. Exactly ten minutes later, to the dot, he would sit up with a start, rub his eyes, put his watch back into his pocket without once looking at it, and go about his business. What subtle, sleep-inducing influence that timepiece had over him I never could understand. It was uncanny, and yet I 'd have given anything for a watch so hypnotic or a brain so easily quieted.

I had been tossing restlessly, in my berth on the "Starlight Limited," ever since six o'clock, and here it was after eleven! I simply could not get to sleep, although I had gone to bed before sundown so as to put in six good hours of slumber before reaching Pittsburgh, and then—! It was the anticipation of the joy awaiting me there that had banished sleep from my eyes.

Uncle Edward had arranged a treat that transcended my wildest dreams—a ride in the locomotive of a crack express-train. Will was enjoying that treat as the train whirled across Ohio, and from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg I was to have my turn—a wild night ride through the Alleghany Mountains in the locomotive cab of the "Starlight Limited." There was something catchy about that phrase. It seemed to rhyme with the throbbing roar of the train. "The locomotive cab of the 'Starlight Limited,'" the train seemed to say, over and over again, until it grew very monotonous. Suddenly I was awakened by a swarthy porter. "Pittsburgh!" he shouted.

I had been asleep after all. The train was pulling into the station. I had gone to bed fully clothed so that I should not lose any time dressing. The instant the train stopped, I jumped off and ran forward. Will met me half-way, his face so grimy with soot and coal-dust that I scarcely recognized him.

"My, but it was great!" he exclaimed, as he pulled off his suit of overalls and handed them to me. "I wish I were going on over the mountains with you; but you won't make the speed we did. Why, at one place we ran five miles in three minutes and a quarter! Over ninety-two miles an hour!"

I had n't time to hear all Will had to say. As soon as I had slipped on the overalls, I snatched the automobile goggles he handed me to keep the cinders out of my eyes, and made off.

When I reached the front of the train, Will's engine was gone, but presently I made out the huge bulk of a fresh locomotive, looming up out of the darkness. Slowly it backed down to the train, bumped gently against it, and then halted, panting impatiently for the signal to start. The engineer jumped out, torch in one hand and oil-can in the other.

"Excuse me, sir," I interrupted, "but are you the engineer of this train?"

"Yep," he answered; "I suppose you 're the visitor we 're expecting. I 'll be with you directly. I want to look over my engine a bit."

I followed him around while he added a drop of oil here and there. Then he straightened up, and patted the locomotive affectionately.

"She 's a daisy!" he said. "Finest engine in the world, I say. Latest thing out of the shops. You 're lucky to have a chance to ride on her."

I agreed with him.

"Now, sir. Where 's your letter of introduction, please."

I handed him the precious document.

"All right!" he said, glancing at it hurriedly. "Jump on." I followed up the steps to the cab.

"You can sit over on the fireman's side," he continued. "I can't be bothered with you. Jack, here 's somebody to keep you company. Let me see, what 's your name? Oh, yes, 'Jim.' This is Mr. John Douglass, better known as 'Big Jack.'"

Big Jack, the fireman, gave me a hand-shake that I thought would break every bone in my hand. He motioned me to a seat on the left side of the cab, and I sat down, staring wonderingly at the strange gage-cocks, dials, levers, and complex apparatus before me.

"Is n't she a beauty!" exclaimed Big Jack.

"Yes," I answered doubtfully. I could n't exactly see why they called her a beauty. To me, the engine was just an enormous monster of steel; 293,250 pounds, loaded, so Big Jack informed me. Right behind was a car-load of food and drink for this monster—twenty-six thousand pounds of coal, enough to heat a country house all winter, and seven thousand gallons of water.

"Will she use up all that coal before she gets to New York?" I asked.

"New York? Why, this engine only goes as far as Altoona. She won't have much coal to spare by the time she gets there, and as for the water, we 'll have to pick up more o' that before we get to Johnstown."

Just then, a little whistle somewhere in the engine gave a thin "peep" that seemed absurdly weak as a signal for so gigantic a machine.

"We 're off!" cried Big Jack, tugging at the bell-rope.

Charlie Martine, the engineer, pulled open the throttle, and the huge locomotive glided majestically out into the night. All about was the wildest confusion of red, green, and yellow lights: "home" and "distance" block signals, switch lamps, headlights, tail-lights, waving signal lanterns. How in the world could the engineer thread his way through them? Yet he went on with perfect confidence. He knew which of the hundreds of lights concerned his particular path through that maze. I was content to leave it all to him. The long longed-for moment had arrived. I was really riding in the locomotive cab of the "Starlight Limited"!

My joy knew no bounds when the fireman said, "You may ring the bell if you want to." I never expected that I would actually have a hand in running the "Starlight Limited"! I went at the task with a vim, and pulled on that rope until the bell tumbled over and over.

We were gathering speed right along. I found riding in a locomotive very different from riding in a parlor-car. The springs of a locomotive are so much stiffer that, instead of swaying smoothly, everything was shaking around and dancing violently. A lurch of the engine threw me over toward the boiler, and I came into contact with something so unpleasantly hot that I took particular pains to avoid another such encounter.

We were running through a chasm walled in on both sides, with the city streets crossing overhead, so there was but little to see. The fireman was very busy. Every now and then, he and the engineer would shout something to each other that sounded like "Here!" It got on my nerves at first, until I found that they were calling the signal "Clear!" According to the rules of the road, not only the engineer, but the fireman as well, must watch the signals. After each signal the fireman would jump down off the "box," open the furnace door, put in two or three shovelfuls of coal, and then slam the door shut. Then he would jump up on the box, and encourage me with my bell-pulling.

"How do you know when to throw in the coal?" I shouted.

"I watch the fire," was his reply, "and as soon

as it gets ashy in any spot, I throw a shovelful of coal on that spot."

"I should think some machine might be invented to do the work."

"They are experimenting with an automatic stoker on some of our engines. Maybe they 'll perfect the machine some day, but for the present they seem to think that they need the man on most of our engines. You see, it takes more brains to be a fireman than you would imagine."

"Yes," I yelled; "you firemen don't get half the credit you deserve." I had a hundred questions to ask, but it was almost impossible to make one's self heard in that racket.

Just then, there was a sudden glare of light, a roar, and a blast of air struck me, swept my cap clear off, and threw me against the boiler, from which I recoiled instantly. "What was that?"

"No. 29—the 'Starlight Limited,' west-bound," shouted Big Jack. "Going some, too. She 's a bit late."

We were at East Liberty now, and had shot out of the long chasm. We had been climbing steadily for six miles up a steep grade, and soon we had a splendid view over the valley that was spread out below us. Off to the right we could see the flaring red lights of the steel-mills and the glow of the street lamps at Pittsburgh. Low over the hills ahead of us hung the distorted figure of the belated moon, which, though now on its last quarter, lit up the whole valley with a soft, fairy-like illumination.

But I was in no mood for fairy dreams. We were running downhill now, at full speed, flying along at fifty to sixty miles per hour, and still gaining speed. Flying, I said, but not with the smooth, easy motion of a creature of flesh and blood, but with the banging, clanking, shrieking, rocking gait of a gigantic steel mastodon. Beneath us tons of metal in the shape of connecting-rods, side-rods, cross-heads, pistons, valve-gear, and I don't know what-not, were pounding back and forth as if they were bent on tearing the whole machine to pieces. The big eighty-inch drivers were making four revolutions a second, and each full turn of the wheels meant an advance of twenty-one feet.

Suppose something should give way! Suppose the connecting-rod should break loose! I had heard of such an accident once, and the big steel bar, thrashing around, sliced through the engine cab as if it had been so much cardboard. Or suppose a rail should give way! There they were stretching out ahead of us. I had seen how those rails were made; how, softened by heat, they were rolled into shape as if they were made of lead. Now they were gleaming, not of their

own light, but in the cold glint of the moon, rigid, inflexible, holding this lumbering monster to its course.

My, how the engine did tear around the curves! Even on a straight stretch, or "tangent," as it is properly called, every slightest unevenness of the road-bed was exaggerated tenfold. It was all I could do to hang on to my side of the cab. I had only one hand free to ring the bell, and I was getting very tired. I had been ringing it for a quarter of an hour straight.

The fireman came up and felt of my muscle. "How would you like to trade jobs?" he shouted.

I was ready to do almost anything for a change. "Say," I yelled, "how do you do this when you're alone? I mean, ring the bell and stoke the engine at the same time?"

"Oh, I don't ring the bell, except through the yards at Pittsburgh."

"Why did n't you tell me that long ago?" I demanded.

"I thought you were doing it for exercise!" Big Jack said, fairly exploding with laughter.

I realized then that I had been making a fool of myself, and dropped the rope in disgust. With that responsibility off my hands, I had a better chance to analyze the sensations that had vaguely impressed themselves upon me thus far. One of the queerest things was the way objects appeared to rush at us out of the darkness. Things grew big with terrifying rapidity. The ground seemed to slip under us so fast that it gave me the peculiar sensation of sliding forward, and I found myself edging back toward the rear of the cab. But the most astonishing sensation was at curves. The road would appear to end abruptly, and then, when it seemed as if we must be surely going to fly off into the yawning chasm below, the engine would give a lurch and go careening around the bend. If the track should spread and we should go over, the steel coaches behind us would roll down the bank unharmed; but what of us in the locomotive? We would not have "the ghost of a show."

It was reassuring to look across the cab at the clear-cut profile of the engineer gazing calmly ahead and attending strictly to business. The cry "Clear!" every so often, showed that my companions were both on the alert. Then, as we swung around a curve, I saw two red lights directly ahead of us. "Clear!" came the monotonous cry.

"No; danger!" I shouted at the top of my lungs, "a red light—two of them—dead ahead! Don't you see? Can't you see? We'll hit them in a minute!" But by that time we had passed the lights, and I realized that they marked the

rear end of a side-tracked freight. I collapsed upon the seat, mopping the perspiration from my brow, and resolving to leave it all to the engineer after this. He had n't paid the slightest attention to my agitation.

Now and then, there was a hiss of steam as the engineer turned a valve to read the water-gage, or as he applied the brakes before taking a sharp curve. Suddenly an unearthly screech set my hair on end. It was our own whistle. The watchful engineer had seen some one on the track, and had taken this method of informing him that he was trespassing. If the whistle had anything like the effect on the man that it had on me, he must automatically have cleared the track with a bound.

At one place, we seemed to be running right into a hill. Certainly there was no break in the ridge ahead that would let us pass. Then I made out the black mouth of a tunnel. The engineer turned a lever, there was the hiss of escaping steam, followed by the grinding of the brakes, as our train slowed down. The fireman opened the furnace door slightly so that no smoke would pour out of the stack, and then came up on the box beside me. It would n't do to stoke the fire while going through the tunnel, because that would make smoke and vitiate the air.

In another instant we had leaped into the open mouth of the mountain and were plunged into the blackest of darkness. The only light in the engine cab was a lantern almost completely covered up and throwing but a sickly beam of light on the gages. Away up forward, our headlight lit up the walls of the tunnel and illuminated a small patch of the track ahead of us. The racket in that cavern as we went tearing through was almost more than my ears could endure.

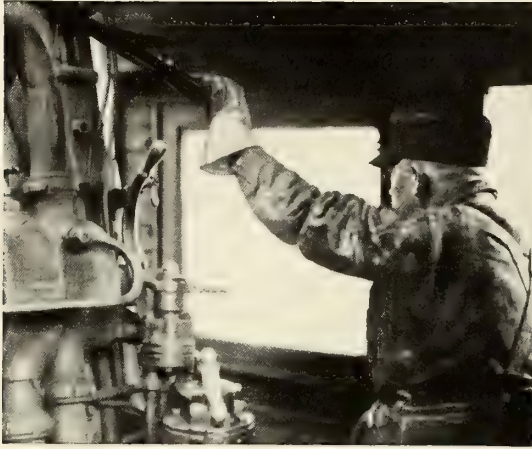
The tunnel was about a third of a mile long. It could not have taken us a minute to traverse it, but it seemed very much longer than that before we shot out into the moonlight again on the other side of the mountain. Then the fireman jumped down and piled on more coal, while the engineer opened up the throttle to regain lost speed. On we went, rushing through freight-yards where there were so many lights that I thought the engineer must surely be mad to go through them without slackening our pace in the least.

At one point, the fireman informed me that we were going to take on water. On a level stretch right ahead of us, I caught the gleam of moonlight in the water-trough that lay between the tracks. There was a post bearing a blue-white light as a signal to drop the scoop. Just as we came opposite the light, the engineer shouted "Now!" and the fireman turned a pneumatic



"ALL ABOUT WAS THE WILDEST CONFUSION OF RED GREEN, AND YELLOW LIGHTS."

valve that lowered the scoop into the trough. The speed of the train was enough to send the water shooting right up that scoop into the water-tank of the tender. Just as we reached the signal-light at the opposite end of the trough, the engineer gave another shout; but Big Jack had already



"THE ENGINEER, GAZING CALMLY AHEAD AND ATTENDING STRICTLY TO BUSINESS."

raised the scoop, for he had been watching the manhole at the rear of the tender, and the water spurting out had told him that the tank was full.

We passed through Johnstown, the city that was once wiped out by a flood. It lay there now, quite still and peaceful in that fateful valley whose ominous echoes were awakened by the thunder of our train. On to Conemaugh we sped, and then came the long, hard climb up to the top of the Alleghany Mountains. Over twenty miles of stiff grades and sharp curves wormed up to the summit.

My, how the fireman worked! I never realized before what an important personage the fireman is. He got scarcely a moment's rest during that whole climb. He was almost constantly shoveling coal into the rapacious maw of that hungry monster. But he did not forget the signals. He seemed to know exactly where they were, and just at the right instant he would snatch a moment from his work to lean out, catch the signal, and shout it to the engineer. Yes, I thought, when we get in on time to-morrow morning, the passengers, if they think about the crew at all, will give all their praise to the engineer for his watchful attention to signals, and his skilful guidance of the train while they slept; but they will never give a moment's thought to the grimy, perspiring fireman who is as watchful of the signals as is the man at the throttle, while at the same time toiling at the

Herculean task of trying to appease the hunger of that ravenous locomotive. There was a heavy train behind us. The cars weighed three tons for every passenger they carried. Had the fireman faltered at his task, the locomotive would have balked at hauling such a load up those steep grades. As a matter of fact, most of the trains have a helper locomotive to take them up to the summit; but this train was obliged to go it alone.

At last the laboring fireman threw down his shovel, left the fire-door ajar, and jumped up on the box beside me. As if weary of the zigzag chase up the slope, the track suddenly dived into the heart of the mountain, and we plunged in after it.

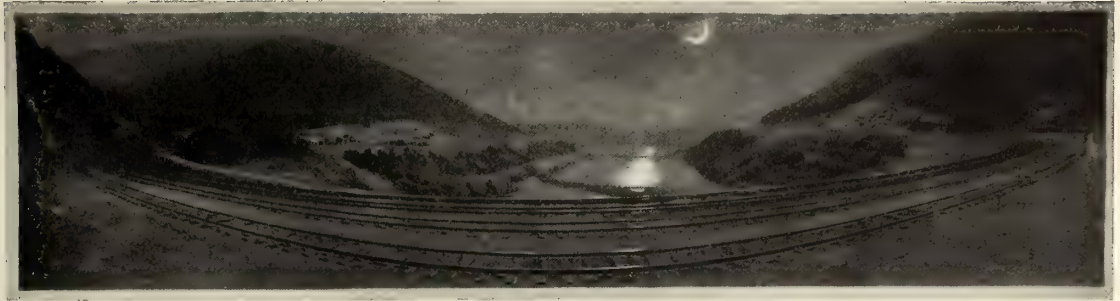
This tunnel was almost as long as the first one. When we emerged, we were on the Atlantic slope of the range with a down grade before us. The scenery was magnificent, particularly when, a few minutes later, we came to the far-famed "Horseshoe Curve." The road swept around three sides of the reservoir of the city of Altoona, which was still five miles ahead. On the other side of the great curve, I could make out a train, apparently running parallel with us, but uphill. Evidently the fireman was stoking his engine furiously, for it was belching billows of smoke that were beautifully illuminated as they floated into the glare shed from the open fire-



AN ENGINEER INSPECTING HIS LOCOMOTIVE BEFORE STARTING.

door. The next minute we had rounded the curve, and went shooting past that laboring train.

On down the mountain we sped at a frightful pace. Almost before I knew it, the air-brakes were applied, and we came to a halt at Altoona. This was not a passenger stop, but one for changing engines. Mr. Martine spoke to me now for the first time since we had started from Pittsburgh. He suggested that I go back to my



THE HORSESHOE CURVE.—"THE ROAD SWEEPED AROUND THREE SIDES OF THE RESERVOIR OF THE CITY OF ALTOONA."

sleeper now, and have a good rest. But I had n't had quite enough yet, and, besides, I wanted to run at least as far as Will had. So I climbed out of the engine, and, while I waited for the next one to come along, munched a couple of sandwiches that Uncle Edward had very thoughtfully reminded me to put in my pocket.

I am glad that I took that ride from Altoona to Harrisburg, for there was one experience that gave me a delightful thrill. The ride was a beautiful one, too. The scenery rivaled anything I had ever seen. We crossed the Juniata River fourteen times within a few miles.

I was beginning to get drowsy, despite the beauty of the scenery and the violent shaking of the locomotive, and had almost fallen asleep, when I was startled by the shout "Red eye!" in place of the customary "Clear!" and almost simultaneously the emergency brakes were applied. I was wide awake in an instant. There was the red light down the track, and we were bearing down upon it at a frightful speed. We could n't stop, and the man who was holding the lantern had to jump out of the way as we shot by. Our brakes were grinding and shrieking, but we kept on around a sharp curve, and there before us were the tail-lights of a freight-train. In a moment we would crash into it, and then what? It never occurred to me to jump. It certainly seemed safer in the locomotive than anywhere else. Just as a collision seemed inevitable, we ran past the caboose and four or five cars, before coming to a stop. I had been fooled

again. The train was not on our track, but on an adjoining one.

But why had we been signaled? There was no wreck. The fireman explained it to me:

"It is one of the rules of the road," he said, "that when a freight-train stops very suddenly because the brakes have n't been put on right, trains must be flagged on the next track until an investigation can be made, because sometimes the freight-train may "buckle" and throw a car across the adjoining track. Once when I was firing on the J. G. & Z., a freight buckled and threw an empty box-car square across the track just as we came along. By George! we had n't a second's warning. Before I had time to blink, we hit that car right in the middle and cut it clean in two. The "old man" did n't even have time to turn the brake lever, but the people in the sleepers never knew a thing had happened."

It was a pretty tired chap that climbed out of the locomotive at Harrisburg and staggered down the platform to his sleeping-car. No trouble now in getting to sleep. Even before the train had started on its next lap, I was off in slumberland. I knew nothing of this mortal world, until Will fairly hauled me out of bed about half-past nine and bade me hustle, as we had almost reached New York.

The first thing Uncle Edward did after we arrived at the city was to take us both to a Turkish bath, where strenuous efforts were made to restore our Caucasian complexion.

(To be continued.)





AFTER THE PARADE ON DECORATION DAY.—DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN.

THE MAKING OF A CANOEIST

(“UNDER THE BLUE SKY” SERIES)

BY E. T. KEYSER

By the time that Fred had arrived with the joyous tidings that Mother would not only do the work of sewing the tent but also provide the goods, Freckles had resurrected the patterns, and was displaying them to Harry.

They were of heavy brown paper, and consisted of two large triangles—“A” and “B.”

“‘A,’” Freckles explained, “is a right-angled triangle three and a half feet on the base, and seven feet ten and a half inches high. Six pieces are to be cut like this ‘A’ pattern, only two inches larger *all around*, to allow for a two-inch turn-up at the bottom and two-inch strapped seams. These are for the back and sides of the tent, you see. Sew 1 and 2 together, on the long side, then 3 and 4 and 5 and 6. Then sew 1-2 to 3-4 and 3-4 to 5-6, as shown in this little diagram, marked ‘C.’

“‘B’ is a triangle similar to ‘A,’ except that it is *four* feet on the base, and this extra six inches of width extends to within eighteen inches of the apex. This is the pattern for the two halves of the front, and the additional six inches are to provide the lap for the flaps. This also, remember, is to be two inches larger *all around* than the pattern.

“Using pattern ‘B,’ cut 7 and 8. Sew 7 to 1 and sew 8 to 6, as shown. When that much has been accomplished, we will put one gallon of gasoline into a pail and chip into it as much paraffin as the gasoline will dissolve, doing this out of doors, of course, for gasoline is too dangerous for us to fool with in the house or the barn. Then we’ll lay the tent out flat on the grass and paint it with the mixture, first on one side, then, when dry, on the other. The gasoline will carry the paraffin into the pores of the muslin and then evaporate, and we will have an absolutely waterproof, light-weight tent.

“When dry, we will hang it up by the center and bring ‘D-E’ and ‘E-F’ together and sew them. Then, you see, we have a pyramid tent, seven feet square on the floor and full seven feet high in the center, which we can set with one pole and five pegs, one at each corner, and one in the center of flap-door.

“Just to make it absolutely damp and bug-proof, while your mother is stitching the tent, I’ll be making a seven-by-seven floor, of heavy, brown waterproof canvas, with a seven-inch sill

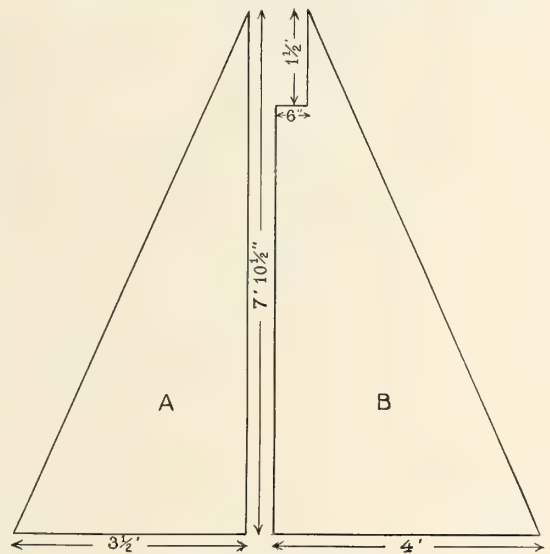
in front, to sew to the bottom edge of the back and sides. And we’ll get a tailor with a heavy machine to stitch it together. To this we will fasten four loops of clothes-line—one at each corner, with another in the middle of the front—and we’ll have a tent that needs no guys, and can be pitched in five minutes.”

“Fine!” said Fred. “And when we collect a pile of leafy branches, heap them up on the tent floor, and cover them with our blankets, we’ll sleep like kings!”

“*P-a-r-don me,*” said Freckles, “but we do *not!* The landowner whose premises we would rob of everything green to make a lumpy, woodpile mattress, would make things as interesting for us as the fine assortment of insects which the brush-wood beds would bring along with them.”

“What about the beds of boughs, that we read about?” Harry inquired. “It sounds awfully good and outdoorish.”

“It does—in books!” said Freckles. “But in



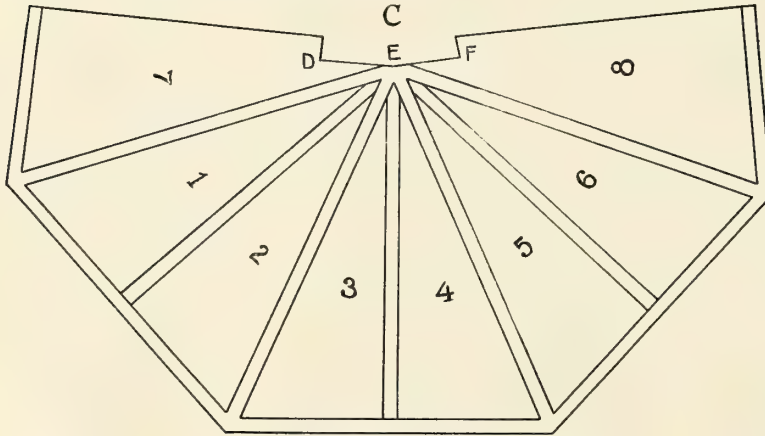
TENT PATTERNS.

A, Half-section of sides and back.
B, Half-section of front.

real camp-life give me a camp-mattress. Some day we will have air-beds and cots; but just for a starter, I’ll show you how to make something on which we can sleep, and which can also be used as a life-preserver cushion, and to take the

edges from the thwarts and the hardness from the canoe floor. You may have noticed both when you paddled around the other day."

"We did, now that you mention it," and Fred rubbed his back reminiscently. "But I don't see how we are to manage to carry real beds along, without towing a freight-boat behind."



C, The tent sections sewed together.
(Seams exaggerated.)

"Now, if you 'll listen, you 'll see how easy it will be. When we are getting the tent material (which, by the way, will be eleven yards of unbleached muslin, a yard and a half wide, and seventeen yards of heavy waterproof canvas, fourteen inches wide), we will also buy eight yards of light-weight, waterproof, brown duck, forty inches wide. This we will cut into three pieces, each eight feet long. Each of these we will fold over, down the long way, making double strips eight feet in length by twenty inches wide. Then we will sew up each end and, at intervals of two inches, sew across the double strips, as Diagram D shows. You will see that we now have a number of tubes, closed at the bottom and open at the top. These tubes we will fill with pulverized cork, which we can get from any fruit dealer who sells Malaga grapes. They always come packed in it, you know. It 's hard to tell just how much we 'll need, but we 'll start with a bushel, and get more if we have to.

"The best way to fill the tubes is to hang the strips, open side up, by safety-pins to a rod across two chair-backs, and pour the cork into the tubes through a cardboard funnel, ramming it down with a piece of broom-handle; then, when they are filled to within an inch of the top, we 'll stitch up the openings by hand to keep the cork from spilling out until our obliging families can make a finished job of it on the machine.

"And there we are with three cork-filled, life-

preserving mattresses six feet long and eighteen inches wide, and which can be folded over to serve as canoe cushions with backs."

"But you said the strips were to be *eight* feet long and *twenty* inches wide!" said Harry. "Are n't you out on your figures?"

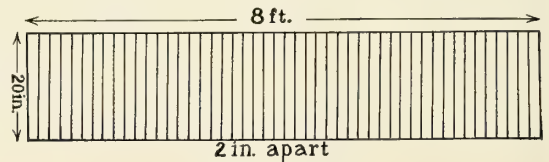
"Not a bit!" said Freckles. "You 'll see that the filling up of the two-inch tubes and the end and side seams will shorten and narrow the bed. It is impossible to tell in advance just how much it will reduce the size, but the set which my uncle made seemed to take up about one and a half feet in every six, so I 've allowed two feet, to be on the safe side.

"Now," Freckles continued, "let 's lay out our work! I 'll look after the material for the tent and beds; Fred, you circulate among the fruit dealers and get hold of that cork, and ask your grocer for

two cracker-boxes, to hold the grub; Harry, you go down to the house-furnishing store and buy these things:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 three-quart pail. | 4 cups. |
| 1 five-quart pail. | 4 forks. |
| 1 two-quart French coffee-pot. | 4 knives. |
| 1 8½-inch frying-pan. | 4 teaspoons. |
| 1 9½-inch frying-pan. | 2 table-spoons. |
| 4 plates. | 1 large pail. |

"And let 's get agate or enamel ware, wherever we can. It costs a little more, but it 's cheaper in the end. Be sure and see that the covers of the three- and five-quart pails have ring lifts instead of knobs, so we can nest 'em. Buy every-



D, The camp mattress.

thing but the large pail, and then get a tin one with a cover, and big enough around to hold the frying-pans after we have cut off the handles, and high enough to hold all the rest of the outfit.

"You see, this keeps all the cooking and tableware together, and will do for a water-tank when we are in camp. The cover will do for a wash-basin."

"How about bedding?" asked Fred.

"We will each borrow a pair of blankets from home, and then we 'll need a rubber blanket apiece. They ought to measure about four by six feet, with a slit in the center, through which we can put our heads when we want to use them for raincoats. Even if our mattresses get damp, we can spread these rubber blankets under us so that the damp will not strike through."

The boys separated on their several shopping expeditions, and a busy week ensued, during which the sewing-machines of both families worked overtime, and the corner of the boat-house, where the canoe was stored, began to look like a house-furnishing establishment.

"How in the world are we ever to pack that pile of stuff aboard one seventeen-foot canoe?" asked Harry, as he gazed at their equipment, on the morning of the eventful day which was to inaugurate their camping season.

"Wait and watch!" was Freckles's cheerful assurance. "Say, Fred, check off this grocery list with me as I pack the things away:

"One pound of pulverized coffee—packed in a carton and goes right into cracker-box number one.

"One pound of butter—I 'll first put that into the preserve-jar that I borrowed from Mother, and then into box one.

"One box of matches—another jar for them.

"A small tin of baking-powder, one of cocoa, two small tins of *unsweetened* milk, two tins of soup, a pound of bacon, a tin of pepper, all into the same box.

"Three and one-half pounds of granulated sugar, a small box of washing-powder, three pounds of flour, and a bag of salt. These go into those air-tight cans which we 've been begging for the last week, and *they* go into the cracker-box.

"Take the dozen eggs, Harry, put them into

that small tin box, cover and pack them with this sawdust, and put 'em into cracker-box number two.

"Now let 's get the quart of potatoes into that muslin bag that I made for 'em, and they go with the two loaves of bread into box two, with the eggs—but keep eggs on top! There! that 's the end of the list. All accounted for, Fred?"



"THE SMALL PAIL WAS PLACED OVER THE FIRE AND THE SOUP
POURED INTO IT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Every single item. Goodness! how they subside, when they 're stowed."

"Now," continued Freckles, looking over the equipment with some pride, "each man wrap his extra clothing and toilet articles in his blankets, and wrap the blankets in the rubber ponchos, tying them with that heavy cord. It looks to me as if we were about ready to go on board, so over with the canoe!"

"She certainly rides like a duck," said Harry,

as he surveyed their craft. But Freckles lost no time in contemplation but issued his final orders.

"The big tin pail of kitchen ware goes behind the rear seat. Harry's and my blanket bags go each side of the rear paddler, who sits on his mattress cushion. The cracker-boxes go between the forward thwart and the front seat. The tent, which I have wrapped around the jointed pole, goes in the bow and partly under the front seat. It won't be in our way when we get out, and there is nothing in it to be damaged when stepped on. The second mattress cushion goes ahead of the second thwart. By this arrange-

neatly arranged near a pile of wood, and the large tin pail full of cool spring water, into which the thirsty paddlers gratefully dipped their cups.

"Where did you get those tent-pegs?" Harry wanted to know after inspecting the canvas house.

"Begg'd four wagon-wheel spokes from the wheelwright, cut them in two, sharpened one end of each, and notched the other. They are the best kind of pegs for sandy soil, and almost as compact as metal ones, which are better for heavy earth but cost a little money."

"This camp is worth photographing," was Harry's verdict, as he produced his camera.

"All right," said Freckles. "While you're doing that, Fred and I will see if we can't add some fish to the evening bill of fare. Put your rod together and help me with the canoe."

It was but a short paddle to the fishing-grounds, the fish were biting well, and when the little folding anchor was hauled aboard and the canoe again pointed for camp, a nice string of fish were passengers.

"Here, I'll clean those fish, Harry," said Freckles, "if you'll lay two small logs about six inches apart and parallel, and build a fire between them, while Fred goes

to the spring for the butter, bacon, and milk that I sunk in one of the cracker-boxes. One of them was water-tight, and you'll find it's a pretty good refrigerator."

The five-quart pail was filled with water and placed on the logs. By the time that the water boiled, there were enough ashes in which to place the potatoes. Setting aside the large pail after pouring four cups of boiling water into the French coffee-pot over five tablespoonfuls of coffee, the small pail was placed over the fire and the soup poured into it. Then a couple of slices of bacon were put into a hot frying-pan, and when the fat had tried out, the fish were placed in it.

As soon as the soup was hot, it was served in the cups, and by the time this was disposed of, the fish, coffee, and baked potatoes were ready.

The dishes were washed with soap-powder and a mop, and dried on some cheese-cloth (previously washed and dried) which had been pro-



"THIS CAMP IS WORTH PHOTOGRAPHING," WAS HARRY'S VERDICT."

ment, either paddler may sit upon seat or thwart, without re-arranging the stowage. And here's this camp ax, with a leather sheath, that Father gave us; let's have that up in the extreme bow."

"Are n't you going to tie the stuff to the canoe?" asked Fred.

"Not much!" was the reply. "If, by any chance, we capsize, the heavy stuff is so placed that it dumps overboard and lightens the canoe, while the light duffle will be held in place by the seats, unless we need to pull it out. We're canoeing in civilized surroundings, and I'd rather lose some grub and cooking-tools than a good canoe. Now, Harry, let's you and I start for camp, and while I pitch the tent and straighten things out, you come back for Fred and his bed and bedding."

When Fred and Harry reached camp, the tent was pitched, the beds spread out, with the blanket bags across the heads, the cooking-ware was

vided for the purpose. Last of all, the debris was disposed of by dumping it on the fire.

"Those bicycle wrenches that you bought at the five-and-ten-cent store make good frying-pan handles," admitted Harry, "although, as wrenches, they leave something to be desired."

"Well, you see, I did n't buy them for wrenching," said Fred.

Before the sun had set, the tent-flaps were closed, to keep out the evening moisture, and fresh wood was piled on the fire around which the boys sat making plans for the morrow.

When the fire had died down, the embers were carefully extinguished, and the boys crept into bed, to be aroused next morning by Freckles's cheery announcement that the sun was up, and that they would have pancakes for breakfast.

The fire started and the kettle set to boil, the trio went for an appetizing swim.

While Fred made the coffee, Freckles poured a cup of canned milk into one cup of water, broke an egg into this, and handed it to Harry to stir. Then he mixed two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one half of salt with two cups of flour, and added it to the milk, water, and egg, stirring out the lumps.

Greasing the frying-pans lightly with a slice of bacon, Freckles proceeded to cook the cakes, almost as rapidly as the boys could eat them.

Well-buttered and sugared, the cakes were pronounced a success, and Harry was moved to try his hand at cooking them, with poor success, until Freckles showed him the necessity for turning them as soon as one side was browned, and serving them as soon as they were cooked through.

When it came time to break camp, the amount

of scouring required to remove the wood soot from the pails and frying-pans almost caused a strike from Fred, who had been assigned this task while the others struck the tent and packed.

"Never mind," said Freckles. "Go down to the beach and use plenty of sand, and, next time that we camp, we will have muslin bags for the pails and pans. It is one of the drawbacks of a wood fire."

"It looks to me as if it might rain a bit before we strike the boat-house," said Harry. "Can't we arrange things so that we can wear those rubber ponchos, if we need them?"

"Let 's pack the blankets inside the tent and roll it up, waterproof floor-cloth on the outside," suggested Fred.

This they did, and found that in this way everything could be kept dry under any weather conditions. It also insured that all the equipment which dampness would harm would be *inside* the tent, when it was pitched in a drizzle.

"It 's too bad we have no sail," said Harry, regretfully, as he and Freckles paddled homeward, leaving Fred to pour water on the fire and search the camp-ground for anything which might have been overlooked when packing.

"Yep!" agreed Freckles; "we could make the trip in no time with this breeze. Suppose we get up a rig?"

"Suppose that we don't know anything about it!" was the disconsolate response; "a lovely job we 'd make of it."

"Well, your cousin Will *does* know. Why not write and see what he can tell us? After the sewing we 've already managed, a little thing like a sail ought not to put us out of business."

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS

BY ETHEL BLAIR

WHEN a little child is naughty,
And is cross with everything,
All his thoughts are changed to hornets
That go flying off to sting.

When a little child is happy,
Then his loving thoughts, I think,
Are turned to floating butterflies,
All white, and gold, and pink.



GARDEN-MAKING AND SOME OF THE GARDEN'S STORIES

THE STORY OF THE DEFENDERS UNAWARE

BY GRACE TABOR

"Good evening, good evening!—good night, good night!
All 's well, Sir Bufo; sun is setting, all 's right!
Good night, good knight!"

It was the usual salutation of the tribe of the silver tongues to the strange and melancholy knight-errant whom they always met, setting forth as they were homing. And invariably Sir Bufo would answer soberly: "The evening is ever good indeed, and the night it is good likewise." And then they would pass on, he to take up his quest, they to their lofty rest.

For they were of the air, and traveled along the blue ways of the heavens, in the glow of sunlight and the gladness of song; while he was of the earth and of its waters in the season, and wound softly the brown ways of it, in the quiet of shadows and the coolness of dews, and rains, and pools. Even so now he wended his way, alert but still—still as the night that moved with him—listening this way and listening that, his trusty lance at rest, yet none the less ready for an instant blow.

So it was that he caught the first faint alarm, borne on the stillness of the sunset sigh which always rises from all the earth—an alarm that broke at once into the pitiful clamor of many small voices appealing for succor; feeble, inartic-

ulate cries and broken words of fright and mortal dread—the voices of the Beautiful Ones and of the Useful Ones, mingled.

Like a flash, the knight-errant was off, in leaps and bounds clearing the space which lay between him and the attack which these cries anticipated, and arriving betimes at the scene. Into the midst he sprang, striking this way and striking that, and never missing, destroying the besiegers wholesale. Not one, indeed, escaped!

And then how the Beautiful Ones and the Useful Ones did pour out their hearts in praise and thanksgiving to him, their deliverer! But this made the knight more unhappy. "By my troth," said he at last, "such words fill my breast with longing to have merited them; whereas I have done naught that is deserving, nor brave, nor great, nor fine. For, first, I have but slain mine own real prey, which all my instincts bid me slay; and second, they are a puny lot, whom not to kill, I should be a poor wight indeed; and, third, their numbers here were so insignificant, and these so sluggish, as not to have given my good lance, Tenaculum, aught worthy of his agility and skill; and, last, truly mine own pleasure have I esteemed, Beautiful Ones and Useful Ones, more than succor to yourselves. So do

not embarrass me with praises and with thanks, I beseech you, but rather let me go for what I am—a rough, rude fellow whom creation has endowed with tastes that make him serviceable to you."

"Oh, but good Sir Bufo! You came upon our calls of terror and distress!" cried one.

"And in response to them!" said another.

"And 't is not the first time!" declared a third.

"Nor yet the last, methinks, if we have a like occasion and do cry out again!" affirmed a fourth.

"I am but true to mine own ever-hungry self, nevertheless," he answered; "and have but followed the promptings of mine own nature."

"So do we all, sir, when it comes to that," broke in a new voice, sweet and strong though not loud, from somewhere up above them, "and happily. For only thus could we serve; that have I observed and learned during the winters and summers that I have lived and seen the lives of others."

"Oh, that 's Vitis speaking," whispered one, almost reverently; "wise and good and beautiful Vitis, who is as old as ancient Time himself. She speaks seldom, and all her words are true!"

"Then peace!—that we may hear them!" cried a neighbor, shortly. And how hard they all did listen.

"Let naught that mortals say or believe ever dismay you, Sir Bufo," she went on, sweetly; "they are different creatures from ourselves, whom we may not understand. As for ourselves, we have our own laws, locked safe in the great stronghold 'Instinct,' where none may disturb nor tamper with them, and where they are secure against breaking; and naught have we to do but fulfil them as we are prompted."

So was his melancholy lightened at last; and Sir Bufo wielded his trusty lance with a will and with gladness unalloyed, many a time and oft, during the dim hours before the tribe of the silver tongues began to sing of the dawn which they from on high can see first, away down over the rim of the world. And many a marauder who would have pillaged and murdered in the midst of the Beautiful Ones and in the midst of the Useful Ones, did he lay low, without their ever suspecting that such mischief threatened—even after the dawn-song began. At last, however, he went, when above him he heard the morning greeting:

"Good-morrow, good-morrow!—good day, good day!
Sun is risen, Sir Bufo; you 'll soon on your way?
Good knight, good day!"

To which he always answered: "The sun of the morrow is risen indeed, and I am on my way."

Back along the brown earth he wended, while it was yet cool, and moist with the dews, and dim, to his dim, cool castle with its thick walls and shaded porticos, standing like a rock by the edge of a small forest. And there he secluded himself, to rest and to ponder and to dream on what Vitis had said; and to be very glad indeed that it was all right and purposeful for him just to go on being himself, and satisfying his appetite to the very limit! And so he drifted off into what passed with him for sleep, just about the time the small sage came out to look at the young tomato-plants and the young asters which he had set the day before, to fill the spaces decimated by cutworms.

"Every one is safe," he called back in exultation; "not a one has been touched!"

"What did I tell you?" said the big sage, who was following after; "leave it to Sir Bufo!"

"Do you suppose he really caught 'em, Uncle Ned? Or did n't any cutworms come at all?"

"Not come at all! Why should n't they? They came three nights ago and took down half the plants,—and here are more nice, tender young ones to be chewed up,—what more would the dragons desire, do you suppose? Of course he caught them, red-handed I should say, and put them to the sword."

Down onto his stomach plumped the little sage, and under the big, tilted-up stone slab by which they were standing he peered, this way and that, until his eyes grew used to the darkness. Then, "I see his eyes shining, Uncle Ned!" he cried; "he 's away over at this corner, blinking—so!"

"And drawing his mouth down—so," demonstrated Uncle Ned; "and puffing his sides in and out—so. Indeed, he 's not as handsome a fellow as knights-errant usually are supposed to be, is he?"

"Some wicked old witch enchanted him," the boy answered, as serious as ever was, while he got up gravely to brush the twigs and dust and dirt from his clothes; "he is really a bee-yu-tiful young prince who has to go 'round in the form of a toad until some one happens to do the thing that breaks the spell."

Uncle Ned looked just as serious as ever was, too. "Why, sure enough he is!" said he, after he had considered it carefully; "and we must entertain him as befits his rank."

So to furnish him with a proper retinue, they went off hunting to a little pond not far away, and brought home from it, in a glass fruit-jar, ever so many tadpoles which they had dipped up from the pond with a big dipper. And then they made a fine "frog pond" not far from Sir Bufo's castle, and partly in the shade of his shrubby forest, by hollowing out a depression in the

ground about two inches deeper than, and the size and shape of, the biggest wooden chopping-bowl that they could buy. Into this depression they fitted the bowl snugly, and then faced the earth that showed around its rim with flat stones, and planted an iris clump beside it. Some stones they put onto the bottom of the bowl, and a little earth; and then they put in water way up to the brim; and into the water they put a plant of Giant water-weed, which had to be bought under the name *Anacharis Canadensis gigantea*, and a plant of *Salvinia Braziliensis*, which floats on the water's surface and so makes a nice, dim, shadowy place underneath, for little tadpoles to rest.

One plant to every two gallons of water is enough, so really they need not have had two plants, for the big bowl did not hold more than two gallons. But having the two made them feel extra certain that the water would be always fresh, and they were nice to see, as well. Then at last, when everything was ready, and the sun had shone one whole day and made the water warm, they turned tadpoles and pond-water from the fruit-jar all into this miniature pond; and crumbed in some dog biscuit, very fine, for food. Afterward, once in a while, they put in a very little raw meat chopped very fine, never enough, however, to leave any long uneaten, for this would foul the water. And, of course, they watched it very closely, and added as much water as it needed every day to keep it always full. This water had to be added very carefully, as you may guess, not to make any commotion; and it had to be sun-tempered until it was just the temperature of the pond-water, to be sure of not chilling the toad babies. Sometimes they poured it in in a tiny little trickle that ran so gently down the side of the "pond" that it did not make a ripple; and other times they sprinkled it out of the watering-pot, just like a rain. And, of course, the rain itself helped, too.

If mosquitos laid eggs there, the tadpoles promptly ate them up; and, of course, when they grew up into toads and went to be gentlemen in waiting on Sir Bufo in his great castle, or wandered off to other castles hollowed under stones, which had been made ready in two or three places about the garden—which they did overnight too, the scamps, and were gone of a morning!—the water was stirred up every day by turning the hose into it and letting it run hard. This floated wrigglers off, if there were any, yet made it possible to keep the place for a little drinking-pool through the summer. For by this time, the birds had learned where it was, and came daily many times; and neither big sage nor little would take it away from them.

Thus, two of the garden's most powerful aids and allies may, oh, so easily, be established; the first by actually bringing them in in their babyhood, the second by simply inviting them to come, and making them at home and happy when they accept the invitation. All by himself, Sir Bufo can and will destroy every day more than a hundred of the worst insects which gardeners have to worry about—probably a *great many* more than a hundred, but we will be on the safe side and make a low estimate,—and with his young attendants, therefore, who will never wander very far from the place which they first know as home, see what strenuous allies they are, right on the very ground itself. And then the birds—the tribe of the silver tongues—in the air and on the branches and on the ground as they are, what will they not destroy of the ravaging hordes that eat up leaf and blossom and fruit? From three thousand to five *thousand* insects have been counted in a bird's stomach at one time. Think what this means!

There are the native sparrows, for instance—ever so many kinds there are, too; modest little fellows in sober clothes—the dear little song-sparrow and the chipping-sparrow being the ones we all know best probably. Many seeds these eat, but mostly weed- and grass-seeds, which we can well spare; so we need not be the least suspicious of them on this account, but, on the contrary, do everything to invite them. For in summer, in addition to eating these troublesome seeds, they eat insects freely—insects make up a third of all their food indeed—bringing to their nests grasshoppers, and many beetles, and other things which do great harm.

Then there are the little wrens, who love to build their nests inside a hollow branch or in a gourd, if it has a door the size of a quarter—no larger, mind!—cut in its side, or in boxes provided for them, always with this tiny opening. These are a wonderful little army to have working for a garden, for they eat almost nothing but insects, and go everywhere hunting carefully over every shrub and tree and vine, and even the fence-posts, and into crannies in walls, for caterpillars and bugs. Every one who has any garden at all ought to have a wren-house somewhere about.

Dearest of all, though, are the chickadees—at least I think so—one of the tiniest and daintiest of birds. And what a lot of good they do; for they eat the smallest insects which bigger birds pass by, and even the tiny insect eggs do not escape them. Flies they catch too, and some of the wretched scales, and aphids in large numbers. And then the robins, and the catbirds, and the

swallows—every bird, indeed, that will come around in response to the encouragement of a drinking-pool—will do something for you by doing something for the garden.

The least of all the garden's allied defenders, however,—in point of size,—we can do practically nothing to invite, nor even to protect, once they come of themselves. For insects are too tiny to be dealt with by clumsy creatures like humans; yet there are many insects that serve us as well as the birds and the toads. Some are wee creatures of gauzy wings that look a little bit like miniature wasps—wasps belong to the same great order in the insect world—but they are not a bit waspish, for they do not sting; others are small, armored little hard-shells like the ladybug, whose house is on fire and her children at home; and still others are like neither, but do as good work, in that they capture caterpillars and worms that feed on plants, and devour them.

The little gauzy-wings, which are called generally *Hymenoptera*, lay their eggs in the cocoons of injurious insects; or, if they are *very* tiny, perhaps in the eggs of these insects, thus preventing them from ever hatching at all, or else destroying them soon after they are hatched. The ladybug drags the slinking little scale out from under its protective shell on the branch or twig of a tree, and eats it up; and then she lays her own egg in the space she has thus won for the purpose. And ground-beetles, as already mentioned, live on many kinds of worms and caterpillars which eat plants, or which turn into other kinds of creatures that eat them.

We are not likely to know all these various kinds, nor would it do much good if we did. But it is a very good idea to keep your eyes open and never to injure any kind of insect that you see dragging another insect—a worm probably—away somewhere (they always seem to drag them away, though where they take them is a mystery!); and never to injure a ladybug, either the bright little red ones with the several black spots on their backs, or the shiny all black ones with just two vivid red spots; and not to disturb any little gauzy-wings that remind you of small wasps. Some are very tiny, but there are some others that are half an inch long, perhaps; and some have very small "waists," while others are straight-bodied, like the dragon-fly. And here, by the way, in the dragon-fly himself we have a friend that is very useful to us indeed—and one that never harms any one, please remember.

Two or three times this month, we must go around the garden and the shrubbery and the trees, and rub off any little buds that are starting

out on the tree-trunks or on branches, where we do not want new branches to form. This is one of the very best ways of "pruning," for it does not waste the plant's strength in the least, and does not leave a scar either—which is a great advantage. For wherever there is a scar on a tree or shrub, there is a chance of some fungous disease gaining an entrance—just as a cut finger may give entrance to our bodies of some germ enemy. Form the habit, therefore, of rubbing away buds all during the summer; and you will never have any real hard pruning to do.

The rose-bugs come now, and currant-worms, and aphids. For these last you can spray yourself; but for the worms some one must do it for you, you will remember. Keep a sharp eye—that is important—so nothing will get ahead of you. If a leaf shows signs of curling, or if it is partly gone, look under it; and look the plant over.

Thin out seedlings of annuals, and thin out vegetables when they get nicely up—beets, and carrots, and all the things that are planted in rows—and take the little ones in to be cooked, tops and roots, for greens. You cannot eat too many greens, you know, all summer. Put stakes to everything that is going to grow tall long before it needs them, for, if you do not, the plants will lop over and the stems twist around in all sorts of outlandish ways, and you can never straighten them out; they will have grown that way, you see. So set the stakes and begin tying the plants down near the ground when they are little, tying them again and again as they rise up; thus they will be fine and straight. Be sure you tie loosely, so as not to restrict the sap circulation. And if you can get old stockings to cut into strips for this tying, you will have about the best material that I know.

Rake the ground twice a week at least, to keep the surface light and prevent the moisture from being drawn out. And pick seed-pods from all your flowers as soon as you see them even starting. This is the way to keep the plants blooming, for, of course, what they are after is seed. And as soon as they have formed it, they will be satisfied and not try to make any more; that is, they will stop blooming. Good gardeners do not let them have their way therefore; and so they get blossoms all summer.

All sorts of things can be sown now, both flower and vegetable; keep all your garden busy by replanting each space when it has finished with the crop it bears, putting in a root crop to follow a top crop, and a top crop to follow a root crop.

(To be continued.)

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



HOW TO FORM A READING CLUB

THIS month, I 'm going to answer a letter received from one of my readers who lives in San Francisco. Her idea seems to me so good that I thought more of you might be interested in doing what she wants to do; anyway, I hope you will be, for I 'm sure you will get a great deal of pleasure and profit out of it if you are.

In the first place, I 'll give you her letter, and then I 'll try to give you a few hints on the subject of her inquiries.

My Dear Miss Hawthorne: Having been a reader of *St. Nicholas* for several years, and especially of your "Books and Reading," I am taking the liberty of asking your help in forming a reading club for girls about my own age, from sixteen to eighteen.

My plan is to have a little club that will at once hold the girls' interest and be useful in stimulating a desire to know really good literature.

My difficulty (or I imagine it will be a difficulty) is that girls of that age are not apt to care about good books unless they are made especially attractive to them.

Could you give my friends and me a few suggestions in regard to such a club, and what authors it would be best to begin with? I would not trouble you, but I feel that such a club would be of great benefit to us.

Yours very sincerely,

GRACE M. LINDEN.

This seems to me an excellent letter, and I hope Miss Linden won't mind my publishing it. It puts the matter so clearly, and I 'm certain many of you will agree with her in all she says.

Most of us find more pleasure in doing things in groups than alone. It is n't that you can't canoe, or sail, or sew, or walk, or cook, or read alone. But somehow these things are more enjoyable when done with other people of like tastes with yourself. The rivalry of mind or body, the fun of getting different points of view,

the delight of being with those you like, the helpfulness of competition and discussion,—these are a few of the reasons why we like clubs.

It 's a great pity not to acquire the love of big, fine books, books that can be lifelong companions, while you are young. If you don't get the habit then, in fact, you are very likely never going to get it, and an incalculable amount of real happiness will be lost to you. For of the many things that give happiness in this world, three of the most important are people, nature, and books.

And now to get to the business in hand.

In the first place, I would not have the club too large. Eight or ten members ought to be enough, at any rate until you are in good running order, and four would not be too few. If the club is larger, there would be too many conflicting points of view; some of the girls would be pretty sure not to care much for the purposes of the club, and as likely as not it would turn out to be a talk club before many months, with the books quite out of the running.

Don't (I think I 'll begin with the don'ts) lay out too heavy a program to begin with, nor arrange for too many meetings. Once a week, or even once a fortnight, is quite often enough at first. Then, if the meetings prove very enjoyable, you could have more. Many a good thing is killed by too much enthusiasm at the start.

After you 've chosen your officers and got your club on a proper basis, call a meeting to discuss the writers you want to take up. Get opinions from each member. Decide whether you will begin with dead or living authors. Whether you are going to confine yourselves to fiction or take up other forms of literature. Whether you want to read poetry as well as prose. Get a vote on these subjects. Another matter worth talking over is the amount of time you are to give to the

writer, or group of writers, you decide upon. You might prefer to study one author thoroughly, or to choose the best-known books of several belonging to the same period, or to read masterpieces as such, and with no relation one to the other. These things are a matter of preference, and should be decided accordingly. The main thing, as Miss Linden recognizes, is to cultivate a fondness for good literature.

Personally, I think the study of a group would prove the more enjoyable. Suppose you chose the preceding age in American literature. That would include men like Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Motley, and Prescott, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, and others. You could choose a book by each of these men, or an essay, or a poem, or a short story, as seemed best, voting on these. It might be interesting to add some biography of the time, or stories about the men chosen.

Another interesting thing to do would be to take the women who wrote in the nineteenth century. That century saw a wonderful birth of genius in women, and you could easily make up a list of books that would give you material for a year. There was Jane Austen, at the very beginning of the century, followed by the famous Brontë sisters, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot. Later came Louisa Alcott, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Christina Rossetti, Charlotte M. Yonge. These are only a few, and think what a charming number of books you could choose from these alone. In many cases delightful Lives of these women have been written, and it would make your reading course much more complete to include several of these.

If you preferred to begin with one writer, Robert Louis Stevenson will make an excellent first choice. His books are so various, so tense in interest, so fine, so gay and thrilling and amusing, that you would be sure to interest every member of your club. Then his letters from the south seas, the "Vailima Letters," are the biggest kind of a treat, and reveal so much of the astonishing life in Samoa; and there are his short stories and his poems. Several excellent books have been written about Stevenson, too. After you had read all there was to read by him and about him, you would have added a vast deal to your knowledge on a great many subjects, have met a number of interesting and enchanting people, real and imaginary, and have pretty thoroughly formed a habit of reading good literature.

But reading should not be the only thing in your club. If I were you, I should suggest a certain amount of reading aloud at your meetings, taking this turn about. The art of reading aloud

beautifully is a charming one, and can be a boon to others all your life. Practice is the only thing that can give it to you. Practice and criticism, and I would have both in the club.

After the reading I would talk the book over thoroughly. Say what you each like or don't like, how the characters strike you, how much the story itself interests you, how you are impressed by the author's style. And when you talk, don't say what you think is expected, or is the proper thing to say, but what you really do think and feel about the book and the writer.

A certain amount of reading should be allotted before the next meeting of the club, so that the books will not take too long to finish, or the thread of the story be lost.

Then, say once a month, or perhaps once every three months, just as you elect, you ought to write little articles on the books you have been reading. There is lots of fun in putting your ideas down, and lots more in reading them out before your club, and later in discussing the different points of view that have been put forth. These papers ought to be informal and entirely sincere. If you could find out something interesting relating to the book or the author you were reading, you could write about that, or you could confine yourself to the hero or the heroine or the climax of the story, or the period in which it was laid. In fact, you could make these little papers a very interesting and important part of your club work.

If, after having given some book a fair chance, none of you find it worth going on with, give it up. Don't exhaust yourself with a book simply because you think you ought to like it. After all, the purpose of your club is to have a good time, and if you don't have a good time, the club will certainly die. There are so many enchanting stories for you to read that there is no sense in wasting time with one that bores you, even though it may be something which delights a lot of other people. Perhaps you may yourselves like it later on. But do give each book that fair chance, for some of the best, some you will like the most, are a bit slow in getting started. You have to work a little to get at them, but you'll be glad once you really become intimate with them. Books are like people; some of those you love best were often difficult to become acquainted with when first you met them. Often these wear best of all, and add most to the joy of your life.

I think that once or twice a year it would be good to offer a prize on the best paper read before the club in the past six or twelve months. That would stimulate interest in the writing of the articles, and judgment in deciding upon them.

Many girls think that because a book is spoken of as a great book, or because it is written by a famous man, it must necessarily be hard to read. But, after all, the best books are such because so many people have decided that they like them. You can have just as thorough an enjoyment out of a work of art as out of a sloppily written and shallow story, if only you 'll give yourself the chance. In fact, you can have a great deal more! For appreciation of excellence grows with encouragement, and brings astonishing rewards.

The really worth-while books tell the truth; the truth about human beings, the truth about place and time, the big truth that lies behind life. When this truth-telling is joined to beauty of expression and style, art and truth meet in the book. As soon as you discover the fascination of these two elements, you will seek for them, and books that lack them will not interest you.

In your club work seek for these two things in the books you read. There are many aspects to both, and often you may not know them at first sight. But the longer time you spend in the company of either, the more you 'll need of both, and the less patience you 'll have with what is cheap or silly or inadequate. You have only so much time, and you won't want to waste it on second or third best, when there is so much of the very best to be had for the seeking.

I do hope very much that many of you may start reading clubs all over the country, or the world! I shall be so glad to answer any questions you may want to ask me, to help you in making a list of books to be read. Think it over, and talk it over. And then perhaps, who knows, before next year you might have a number of flourishing clubs going, and send delegates to the Panama Exposition!

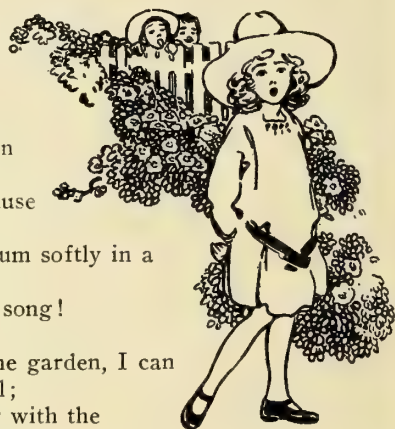
SINGING

BY
CAROLINE HOFMAN

I CAN sing in the garden, I can sing in
the wood,
And I can sing when I am vexed because
the boys are rude;
I can whistle when I 'm lonely, and hum softly in a
crowd,—
And how I love a jolly, jolly song!

When I 'm digging in the garden, I can
mock the robin's call;
I can imitate the gobbler with the
gobble's rise and fall;
I can whistle till the bluebird does not know his mate at all,—
And how I love a jolly, jolly tune!

When I 'm rowing on the river, I sing a sailor-
song
With a hearty trolling chorus, and the verses
spun out long,
For I know there never was a place
where songs do not belong,—
And how I love a jolly,
jolly tune!





BROWNIE AND MILDRED PREPARING FOR THE SCHOOL PARTY.

THE HOUSEKEEPING ADVENTURES OF THE JUNIOR BLAIRS

BY CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON

Author of "A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl," "Margaret's Saturday Mornings," etc.

MILDRED'S SCHOOL PARTY

ONE day early in June, Mildred ran up to her mother's room as soon as she came home from school. She tossed her hat on the bed, and dropped her books in an arm-chair. "Oh, Mother!" she exclaimed, out of breath, "do you suppose I could have twenty girls here some afternoon for a little bit of a party? I do so want to ask them right away, before exams begin. They are my twenty most particular friends, and some of them are going away just as school closes, so, you see, I have to hurry."

"Of course you may have them," said Mother Blair. "But only *twenty* particular friends, Mildred? What about the rest of the class?"

Mildred laughed. "Well, I mean these are the girls I happen to know best of all, and I want to have a kind of farewell before summer really comes. What sort of a party shall we have, Mother? I mean, what shall we have to eat?"

"I should think strawberry ice-cream would be just the thing, with some nice cake to go with it, and something cold to drink; is that about what you had thought of?"

"Just exactly, Mother. But do you think we can make enough ice-cream here at home for twenty people? Would n't it be better to buy it?"

"Oh, I am sure we can easily make it, and home-made ice-cream is so good—better, I think, than we could buy. We can borrow Miss Betty's freezer, which holds two quarts, and as ours holds three, that will be plenty. We count that a quart will serve about seven,—more cooking arithmetic, Mildred! If one quart will be enough for seven people, how many quarts will be needed for twenty?"

"The answer is that five quarts will be just about right," laughed Mildred. "Perhaps some of them will want two helpings. But, Mother, if we have the party on Saturday, Norah will be very busy, and who will make the cream?"

"We will all make it together, and Jack may pack the freezers and turn them for us. And Norah may make the cake for you on Friday, so that will be out of the way."

So, early on Saturday morning, Mildred and Brownie began to hull strawberries for the party, and put them away in bowls on the ice. Then they made the table all ready on the porch, put-

ting a pretty little cloth on it, and arranging plates and napkins; glasses, for what Brownie called the "nice-cold drink," were set out too, and little dishes of the candy which Father Blair had brought home and called his contribution to the party; and in the middle of the table they put a bowl of lovely red roses.

After an early luncheon, everybody went at once to the kitchen. The berries were put on the large table, and the cream and milk brought from the refrigerator. The two freezers stood ready in the laundry with a big pail for the broken ice, a heavy bag, a wooden mallet, and a large bag of coarse salt.

"Come, Jack," his mother said, as he stood picking out the biggest berries from the bowl and eating them, "here 's some more man's work for you! We want you to break the ice and pack these freezers for us."

"What do I get for it?" Jack asked, pretending to grumble. "If the girls are going to eat up all the ice-cream, I guess I won't bother freezing it."

"No, indeed! they are not going to eat it all up," said Mother Blair. "I am counting on having ever so much left over for dinner to-night; and you shall have two helpings."

"Make it three and I 'll think about it," said Jack, choosing the very biggest berry of all.

"Three then," said Mildred, disgustedly, taking the bowl away. "Boys do eat so much!"

"This cream is going to be so good that you will want three yourself," laughed Mother Blair. "Now, Jack, this rule is for you. Some cooks think that all you have to do in packing a freezer is to put in layers of broken ice and salt, and then turn the handle; but there is a right way to do it, and if you follow this, you will find the cream will freeze ever so much more quickly than if you are careless in packing."

PACKING A FREEZER

- 2 large bowlfuls of broken ice.
- 1 bowlful of coarse salt.

Put the ice in a strong bag and pound with a mallet till it is evenly broken into bits the size of an egg. Put the ice in a pail till you have a quantity broken, and then measure; add the salt quickly to the ice and stir it well; then put the empty ice-cream tin in the freezer with the cover on, and fasten on the top and handle. Pack the ice all around the tin tightly till it is even with the top. Then stand it away, covered with a piece of carpet or blanket, in a dark, cool place, for half an hour. There should be a thick coating of frost all over the inside when the cream is put in.

While Jack was working in the laundry, Mildred and Brownie were reading the recipe their

mother gave them, and getting out the spoons and sugar and other things they would need.

"Are the berries washed?" asked Mother Blair. "Yes, I see they are; now, Brownie, you may put half of them at a time into this big bowl, and crush them with the wooden potato-masher till they are all juicy. And, Mildred, here is the rule for making one quart of plain white ice-cream; all you have to do is to add any kind of fruit or flavoring to this, and you can change it into whatever you want."

"Just like a fairy's recipe!" said Brownie.

"Exactly!" said their mother. "Now, Mildred, multiply this rule by five."

PLAIN ICE-CREAM

- 3 cups of milk.
- 1 cup of cream.
- 1 cup of sugar.
- Flavoring.

Put the cream, milk, and sugar in a saucepan on the fire, and stir till the sugar is melted and the milk steams, but does not boil. Take it off and beat with the egg-beater till it is cold; add the flavoring and freeze.

FRUIT ICE-CREAM

- 1 quart of fruit, or enough to make a cupful of juice.
- 1 small cup of sugar.

Mash the fruit, rub it through a sieve, add the sugar, and stir into the cream just before putting it into the freezer.

"You see what a nice, easy rule this is. You can use fresh raspberries or pineapple or peaches in summer-time, and in winter you can use canned fruit. If the fruit is sour, of course you must take a little more sugar than if it is very sweet. And when juice is very sour indeed, like currant or cherry juice, do not use it for ice-cream. And when you want to make chocolate ice-cream you put in—"

"Do let me write that down, Mother, please, because I perfectly love chocolate ice-cream," interrupted Mildred.

CHOCOLATE ICE-CREAM

Make the plain ice-cream as before; while still on the stove add

- 3 squares of unsweetened chocolate, grated.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sugar.
- 2 teaspoonfuls of vanilla.

Put the vanilla in last, just before freezing.

It took only a little while to mix the cream and cool it, and then Brownie had the berries all

ready to go in; so Mildred called to Jack to know if the two freezers were ready. Jack was reading "Treasure Island" in a corner of the laundry, and it took three calls to rouse him.

ence in the world whether or not it is ice-cold inside." Then they poured in the cream and shut the freezer tightly, and Jack began to turn the handles, first of one and then of the other, with



"THE REFRESHMENTS WERE PERFECTLY DELICIOUS, EVERYBODY SAID." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"The freezers?" he asked; "the freezers—oh, yes, they are all ready. At least I suppose they are, they 've been standing so long. I 've been having a great time with old *Silver* in the stockade!"

"Well," said Mildred, doubtfully, "if you 've been off on one of your treasure trips, I don't know whether the freezers will be ready or not."

But when they looked inside, there was the thick frost all over the tin. "Perfect!" said Mother Blair. "Now you will see how quickly the cream will freeze. It makes all the differ-

"Treasure Island" open before him on an up-turned pail, though he very soon found that the freezers needed all his attention. He was devoting himself to his task with grim determination when Mildred peeped in at the door and stood watching him for a moment before she asked, mischievously, "And what is old *Silver* doing now, Jack? I believe you 're really going to deserve those three plates of ice-cream, after all."

"Come, Mildred!" called her mother, "we will make something perfectly delicious to drink," and she handed a fresh recipe to the girls.

GRAPE-JUICE LEMONADE

- 4 lemons.
- 1 quart of water.
- 2 large cups of sugar.
- 1 quart of grape-juice.
- 1 orange.

Put the water and sugar on the fire and boil them two minutes. Roll the lemons and squeeze the juice; when the water is cool, add this and stand it away till you



"HAVE N'T YOU ONE MORE RECIPE, DEAR MISS BETTY?"

need it. Then add the grape-juice, and put it in a large bowl with a good-sized piece of ice; slice the orange very thin and cut into small pieces and add last. Serve in glass cups.

"That is so easy anybody could make it," said Brownie. "I guess I'll make some for us all on the next hot night."

"Oh, goody!" said Mildred. "Think how lovely it would taste out on the porch just before bedtime!"

"Specially if there was a moon," said Brownie.

"Yes, indeed! especially if there was a moon! You won't forget, will you?"

Brownie promised faithfully she would not.

By the time this was done and ready to put away in the refrigerator to get very cold, Jack was shouting for somebody to come and see if the cream was frozen. "It turns awfully hard," he complained, rubbing his arms.

His mother wiped off the edges of the tin very carefully so no salt could get in, and then lifted the cover, and, sure enough, the cream was firm and smooth, and a beautiful pink color. Mildred watched her carefully and took the second

freezer, doing exactly what her mother did to the first one. They slowly pulled out the dashers, scraping them off as they did so, and then packed the cream down hard; the covers were put on again, each with a cork where the dasher-top had been. Meanwhile Jack had been told to break more ice and mix it exactly as he had before. When this was ready, the plug at the side of each freezer was pulled out and the water drained off,

and then the cans of cream were buried in the fresh ice so that neither of them could be seen, a piece of carpet was laid over each, and it was put back in its dark corner.

"There!" said their mother, when it was all finished. "Ice-cream has to stand at least two hours after it is packed before it is quite good enough to eat. Thank you, Jack! You are really learning lots about cooking, are n't you? And now we will cut the cake and put it on plates in the refrigerator to keep fresh, and then we will all go and dress for the party, because it is three o'clock."

The refreshments were perfectly delicious, everybody said, and the girls said the pink ice-cream, and the sponge-cake, and the grape-juice lemonade were "the best ever." When everybody had gone, Mildred took a big plateful of ice-cream over to Miss Betty.

"Oh, how good that is!" she said as she ate it. "How *beautifully* good! So good to look at, I mean, as well as to taste of. Would you like to have some more strawberry ice-cream recipes to go with it?" Mildred said she would love to, so Miss Betty began to write:

FROZEN STRAWBERRIES

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1 quart of water. | 2 quarts of berries. |
| 2½ cups of sugar. | Juice of 1 lemon. |

Crush the berries and press through a sieve; there should be two cups of juice; if not, add a few more berries. Boil the water and sugar one minute, cool, add the berry juice and that of the lemon, cool and freeze; serve in glass cups.

"You can see, Mildred," went on Miss Betty, as she finished this, "that a pretty way to serve this is to put each cup on a small plate and lay a few fresh strawberry leaves by it."

"Sweet!" said Mildred, and Miss Betty began the second recipe.

STRAWBERRIES AND ICE-CREAM

1 quart of plain ice-cream.
1 quart of large strawberries.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of powdered sugar.

Cut the berries in slices and lay them on a dish, and sprinkle the sugar over them. Take some tall glasses, put in a layer of ice-cream, then a layer of berries; let the cream be on top, and put two or three whole berries on top of all. Or, if you can get little wild strawberries, use those whole both in the layers and on top.

"Those are both just perfect," sighed Mildred. "Now have n't you one more recipe, dear Miss Betty? Three is a lucky number, you know."

Miss Betty thought a moment. "Well, here is something I think is just delicious, and it's so easy that Brownie could make it alone—or even Jack! There is no turning of the freezer at all, only the ice to be broken. But it must be made in good season, for it has to stand awhile, as you will see. And when you turn it out, you can put a row of lovely big strawberries all around it and sprinkle them with sugar."

PARFAIT

1 cup of sugar. 1 cup of water.
1 pint of cream. Whites of 3 eggs.
1 teaspoonful of vanilla.

Put the sugar and water on the stove and boil gently three minutes without stirring. Lift a little of the syrup on the spoon and see if a tiny thread drops from the edge; if it does, it is done; if not, cook a moment longer. Then let this stand on the very edge of the stove while you beat the whites of the eggs very stiff and slowly pour the syrup into them, beating all the time. While you are doing this, have somebody else beat the cream stiff; when the eggs and syrup are beaten cold, fold the cream into them, add the flavoring, and put in a mold with a tight cover. Put this in a pail, cover deeply with ice and salt as before, and let it stand five hours.

"You see how easy that is," said Miss Betty. "That's all the recipes to-day. But, Mildred, if you, and Jack, and Brownie will all come to luncheon next Saturday, I'll have something else made out of strawberries for you."

"Oh, Miss Betty!" cried Mildred, rapturously, "we'll come—indeed we will!"

"Very well; and tell Jack he can have three helpings of everything!"

THE BOY WHO STUDIES BOTANY

BY ROBERT EMMET WARD

THE boy who studies botany will find he has at need
Advantages to make his playmates envious indeed;
No boy or girl should ever "call another names," of course,
But learning and a memory lend one's language crushing force.

The incident I have to tell contains, I fear, no moral
Unless the line above be one. Two playmates had a quarrel.
Young Wilfred studied botany—he was n't very big;
The taller, Joe, I grieve to say, had called his friend a pig!

The boy whose aunt had coached him well in botany grew red.
"A pig! You say that I'm a pig?" indignantly he said.
His lofty glance lent meaning to the scathing words that follow:
"At all events, I'm not a *gamopetalous corolla*!"

The nonplussed Joe could only stare as Wilfred turned away—
His ready wit had left his foe without a word to say!
Observe! He was not "calling names," as only rude boys do,
What Wilfred said to Joseph was indisputably true.

The boy who studies botany will find it useful, very,
In just such an emergency, with such an adversary.

A minor difficulty, though, has just occurred to me—
Suppose the other fellow should be studying *chemistry*!



Little Jo

BY ANNA FLETCHER

"Who are you, little maiden fair
With bright, blue eyes and golden hair?"
Why, I'm Dad's darling, don't you know?
He always calls me Little Jo.

My mama calls me Josie dear,
And that's the name I love to hear;
For, when a naughty girl I've been,
She sadly calls me Josephine.

Then I go by myself and say,
"I hate that name and will obey."
So back I come, and whisper clear,
"See, Mama, now I'm Josie dear."

"And what does Daddy say, my pet,
When you annoy, or tease, or fret?"
Oh, he just says, so soft and low,
"Is this my own dear Little Jo?"

That always makes me 'shamed, and I
Just hug him round the neck and cry,
And tell him I do love him so,
I'll surely be his Little Jo.



THE HOME

BY GLADYS HYATT SINCLAIR

A CASTLE, or cottage, or mansion, or tent,
Or billow-rocked vessel, or canopy bent
Above the red wagon where Romanies ride,
Is home, blessed home, to the dwellers inside.
But look you at this one—high swung to the
breeze,
And built by the owners themselves, if you
please!
No bargain with masons and joiners had they,
No lot did they buy with its taxes to pay,
But royally chose just the place they liked best,
And set about building this orioles' nest.
That burst of rich music I heard in the spring
Was gratitude poured for the gift of this string.
Who guessed, when its first humble duty was
done,
A palace 't would hold 'twixt the earth and the
sun?
The cunning of beaks and the skill of wee feet
That looped it, and laced it, and knotted it
neat,

That winds could not loose it, however they blow,
Nor twist it, nor turn it, nor weight lay it low!
The sheep gave this wool, and the thorns pulled
it out;
The horses gave hairs that were wiry and stout;
And God gave the knowledge, the joy, and the
love
That went to the wonderful weaving thereof.
The maple gave twigs where the home could
be hung,
The zephyrs so softly their lullabies sung;
And smiling Miss Sunshine and Lady Gray Rain
Gave smiles and gave blessings again and again.
The wee eggs gave birdies; the father gave food;
The mother gave warmth from the warmth of
her blood;
And June gave the courage, the strength, and
the day
When five baby orioles fluttered away—
In quest of adventures, the big world to see,
And gave the old home, with its story, to me.



FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

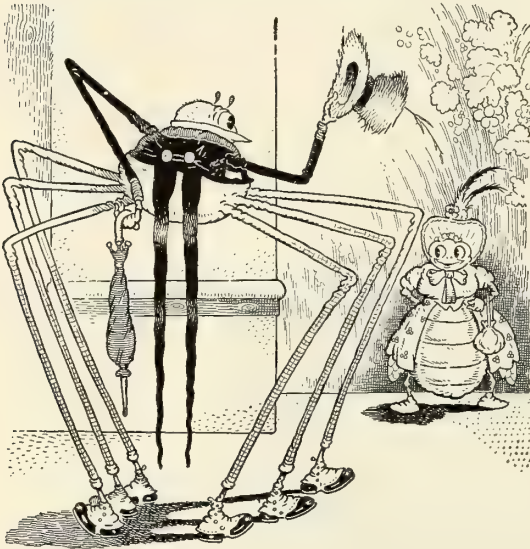
PROUD DADDY-LONG-LEGS

BY ANNE PORTER JOHNSON

ONE morning, as Daddy-long-legs was walking briskly across the porch, he met a small, reddish-yellow object moving slowly toward him. "Dear me!" exclaimed Daddy-long-legs, "and who are you?"

"I'm Ladybug, Your Honor."

"Well, Ladybug," said Daddy-long-legs, "you're so very small that I almost stepped over you. It's a good thing you have such a bright dress, or I would n't have noticed you at all. You see, I'm up rather high."



"'DEAR ME!' EXCLAIMED DADDY-LONG-LEGS,
'AND WHO ARE YOU?'"

ought to be able to get over the ground very fast."

"Oh, yes, yes," agreed Daddy-long-legs. "Just see me go!" He moved off toward the post at the corner of the porch. "See! When I step, it means something. Why, if I had to crawl along as slowly as some folks," he looked down at Ladybug as he said it, "I would n't try to go at all! I'd creep back into some dark corner and stay there."

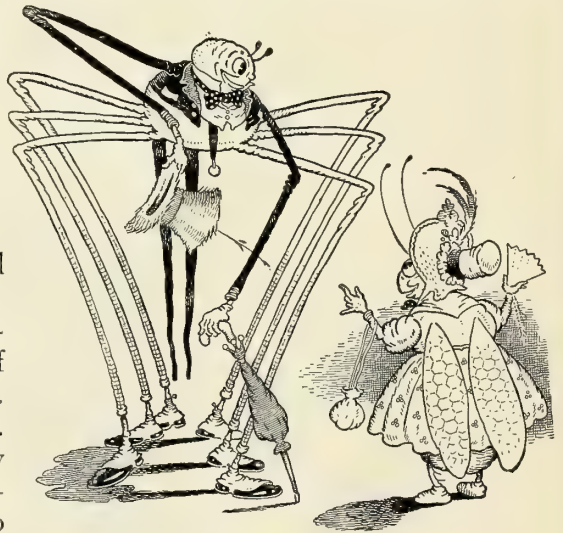
"Oh, there are quite a few of us, and we get along, even if it is slow work," said Ladybug, calmly.

"Too slow for me!" exclaimed Daddy-long-legs. "Why, since I started across

"Yes," replied Ladybug, "I see. You must be Daddy-long-legs I've heard so much about."

"You're right. I'm Daddy-long-legs, the champion walker! When it comes to a race, you know, I always beat."

Ladybug looked at Daddy's long legs. "With legs like those," she said, "you



"'YOU OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GET OVER
THE GROUND VERY FAST.'"



"ONE! TWO! THREE!"—AND THEY WERE OFF FOR THE POST.

the yard, I've seen quite a lot of pretty fair steppers, but I left them all behind. They could n't keep up, and you—why, you're the very smallest and the slowest-looking of the whole lot! Pshaw, you can't go at all! Even when you're doing your very best, you hardly seem to move. Poor thing! I can imagine how much you envy me." Daddy-long-legs stretched out several of his legs to their full length. It was a sight, sure enough, and Ladybug gasped, and moved a little to one side.

Daddy again stalked over to the post and back. "Now, Ladybug, you poor little slow-poke, how long do you think it would take *you* to get to that post?"

"Well, I don't know exactly," answered Ladybug, looking at the post. "It's quite a little way over there, but if you say so, we'll try a race for it."

"Why, you don't mean to say you even think *you* can try a race with *me*? You don't mean it—do you?"

"Why, yes! Of course, I may not beat, but we might try it just for fun."

"Well, it will be fun, sure enough!" said Daddy-long-legs, glancing at the crowd of spiders, ants, caterpillars, and other insects which had stopped to hear what Daddy-long-legs and Ladybug were talking about. "We'll start at this crack in the floor," Daddy-long-legs said, "and, to give you every advantage, I'll allow you to have an inch—yes, two inches—as a start."

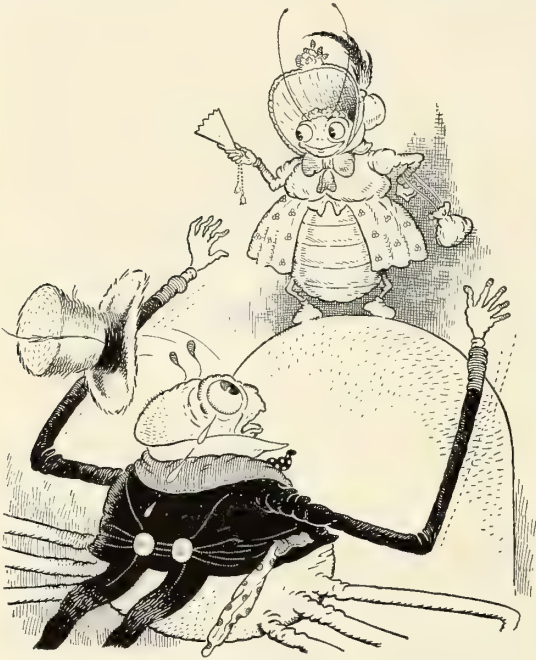
FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

"Oh, no!" said Ladybug, "I would n't want any favors of that sort. It would n't be fair, you know. I'll stand just even with this crack, where you are. We'll toe the mark together."

So they fixed themselves at the crack in the floor, and Daddy-long-legs counted "One! two! three!"—and they were off for the post.

Daddy intended to be at the post by the time Ladybug had crossed one board in the floor. But, before he had taken six steps, he heard Ladybug call out pleasantly, "Hurry up! hurry up! Daddy-long-legs!" And there was Ladybug looking down at him from the post as calmly as though she had been there all the morning!

Daddy-long-legs stopped suddenly. "Why, you little minx! what does this mean? You've played a trick on me."



"WHY, YOU LITTLE MINX! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?"

You did n't *walk* that distance in such a short time, I know!"

"No, I *flew*," replied Ladybug, quietly. "I can either walk or fly, as it suits me. This time it suited me to fly. Why did n't you fly, Daddy-long-legs, Long-legs, Long-legs?" teased Ladybug.

Daddy-long-legs looked up at her again, as she smiled down on him from the post, and took off his hat to her. Then he said slowly: "Well, I declare! Who would have thought that you could fly!—such a crawling, creeping, slow-looking little body as you! I did n't see any wings."

"You were too busy looking at your long legs, Daddy. There *are* other wonderful things in the world, such as wings, for instance. Sometimes they're folded up pretty close, and not so easily seen as those long legs of yours. So be more careful the next time you want to race, and don't boast too much."

"Oh, would n't you like a pair of wings, Daddy-long-legs? They are fine for racing!" Ladybug called back, as she flew toward the potato patch.



"WOULD N'T YOU LIKE A PAIR OF WINGS?"

THE TOY PUSSY-CAT

BY MARGARET G. HAYS

DEAR little Pussy, don't be scared,
That dog can't bite you, if he dared!
He 's made of velvet, that 's the truth,
And has n't got a single tooth;

He follows at his master's heels,—
He can't run fast on those bent wheels.
He 's not so pretty, Puss, as you,
His coat is not so clean and new.



Sit still, dear; if I 'm not mistaken,
You 're going to have your picture taken.

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



THE FOREST FIRE ON MT. TAMALPAIS, JULY, 1913.

The cloud of smoke revealed to 2000 soldiers stationed along the trail and on the upper slopes of the mountain behind the camera, the fast-increasing fury of the flames down in the hollow as they were fanned into walls of fire sometimes 150 feet high by a sudden forty-mile gale. These devastated the beautifully wooded hollow so suddenly that several hundred soldiers and a provision train within its depths were nearly imprisoned.

TRAPPED BY A MOUNTAIN FIRE

ON the eighth of July, 1913, a thin column of pale blue smoke was discovered rising from the woody slopes of purple-tinged Mt. Tamalpais, standing like a sentinel on the shores of the Golden Gate, just across from the city of San Francisco, California. The smoke spiral was silently and gently curling upward from beside the track of the unique scenic railway—the crookedest railroad in the world—at a point high up and about a mile from the summit.

Section hands employed by the railroad were immediately despatched to investigate. The fire was supposedly extinguished by them, but later a strong wind arose, and before the inhabitants of the several towns and hamlets strung about the base of the mountain realized it, a formidable blaze had spread over several acres, and was fast eating up the verdure, urged on by the breeze.

In mountainous country, it is no easy task to marshal fire-fighters and apparatus high up on steep burning slopes. The arrival of night was a second drawback in this instance. Even as the sun set that evening, a great dark column of smoke, acres broad, was rolling skyward and stretching out into a great canopy miles across, giving friendly old Mt. Tamalpais the appearance of a formidable volcano in a state of great activity.

All the next day the fire raged, driven by another north wind, while urgent calls for help were telegraphed to the larger cities within reach. Their own volunteers, prepared for tedious work, had already set off for the burning areas. By twilight on the first day, over a thousand acres of green had vanished, and the cozy taverns and observatories on the summit and elsewhere were facing fast-approaching ruin, as was the not far distant and famous grove of great redwood trees,

now a national preserve, and known as the Muir Woods.

By nightfall, the entire region about the mountain was in excitement and commotion. Fortunately, the mountain railroad was still running, and United States troops and naval reserves had reached the locality, where warlike strategy was instituted in the endeavor to check the creeping flames.

During the night, one line of the fire ascended the slopes to the summit, reaching the tavern and licking its sides and roof and cracking its windows. Some fifty soldiers saved the building by climbing to the roof and beating out the showers of sparks with sacks kept wet by dipping into tubs of water. During the afternoon, many of the guests at the tavern had hurried to safety on spare trains or on little gravity-cars which provided the most thrilling rides imaginable down through the burning slopes.

On the morning of the third day of the fire, the writer found himself with his camera on the summit of a low ridge near one of the endangered towns, two and a half miles from a small, insignificant line of smoke lazily curling up into the air.

He was chagrined to find himself apparently too late, for dwellers near by told him of the efforts of three thousand fire-fighters, armed with brush-knives, grub-hooks, and shovels, who had worked under trying conditions all through the night before, and had apparently succeeded in almost extinguishing the entire line of fire, two miles or more in length.

He photographed the distant scene, and was on the point of turning back, when he became seized with the determination to go on—a determination that brought him a never-to-be-forgotten experience, for, before the day was done, he twice barely escaped death in traps formed by the mountain's creeping flames.



THE FIRE ON THE THIRD DAY SWEEPING UP THE MOUNTAIN SLOPES.

This mountain fire raged for five days and nights, burning up over 6000 acres of a beautiful scenic region on the shores of the Golden Gate, not far from the city of San Francisco, California, before 3000 fire-fighters, composed of soldiers, sailors, and townspeople, finally checked its course on the very edges of three thickly populated hamlets. At the point here shown, the fire had traversed a section some two miles in extent.

As he went on, trudging along upward in the increasing heat of the sun with a fifty-pound outfit in a suitcase, the wind gradually grew stronger. Indeed, at about one o'clock, he and about a hundred brush-cutters, besides women and girls serving coffee and sandwiches to the nearly exhausted men, were compelled to flee for their very lives. Wild cries and shouts were arising from down in a smoke-filled hollow where several companies of artillerymen and a provision-train were at work. Then it was that those above the conflagration realized that retreat had been cut off, and that *all* were in imminent danger; for the flames had been blown where they had found fresh fuel, and were devouring the mountain-side at a rate of about a thousand acres an hour.

It was after this flight with the two thousand soldiers up the mountain by means of a broad, cleared check-trail, that the photographer secured the best of all the smoke pictures. These were taken just as the sun set, leaving him and the hungry army to pass the hours of the coming night in the open on the dreary, wind-blown, fire-swept peak.

As the soldiers were retreating upward, one was seen to disobey orders and rush back down the ragged stretch for half a mile into the burning area after his blankets, which had been hastily abandoned, along with those of many others, in the mad rush to safety. While he was gone, a newly started back fire nearly cut him off, and again almost trapped the photographer and a large number of soldiers who were working in the neighborhood.

Fearing further unexpected turns of events, the photographer determined to ascend the mountain to the burned-over and safer sections near the summit. In the climb through the dark,—stumbling and scrambling, ruining clothes and shoes and suitcase, craving something to eat and

drink,—he was joined by stray soldiers, who also had disobeyed orders and determined to obtain water and possibly food at the tavern on the summit. It was a weird tramp, that "hike" in the dark, up through a dim, rock-, brush-, and tree-



CLOSER VIEW OF THE FLAMES.

They swept up a hill here, and jumped with ease a wide check-trail, cut by 2000 soldiers and civilians between the oncoming fire and two threatened towns.

The smoke traveled over sixty miles, dropping ashes in the cities of Oakland and Alameda, thirty-two miles distant.

grown region, with the sparkling of the stars on one side of the heavens, and the ominous, red-illuminated canopy of the billowy smoke-clouds on the other; with the leafy, unseen woods bending and swishing and snapping in a wind that, at any moment, might bring an onrush of sparks and

flames; and with the impression that the summit was nearer than it turned out to be! The good-



CIVILIAN FIRE-FIGHTERS FROM THE NEIGHBORING TOWNS.

They are cutting a back-fire path through light chaparral on a ridge above their towns. A half-hour later, they were running for their lives before flames that rushed up from the right and swept all the area here shown.

natured joking and banter of the men kept up the spirits of the party, and ere long the entire company was ransacking the savory, spacious kitchen of a luxurious, but deserted, tavern. And they



ON THE FIRE-LINES, AT DUSK.

Citizens from endangered districts awaiting the approach of a line of fire half a mile distant. A cañon separated the men in the foreground from the approaching flames, but the latter soon passed this barrier, forcing the men to flee for safety.

found coffee, ham, crackers, marmalade, and water! That was enough! They feasted, forgot

the fire, and talked until midnight. Then, taking a farewell look at the fascinating panorama of living red below and the far distant sparkle of the lights of the great cities rimming a low horizon, they unrolled their blankets on the polished floor and instantly fell asleep, exhausted with the labor of the day and indifferent to the events of the morrow.

But the trouble of the "men in the ranks" did not end there, for, before dawn, a searching officer appeared on the scene. Almost instantly many pairs of heels disappeared through the unburned woods down the slopes in various directions. The photographer entertained the officer, in fact he did not contradict the impression that



WHEN THE CARS RESUMED THEIR MOUNTAIN TRIPS.

A load of tourists descending the eight miles of winding track from the summit in a gravity car controlled only by brakes.

The fire burned over the space on the right quite up to the track.

he belonged to the hostelry in some capacity, and laid a feast before him calculated to put him, or, indeed, any other hungry man, in a fine humor.

It was down through the burned-over district of six thousand acres that the photographer returned, afoot, for not a train could run. Once, on the way, a wee cottontail slipped across the rails between his very feet, unharmed, but evidently still frightened nearly to death. It must have escaped by cowering among the damp rocks of a near-by spring. Here and there, dead reptiles were seen—many rattlesnakes being among them.

All told, it was a fascinating experience, in spite of his blistered hands and feet; and great was his joy when he finally reached the bread-basket and the pump at the end of the fifteen-mile up-and-down scramble, with a beautiful set of pictures, and with a story to tell.

L. R. PERRY.

REMARKABLE POSITIONS OF FLYING WINGS

THE motion of flying birds' wings is so rapid that frequently many of their movements and positions escape the eye. It often requires the highest speed of the camera to show the wings in certain positions. Some skilful photographs of wing

The osprey, in descending to the nest, assumes just the reverse position, and the wings push back against the air, so as to stop the bird quickly.



A LAUGHING-GULL MAKING "A QUICK GETAWAY"
FROM ITS NEST IN THE MARSHES ON
COBB ISLAND, VIRGINIA.

motions have been taken by Mr. Howard H. Cleaves. A few selections from these remarkable results are here shown.

When the laughing-gull makes a quick ascent from the nest in the marshes on Cobb Island,



AN OSPREY COMING DOWN TO ITS NEST;
"PUTTING ON THE BRAKES."

Virginia, the wings assume a remarkable position, apparently reaching out into the air ahead to grasp as firm a wing hold as possible on the air, and thus drive the body forward.



AN OSPREY APPROACHING NEST ON THE GROUND;
ANOTHER WAY OF "PUTTING ON BRAKES."

Another photograph shows the osprey approaching the nest on the ground. It, too, is "putting on the brakes," but the body in relation to the wide expanse of wings assumes a peculiar position.

Still another remarkable use of wings is shown by the young osprey on the nest, the bird spread-



A YOUNG OSPREY SPREADING ITS WINGS IN A MENACING WAY TO SCARE OFF AN INTRUDER.

ing them in a menacing way as if to make itself appear as formidable as possible, and thus frighten away an intruder. A common brooding hen does much the same thing when she spreads her wings and erects the body feathers, and apparently tries the effect of a little bit of hypocrisy by pretending to be a more formidable bird than she really is.

LION CUBS

No boy or girl who has ever read of Carl Hagenbeck, or who, better yet, has witnessed the performances of the trained lions and tigers which

families are comparatively harmless, and the playfulness and droll antics of the little animals endear them to children to such an extent that the young folks are often loath to give them up when it is considered that the animals are approaching an age when it is better to have them safely caged behind iron bars.



GERMAN CHILDREN WITH THEIR PET LION CUBS.

he has sent to this country, need be told that the Germans possess rare ability as trainers of wild animals.

And even more interesting, perhaps, is the fact that in a number of German households boys and girls have been permitted to have as pets the offspring of some of those ferocious beasts which have given Hamburg its reputation as "the greatest wild-animal market in the world." In the accompanying illustration, three German children are shown in the proud possession of some lion cubs, which, as you see, resemble in size and general appearance every-day American cats. The German wild-animal experts claim that, while very young, the "babies" of the lion and tiger

THREE SIMPLE EXPERIMENTS

Most people are unaware that the apparent distance of an object depends upon the use of both eyes. This fact, however, can be strikingly shown. Place a pencil so that two or three inches project over the edge of a table. Then stand alongside the table, close one eye, and attempt to knock the pencil off by quickly hitting the projecting end with the tip of the forefinger. Almost invariably the person making the attempt underestimates the distance by an inch or more, and, much to his surprise, misses the pencil entirely. One-eyed people, accustomed to estimating distances with only one eye, of course have no trouble in hitting the pencil at the first trial.

To make a person think there are two marbles where only one really exists, have him cross the second finger over the first, close his eyes, and tell how many marbles he is touching when you hold a single one in contact with the ends of the two crossed fingers. The illusion is very startling, and the person almost invariably has to be shown the single marble before he believes there is only one. If a marble is not convenient, the

end of a pencil or other small object may be used.

To test your ability to make your muscles work as you desire, try sliding the forefinger of the left hand backward and forward along the edge of a table; at the same time, tap in the same spot with a pencil in the right hand so that the end touches the table midway between the ends of the path the forefinger follows. At first, it is extremely difficult to make the pencil tap in the same spot without hitting the finger, but after a little practice you will find that quite the contrary is the case, for it soon becomes almost impossible to make the object with which the tapping is done touch the forefinger or vary from the same spot on the table.

FRED TELFORD.

SLEDDING THROUGH THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA

WE often hear that the Germans are a little slow in their ways, and perhaps we are apt to conclude that they must be what we call "poky." Nevertheless, it is from Germany that we get the latest and most thrilling thing in the way of diving apparatus. It is nothing less than a submarine sled upon which the diver can sit and be drawn rapidly through the depths, up or down at his will, pretty much as we have always pictured Santa Claus sailing through the sky. This does not sound a bit slow, does it? And you can be sure that it took a pretty bright and quick mind to conceive such an idea and make the sled.

But don't think that this vehicle for under-water riding is designed for play, even though a trip in such a sled must be full of excitement. It has been planned and perfected so that divers can do their work better and cover a greater area than is now commonly possible. It also enables the diver to do this without tiring himself needlessly.

You have waded through the water, and know how it holds you back, even when only knee-deep.

It was still harder to

walk through it when it was up to your waist; and, when shoulder-deep, you found it easier to swim than to walk. Therefore, you can realize that it would be even more exhausting—if you could do it—to walk when entirely below the surface. And mind you, you have on only a very light bathing-dress. The diver, on the other hand, has bulky shoes with soles of lead; he has a cumbersome suit of rubber and canvas; he has a metal helmet; and about his waist he carries quite forty pounds of lead weights—the purpose of these and those on the soles of his shoes is to help hold him to the bottom when his suit is filled with buoyant air. These things all hamper his steps, but, in addition to these, he has to drag the rope that serves the double purpose of a life-line and a means of signaling to the people above, as well as the hose down which comes the fresh air that makes it possible for him to work under water. These

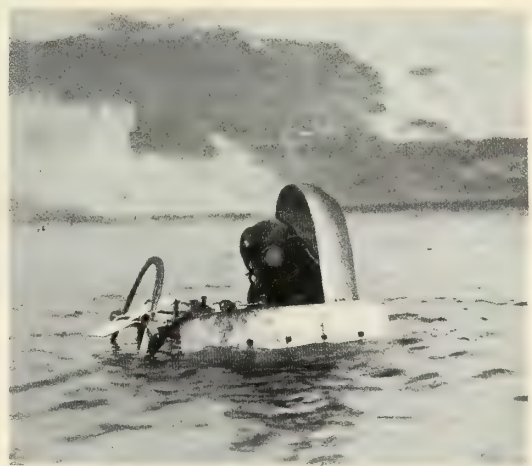
conditions are made worse when he has to labor against a current.

Ordinarily, the diver carries and pulls all these things with him every step he takes, and this effort alone is so wearying that it lessens the



COMING TO THE SURFACE.

amount of work he can do under water. Usually, when it is necessary for him to examine a considerable area of the sea-bed, he has to be drawn to the surface when he finishes in one place, and his attendants and their craft must be moved to another point—a thing that generally takes a good deal of time—and then the diver is lowered again. It is pretty slow work, and divers de-



A PLEASANT RIDE IN THE SUNSHINE.

mand very high pay. Besides, they have to have a number of attendants: one to hold the life-line, one to watch the air-hose, and either two or four—depending upon the deepness of the water in which he is working—to man the air-pumps. Again, when searching for something that has



A DIVER CARRYING HIS
OWN AIR-SUPPLY.

been lost in the water, the diver often has to make many trips up and down in order that he may have a chance to rest.

Dr. Draeger, the inventor of the submarine sled, has produced a successful diving-dress that does not require an air-hose—the necessary oxy-

gens are opened two little valves on the top of the ballast tanks. Out leaks the air, while water enters from below, and he settles easily to the sea-bed. Then the motor-boat takes the tow-line, which has as its core an electric cable which supplies current for the search-light on the sled. The diver then lets into the tanks just enough air from his steel bottles to buoy up the sled until it rests very lightly on the bottom, so that the least pull will draw it forward; and, by turning the diving rudders when under way, he can rise and descend at will, either settling again to the seabed or soaring over some big obstacle.

Let us suppose that he has halted the sled by signal and has stepped out of it to make an examination. Not finding what he seeks, he steps aboard of his sled and takes his seat. At the same time, he telephones up to the captain of the motor-boat that he is ready to be off again, and directs him the way he wishes to go. Without more ado, the motor-boat speeds away, and the diver sits back and takes things easy. Perhaps he may wish to go some distance.

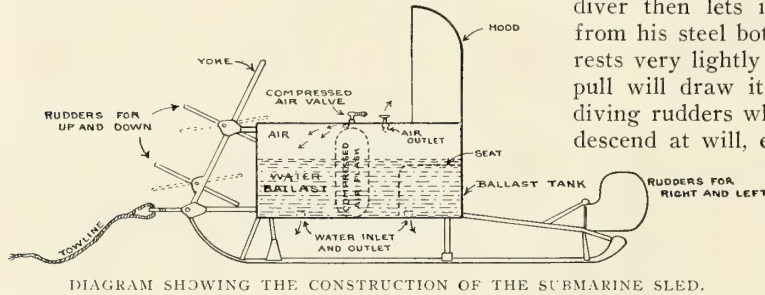
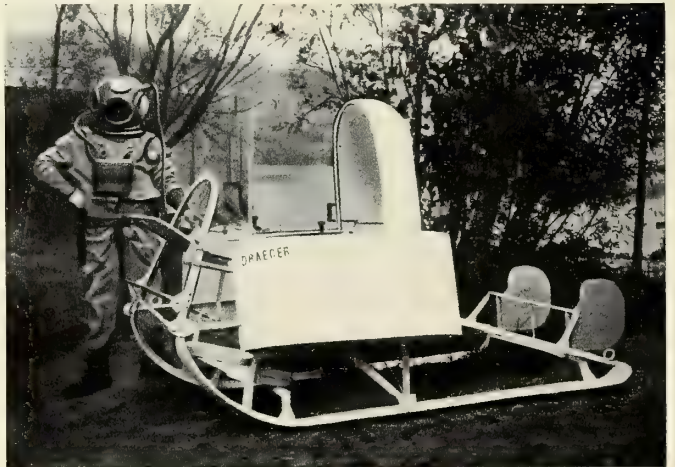


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE SUBMARINE SLED.

gen is supplied from a tank which the diver carries on his back. This does away with all but one of the attendants, and this one handles the life-line, which, is, also, a telephone connection between himself and the diver. In this way, Dr. Draeger has stripped the diving-dress of one of its most hampering attachments, and the German under-water worker can move about much more freely on that account. Now you will be able to understand how this submarine sled can be used for really valuable service.

The sled is made of metal, and the diver sits in a seat that has a solid back and hood. The sled is really a form of submarine, because it has rudders to turn it to right and to left, and other rudders to make it rise or descend when being drawn through the water by a motor-boat, to which it can be attached by a line. This sled also has ballast tanks which, when filled with water, carry the sleigh to the bottom, or, when emptied, make it rise to the surface. The diver controls these operations easily from his seat. You wonder how he forces the water out of the ballast tanks when he is below, don't you? Well, he has a couple of strong, steel flasks into which, before he descends, air is crowded at a high pressure. He can draw upon this supply many times and still find it strong enough to force the water out of the submerging tanks. When this is done, these tanks are like the swimming wings which you have probably used yourself, and up goes the sled because of this buoyancy.

When the diver is ready to go down in the water, he takes his place on the sled, and it is launched overboard like a boat from a float. He



THE DRAEGER SUBMARINE SLED.

Then he brings the sled to the surface and is towed along in the sunshine. While at the surface he opens the face-plate of his helmet and breathes the free air, closing the valve of his oxygen tank, and thus holding this air in reserve until he goes under water again.

In time, submarine sledding may become a popular sport, but for the present it will help the diver to do his work better and quicker, while the man of science can thus explore Nature's under-water world.

ROBERT G. SKERRETT.

THE SUBMERGED CANDLE

ALTHOUGH it seems improbable, a lighted candle can be kept burning when almost completely submerged in water. The fact was discovered very long ago by Archimedes, and doubtless the boys of ancient Greece amused themselves with the experiment, which is extremely simple to arrange. The candle used may be of any size, although a very fat coach-candle, which will make a larger flame and continue longer burning, is best. Use a fairly large glass of water, and conduct the experiment carefully and only under the supervision of a grown person.

First, the candle must be weighted so that it will float with the top just flush with the surface of the water. You will be surprised to find how little weight is required—a small piece of metal stuck into the bottom of it will answer. If it is not large, a nail, or two or three large pins, will be enough. Be careful to have the weight so placed that the candle will float in an exactly upright position. When it is adjusted, light the wick carefully. It has probably become wet in the meantime, and will flicker at first, but once lighted, it will burn freely and steadily, despite its unusual position.

Be careful, however, not to disturb the water, but to keep it absolutely at rest, since a slight wave-motion will cause the melted wax to spread out.

The extraordinary thing about the experiment is, of course, that the candle should continue to burn. As it is gradually consumed, however, its weight is diminished, causing it to rise very slowly. Its upward movement balances this loss of weight so that the flame will remain at exactly the same position above the water. If it were not so, of course the flame would be put out by the rising water. It is fascinating to watch this

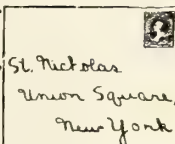


THE FLOATING CANDLE.

curious automatic adjustment. If the directions which we have given be carefully followed, the candle will continue to burn quietly on the very edge of the water until it is completely consumed, without spilling a drop of wax.

FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS.

“BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW
?????????????”



NOTE: So many questions are received that we can undertake to answer in these pages only those of unusual or general interest. Other letters, containing return postage, will be answered personally.—EDITOR.

HOW THE BEES FOUND A HOME

SAG HARBOR, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A curious thing happened to us last week. For a number of days, we had been tormented with a plague of honey-bees in the house—there were thirty in Mother's room on one occasion. I could not bear to injure the little creatures. As soon as I would get them all safely out of one room, another would be infested. Finally, I unearthed an old hive that was moldering away down in the barn, scalded it out, and set it up on the cellar-way by the kitchen door. The bees inspected by the dozen. The next day at noon, we heard the most tremendous humming, and there was a cloud of them flying over the roof of the house. They turned a very acute angle, and went straight into the hive, and have settled to work like “busy bees” indeed.

LOUISE LOCKWOOD PAINTER.

We have had quite a number of reports in the last few years to indicate that scout bees are often sent out a day or so in advance of the swarm. This is not always the rule.—THE A. I. ROOT COMPANY, Medina, Ohio.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING WITH SNOW

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On the morning of March 25, during the recent floods, a very queer coincidence took place.

It was raining when I reached my school, but after an hour or more the rain changed into a wet snow. While it was snowing, a flash of lightning was seen, followed by a loud clap of thunder. This was repeated, though perceptibly fainter. Then the thunder and lightning went away as quickly as it had come, though the snow still fell.

Could you tell me if you have ever heard of it lightning when snow was falling, and what could have caused it? I would be very thankful if you could, please.

Your interested reader,

BLANCHE B. SHAW (age 13).

It is by no means rare for thunder and lightning to accompany a snow-storm, but it is probable that, on such occasions, the lightning is really generated in a cumulus cloud, in which rain is being formed, up above a lower snow-cloud.—H. W. WILLIAMS, Acting Chief of Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.



AND now come the prose-writers!—with the young artists a close second. Nor is there a very perceptible gap between the latter and the photographers and rhymesters. But the premier honors seem to belong to the young tellers of tales, who evidently reveled in that comprehensive subject “The Village Mystery.” Their stories included all sorts and varieties of rural mystifications, from haunted houses to practical jokes, besides scores of others of a poetic or a truly literary turn that deserved and received very serious consideration. And all were so interesting and well told that to select the half-dozen best from the best fifty was no enviable task. Even now, the editor heartily wishes that some way might be devised by which

he could occasionally put the choice to a vote by the League members themselves!

But in your enjoyment of these clever storiettes, don’t overlook the drawings. The skill in draftsmanship shown by some of our young artists is matched by the lively sense of humor evinced by their less ambitious comrades; but all are excellent.

Next month, we shall have an explanation to make in regard to the limit of length for prose stories. Meanwhile, it is enough to say that, while stories not exceeding 350 words are *allowed*, the pressure upon our space compels us to ask our young contributors to restrict the length to 300 words, whenever possible.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 172

In making the awards, contributors’ ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Mildred E. Hudson** (age 15), Oregon.

Silver badges, **Frances Hull Warren** (age 10), Iowa; **Raymond J. Lillie** (age 15), Ohio; **Montgomery Knight** (age 12), Massachusetts; **Dorothy Ray Petgen** (age 11), Pennsylvania; **Betty Penny** (age 14), Michigan.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Lowry A. Biggers** (age 16), Missouri.

Silver badges, **Ann E. Hamilton** (age 12), Ohio; **Katherine Morse** (age 10), New York; **Rachel E. Saxton** (age 14), New York; **Florence M. Treat** (age 15), Oklahoma.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **Miriam Newcorn** (age 13), New York; **Mavis Carter** (age 17), England.

Silver badges, **Mary Lee** (age 15), New Jersey; **Robert Martin** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Harrison W. Gill** (age 16), Italy; **Lucile Kapp** (age 13), Illinois; **Marjorie Bradford Clarke** (age 16), New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Balfour Daniels** (age 13), New Jersey; **Eleanor Stevenson** (age 16), New York; **Frances A. Scott** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Clinton Kirk** (age 14), New York; **Harriet E. Arnold** (age 15), Vermont.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badges, **James K. Angell** (age 16), New York; **Ruth A. Austin** (age 17), Ohio.

Silver badges, **Jesse Carmack** (age 14), Tennessee; **Ethel Josephine Earle** (age 13), Connecticut.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badges, **J. Whitton Gibson** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Ruth V. A. Spicer** (age 13), District of Columbia; **Marshall A. Best** (age 12), Illinois.

Silver badges, **Florence Noble** (age 9), Vermont; **Gratia H. Ketchum** (age 15), Pennsylvania.



BY BALFOUR DANIELS, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELEANOR STEVENSON, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

“PLAYGROUND PICTURES.”

IN BLOSSOM TIME

(An orchard idyl)

BY LOWRY A. RIGGERS (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1914)

APOSTROPHE

LIFE'S brightness, gladness, happiness,
 All come with thee, fair blossom time;
 Thou makest care and sorrow less
 By thy sweet spell, unconscious, yes,
 Yet powerful in every clime,
 Oh, blossom time!

A baby in its nurse's arms sleeps 'neath the shade of
 orchard trees,
 There doubly shielded from all harms, lulled by bird-
 songs and hum of bees,
 In blossom time.

The children love to romp and play about those trees so
 strong and tall;
 They laugh with glee and merrily say, "Oh, see the
 pretty petals fall!
 It's blossom time!"

Bright school-boys and sweet school-girls pass, to gaze
 with loving, longing eyes
 Upon that fair, bewildering mass of fragrant blooms.
 And each one sighs:
 "Gay blossom time!"

There, on a carpet pink and white, two lovers sit in
 silent joy,
 Two faces beam with love's own light; he, bashful, shy;
 she, sweet and coy.
 That's blossom time.

A mother and a father now stroll, hand in hand, down
 Orchard Lane;
 Together they through life will go, their happiness can
 never wane;
 True blossom time.

With eyes now dim, and hair so gray; worn, wrinkled
 faces, shoulders bent,
 Lips trembling, that few words can say, an aged couple
 through the orchard went—
 In blossom time.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY

BY MILDRED E. HUDSON (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May, 1914)

A WILD, weird cry, mournfully passionate, floated out
 over the little New England village. Dick Townsend
 and his cousin Gene, sprawled beneath the spreading
 branches of a giant hemlock, glanced apprehensively
 into the twilight shadows.

"What was that?" cried Gene.

"Well, no one knows exactly what it is. Some of the
 more superstitious folk believe it is a ghost; but no one
 is particularly anxious to discover the owner of the
 voice. It comes from that old watch-tower every even-
 ing." Dick pointed to the ivy-covered structure which
 rose, dark and menacing, against the riotous beauty of
 the sunset.

"Say, let's explore the old place ourselves," sug-
 gested the city lad, enthusiastically. Dick scarcely rel-

ished the idea, but finally yielded to his cousin's im-
 portunate pleadings, and the adventurous pair set out
 to solve the provincial mystery.

At the threshold of the dilapidated building, they
 paused and again listened to the dulcet, melancholy
 "When-u-ah-oo" that issued from within. With fast-
 beating hearts they gained the circular stairway and
 laboriously climbed into the turret. As they peered
 into the gloom, two gleaming, amber sparks returned
 their gaze, and a flutter of wings, like the rustling of
 invisible draperies, filled the room. The next instant
 a dark object settled upon the moonlit window-ledge,
 and the boys beheld—a huge screech-owl; then a clear,
 tremulous "Who-oo-ah" rang out over the cluster of
 cottages that nestled in the bosom of the hills, and the
 eery disturber of the town's peace sped away into the
 night.



"PLAYGROUND PICTURES." BY FRANCES A. SCOTT, AGE 12.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY

BY FRANCES HULL WARREN (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

"THIS town is so dull," said Gertrude. "Let's start a
 mystery of some sort."

"Let's do something nice for everybody, and not let
 any one know anything about it," said Bertha. "Let's
 have Barbara and Carol do it, too."

The next morning, the lame man found a large pile of
 wood on his porch. It happened every morning, but
 he could not find out who did it.

When the poor woman who had six children found a
 basket of clothes on her porch, she was beside herself
 with joy. And whenever it snowed or turned colder,
 there was always a basket of food, fuel, or clothes.

The old lady who lived on the hill said: "My garden
 looks best when I am sick!" One day she decided to
 find out who it was that weeded her garden so nicely.
 So she told her neighbors to pretend that she was sick.
 Pretty soon the little girls heard it, and they decided to
 weed the old lady's garden.

They met at the foot of the hill at five o'clock the
 following day. When they had been weeding for a
 while, they heard the old lady calling them. She said:
 "Come in, and let me thank you!" When they went
 into her dining-room, the table was set with doughnuts
 and milk, which tasted very good to them.

When any of these little girls saw any one, they said
 "How do you do?" so nicely and cheerfully, that that
 person said it just as cheerfully to the next person.

Soon everybody felt cheerful. But they did not know that they owed it all to the four small girls. So the village mystery proved to be quite a success.

IN BLOSSOM TIME

BY ANN E. HAMILTON (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

IN summer, when the flowers are in full bloom,
I lie beneath the blossoming cherry-trees
Out in the orchard, and look up and see
The fleecy clouds, like billows on great seas.

Of Nature's beauties, trees, and flowers, and all,
I love the birds—the children of the trees;
They flit about, amongst the blossoms sweet,
Swaying so gracefully, one with the breeze.

The apple-trees are hidden with their buds;
The plum- and peach-trees let their blossoms fall
Upon the earth—like messages to me,
To tell me that the spring has come to all.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY

BY RAYMOND J. LILLIE (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

IN this case the village is Domremy. The mystery centers about the French saint, Joan of Arc, and her "voices." These voices, which, the maid claimed, directed her in her victorious battles with the English, have baffled the greatest historians, and continue to baffle them.

Joan of Arc was always a pious child. She often left the other children, to sit under a tree and dream. It was here that the voices came to her for the first time, telling her to be a good child and obey her parents. Thereafter, they appeared to her many times, and only once did she miss their presence. When she had saved Orleans and had seen the king crowned at Rheims, they bade her lay down her arms and return to her home. But she disobeyed, and not until after she had been captured, convicted, and was bound to the stake, did she hear them again. Then a look of peace spread over her face, and she fell, a martyr.

The people of France have since discovered the real services rendered their nation by this peasant girl, and



"PLAYGROUND PICTURES." BY DOROTHY EDWARDS, AGE 13.

now worship her memory. They have never, however, discovered the powers which compelled this girl of eighteen years, who had never seen an implement of warfare, to lead the French soldiers to victory, after the greatest soldiers of the age had failed. It is evident that Joan believed in her voices and trusted them, but

whether they were dreams, fanatical ideas, or realities, no mortal knows. They have furnished subject for debate among great as well as small societies, and probably will never be accounted for. They are, indeed, the mystery of the village of Domremy.



JUNE '14

"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY MARY LEE, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

IN BLOSSOM TIME

BY KATHERINE MORSE (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

"COME!" said the sunshine, sweeping down.
"Come!" said the rain, "I will give you a crown."
"No!" said the little seedling brown,
"I will not come."

"Why?" asked the sunshine. "Why will you not?"
"Why?" asked the rain. "Come, get out of your cot!"
"No!" said the seedling. "No, I will not!
I just won't!"

Then they rolled her and pushed her out of her bed;
They pushed down her feet, and they pulled up her head.
"Now will you behave?" they, triumphing, said.
"Yes, of course I will."

Now when she had pushed herself out of the ground,
She saw lots of flowers when she looked around.
And she heard the sweet and the rustling sound
Of the wind in the trees.

She was a daffodil, straight and tall.
The rain had given a crown; and all
The other flowers seemed to call,
"It is blossom time!"



"PLAYGROUND PICTURES." BY
CLINTON KIRK, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"ON TIME." BY MIRIAM NEWCORN,
AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE, SILVER
BADGE WON JULY, 1913.)



"PLAYGROUND PICTURES." BY
ELIZABETH P. PRITCHARD,
AGE 13.

IN BLOSSOM TIME

BY RACHEL E. SAXTON (AGE 14)
(Silver Badge)

B STANDS for buttercups, so pretty and petite,
L stands for lilies, so fragrant and sweet;
O stands for orchids, so grand to behold,
S for the sunflower, with petals of gold;
S, too, for sweet-william, lovers' delight,
O is for orris, dainty and bright;
M is for mignonette, to put with the flowers
That go to the sickly, to brighten their hours.

T is for tulip, beautiful and gay,
I is for iris, growing in May;
M is for myrtle, sweet perfume to give,
E is for efflorescence of all flowers that live;
Whether gay, or beautiful, or sublime,
They all bring sunshine in blossom time.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY

BY MONTGOMERY KNIGHT (AGE 12)
(Silver Badge)

It was a quiet, unobtrusive little village near the sea. Every morning the fishing-smacks went out, and every evening they returned, laden with fish. Stirring events were scarce there.

About half a mile from the village, down by the sea, were some huge rocks, towering high above the shelving beach. There were many nooks and crannies in these rocks, and also deep crevasses. But there was one cave, to which my story relates.

It had long been the village mystery, and it was well named, as I found out on entering it.

Until within a year it had remained a mystery, strange sounds issuing from its innermost caverns: weird ghostly sounds of shrieking and groaning and clanking of chains. But a party of adventurous tourists finally solved the mystery. They entered the cave boldly, when, suddenly, there came from the black cavern in which dark forms seemed silently flitting about, a most unearthly sound. They shrank back in terror, but as nothing happened, they crept in again. They found that the shrieks were made by the ocean dashing

against the rocks and rushing through small holes. Soon a chain was found, wedged between two rocks. They tried to remove it, and, to the immense astonishment of the party, two large rocks fell with a thud upon the sandy floor of the cave, and there before them in a niche in the rocks was a chest, bound with iron bands. The united efforts of the party removed it from the



"ON TIME." BY ROBERT MARTIN, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

niche, and, when opened, it was found to be full of old Spanish money—all oval gold pieces. It must have been a pirate's hoard. Therefore, to-day, the cave no longer remains a mystery, although it emits the same doleful groans as before.

IN BLOSSOM TIME

BY NELL ADAMS (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

THE soft breeze sets the lily-bells
Gaily a-chime.
He lingers in the quiet dells,
Bends lower where the violet dwells,
And her a little secret tells—
In blossom time.

The soft breeze brings the summer-cry
In joyous rhyme.
He blows the flower petals by,
And lilt the saucy butterfly
That in the rose's heart doth lie,—
In blossom time.

The breeze goes by us in its flight
From cooler clime.
The sky is blue, and fair to sight
Through apple blossoms pink and white;
For Heaven smiles, and all is right—
In blossom time.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY

BY DOROTHY RAY PETGEN (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

"THAT there house is the village mystery," laughed Farmer Jenks, as he drove up to the old house, so long

vacant, which Miss Elton, an artist, was to occupy. "You should have moved to another part of Greenfield, Miss Elton. There ain't a person here would come near that house of yours. It's haunted."

"Haunted!" exclaimed Miss Elton. "Who told that yarn, I should like to know?"

"A tramp, the grocer's boy, and the washwoman," answered Jenks, as he stopped the horses. "They do say there 's a white thing what whines an' groans o' nights been seen in them very gardens. Hope you don't meet it, Miss Elton," he added, with a chuckle.

"Not likely," replied Miss Elton, as she stepped from the wagon and entered the house.

That night she heard a strange whining sound in the garden, but thought nothing of it. The second night she heard the sound again, and on the third night, Miss Elton decided to investigate. Taking her electric pocket-lamp, she went into the garden. There was a white object on the path near the steps. Miss Elton shivered involuntarily, but she quickly flashed her light. There on the path crouched a large white dog, looking hungry for love and for food.

Miss Elton burst into laughter as she looked at it. The dog whined again, and precipitated himself upon her fresh white gown.

"Poor doggie," she exclaimed; "poor, dear doggie." Then she led him to the house.

"Lan' sakes, Miss Elton," gasped the colored maid at the door, "what yo' done got there?"

"The 'village mystery,'" answered Miss Elton. "You're going to live with me, are n't you, doggie?"

The "village mystery" wagged his tail.



BY RUTH BELDA, AGE 15.



BY OTIS W. BALIS, AGE 12.



BY JOHN LOOFBOURROW, AGE 11.



BY HARRIET E. ARNOLD, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

"PLAYGROUND PICTURES."

IN BLOSSOM TIME

BY FLORENCE M. TREAT (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

FROM sun-baked prairies far below, the springtime
flowers had gone;
And visions of our hearts' desire began to lure us on.
The ice-chained brooks were loosed, a breeze caressed
the peaks sublime,
And over silver San Juan's trails we rode, in blossom
time.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY MAVIS CARTER, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.
SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1914.)

In sunny meadows gaily waved Chipeta's scarlet brush;
The fragile harebell drooped within the solemn pine-
wood's hush;
Where aspens, quivering in delight, their secrets
whispered low,
Grew somber monk's-hood, cinquefoil, rose, and aster's
purple show.

From prim sand-lilies incense rose, as pure as Ophir's
gold;
By dark ravines the Sego's cups, mauve-splashed,
found trembling hold;
From dark, rich mold to sweetest air, all things
luxuriant sprung,
And crushing masses carelessly, we rode the flowers
among.

And up, through treeless wastes, gray fantasies of times
long past,
O'er rugged crags we climbed, to find the fairest flower
at last:
'Mid jagged cliffs against the sky, where brilliant snow
peaks shine,
With silken cup, and heart of gold, we found the
columbine.

But time and circumstance have changed, fate sings
another song,
And fainter through the passing years we hear the
aspen throng.
No longer do we climb the peaks our eager arms to fill
With rarest treasures from their sides, whose fragrance
lingers still.

Though here, but one wee daisy decks the lonely
prairies' sweep,
The blossoms fair we picked that day, within my heart
I keep.
In dreams I often see again that well-remembered
climb:
I have my dreams, and I am glad, for it is blossom time.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY

BY ALEXANDRA G. KLIATSHCO (AGE 14)

It was a beautiful day in October. The world was put-
ting on a new attire, a garment of crimson and gold,
and the yellow sun was pouring its last pale rays on the
faded earth.

"Bob," said Frank Carrol, breaking the long silence,
"that idea of punishing old Jim Bradley for ducking
us in the horse-pond is just right. When he sees two
spooks near that 'haunted house,' on Fordsham Road,
he 'll nearly have fits—and on Hallowe'en, too. Don't forget
to be ready at nine o'clock to-
night, Bob. Good-by."

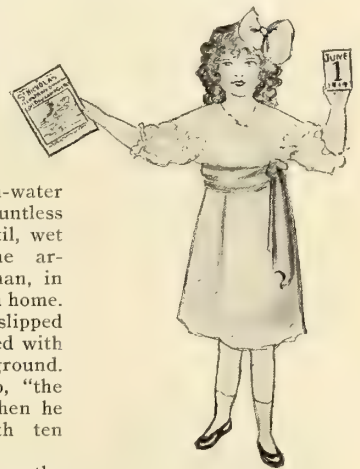
It was late, and Jim was walk-
ing unsteadily down the still,
dark road, after several hours'
carousing in honor of his wife's
birthday. The moon had disap-
peared behind a cloud, and only
the little, twinkling stars re-
mained to guide the solitary
pedestrian on his way. A sharp
breeze recalled Jim's wandering
senses. He turned at the sound
of a slight rustling in the bushes
—and beheld a most awful,
blood-curdling sight.

Seated on the rickety gate of
the "haunted house" were two tall figures, all in white.
Fire gleamed in their eyes, and deep groans escaped
from their mouths, as they swayed to and fro.

Jim's knees be-
gan to tremble, and
everything reeled
before him. With
a mighty effort he
gathered himself
together, and fair-
ly flew down the
road, splashing
into pools of rain-water
and falling into countless
bramble bushes, until, wet
and disheveled, he ar-
rived, a changed man, in
the safety of his own home.

Bob and Frank slipped
off the gate and rolled with
laughter on the ground.
"Gee!" gasped Bob, "the
look on his face when he
saw us was worth ten
duckings!"

But from that day, the
ghosts of Fordsham Road
remained "the village mys-
tery."



"ON TIME."
BY MARJORIE B. CLARKE,
AGE 16,
(SILVER BADGE.)

IN BLOSSOM TIME

BY GRACE W. SHERMAN (AGE 8)

In blossom time,
When flowers are gay,
And birds sing sweetly
All the day;

When o'er the hills,
And far away,

Men in the meadows
Are making hay;

When sunshine falls
On the sparkling bay,
This is the time
That I love to play.

BLOSSOM TIME

BY ELEANOR JARVIS CUSHMAN (AGE 8)

MARCH has gone with wind and cold,
And April with its showers.
Now the lovely Lady May
Comes with birds and flowers.

Dandelions gay with gold,
Robins singing near.
All the world is glad again—
Blossom time is here.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY WILBUR F. NOYES, AGE 16.

THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD HOUSE

BY BETTY PENNY (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE rich glow of the southern moonlight flooded the deserted old Terry place with a radiant light. The tall, white pillars gleamed at the end of the avenue, and the trees whispered in the night breeze as they had done fifty years ago, when the house was filled with life and gaiety. But the neglected grass waved almost as high as a man's waist, windows and doors were boarded across, and an unmistakable air of desertion pervaded the entire scene.

But as midnight approached, suddenly a dog barked, down in the village. And if any one had been watching just then, he would have seen a weird, wondrous change take place. Had he rubbed his eyes and looked again, he would have seen that the grass was cut and trimmed, that dainty white curtains stirred softly at the open windows, and that the place was as it had been fifty years before.

Lights flashed through the house, and sounds of mirth and revelry floated out through the windows. In the long parlors, furnished in the fashion of half a century

waved almost as high as a man's waist, windows and doors were boarded across, and an unmistakable air of desertion pervaded the entire scene.

The moon and the night wind had been the sole spectators of the ghostly repetition of the last ball at the old Terry mansion.

IN BLOSSOM TIME

BY ELIZABETH MITCHELL DUKES (AGE 11)

THE brooklet sings a lullaby, to buttercups and clover,
The south wind, to the cloudlets high, a drowsy song
hums over;

The valley lilies ring their bells,
And dreamily the music swells.
Strawberries, round-faced toppers red,
Drink sun-wine, in the garden bed,
While on a mossy table green,
Their fairy goblets may be seen.
To "Larkspur Inn" comes from the sky
A pilgrim,—'t is a butterfly.
So calm, the waters of the lake
Against the shore no ripples break,
A primrose petal, like a boat
'Midst water-lilies white, would float;
While 'round the sun-dial roses climb,
And wait for *their* sweet "blossom time."

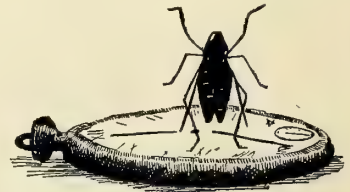
THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Betty Martin
Catherine Carter
Redwood
Richard M. Gudeman
Margaret Mead
Eunice M. Koessel
Katherine Bull
Margaret Marion
Horton
Clara Snyderacker
Amy Love
Susanna Paxton
Agnes Nolan
Edith Townsend
Helen F. Neilson
Elizabeth Naylor
Margaret Smith
Helen Frances Hall
Louise S. May



(WAY-DID-GET-UP) ON TIME

"ON TIME." BY LUCILE KAPP,
AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Sue Golding
Alfred Curjel
Emily Delafield
Priscilla Abbott Drury
Anna Louise Elliott
Katie Papert
Catherine Frances
Urell
Gladys M. Smith
Muriel V. McClure
Esther Julia Lowell
Marjorie E. Gehn
Gertrude Woolf
David H. Dodd
Phebe Poole
Emma K. Price
Dorothy Walworth
Edith M. Levy
Eleanor W. Haasis
Marguerite Sisson
Ruth Schmidt
Dorothy von Olker
Naomi Lauchheimer
Eugene Joseph Vacco
Edith Mabel Smith
Grace M. Perkins
Alfred Galpin, Jr.
Dorothy Thompson
Marie Brown
Lucy Weiss
Helen Handy Allen
Gertrude Harder

W. Turner Wallis,
Jr.
Pauline F. May
I. Winifred Colwell
Frances Johnston
Gretchen Hercz
Elmaza Fletcher
Elsie Wright
Leona Tackabury
Margaret Day
Paschal Strong, Jr.
Sibyl Weymouth
Harold F. Hopper
Edith Anna Lukens
Helen E. Stoney
Mildred G. Wheeler
Gladys Haux

VERSE, 1

Elisabeth Elting
B. Cresswell
Marie Welch
Dorothy M.
Robathan
Lucy A. Mackay
Lucile H. Quarry
Elnyth Arbuthnot
Eugenia A. Lee
Frances N.
Mackenzie
Adeline R. Evelett



"ON TIME." BY HARRISON W. GILL, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

gone by, crowds of quaintly dressed people moved here and there, laughing and talking. Strains of music filled the old house presently, and many graceful couples accepted the invitation to dance.

Suddenly, when the merry-making was at its height, a cock crowed lustily, greeting a few faint streaks of light in the east. Like a puff of wind the gay throng vanished, and the lights went out. The neglected grass

Claire H. Roesch
Elouise Loewenson
Grace D. Landon
Frank G. Way
Winthrop Bushnell
Margaret Walker
Madeline Buzzell
Grace C. Freese
Frances Simpson
Alvin E. Blomquist

Vida Williams
N. Caroline Hopkins
Peggy Norris
Harriet Asenath
Palmer
Elizabeth Farr
Bradbury
Sally Rayen Davis
Marion Penn
Blanche W. Hull

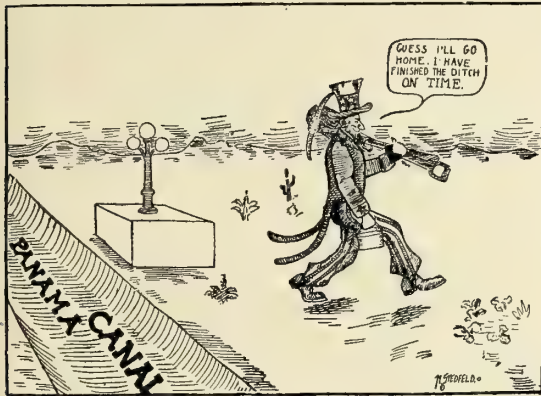
Edward J. Shelpman, Jr.
Ethel Warren Kidder
Kenneth C. Davis
Helena Gedney
Fletcher Hock
Katharine E. Smith
Shirley Edwards
Nora Bromley Stirling
Paul C. Hutton, Jr.

Robert Hill
Patrick Tabor
PUZZLES, 1
Henry S. Johnson
Margaret Spaulding
Edith Pierpont
Stickney
Ruth Kathryn Gaylord

PUZZLES, 2
Douglass Robinson
Carl Fichandler
Roberta Donham
F. Marian Smith
Mildred Voorhees
Isabel Conklin
Frances H. Bogart

Gordon Grove
Francis B. Shepardson
Lucy M. Hodge
Hilda Libby
Katherine J. Judson
Margaret P. Barcalo
Arthur Morsell
Donald G. McCloud
Dudley A. Streeter

Catherine Barton
Eleanor McCarthy
Charles Carroll
Mary E. Jacobsen
Vesta L. Tompkins
Theodore L. Turney, Jr.
Betty Gray
Ruth Doan



"ON TIME." BY HAROLD STEDFELD, AGE 15.

Eleanor Hall
Gertrude Harkins
Priscilla Mitchell
Elizabeth Bullitt
Mildred Fish
Elizabeth Peirce
Genevieve Virginia
Beals
Vernie Peacock
Lois Janet Welker
Jessie M. Thompson
Arthur Walter Lee
Harriet A. Wickwire
Margaret C. Bland
Martha Sherman
Leslye I. Thomas
Sylvia Merriam
Borgeson
Jean E. Freeman
Irma André
Hoerman
Elizabeth McGowan
Hall
Eleanor Johnson
Isabel R. Waterhouse
William A. Ralston
Elizabeth Gillilan
Alice Card
Theodora Kaufman
Lucy Kate Bowers
Aline E. Hughes
Adelaide G. Hewitt
Leisa Wilson
Ethel Ranney
Sarah F. Borock

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Robert Edward Blum
Kenneth D. Smith
Doris Berry
Hortense Douglas
Walter Hochschild
Philip M. Alden
Charles C. Hirschy
Abigail Huyler Held
Doris C. Smiter
Frances Metcalf

Frances K. Marlatt
Ernest Ehr Gott
Ruth Brown
E. Barrett Brady
Duncan Scarborough
Marguerite T. Arnold
Henry C. Miner, Jr.
Julian L. Ross
Ida Cramer
Kirkland Hallam
Salvatore Mammano
Laura Hunter



"ON TIME." BY FRANCES M. E. PATTEN, AGE 14.

DRAWINGS, 1

Eleanor K. Newell
Dorothy Walter
Sam Kirkland
Amy Stearns
Leonard Moore
Carl Keth
Margaret F. Foster
Edwin M. Gill
Emma Stuyvesant
Esther Price
Richard H. Grubbs
Frederick W. Agnew
Helen Benedict
Mary G. Wilcox
Margaret Thomson
E. Theo. Nelson
Emily C. Acker
Charlotte Kent
Skinner

Katharine D. Fowler
Dorothy V. Tyson
Margaretta Wood
Dorothy W. Brown
Margaret A. Blair
Helen Purdy
Esther M. Detmer
Julius F. Muller
Percy Douglas
Isabelle Coyne
Gladys Hatheway
Hector Clarke
Knight Marshall
Lily Goldsmith
Janet Tomilson
Antonio Whittle
Oscar Dubiate
Fanny Lindsey
Maude Drake

Joe Earnest
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Elizabeth Townsend
George Hopping
Dorothy Collins
Marian G. Wiley
Elizabeth Richardson
Leonard L. Ernst
Abraham B. Blinn
James Stanisewsky
Ruth Barrett
Helen G. Barnard
Oscar K. Rice
Virginia Sterry
Elizabeth Martin
Ethel T. Boas
Bessie Radlofsky
Anne Barton Townsend
Francis G. Christian

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 176

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 176 will close **June 24** (for foreign members **June 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for October.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Memories."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Curious Experience."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Lights and Shadows."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Something Doing," or a Heading for October.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

MR. RACKHAM's fine drawing which forms the frontispiece of this month's *St. Nicholas* will recall to many readers the well-known story which it illustrates,—“The Frog Prince,” from Grimm's Fairy Tales. As summarized in the introduction to Arthur Rackham's “Book of Pictures,” the story runs about as follows:

“The youngest daughter of the King loses her golden ball in a well in the forest where she has been playing. A frog hears her crying and bargains with her before he fetches back her ball. He will not accept her offer of her pearls or diamonds, or even of her golden coronet, but makes her promise that she will let him be her constant companion and playmate, even to sit by her at table, and drink out of her cup—‘If you will promise all this,’ he says, ‘I will dive down and bring you back your golden ball.’ Of course she agrees, thinking she may safely promise a frog anything he asks, no matter how absurd it is. The frog brings back her ball, and the Princess thinks she will have to keep all her promises. But all ends happily. The frog proves to be a bewitched Prince, is restored to his natural form, and marries the Princess.”

CLEVELAND, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to express my appreciation of the magazine I have received for seven years—*St. Nicholas*. It was given me as a Christmas gift in 1906, and I have not missed a copy since. Each one seems better than the last, and all are just “chuck full” of interesting articles and serials. I consider you the best of the magazines I subscribe for, and am always anxious to get my next copy. In the past year, I have been interested in the serials “Beatrice of Denewood” and “The Land of Mystery.” In former years, I have greatly enjoyed “The Lass of the Silver Sword,” and its sequel, “The League of the Signet-Ring.” I have often been able to use your shorter articles in school work, among them “Beloved of Men—and Dogs,” the life of Sir Walter Scott. I also read with pleasure and enjoyment “Books and Reading,” by Hildegard Hawthorne, and “Nature and Science for Young Folks.”

Expressing again my enjoyment and appreciation, I am

Your constant and devoted reader,
WILLIAM H. WRIGHT (age 13).

OMAHA, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never seen a letter telling about Swiss schools, I shall tell you about my experience with them.

The first four years, which they count as the tenth, ninth, eighth, and seventh, the child has to go to a private school. The boys sit on one side of the room, and the girls on the other. They have very large desks, and two children always sit together. Arithmetic is taught only twice a week, but reading, writing, and spelling are taught daily.

Every Saturday morning, the whole class has gymnastics, which is counted as one of the studies. On the days that they have arithmetic they also have manual training. They spread oil-cloth over the desks and do the manual work right there in the room.

In summer, school starts at half-past seven in the morning, and lasts until one o'clock, even on Saturdays.

When you are through the first four grades, you go to another school, called middle school.

From the sixth to the first grades, they have separate schools for boys and girls. Here are taught, besides the usual branches, English, French, geometry, Latin, and a great many sciences.

The pupils take lunches along, which they eat during the two recesses.

There are three different classes of schools, that for the poor children being free, that for the middle classes charging a small fee, and that for the wealthy classes costing a great deal more.

On the first of May, they have what they call “Mothers' Day.” Little wax flowers and little buttons with pictures of bears, the emblem of Bern, are sold, and the proceeds go to a society which supplies families having small children with good milk the year round. In the evening, they give a big dance, to which all school children bring flowers, and the entrance fees are also given to this society.

Everybody who goes to Bern is sure to go to the bear-pit to see the cunning animals, and to buy some of the fruit and pastry which are kept near by on purpose for the bears.

While we were in Bern, three little bears were born. They were such cute little things, looking just like balls of fur. It is lots of fun to see them take their bath and climb the immense trees which are planted in the center of the pit.

Bern is certainly a beautiful city and a lovely place to live.

I remain your devoted reader,
GERTRUDE C. PEYCKE (age 12).

GLENCOE, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can't ever tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. Your pictures, stories, poems, etc., please me very much.

I am now anxiously awaiting the new number, for all my lovely stories. Some of my favorites were “The Land of Mystery,” “The Lucky Sixpence,” “Beatrice of Denewood,” and others.

I only have a few pets, for one, a dear little Japanese chow-chow, died. My pets are: Rosy, the pony; Tiger, the cat, and Molly, the cow, though she is n't much of a pet.

Your loving reader,
LINDSAY C. FIELD (age 9).

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an ardent reader of your magazine, and enjoy it very much. I am writing to tell you of our beautiful city. The scenery in the summer is lovely, especially in the parks. The most well-known are Lake Park, Washington Park, Mitchell Park, and Humboldt Park. Although they are all pretty, I do not think that any of them can compare with Lake Park. It has so much natural scenery, and is such an ideal spot for picnics in the summer. The band concerts, also, help to entertain us on the long summer evenings.

We have loads of fun in the winter at Washington Park; skating and tobogganing are our favorite sports. In the winter, the skating is usually good there before it is in any other place, because the lake is artificial and

not very large, and, of course, freezes very easily and quickly.

The animals in the summer at this park are amusing to watch, especially the polar bears. There are three or four of them. At four o'clock or so, the keeper who feeds them comes around and gives them two dozen loaves of bread and about five or six pieces of beef. First the bears take the bread, and go over and soak it in their pond; then take it back and crush it with their paws, and eat it. Before they have quite finished eating the bread, they devour their meat. When that is gone, they eat the rest of their bread.

They are not the only animals that are amusing to watch, for the baby monkey is equally interesting.

Very sincerely yours,
HELEN SHADNAGLE
(age 14).

PEDRO, S. DAK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My age is nine years. My height is four feet and five and one half inches. I live on a ranch seven and one half miles northeast of Pedro, in South Dakota. I have two sisters and one brother.

We have a dog named Major and a cat named Moses. My big sister named the cat Moses because she found him in the bushes.

My oldest sister is eighteen years old. My other sister is twelve years old. My brother is seven years old. We children all want the St. NICHOLAS when it comes.

We have an old horse named Cleve that we children ride.

I like the story "The Runaway" best. I liked the story "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman" very much.

Your loving reader,

MARY T. HUSS.

JEREMIAH

I HAVE a little pussy-cat

Whose name is Jeremiah;

Some of the household proposed to me

To call it Obadiah.

But I objected so to this,

They mentioned Hezekiah;

Of all the three outlandish names,

I like plain Jeremiah.

ELIZABETH LAURIE (age 10).

LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some time ago, our school was taken on an excursion to the Great St. Bernard, and I thought that it might interest you if I wrote and told you about it. There were fifty girls, five mistresses, and two guides. We got up at three in the morning, had breakfast (a very funny time for it!), and left the house at four. We all had big "knapsacks" on our backs, and heavy nailed boots, and canes. I'm sure we must have all looked a sight! It was lovely going down to the little station, where we took our train, in the dark. We took the train to Martigny, and there changed and took the mountain train to Orsières; there we all

took wagons to "Bourg St. Pierre," which took about two hours; we all had soup and big pieces of bread in a little "café" called "Le déjeuner de Napoleon," where we could hardly all get in! We were told that Napoleon I passed by there, and stopped at the same "café" when he went through Switzerland to go to Italy, so it was quite interesting. After we were all rested, we walked for four hours or more until we arrived at the hospice. On our arrival we felt the change—in coming up it was so hot, but as we went on, we



THE LAKE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

gradually felt the cold, since there was a great deal of snow up there. At the entrance of the hospice, there was a great big dog (a stuffed one) who had saved over fifty lives. Then the monk showed us to our rooms; we had very nice ones, considering where we were. I was in a room of four, but there were also others of two and three. Before supper, we all went out and walked around a bit; there is a lovely little lake near the hospice, and we were all enchanted with it and with the lovely mountains which surrounded us. Then we went in for supper. We were all at one big table; we had a very nice Swiss supper, and afterward we all wrote cards and bought little souvenirs that the monks had made. Then we were all sent off to bed (but we did n't go right away). After having the time of our lives, we got into bed at last. We did n't undress, but only took our boots off, so it was kindly done.

The next morning, we got up at six and had breakfast, which consisted of coffee, bread, and frozen honey. Then we visited the little chapel, which was so lovely and quaint, and after that saw the dogs. There were about twelve of them. They always let them out at eight in the morning and give them their "gymnastic" lesson, as the monk said. The dogs were so nice, and looked very intelligent indeed. We sang to the monks before leaving, and I think they liked that. We left at eight; the best walkers took the way by the "Col de Fenêtre"—all could n't go, as it was climbing mostly, so several of us went back by the same way we came. We all got into a hay-cart at Bourg St. Pierre, where we were like sardines in a box, but at last we arrived at Orsières, and waited for the others to return. We arrived back at school at ten, and went to bed directly. We were all very sunburned, and looked like a band of Indians. In all, we had a most lovely time, and I don't think we shall forget our trip to the Great St. Bernard.

I love the St. NICHOLAS, and especially the new serial story "The Runaway."

With love from your affectionate reader,
PHYLLIS M. PULLIAM (age 13).

PIQUA, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since November, 1910, and do not think that I could get along without you.

This fall, I saw the play of "Little Women," and most of my girl friends did too. We were so interested in it that we got to work and in another week had the play ourselves. I took the part of *John Brooke*. There were ten of us in it. We learned our parts by heart, and the costumes were very good indeed. *Hannah* was especially good in the way she fixed her hair. We took it from the chapters "Playing Pilgrims," "A Telegram," and "Aunt March Settles the Question." For a fourth act, we had a tableau, then got up and danced around *Mr. and Mrs. March*, and had a grand right and left.

Later, we had it again, and made \$16.50, each ticket being a dime.

I was much interested in the letter from Miss Alcott in the January St. NICHOLAS. The part about the March family I liked especially.

I think that the St. NICHOLAS has the best stories for children that there are.

Your interested reader,
CATHARINE M. FRENCH (age 11).

CASCADE LOCKS, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a member of the League, and I enjoy reading you very much. I think you are the very nicest magazine there is. Our family has taken you since before my mother can remember, and my grandmother had a number of bound volumes.

One time before Christmas, Mother told us that we would have for Christmas something that we would enjoy more than anything else, and that there would be ten of it. We just could n't imagine what it was. And when Christmas came, it was ten volumes of the St. NICHOLAS! They are regular treasures. We enjoy reading them over and over so much.

I have read over almost all of the poems in the last number. I like the one on page 282 of the January number, "The Old and the New," by Eugenia B. Shepard, very much.

Your interested reader,
CHLOE S. THOMPSON (age 10).

LANCASTER, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like the new way in which St. NICHOLAS comes. I loved "The Land of Mystery." I like "The Runaway," and I thought that "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman" was lovely.

Every Saturday morning, if I am down-town, I can see the Amish people. For they come in every Saturday morning to market. They dress very funny indeed. The little children dress like their mother and father. Little girls four and five years old wear skirts down to their shoe-tops. Their skirts stay that way till they are grown up. Little boys wear long trousers. The men's and boys' suits look as though they had outgrown them. The women and children dress in bright purple, blue, green, red, and black. They wear bonnets which are black. Their bonnets stick away out, and are like stovepipes.

Your loving reader,

SUSAN APPEL.

A GOOD friend of St. NICHOLAS, Mr. J. B. Haines, of Philadelphia, sends us this amusing story of an incident in his household showing how and why boys can be good sometimes if they particularly desire to be.

"One of my boys, a determined young rascal of eight years, works out for himself many original thoughts, and proceeds to put them into action.

"At the beginning of Lent, we were very much surprised when this young man refused to take his share from the box of candy, and we immediately jumped to the conclusion that he was n't feeling very well; but he would have nothing to say upon the subject. But his chum, little Geraldine, finally worked out of him that he was keeping Lent. We were surprised at him keeping anything, and wondered how he got the notion in his head; we commenced to see in our visions a future bishop, but, try as we would, we could not find out why he was keeping Lent until yesterday. Then it appeared that my eldest son denied himself all candy during last Lent, and at Easter all the children and ourselves chipped in and purchased him the biggest chocolate Easter egg we could find, which weighed something like three pounds. We found out that Master Spence had n't forgotten that big Easter egg, and wanted to know from his sister if the big Easter egg which *he* would get at Easter would be as big as the one his brother got when *he* kept Lent!"

We beg pardon, in advance, of all the highly respected Teacher folk who read St. NICHOLAS for printing the following verses about "Nature-Study and Teacher" as viewed from the small-boy standpoint. And please observe that they were written by Miss Blanche Elizabeth Wade, so that neither the small boy, nor the Editor, is really responsible for them, after all!

NATURE-STUDY AND TEACHER

We ought to study Nature just from books, is what I say;

It does not do for Teacher dear in any other way.

Because when once I found a spider, brown and very fat,

And brought him carefully to her in my best sailor-hat, My teacher cried aloud in fright, and squealed, and took on so,

I had to hurry to the door, and let my spider go.

One time, I found the finest kind of long, soft, fresh green worm;

But, my! you ought to see the way it made my teacher squirm!

Then on her desk I put a snail, a harmless little thing That would not hurt a bit, because it could not bite nor sting;

But when it came half-way from out its shell, and tried to crawl,

The noise my teacher made they say they heard across the hall.

Another time, a baby mouse I brought her in a box.

She gave a look, and then a scream that folks could hear for blocks.

I thought she'd like to see a snake; and brought one in a pail;

But Teacher yelled a lot, and would not even touch its tail!

So, Nature-Study in a book is all that she can stand, For when it comes to *samples*, Teacher has n't any sand!

BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE.



POEMS IN PICTURES

EACH of the nine little pictures in the above illustration represents the title of a poem by Longfellow. Which are the nine poems?

3. A dealer in silks and woolen cloths. 4. The governess of a convent. 5. To count. 6. Peril. 7. To heed. 8. To make exact. 9. The dress and make-up of a person.

MARGUERITE A. HARRIS (age 10), *League Member*.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

37	43	53	29	10	1	15	3
55	.	42	5	9	13	44	.
6	36	4	51	34	45	26	33
16	.	41	50	.	12	2	38
57	35	19	56	17	47	27	32
7	40	46	23	30	24	.	31
18	52	14	.	8	28	25	22
39	48	21	54	11	49	.	20

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A French seaport. 2. The capital of Hungary. 3. One of the United States. 4. The country which contains the desert of Gobi. 5. A sea of southern Europe. 6. A country of Central America. 7. An island south of Australia. 8. A great mountain system.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter, will spell a country that has recently been the subject of much controversy.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 13, spell the name of a Prussian city famous for the treaties signed there; 14 to 20, an East Indian island; 21 to 26, a European capital; 27 to 31, a river of India; 32 to 38, a city in the Argentine Republic; 39 to 43, a town in Mexico near the Rio Grande; 44 to 51, the capital of a South American country; 52 to 57, a country of southern Asia.

JESSE CARMACK (age 14).

NOVEL ZIGZAG

WHEN the nine words described have been rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, take the first letter of the first word, the second letter of the second word, the first letter of the third, the second of the fourth, and so on. These nine letters will spell the name of a very famous painter.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. The instrument by which a vessel is steered. 2. Pertaining to the mind.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My initials name a large city and my finals the State in which it is located.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Tidy. 2. A measure of land. 3. In a short time. 4. A musical wind-instrument. 5. Bad. 6. Part of the eye. 7. A young girl. 8. A narrow road. 9. A big lake of North America.

A. B. BLINN (age 14), *League Member*.

SWASTIKA

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1911)

1	—	—	—	—	2	5	—	6
20	—	—	—	19				
17	—	—	—	18	3	—	4	
	14	—	13	8	—	—	—	7
					9	—	—	10
16	—	15	12	—	—	—	—	11

FROM 1 to 2, exalt; 2 to 3, to enrich; 3 to 4, humor; 4 to 5, the coat of a seed; 5 to 6, fuss; 6 to 7, a month; 7 to 8, proportion; 8 to 9, a greasy substance; 9 to 10, a musical term meaning "slow"; 10 to 11, to possess; 12 to 11, a light spear; 12 to 13, a cabal; 14 to 13, bustle; 14 to 15, to bring low; 16 to 15, to employ; 16 to 17, a fabulous animal; 17 to 18, new; 18 to 19, to fold; 19 to 20, evident; 1 to 20, a long space of time.

The letters represented by the figures 3-5-4-2-7-9-8-10 spell a famous battle fought in the month named by 12-16-11-15; while one of the commanding generals is named by 17-14-19-13-18-1-6-20.

JAMES K. ANGELL (age 16).



"That soup for mine! Come rain or shine;
Or any kind of weather.
With that inside, I daily ride
Two hobbies—both together."



**Yes:
It becomes a regular hobby.**

After you eat it a few times and see how good it is *every time*, and how good it makes you feel afterward, you find that nothing else quite takes the place of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

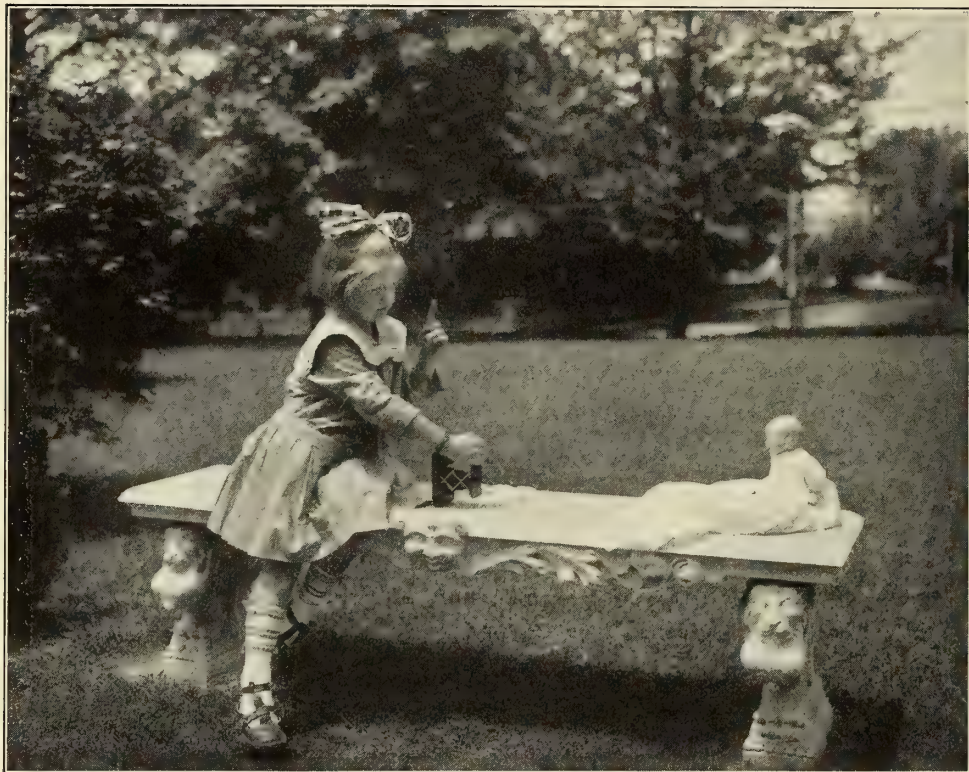
And it's a mighty sensible hobby, too—enjoyable, healthful, practical; a benefit to the whole family; a time-saver and a trouble-chaser every time you ride it.

Why not start *today*?

21 kinds 10c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



IN all the world of outdoor play,
from the dolly days to the golf
days, no hobby fits in,—adds pleasure
to every other hobby as does

KODAKERY

Kodak and Brownie catalogue free at your dealers, or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



All Ready for Strawberry Time

In the spring, grocers everywhere stock up on Puffed Grains to get ready for strawberry time. Our mills are run night and day. We have sent out more than ten million packages to prepare for June demands.

For people, more and more, are mixing Puffed Grains with berries. The tart of the fruit and these nut-like morsels form a delicious blend.

Serve Together

When you serve berries, serve with them a freshly-crisped dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Mix the grains with the berries, so that every spoonful brings the two together.

The grains are fragile, bubble-like and thin, and the taste is like toasted nuts. They add as much deliciousness as the sugar and the cream.

Strawberries, you think, are hard to improve upon. But try this method once.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

*Except in
Extreme
West*

There are many delightful cereals. We make 17 kinds ourselves. But Prof. Anderson, in creating Puffed Grains, has supplied the daintiest ready-cooked morsels which come to the morning table.

And their delights are endless. They are good with sugar and cream. They are good mixed with fruit. Yet countless people like them best when served like crackers, floating in bowls of milk.

Girls use them in candy making. Boys eat them dry like peanuts. Cooks use them to garnish ice cream. In all these ways they take the place of nut meats.

But they are never better than at berry time, mixed with the morning fruit.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(577)

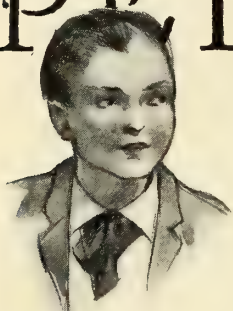
POLLY *and* PETER PONDS

(A Continued Story)

By

THEMSELVES

(Polly and Peter are away at school. Their letters will appear here each month.)



A Letter from Peter

DEAR POLLY:

We have been having quite an exciting time lately. I suppose that, just like a girl, you will say, "Oh, he means boning up for exams." But I don't mean that at all. Exams are exciting enough, but they just stir your head up, and don't get way down to your toes the way base-ball games and track-meets and things like that do, when you just *have* to beat somebody out, and work all over like anything. Most girls would think it was a waste of good time, but you have more sense. So I will tell you about it.

I guess I have n't told you, but I have just set my ambition on being captain of our track-team before I leave school, and the first thing I have to do is make the team. It is a little bit "nervy" for a first-year boy, but I guess that nerve is what wins, if it is the right kind, not just bluff and brass.

Well, I have a fine track-suit and shoes and a sweater and all, and I have been practising running and jumping and hurdling. I do my best work in the hurdles. I heard Mr. Evans, who is our Physical Director, say the other day when he did n't know I was around:

"That boy will make a good hurdler some day if he has the grit to stick to it."

Well, I guess I have the grit; anyway, I had plenty of it in my shoes yesterday afternoon after the try-outs. They ran off the semi-finals of the 220-yard hurdles at four o'clock, and maybe it was n't great sport. Oh, I must tell you about Billy Conley. He is a second-year boy and an awfully good hurdler, and maybe he will beat me to-morrow when they run the finals. We'll see. I don't like him awfully much. He has some funny streaks, and likes to play mean tricks on fellows and get up crowds to vote for offices and so on. Well, I had a hard tussle of it, but I won my heat by a nose. Charley Smith almost beat me out, but I think Charley had too much chocolate sundæ in his system. So when they ran off the next heat, I was standing there in my sweater to watch, because Bill was in it.

It was awfully close. They were all lined up at the start—and, say, I'll bet they could just feel the wiggles going up and down

their spines. "Ready!" cried the starter,— "On your marks!" — "Get set!" — "Bang!!" But do you know, that Bill Conley tried to steal on the pistol, and the fellows had to go back like a lot of naughty puppies and do it all over. "Bill," said Mr. Evans, "if you try that again, back you go to the gym and stay there!" Well, he did n't, and at last they all got off, neck and neck.

Bill was ahead, but he caught his toe on the last hurdle and over it went, and he came down hard on his knee. But he was game, and up and off in a second, though it must have hurt like anything, and won the heat by the skin of his nose. My, but it was exciting!

Well, after it was over and they were running the last heat, he sat down by



ST. NICHOLAS ADVERTISEMENTS

the side of the track and looked very sad. I went up to him and said:

"What's the matter, Bill? Does it hurt very much? That was a hard knock."

And he looked up, grouchy as could be, and answered:

"Huh! None of your business, Freshie! I s'pose you're glad of it. 'To-morrow this knee will be so stiff I can't run, dog-gone it. Here's where you win out."

"Well," I said, "you just try this," and I brought out my sample bottle of

POND'S EXTRACT

that I always keep handy.

"You tie that up before it gets stiff and keep it soaked with Pond's, and you'll be all right to-morrow."

He looked up at me with a sheepy grin and said:

"That's mighty good of you, Peter; don't care if I do try it. You're a real brick!"

Well, I saw Billy last night just after dinner, and he was n't limping a bit. But Charley Smith told me that he heard that Bill had been planning to fix me all right so that I would lose out to-morrow. What do you think of that? You know Molly, Bill's sister, she is in your class, is n't she? Well, why don't you have a talk with her and see if she can't straighten him out a bit?

I think he's a good chap inside, but he's got to get rid of his mean outside before he grows up.

Some of the boys came in yesterday just as I was writing about Bill's mean outside—you know I'm worried about Bill—a fellow never grows up right if he is always plotting against his friends.

If you can imagine, in twenty minutes we have to be out on the track ready for the finals. Say, I'm not a bit excited in my head, but my knees feel sort of wobbly.

There goes the quarter of four chimes now, and I've got to hustle like anything. "On your marks!"—"Get set!"—

More later from

Your affectionate brother,

PETER.

(In the next number you will find out who won the finals and how Bill Conley tried to "fix" Peter.)

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—Cold Cream—Face Powder—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson Street New York



Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



IT is perfectly natural—that liking you have for Beech-Nut Peanut Butter.

Most healthy American boys are fond of it and are eating it constantly.

More than a million mothers keep Beech-Nut Peanut Butter on hand, for family use, and to serve to guests—and for the boys and their friends when they come around.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter comes in vacuum-sealed jars of three sizes, and is sold by representative grocers everywhere

Send your name on a post card for "Happy Little Beech-Nuts"—jingle booklet, beautifully illustrated.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.



THE BOOK MAN

Now and then I receive a very nice letter from a reader, which is carefully signed, but gives no address. Perhaps the writer thinks I am rude in not answering, but what can I do?

For example, a reader, whose first name is Mary, wrote me a delightful letter saying that she had been reading "Richard Carvel" and wanting to learn more about the American naval hero John Paul Jones. I dictated a complete answer to Mary, giving her the names of several books by different publishers on this interesting subject, before I discovered that there was no address on her letter!

FROM A YOUNG COOK

"Dear Book Man":

Writes a ten-year-old Boston girl, "I wish you would tell me where I could find a good easy cook-book. Not one to teach me *how*, but just simple understandable receipts. I can cook pretty well, and I am just 'crazy' over it. I am going to get all the meals next summer. I can make as good cake as mother can, and all by myself too. I made her a birthday cake without her knowing it, and without *any* butter in the house.

"I am *very* fond of books. The Book Man articles are very interesting. I like the 'Wonderful Adventures of Nils' and its sequel by Selma Lagerlob better than any book I ever read. They are my greatest treasure. I *adore* St. NICHOLAS and I think it is the best magazine I ever read. I *love* 'The Lucky Stone' and 'The Housekeeping Adventures of the Junior Blairs.'"

The answer: Get Mrs. Barroll's "Around-the-World Cook Book," and surprise the family this summer with all kinds of unfamiliar dishes. Mrs. Barroll is notable among her friends for her delightful housekeeping; and this book is made up of the receipts she has picked up in her years of wandering all over the world. She has tested every receipt, and her directions are easy to follow.

Then there is Mary Ronald's "Luncheons," a regular cook's picture book. You can have lots of fun with it. The price of the "Around-the-World Cook Book" is \$1.50 net; "Lunch-

THE BOOK MAN—Continued

eons," \$1.40 net; and they are both well worth the price.

WHY NOT THIS SUMMER?

"Caterpillars and Their Moths," by Ida Mitchell Eliot and Caroline Gray Soule. The life-histories and illustrations of forty-three species of moths in the United States and Canada. \$2.00 net.

"The Sea Beach at Ebb-Tide," by Augusta Foote Arnold. It gives full directions for collecting and preserving seaweed, the arrangement of a herbarium, etc. \$2.40 net.

"Box Furniture," by Louise Brigham. "Box Furniture" tells how to make and how to have fun making one hundred simple, serviceable, artistic, and fascinating things in the furniture line. Nothing is left to chance or guesswork. It tells just how. Many illustrations. \$1.60 net.

"Art Crafts for Beginners," by Frank C. Sanford. Illustrated by the author. \$1.20 net.

"Mary's Garden and How It Grew," by Frances Duncan. For everybody who wants to know when and how to plant a garden. \$1.25.

IS IT FUN TO READ?

Not always. But is it fun to play the piano or to dance or to roller skate if you are not used to it? *Get the habit* now, even if it is hard to begin. You can't always get a piano even if you like to play; you can't dance or skate when you are sick or tired or grown old, but you can always read—and you'll never know what fun it is until you *get the habit*!

—Public Libraries.

ONE LIST OF FAVORITES

Here is an interesting list sent in to The Book Man by a bright twelve-year-old, who gives them as her great favorites among the books she knows:

"The Wonderful Adventures of Nils."

Louisa Alcott's books.

Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped."

Frances Hodgson Burnett's. "The Little Princess" and "The Secret Garden."

Kipling's Jungle Books.

Nesbit's "The Treasure Seekers," "The Wouldbegoods," and "Harding's Luck."

"Alice in Wonderland."

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

"Hans Brinker," which, you will remember, was written by Mary Mapes Dodge, so long the beloved editor of St. NICHOLAS.

"Pollyanna."

"Ivanhoe."

A first-rate list that for any twelve-year-old!

The Book Man

DOES

YOUR BABY

Measure up to the Standard of the BETTER BABY Movement?

If Not, What is the Reason?

In 9 cases out of 10 it is a question of Feeding.

If properly fed, other conditions being correct, Baby should at least be Normal in his physical development.

Mental development depends largely upon a satisfying food.

All milk makes a curd in the Baby's Stomach. The curd should be light, so the digestive juices of the delicate stomach can act readily upon it.

Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk makes a light, flocculent curd similar to that of Mother's Milk.

It contains the necessary elements for building firm flesh and bone. The baby is satisfied and grows normally.

Send for Feeding Chart and literature.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO

"Leaders of Quality"

Est. 1857

NEW YORK

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

St. Nicholas Advertising Competition, No. 150.

Time to send in answers is up June 20. Prize winners announced in the August number.

This competition is going to prove who keeps his eyes widest open. You know sometimes you are reading aloud in school and suddenly the class begins to laugh without any reason, so far as you can see, but you find that they are laughing because you said, "The pipe was tinny," when you meant to say, "The pipe was tiny."

You must be very careful in this competition not to make any mistake.

What we want you to do is to *give the name of the article* in the advertisement of which you find *all* the words we have put into any question.

For example—suppose we should ask a question like this: "Are you ready to cut out and stand up?" Having read the advertisements you will remember that some advertiser offered something "to cut out and stand up," so you look through the advertisements for that phrase. You find this phrase on the *Sapolio* page, and elsewhere in the same advertisement are the words given in our question, namely, "are" and "you." So the answer to this question would be "*Sapolio*."

You will find in every question some word or clue that will make you think at once of some particular advertisement you have read. In question No. 1 you can easily see that "125 years ago" gives the key to the answer. All of you remember from last month's competition what was invented 125 years ago. Here are the questions. The answers will all be found in the May advertising pages.

1. Was this question invented 125 years ago?
2. Should you, too, visit the army and the navy?
3. Are oiled roads good enough for you?
4. Were apple blossoms very beautiful?
5. Can dad handle you like a boy?
6. Is dancing delightful to artists?
7. Were clean children *always* heroes?
8. Will you enjoy twenty-five ¢ economy?
9. Does n't Mother want you children to be disappointed?
10. Is Fairy Food irresistibly good?
11. Is 3 in One 100 times?
12. Is a mile and a half Park the largest?
13. Can you save 6 pounds in school?
14. Do you want one million big red letters?
15. Will the children wear them?
16. Is Velvet good and strong?

Do not rewrite the questions but put down the *numbers* and write after each number the name of the advertised article as given in the May ST. NICHOLAS, which correctly "answers" that question. This will not be difficult as no advertisement smaller than a quarter page is used. If more than one advertised article is mentioned in an advertisement, both should be included in your answer, as "Puffed Wheat & Puffed Rice," in one of the Quaker Oats Company's advertisements.

After writing out the correct answers write us a letter of less than 250 words telling us which of these 16 advertisers your family patronizes—and why you give preference to ST. NICHOLAS advertisers. In the case of equally correct answers to the questions, the prize will go to the one who writes the best letter.

The prizes will be:

One First Prize, \$5.00, to the sender of the correct list and most interesting letter.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each, to the next two in merit.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each, to the next three.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each, to the next ten.

Note: Prize-winners who are not subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for prizes offered. There is no age limit, and no indorsement of originality is required.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your list give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (150).

3. Submit answers by June 20.

4. Use one side of your paper only, but be sure your name and address is on each paper, also that where there is more than one sheet they are fastened together.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win a prize.

6. Address answer: Advertising Competition No. 150, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, Union Square, New York.

Another Prize Competition this month is given on our stamp page.

(See also page 18.)

Bicycle Tires \$2⁴⁸ A \$4.25 Quality for Per Tire

The standard price for a high-grade tire is \$4.25 apiece. Of course, lesser tires sell at lower prices. But the several leading makes still cost you \$4.25 per tire.

In the Goodyear-Akron you get the utmost quality for \$2.48 per tire. You get Goodyear quality—the best tires men can build. You get it for \$2.48 per tire because this is the world's largest tire plant. Enormous output and modern equipment have brought cost down and down. And our average profit last year was 6½ per cent.



THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Dept. 213, Akron, Ohio

Remember that Goodyear Automobile tires hold top place in Tiredom. They outsell any other. So do Goodyear Motorcycle tires. The Goodyear-Akron single-tube Bicycle tire is made by the same experts, in the same factory, and by the same Goodyear standards.

How to Get Them. Order from us direct. For the plain tread, send \$2.48 per tire. For the non-skid, send \$2.75 per tire. If we have a dealer near you, order will be filled through him. Otherwise we send by Parcel Post. We ask direct orders because so many dealers handle tires which pay them larger profits.



GET THIS, BOYS!

Compass and Whistle in one

A true Compass and a powerful Whistle, solid metal, beautifully nickel-plated. Price 15c., 4 for 50c., 1 doz. \$1.25, by mail post-paid. Every boy scout should have one. Send for illustrated catalogue, free, containing all the latest European and Domestic novelties, tricks, puzzles, useful articles, fancy goods.

EXCELSIOR NOVELTY CO., Dept. B, Anderson Realty Bldg., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

AYVAD'S WATER-WINGS

Learn to Swim by One Trial For Sale Everywhere

Plain, 25c.

Fancy, 35c.



AYVAD MAN'G CO., Hoboken, N. J.

THE BALDWIN

Camp and Sportsman's Lamp

Makes nights in camp cheerful; can overhaul guns and tackle or read. Worn on cap or belt. Both hands free for gun or knife. Casts bright circle on trail and prevents stumbling. Great for coon or possum. A fine lure for fish or frogs. Ideal for casting, gigging, spearing, boating or canoeing. Handy for repairing tire punctures at night. Projects light of over 14-candle power 150 feet. Burns Acetylene Gas. Weight, 5 oz. Height, 3½ inches. No oil, soot or glass. Absolutely safe and simple. Catalogue free and instructive booklet, "Knots and How to Tie Them," mailed on request.

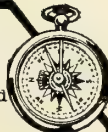


At all Dealers or by Mail Prepaid \$1.00

JOHN SIMMONS CO., 4 Franklin St., New York City

Be the Guide

Keep your companions on the correct way to your destination by day or night, with a compass that is guaranteed always correct. The



Leedawl Jeweled Compass

is not only useful and educational, but is a great thing for boys to have fun with. It has a jeweled needle—heavy and tempered steel point—silvered metal dial—screw stop and white metal non-tarnishing case.

It is the only GUARANTEED JEWELLED compass at its price.

Most dealers sell the **Leedawl Compass**. Go to your dealer first. If he does not have them, or will not order for you, send us his name and address with \$1.00 and we will send you one. Descriptive matter mailed on request.

Taylor Instrument Companies 106 Ames St., Rochester, N. Y.

There's a Tycos Thermometer for Every Purpose.

Forest and Stream

Edited by

William George Beecroft

The weekly journal of outdoor life, hunting, fishing, natural history, taxidermy, canoeing. The "How To and Where To" of each sport. **The American Gentleman's Journal.** \$3.00 a year or on trial to ST. NICHOLAS readers \$1.00 for six months.

22 Thames Street, New York

Here's Real Pleasure

Escape the heat and monotony of these long, languid days by an outing, vacation or exploring trip in an

"Old Town Canoe"

It will open a world of new summertime pleasures to you. The "Old Town" is strong and safe, swift and graceful—preferred by experienced canoeists. 2000 canoes in stock—agents everywhere—send for catalog.

"Where the stream in witchin' play Goes laughin' on, jest pushin' all the lilies out his way."

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
256 MAIN STREET,
OLD TOWN, MAINE,
U. S. A.



To New Mothers

The Mothers of 15,000,000 Children Have Depended on the Rubens Shirt. See What it Does for Babies.

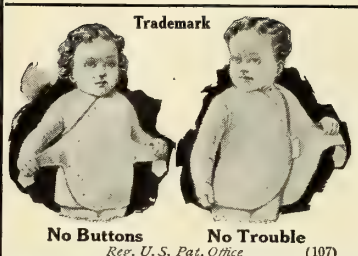
The **Rubens** has no open laps or buttons, so it keeps out cold air, is comfortable and convenient.

It is double thick in front, protecting chest and abdomen—the parts that most need protection in both summer and winter.

It makes dressing and undressing easier, slipping on like a coat—and is adjustable.

For 16 years it has outsold all other shirts. Let *your* little new-comer wear it.

Ask for **Rubens** Shirts and be sure that this label appears on the front. This shirt is our invention, and this whole factory is devoted to its right production. Don't be misled by imitations on a garment so important.



Rubens Shirts For Infants

Sizes for any age from birth. Made in cotton, wool and silk. Also in merino (half wool). Also in silk and wool. Prices run from 25 cents up.

Sold by dry goods stores, or sold direct where dealers can't supply. Ask us for pictures, sizes and prices.

RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc., 354 W. Madison St., Chicago

THE REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 148

Pernaps the best way to report on this interesting competition is to print the Prize Winner's letter. Here it is:
Bessie H. Rockwood,
Age fourteen years,
... N. Y.

Competition No. 148.

THE LETTER

This is Helen's and Charles's letter about the February ST. NICHOLAS advertisements. They wrote it themselves, without any help.

*Advertising Editor, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,

*Dear Sir:—

One page we saw is about Rubens Shirts For Infants, What Every Baby Needs in Winter. There is, too, an advertisement about the Mandel-ette (a one minute camera), and one about the Cromwell, a design for spoons made by the International Silver Co., who make the 1847 Rogers Bros. ware.

There is a page about the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and another about Peter's Milk Chocolate. Another brand of chocolate has a picture of a waitress, and underneath the picture is this: Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. On the next advertising page is something about Campbell's Soups, of which there are 21 kinds.

Not far away is the Jell-O page with a picture of four college girls having A Quiet Little Spread. Facing them are some men talking about Holeproof Hosiery, made in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The seventeenth page is about Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, and tells why a U. S. Army sergeant, on recruiting service, rejected a would-be soldier on account of his bad teeth. The sergeant stated that "Thirty-five per cent. of the catarrhal cases in the United States Army were directly traceable to diseased oral conditions."

* Not necessary, but not wrong.

On one page is the picture of a funny little fellow "Practising" on the piano. This advertises a book, Improving Songs for Anxious Children, published by G. Schirmer (Inc.), 3 East 43d St., New York.

Eskay's Food is told about in a half-page advertisement, and pictures of children are shown. On the next page is Gail Borden's advertisement of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Then there is Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, made at Canajoharie, N. Y.

Polly and Peter Ponds interest us very much, and the story of Peter's experience is very amusing. So is the page on The Cruise of the Ivory Ship.

The next page describes Libby's California Asparagus.

Yours sincerely,

Helen Heedless and Charles Careless.

Here are some of the principal *ERRORS* made in many letters:

Charles's; Mandel-ette camera; Jello; College spread; Reuben's shirts for winter (instead of for infants); Cambell's soups.

Here are the careful readers of ST. NICHOLAS:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Bessie H. Rockwood, age 14, New York.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Harry Guthmann, age 17, New York.

Anna F. Hedrick, age 13, Connecticut.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Faith Gillies, age 15, Minnesota.

Rosamond Bartlett, age 14, Massachusetts.

Anna Shaw Gifford, age 17, Massachusetts.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Helen Coleman, age 15, Illinois.

Julius R. Pratt, age 15, New Jersey.

Adalene Garretson, age 13, New Jersey.

Marian G. Howard, age 15, Maryland.

Samuel S. Cadwell, age 10, Connecticut.

Valerie Torpadie, age 16, New York.

John Perez, age 14, New York.

Horatio Ridout, age 11, Maryland.

Dorothy June Mattern, age 12, Pennsylvania.

Denis Blake, age 15, New York.

F.A.O. SCHWARZ

"The Home of TOYS"

Fifth Ave., at 31st. St.
New York.



Truly this is the most delightful store to visit in New York—a store of joys for girls and boys. And remember, you ST. NICHOLAS readers are always welcome to come and enjoy to your heart's content the thousands of interesting things seen here in greatest variety.

Baseball outfits—bicycles, tricycles, and velocipedes—games—wagons—skates—cameras—tennis and golf outfits—gymnasium outfits—fishing tackle and camping outfits—and ever so many other things for making your summer-time play and recreation happiest and most enjoyable.

Come personally if you can, but if you live too far away then write us for catalogue—which is full of pictures of many of our nicest things, and from which you can choose what you want.


Schwarz Building,
The largest exclusive Toy Store in the World

ESKAY'S FOOD raised these delicate triplets



"Our triplets were put on 'Eskay's Food' from the very first. They owe their life and strength to it." Mrs. T. Kranzusch, Appleton, Wis.

Send for **TEN FEEDINGS FREE** and book "How to Care for the Baby."
SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO. 462 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA



No boy's or girl's bicycle is up-to-date in equipment without a

ORBIN

Duplex Coaster Brake

This is the most popular brake on the market. Its presence on a wheel is a sign of good judgment on the part of the owner—because during years of service, the Corbin Brake has proved itself absolutely dependable.

Sold and equipped by bicycle and hardware dealers everywhere.

Write for new 1914 Catalog
THE CORBIN SCREW CORPORATION
The American Hardware Corporation, Successors

211 High Street
New Britain,
Conn.

When
Father's
Away

the
Children
Play

with Father's
Corona Type-
writer;

if Father has n't taken it with him.

Most often he does, and this advertisement is to remind the little ones to ask Father to buy them a Corona all for themselves.

The Corona is the best playmate to have—and, besides, it's the easiest way to do "lessons."

Some children don't have the use of a Corona at all—as even Father does n't own one. We ask all the Boys and Girls who are in this fix—to show "Dad" this ad.

The
CORONA
FOLDING TYPEWRITER

is, first of all, a standard typewriter in every particular. If you can operate any one of the \$100 machines you can operate the Corona. The Corona is only different in weight, size and price. Its weight is 6 lbs.—size when folded $3\frac{3}{4}" \times 10\frac{1}{2}" \times 9"$.

The Corona Portable Typewriter is the machine for personal use and it will save its cost in a short time.

Children—be sure to send us your name and address for our little Booklet No. 33—printed for you.

The Standard Typewriter Co., Groton, N. Y.
141 W. 42d St., at Broadway, New York City
Agencies in principal Cities of the World

LISTERINE

Use it every day

Child health should be safeguarded by liberal use of Listerine—the *safe* and *pleasant* antiseptic that has held the confidence of physicians and dentists for over thirty years.

Daily cleansing of the mouth and throat with Listerine is a *pre-ventive* highly regarded in the best homes in America.

Imitations are either very inferior or positively harmful.



All Druggists Sell Listerine
**LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY**
St. Louis, Mo.



**THE BRIGHTNESS
OF EVERY HOME**

made safe and sure with little work if 3-in-One is always used.

3-in-One oils everything from garret to cellar: Sewing machines, bicycles, guns, tools, hinges. Won't collect dirt or gum.

3-in-One cleans and polishes all fine furniture, veneered or varnished. Removes dust, soil and ordinary marks of time and wear. Also makes dusting easy and sanitary. Contains no acid; no unpleasant odor.

3-in-One keeps bright and prevents tarnish on spigots, faucets, metal soap dishes, towel racks and all other nickel fixtures or ornaments in bath room or kitchen. It prevents rust on all black iron surfaces, indoors or out, in any climate.

FREE—Write today for generous free sample and free 3-in-One Dictionary.

3-in-One is sold everywhere, 10c, 25c, and new 50c Economical Household Size.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.

42 QH. Broadway, New York



The Coward Shoe

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To make her own work less—
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garden and sun dial, old fash-
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and garden tables. Terraces and
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fully stocked with pedigree
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The place affords a wonderful opportunity for the exercise of individual
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1914

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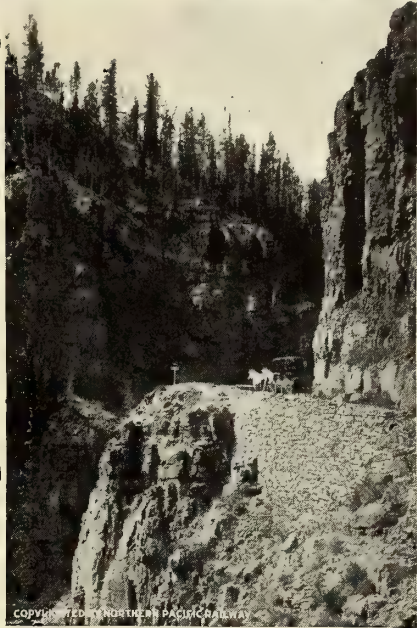
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Helpful Suggestions

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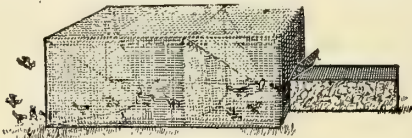
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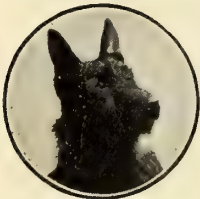
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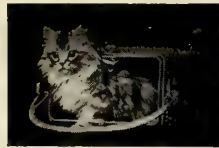
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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

A PRIZE COMPETITION

WE are anxious to make this page interesting to every one. This month, our Stamp Editor has planned a prize contest—and the best of it is that it is open to every one, whether a stamp-collector or not, and every competitor has the same chance of success.

If you are not now a collector, here is an opportunity to start a very interesting and instructive hobby with a valuable set of stamps; or, if you are already an enthusiast, to add some prize issues to your collection.

Here is what you must do:

This is a picture of a stamp which has recently been issued by Hungary. It differs from previous issues only in the water-mark. The design is the same. There are two rather prominent features of the design. First, there is the flying bird. It may be a dove, or a hawk, or an eagle. Who can tell us? Just below the bird is a curious-looking crown. Why should such a crown appear so prominently upon these stamps? Perhaps some of our readers know all about this, and will tell ST. NICHOLAS. Write in three hundred words or less what you can find regarding the stamps of Hungary. The writer of the most instructive and interesting account will receive as a prize a complete set of this new issue from one-heller to five-krona. This set, purchased from a dealer, would cost about three dollars. To the second best article on the above subject we will give a set of stamps to and including the two-krona.

This competition is governed by the same rules as those applying to our advertising competition, Sections 1, 2, 3, and 4—i.e., any one may compete for prizes. All essays must contain your name, age, and address, be written in ink on one side of your paper only. All answers must be in our hands by June 20. Successful contestants will be announced in our August number. Replies should be directed to

EDITOR STAMP PAGE,
St. Nicholas Magazine,
Union Square, N. Y. City.

This competition is a trial feature for our Stamp Page. If it meets the approval of our readers, as evidenced by the number that enter the competition, we shall take great pleasure in repeating it from time to time.

NEW ISSUES

THIS month brings us complete new sets from the French Colonies "Upper Sénégal and Niger," and "Sénégal." They are similar to recent issues of the other colonies. They are oblong and bi-colored, the center representing a local scene.

The third illustration shows the design of the pfennig value of the new issue for Bavaria. This nation is evidently pursuing a new policy in issuing stamps—new in several ways. After having held persistently to one design from 1867 to 1911, it has since then gladdened the hearts of collectors with these new types. And this latest is certainly a thing of beauty. We recently have had much to say in praise of the pictorial beauties of the Egypt and Turkey issues, but, after all, there is nothing so striking as the plainer design with only a portrait. How often do we hear collectors regret that no longer is there the finish and color of the older issues—that no longer does any nation give us anything which can compare with the exquisite engraving of the early Ceylon or the

wonderful colors of the early issues of St. Lucia and St. Vincent. But here at last is something new, and something which can come a close second to those older issues which we collectors admire so much. These Bavarias are beautiful in finish and magnificent in color. They are printed by what is called the "mezzotinto" process. As is seen in the illustration, the design is simple in the extreme. The water-mark is horizontal wavy lines. On the lower values the King's portrait is about three quarters shown, and he is wearing spectacles; while in the

higher, or "mark," values, there are no spectacles, and the face is in profile. (A mark is worth twenty-five cents in our currency.) The colors of the set are as follows: three-pfennig, brown; five-pfennig, green; ten-pfennig, red; twenty-pfennig, blue; twenty-five-pfennig, gray; thirty-pfennig, orange; forty-pfennig, olive; fifty-pfennig, red-brown; sixty-pfennig, blue-green; eighty-pfennig, violet; one-mark, brown; two-mark, violet; three-mark, red; five-mark, dark blue; ten-mark, dark green; twenty-mark, dark brown. Simply mentioning these gives no idea of their beauty, for the colors in many instances are so strikingly vivid that they seem alive. All the stamps are printed on light buff paper.



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Six Borneos	205 different foreign	60 Japanese
20 diff. animals	101 diff. United States	50 Asiatic

Special. Trial Offer 10 weeks 10c. and Your Choice:
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THE next rainy afternoon when you have n't anything to do, and time hangs heavily, why don't you ask your chum over to your house and start a stamp album? You have n't any idea what fun it is after you once get it going.

Perhaps your, or your chum's, mother may have some old letters or papers with stamps such as you have never seen—and they'll do finely for a starter. And who knows? May be you'll come across a precious "inverted medallion" and become the envy of all stamp enthusiasts in a day.



Three thrilling days at the Grand Canyon of Arizona for \$35 to \$40

You ride along the sky-high edge of a mile-deep abyss. You venture mule-back through earth's cracked crust, on trails that tip. And camp out down below, under the stars.

Amount named includes round-trip railroad fare, Williams, Ariz., to Grand Canyon; three days at El Tovar Hotel, managed by Fred Harvey; a jaunt down Bright Angel Trail; a carriage ride along Hermit Rim Road; also the trip to Grand View.

Stop at Bright Angel Camp, instead of El Tovar, and it will cost less. Take a room with bath, at El Tovar, and the expense will be a little more. Hermit Trail camping trip also will add a few dollars. It is easy to finance a week's stay or longer.

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The trail trips are unlike any mountaineering you ever have tried.

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The California Limited is the king of the limiteds — an all-steel train, daily the year 'round — between Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco — exclusively for first-class travel — has a sleeper for Grand Canyon.

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The Santa Fe meal service is managed by Fred Harvey.

On request, will gladly send you our two illustrated travel books, "Titan of Chasms — Grand Canyon" and "To California Over the Santa Fe Trail." Address

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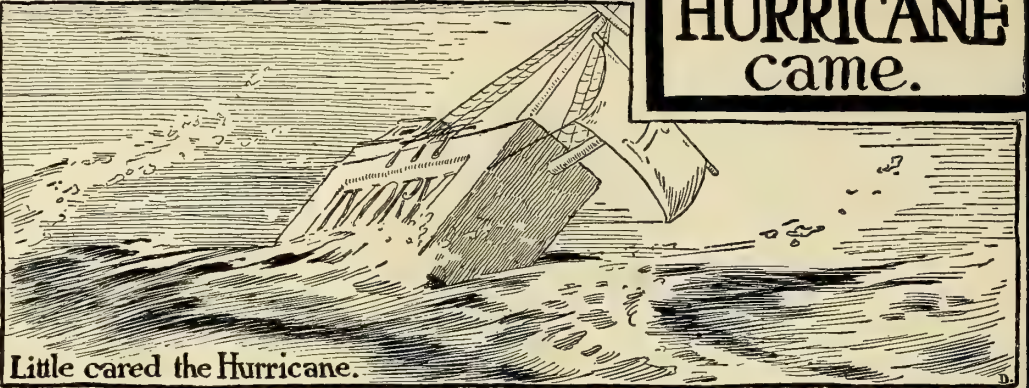
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The Quaker Oats Company

(576)

The Cruise of IVORY SHIP and how the HURRICANE came.



Little cared the Hurricane.

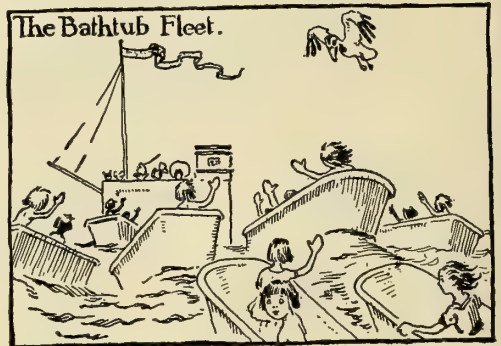
THOSE Muddy People being clean and pure as driven snow, our heroes gave them IVORY SOAP to keep them *always* so. Miss Betty gave them petticoats and Bobby gave them hats, Snip barked a farewell bark to them and Pussy murmured "Rats." Then up with anchor, crowd on sail! Pull taut each stalwart rope! All shouting "*Homeward bound are we! Off sails the IVORY SOAP!*" Our little heroes dreamed of home and talked of cakes and pies that Mother made until the tears of pleasure dimmed their eyes. But ah, how brief were all their dreams, how vain each well-made plan! How little cared a Hurricane for plans of mortal man!

When deepest in their dreams of cake, it brewed an awful brew and shattered all the plans of pie of our devoted crew. That gruesome, brewsome Hurricane came hurry-caning forth and beat the ocean into bits of fummy-spummy froth.

For days and days and nights and nights it growled and it gloated, and tried to sink the IVORY Ship, but couldn't 'cause it FLOATED. Our daring little voyagers got wet, and by the force of such a horrid Hurricane were driven from their course.

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No wonder! Not so far away, a fleet of BATH TUBS lay, and that the fleet was in distress was just as plain as day. From each Tub Ship waved little hands, and dirty little faces that bore the marks of sad neglect and other dirtsome traces stared pleadingly at IVORY SHIP and cried in sad distress. What was their trouble all about? I'll leave you all to guess. To give you just a *little* hint—when you have dirty faces or mussy hands, what do YOU do to purify those places?



WE SOON WILL TELL WHAT NEXT BEFELL

IVORY SOAP



IT FLOATS

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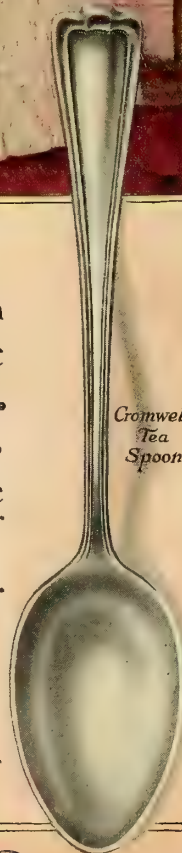
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"TWO BOYS AND THE FLAG"

VOL. XLI, No. 9

JULY, 1914

PRICE, 25 CENTS

ST. NICHOLAS



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The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.

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The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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ST. NICHOLAS ADVERTISEMENTS

UNCLE GLEN ON ST. NICHOLAS NEXT MONTH

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS READER: It is hard to tell whether the August ST. NICHOLAS will appeal more strongly to girls or to boys. Certainly the girl readers of ST. NICHOLAS will be particularly pleased with the story called "The Pinch of Necessity," for it tells how a courageous girl made possible the rescue of a party of men.

ST. NICHOLAS boys, on the other hand,—and girls too, for that matter,—will enjoy "Capitalizing a Brook," which tells how a clever boy utilized a waterfall and helped to improve the family fortunes.

Mrs. Katherine Dunlap Cather, author of the story "The Boy of Cadore" in the June ST. NICHOLAS, has written another story for the August number, which tells "When Mozart Raced with Marie Antoinette."

SERIALS

The plot of the serial "The Runaway" is working out gradually, but it is still puzzling.

In "With Men Who Do Things," the boys watch the rescue of two men trapped in a steel tunnel, and are able to witness the complicated problems that hamper the rescuers.

As to "The Housekeeping Adventures of the Junior Blairs," I wonder if ST. NICHOLAS readers have thought that Jack has not been getting his full share of the fun. In the August instalment, Jack will have his innings, for he goes off camping with his father, and learns all sorts of good out-of-door camping receipts; also how to manage a camp, and how useful it is for a boy to know how to cook.

The "Friendly Giants" story in August will be called "The Giants and the Herdboy." It is taken from a little-known Hungarian folk-tale, and is a tale that very few of us have ever heard.

OUT OF DOORS

Billy Evans, the great umpire, in the August number is going to develop a theme which he touched on last month. His article is called "The Collegian in Base-ball."

Francis Ouimet, the youthful champion, continues his series, "The Game I Love," and gives the very best of advice to golfers, young and old, especially on how to keep in good physical condition.

There will be another paper in the "Garden Series," which is proving extremely useful to amateur gardeners, young and old.

ART

As usual, ST. NICHOLAS continues to be one of the best-illustrated magazines in the world. The frontispiece of the August number is a handsome reproduction of an old master, Jacob Gerritz Cuyp. It is a portrait of a Dutch girl.

From beginning to end of the number are pictures, comic and serious, including a two-page nonsense story in verse by our old friend George O. Butler, whose very original pictures and poems have so often amused ST. NICHOLAS readers. Speaking of pictures did I tell you that the original of one of the recent Rackham frontispieces has been purchased by the French Government and placed in the Luxembourg Museum? This is a stepping-stone to the great museum, the Louvre, in Paris, which is not permitted to acquire the work of painters and sculptors who are still living.

As usual a number of the smaller pictures in this number will be contributed by members of ST. NICHOLAS League. Next month, as you may remember, will

appear the winning pictures in the competition for illustrations entitled "The Messenger" and of course "Heading for August."

DEPARTMENTS

The department "Books and Reading," conducted by Hildegard Hawthorne, is continued, as well as the various other departments that add so much to the attractiveness of ST. NICHOLAS.

The letter that follows was written by a member of the ST. NICHOLAS League who has just reached the age limit of eighteen years. It indicates how much the League means to all its members. Fortunately, ST. NICHOLAS does not lose such loyal friends entirely, for many League members later become regular contributors to ST. NICHOLAS Magazine itself.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

Just a few days ago, I wrote my last poem for the League. Since then my eighteenth birthday has come and gone, and the doors of the League are closed to me forever. Of course I shall still read the League pages—I hope I shall never be too old for that—but there's such a wide, wide gulf between being an active and an associate member,—for I suppose that is what I am now. Nevertheless, although I can no longer contribute to the League, I shall love it every bit as much as before—and that is a great deal. Oh, I do wish I could express in words how much I have enjoyed my work for the League, and how much more in many ways I feel that it has helped me.

Oh, the wonderful day when I received my silver badge! I shall never forget it, or how surprised and delighted I was. It seemed as if nothing in the whole world could be so beautiful—until the gold badge came. Even now I cannot tell which one I am fonder of. Up to the very last time before my League days came to a close, I never ceased to have a thrill whenever I discovered the wonder words "Honor Member" written below my name. So once more, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I thank you many, many times for all the pleasure and profit I received in those days before I was eighteen, my ST. NICHOLAS days.

Very sincerely,

G. N. S.

"IN SHAKSPERE'S ROOM"

Mr. Wm. McAndrew, principal of the famous Washington Irving High School, in New York, recently sent the following letter to the chairman of a Shakspeare Celebration Committee, commending the poem "In Shakspeare's Room," which appeared in the April ST. NICHOLAS, and later kindly gave his consent to our quoting what he had written:

"Dear Madam: You have done the Shakspeare Committee a real kindness in calling attention to Benjamin F. Leggett's beautiful poem in the April ST. NICHOLAS. I enclose copy of letter I have just sent to Mrs. James Madison Bass, Chairman of the Shakspeare Committee. With best regards, I am, yours truly, Wm. McAndrew, Principal."

ST. NICHOLAS NEXT MONTH

Hoping that you will surely enjoy the splendid, breezy August ST. NICHOLAS, as much as I have, I am
Yours as ever,

Uncle Glen

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(Seal)

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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLI

JULY, 1914

NO. 9

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TWO BOYS AND THE FLAG

BY ELEANOR SCHUREMAN

I

J. Q. A. SMITH, JR., only son and heir of Centerville's leading citizen, better known to his mama's circle as Johnny, and to the boys as Quince, trod gingerly the graveled path from the front door to the gate. A becoming self-respect prevented him from walking on the grass, though the unexpected tenderness of his feet seriously modified the rapture of going barefoot for the first time that season. Once outside the gate, however, even the exacting code of boyhood did not forbid him to leave the plank sidewalk, where insidious splinters lurked; and he scuffed comfortably along in the soft dust of the road, swinging his lunch-box and whistling "The Star-Spangled Banner" with admirable spirit, though somewhat off the key.

To whistle was for Johnny, that morning, a necessity. The sky was so blue; the locust blossoms were so white and fragrant; the early morning air, cool and still, was so saturated with the vague promise of coming summer. Then, too, he had been allowed to leave off his coat, as well as his shoes and stockings. And literally to crown all, he had a new straw hat, that ultimate symbol of the joyous change from winter to spring. But aside from all these sources of inspiration, Johnny had a special reason for whistling "The Star-Spangled Banner."

As he turned into Main Street, he quickened his pace to a canter; for there it lay, just ahead of him, on the grass of Court-house Square, the

long-expected, municipal flagstaff. The superb polished shaft of Oregon fir was the elder Smith's gift to Centerville. He had said at breakfast that it was at the station, and would probably be in the square this morning; but his small son, John Quincy Adams Smith, Jr., had scarcely dared trust the hope till it was justified by sight.

"Yes, sir! There she is! Twice as long," he told his exultant heart, "as any telegraph-pole." And astride the noble butt of it, gripping it with patched knees and caressing it with freckled hands, sat Mickey O'Shea; Mickey, red-headed and ragged, rude son of a peasant sire, prone to lapse into the brogue in moments of excitement; yet, by virtue of his quick wit, high spirits, and essential "squareness," Johnny's chosen comrade and soul-mate. Before Martin's Pharmacy, across Main Street from the square, the paternal O'Shea's rickety milk-wagon was drawn up at the curb, while its wizened owner, leaning forward from the driver's seat, discussed Centerville's new possession with two early loiterers.

"H'lo, Quince!" hailed grinning Mickey. "She's come, an' she's a whopper!"

"She sure is," assented Quince, dropping down beside him and stroking the smooth bole with delighted fingers. "Ma says," he proceeded to dispense the information gleaned at breakfast, "the Civic League 's got th' flag 'most done. Pa 's goin' to present it to th' town on th' Fourth; an' they 're goin' t' have a raisin', with th' Reg'mental Band from th' fort, an' speeches, an' songs, an' all sorts o' doin's."

"Who 's goin' t' run 'er up?" asked Mickey.

"Aw! Major Butterworth, o' course." Johnny named the veteran commanding the dwindling forces of the local Grand Army Post.

"Gee!" breathed Mickey, in his usual manner of uttering the otherwise unutterable. The honor and glory conferred on Major Butterworth seemed to him almost too great for a mere mortal to support.

"Me b'y," called the elder O'Shea, sitting erect and gathering up his reins; "iv ye 're goin' along o' me, climb abo-a-rd."

"Wanta ride?" asked Mickey, patronizingly. Most of the Centerville boys had to walk to school. And Johnny, remembering how pleasantly conspicuous are bare feet when dangled from the tail of a wagon, decided that he did.

The O'Shea equipage made such frequent stops, in the way of business, that the last bell was ringing when the two friends dropped off the wagon before the school-house of which Centerville was so justly proud. They took their places in the line of fourth-grade pupils filing into the hall. Miss Emerson, the blonde young teacher, stood at the classroom door, her left arm full of small flags—"Not so *tur'ble* little, neither," as Mickey later remarked to Quince—with enchanting gilded sticks, spear-headed. She put one into each eagerly outstretched hand. Betty Reynolds, just ahead of Quince, turned, laughing for pleasure in the fluttering bright thing, and brushed it across his face. Humble-minded Mickey flushed at his own fancy of how it must seem to have the pretty child treat one with such friendly familiarity. But he was used to having Quince stand between him and Betty. He accepted her remoteness from himself as part of the natural order of things, mysterious but unchangeable.

"Pass quietly to your seats," said Miss Emerson, smiling at the eager faces. "I 'll tell you about the flags after roll-call."

Accordingly, after the opening exercises, she rapped for attention.

"You all know," she began, "that our generous fellow-townsmen, Mr. Quincy Smith—here Quince sat up very straight and smoothed his hair—"has given Centerville a huge flagstaff, and the bunting for a monster flag, which the Women's Civic League is making. And we know now that everything will be ready for the formal raising on the Fourth. I have n't time to tell you all about the fine program that has been arranged; but my dear old friend, Major Butterworth, who is to raise the flag, knows that I love it, and try to teach you how worthy of love it is. So he has asked me to appoint one of you to act as his aid at the ceremony."

The listening children were round-eyed with excitement.

"But I don't think," Miss Emerson went on gravely, as became the importance of her subject, "it would be quite fair for me to choose one of you for so great an honor; so I 'm going to let you compete for it, as many of you as care to. How many," she asked, "remember the 'Story of our Flag' that I read to you last term?"

All over the room eager hands were raised; and Mickey, aflame with enthusiasm, leaped to his feet and waved a freckled paw in the air.

"That 's very good," smiled Miss Emerson. "Now I want each one of you to write out that story, in your own words, without help or suggestion from any one. Bring me your papers Monday morning; and the writers of the best ten will be excused from regular work for the remainder of the term, and organized into an advanced class in American history. Whoever makes the best record and passes the best examination, shall be Major Butterworth's aid on the Fourth. Is my plan satisfactory?"

A unanimous shout of "Yes, ma'am!" filled the room; and the small flags waved and fluttered till it seemed a garden that suddenly had burst into blossoms of red, white, and blue.

II

WITH their flags over their shoulders the two friends walked—or rather marched—home from school together, as usual, but in unwonted silence; for their heads and hearts were full of high ambition and bright dreams. To Johnny it seemed almost a certainty that he, son of the donor, and usually "honor man" of his class, would be the one chosen as the major's aid in raising the flag.

In the Court-house Square, where their homeward paths divided, they stopped with one accord beside the still prostrate flagstaff, and stood gazing down at it in absorbed contemplation, until a long-drawn "Gee!" brought John's startled eyes to Mickey's face. There, with a shock of incredulous amazement, he read a vaulting ambition that threatened his own supremacy.

"Well! what d' you know about that?" he inquired of the universe at large. With the spontaneous brutality of a healthy boy in a temper, he took the situation in hand.

"Now looky here, Mickey O'Shea, don't you go to buttin' in on this. This is a 'Merican flag, an' raisin' it 's a job for a 'Merican."

"Well, ye blitherin' spalpeen," gasped Mickey, lapsing into the ancestral brogue, "ain't I a 'Merican?"

Quince swept him with a glance of insolent appraisal.

"Not so 's you could notice it," he sneered.

"Ye 're anodther!" screamed Mickey, in a red-headed rage. "Me father says I 'm a na-a-tive bor-run 'Merican citizen."

"Aw-w!" snarled Quince, now quite lost to all

tive "mixing" of races on the court-house lawn, accompanied by a clamorous confusion of tongues. Two sparrows, challenging each other to single combat in the path, forgot their differences and fled together between the tree-trunks, shrieking with fright. Mr. Martin, lounging in the door of the Central Pharmacy, jerked an indicative thumb toward the combatants, and winked at Judge Reynolds, passing by. The judge, however, merely shrugged a tolerant shoulder as he went his way. That sparrows or boys should come to blows in the square was an event so common as to lack interest.

But muscular superiority was all in Mickey's favor, and he soon sat triumphant on his prostrate foe, wiping the involuntary tears from a blackened eye with his rough sleeve; while Johnny, sobbing with impotent rage, writhed and struggled under him.

"You just lemme up, Mickey O'Shea," he wailed. "Get off'n me, an' lemme up. An' don't you ever dast speak to me again,—not as long 's you live!"

"Aw, well!" drawled Mickey, rising with insolent deliberation and prodding Johnny with a stubby toe, "git up, ye Yankee bully! Run along home wid yez an' tell yer mawmaw. I 'm not m'anin' 's to spake t' yez, ez long 's I live, ner afther I 'm dead, nayther."

And with this comprehensive declaration of eternal hostilities, Mickey shouldered his flag in a very martial manner, and, adopting a very martial stride, set off northward, toward the abodes of the lowly and the tumble-down cottage he called home; while Quince, trailing his banner in the dust, and dreadfully attended by visions of an impending interview with the elder Smith, turned southward toward the more aristocratic and critical locality of Center Street.

Thus did ambition cross the path of friendship.

III

To the chosen ten of the fourth grade, their contest for the proud position of aid to the major overshadowed in interest all other current events, local or national.

It was soon apparent to Miss Emerson, however, that the ultimate choice must lie between two contestants. John and Mickey took up the "advanced" study of American history with a burning ambition to excel; which, it is to be feared, had in the beginning no sweeter root than the stubborn determination of each to defeat the other. They were an evenly matched pair, for, while John's quick and retentive memory took a firm grip on names, dates, and the general order

"'H'LO, QUINCE!" HAILED GRINNING MICKEY."

considerations of decent courtesy, "what 's that ol' Erin-go-bragh know about it?"

Then, with filial love and loyalty fanning the flame of his outraged pride to a white heat, did Mickey O'Shea double his sturdy fist, and smite his soul's brother on the mouth.

For the ensuing ten minutes, there was an ac-



of events, Mickey's vivid imagination visualized each heroic episode into a present reality which he could not, if he would, forget. And each, intent on bettering the other's record, corrected his own weakness by the standard of his rival's strength. Johnny pored tirelessly over details of strategy, battle, and siege which threatened to elude him, staying his flagging courage in hours of weariness by an inward growl:

"That Mickey O'Shea! Huh!"

Meantime, Mickey wrote out exhaustive lists of names, dates, and such other things as must be memorized by main force, and conned them early and late, vowing in his heavy heart that he'd *show* that Quince Smith.

For when the first frenzy of rage was over, Mickey's was a leaden heart. Even Quince, petted son of a prosperous household and popular neighbor of other fortunate children, was conscious of a great and aching silence where Mickey's cheerful voice had been. While for the less-favored child, alone with his sense of insult and outraged friendship, the solitude of the long evenings was well-nigh unbearable. His tired father nodded on the door-step after supper, lulled by the crickets' mournful monotone; his kind but busy mother drew her chair close to the unshaded oil-lamp and interminably mended, crooning over and over one strain of "Kathleen Mavourneen," while Mickey hung over the gate, gazing vacantly at the browsing cows that dotted the wide common, and watching the distant lamps kindle one by one in the windows of other poor cottages sparsely set along its border.

His puzzled dog, Ginger, sat beside him, raising brown eyes of sympathy, and whining softly now and then, with the pathetic dumb sense of a mysterious trouble beyond his power to help. Ginger owed his name to his temperamental vacuity. In appearance he suggested mustard.

Perhaps in these sunset vigils he, like Mickey, was remembering how, in happier twilights, they were wont to scamper down into the village and prowl under the Smiths' bright windows, summoning Quince with a whistled signal for a merry race through the village streets, or a cooling saunter in the quiet fields beyond the town. It was in the red afterglow of a June sunset that Mickey, restless and miserable, closed the rickety gate behind him, shied a clod at one of the ruminant cows, in spontaneous resentment of her unsocial character, and started listlessly toward the village. Sedate Ginger trotted at his heels, so depressed by the prevailing atmosphere that he only looked askance, with a great rolling of white eyeballs, when the Widow Fogarty's black cat spit at him from her gate-post.

Mickey scuffed along stolidly, but with a definite purpose in mind. It was almost the only consolation of the child's lonely hours to stand beside the great flagstaff, long since set in position, and, laying his hand on its smooth bole and gazing far up into the evening sky, where its slender tip waited for the flag, to dream of the victory he would win, and of his coming day of triumph, when even Quince must recognize him as a "Merican citizen."

But on this particular evening his accustomed place was occupied by an earlier comer, a tall man in a long frock-coat and soft hat, white-haired, but of very erect and soldierly bearing, who stood gazing up at the splendid length of the flagstaff, tapping its polished side with his walking-stick, and whistling softly. The light of a daring purpose brightened Mickey's downcast face. Here was companionship of the best, to be had for the asking, if only he dared to ask. He and Ginger stepped briskly but silently over the grass.

"Please, sir—"

The startled major looked down to find two pairs of brown eyes looking up, the boy's shining out of a freckled face aglow with eager interest, the dog's expressing, in accord with his tense body, an equal readiness to run from a possible kick, or relax into a doggish grin at a friendly word.

"Hello, son!" said the major. "What's your dog's name?"

"Ginger," answered Mickey, with a slight swagger. He was not given to vanity, but he was proud of Ginger. The dog sat down now, at the tall man's feet, indicating by rapid thumps of his stumpy tail that he considered himself properly introduced.

"Your name Ginger, too?" asked the major, with an appreciative twinkle.

"Aw, no, sir," said the child, gravely, concealing his surprise that so great a man should ask so foolish a question. "Me name's Mickey O'Shea."

"Mickey O'Shea, is it? Well, Mickey, what can I do for you?"

"Please, sir, Major Butterworth," repeated the boy, "did you ever raise a flag before?"

"Oh, yes! My conscience, yes! Many a one; and watched the raising of a-many more." The major squared his shoulders, and his eyes brightened. Mickey's question had touched the springs of memory. "It was my privilege," he said, with fine, old-fashioned dignity, "to see the flag raised over Fort Donelson, after its surrender; and I saw the stars and stripes leap out again"—he swept his hat from his head as though he still

beheld that leaping splendor—"over Sumter, after the evacuation of Charleston."

"Gee!" breathed awe-struck Mickey. "Won't you tell me 'bout it, please, sir?"

"Why, yes, son; yes, of course, if you care to hear it."

If he cared! The lad's shining eyes were answer enough.

"Come over here," said the major; and led the way, with boy and dog at his heels, over the lawn to the court-house steps. When they were comfortably settled, and he had laid his hat aside to enjoy the evening air:

"Well, Mickey," said he, "all that was a long time ago; a long, long time ago. Boys don't think much about it, nowadays. I don't suppose, now, you know what happened at Charleston, say on December 20, 1860?"

He leaned forward and, through the gathering dusk, scanned the boy's face quizzically, expecting a confession of ignorance.

"Th' Secession Ord'nance was passed," came the prompt answer.

"Right, sir! Good! And afterward—say, now, on the twelfth of April, '61?"

"They fired on the fla-a-g, at Sumter." The catch in Mickey's voice was almost a sob. The major laid a soothing hand on his shoulder.

"Well, well, son! That's all over, all over long ago. Charleston's as loyal now as Boston. I was down there last year; and, b' George! it's just as loyal as Boston. But"—he spoke with sudden heat—"it was aflame with armed rebellion in the summer of '63, when my regiment was ordered to join Gillmore's command."

And plunging into the deep sea of his memory, the old soldier told the story; not as it stands written in our text-books and official records, but as it was lived by the men whose passionate

heart-beats made history, in the awful splendor of battle, at that crisis of fate.

And Mickey, the Irish peasant's son, who made



"THE OLD SOLDIER TOLD THE STORY."

it his proudest boast that he was "a na-a-tive bor-run 'Merican citizen," listened with his soul. The shadows deepened under the trees, while the stars came out above them. The red-and-green window-lights of the drug-store sent their long rays across the street, and threw the polished shaft of the flagstaff into high relief. And still

the major's voice sounded on, deepening and thrilling with his thronging memories.

The tale ended, he sat with bared head against a pillar, his white hair glimmering in the twilight. To Mickey's rapt eyes, gazing up at him, he seemed the heroic past made visible. On the lower step, Ginger audibly slumbered. The strident, chorused cheep of crickets, half heard as an undertone to the sonorous voice, seemed now to swell and fill the silence. They sat awhile in this voiceful stillness, the old soldier in the hush of memory, the boy thrilling with vague new perceptions of manhood, of courage, of achievement.

The major stirred first. He stood up and put on his hat.

"Well, Mickey, that 's the story."

Mickey leaped to his feet.

"Yes, *sir!*" he cried. "*Sure*, that 's the story! You bet it 's the real thing! I never heard the likes o' that before. I wisht they 'd tell it that way in th' books."

"In the books—?"

Mickey broke into a flood of speech. He had had no one to talk to for such a weary while. Now, trotting at the major's side, along the path toward Main Street, he poured out his heart.

"I 'm studyin' 'Merican hist'ry at school, sir. There 's ten 'v us; we 're a special class. An' Miss Emerson says whoever passes th' best 'zamination 'll be 'pointed to help you raise the flag on th' Fourth."

"To be sure!" said the major, seeing a new light. "To be sure! I remember. So you 're one of those boys?"

"Oh, I *wisht* I could do it, sir!" cried Mickey. "I 'm pretty good; I 'm near the top. But there 's Quince Smith—he 's good, too; he 'members lists o' things better 'n I do. So—I dunno—"

"Well, now, Mickey," said the sympathetic major, "I wish you luck. I hope you 'll win; but, see here, son"—in his earnestness he paused and laid a hand on the boy's shoulder, facing him about and looking intently into the uplifted, wondering eyes—"above all, you play fair; play the game straight; never cheat nor take a mean advantage. If the other fellow proves himself the better man, you recognize his right to *be* the better man. See? If he wins, you take your drubbing without a whimper, like a soldier. That 's the finest thing you can do for the flag. To be brave, to be honest, to be just, a clean man, fit to raise it, that 's a greater thing than just to raise it. Understand?"

"I—I—guess so," stammered bewildered Mickey; "I 'll try. Thank you, sir. Good-night."

As the boy raced homeward with Ginger,

through the sweet silence of the summer night, he was not, at first, sure that he did understand. But as he pondered the major's hard sayings, by degrees a vision of their meaning rose within him. He saw, in crude, boyish fashion, what love of the flag, love of country, pride of citizenship might mean. He vowed, in his thrilled and yearning boy's heart, that it should mean that to him.

"To be brave, to be honest, to be just, a clean man, *fit* to raise the flag!"

He squared his shoulders in imitation of the major's martial bearing; he raised his face to the sky.

"Gee!" breathed Mickey to the stars.

IV

THE morning of the final examination showed a somber sky, in harmony with the emotions of the ten. Quince Smith, thrusting his cropped head between the curtains with which his mother perversely encumbered the windows of his room, scanned the gray east and sniffed the heavy air with a sense—though he could not have phrased it so—of something sinister lurking in wait to exult in his defeat. His black-and-white Newfoundland puppy fawned beneath the window, wagging a cajoling tail, and, with a broad, dog-gish grin, besought him to come out and play. But the student of American history was not thinking of play. Mechanically his brain rehearsed the elusive details of marches, battle, and siege.

"On the night of December twenty-fifth," his thoughts ran, "Washington crossed the Delaware, about nine miles above Trenton—or was it below?—and marched south—or north?—to meet the expected reinforcements under—under—"

He drew in his head, with incidental disaster to the curtains, and opened the book on his table with a bang, muttering for the thousandth time:

"That Mickey *O'Shea!* Huh!"

At about the same moment, Mickey, on his way to the sty with refreshments for the pampered *O'Shea* pig, paused and set down his pail so suddenly that Ginger, shadowing his steps as usual, bumped his nose against it. Drawing a much-thumbed paper from his pocket, he mumbled over again the list of Presidents:

"Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe,—*sure* I know 'em; *sure* I do. But I might be forgettin' at the last minute. I 'll *not*, though."

And resuming his burden and his way, he timed the pat of his bare feet to the cadence of "*Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe.*"

The ten were to be examined during the morn-

ing study-hour; and with paper spread before them and pens dipped and poised, they waited while Miss Emerson, with a soft scratching of chalk, wrote on the blackboard the first of the test questions:

1st: What acts of the British Parliament finally roused the American Colonies to open revolt?

Ten pens struck the paper as one. That was easy.

2d [wrote Miss Emerson]: Name and describe the first battle of the Revolution, giving, briefly, positions and movements of troops, names of commanders, and general results.

Mickey's heart leaped exultantly: this was quite in his line. He cast an inquiring glance at the back bowed over the desk in front of his own. Quince's pen was traveling steadily over the paper, covering it with his boy's script, large and crude, but legible. Evidently his Waterloo was not yet. Mickey bent to his task, writing fluently, out of the fullness of assured knowledge, and adorning his pages with the best writing and most correct punctuation in the fourth grade. Steadily he traveled down the list of questions, reading them scrupulously one by one, not daring to look ahead for fear of confusion and panic, but gaining courage with each answer written; though he trembled, too, at the unhesitating and unresting *scratch, scratch* of John's pen.

The hour drew toward an end. The ordeal was almost over, and Mickey realized exultantly that he had answered nine questions readily and fully. He raised his eyes to the blackboard for the last time.

10th: Name the Presidents of the United States in their order.

No parties nor dates of election required. Good! He knew the names; *sure* he knew them. He began confidently to write:

"Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, Jackson—"

He held his pen suspended. "Jackson—Jackson—"

Mentally he began again:

"Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, Jackson—"

And then he knew that the dreaded, the intolerable disaster had befallen him; that the weakest link in the chain of his overtaxed memory had snapped. After "Jackson," there was nothing in his mind but blankness, a great void. He bowed his head on his hands, pressing his fingertips on his eyelids and his stubby little thumbs

into his ears. Through his tumult of terror and despair he struggled to bring back the vanished name. Oh, was he going to fail, after all his toil, all his hopes and dreams?

As the thought stung him, he raised his head with a look of bitter resentment directed at John's back; but John's back was not there. A random breeze had swept to the floor one of the finished pages he had laid aside, and, stooping to recover it, he left exposed under Mickey's very eyes the list it had been so easy for him to write. There it stood, in the large, round hand, crude but legible:

"Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, Jackson, *Van Buren!*"

Mickey's brain seized upon the name with such an inward shout that he half expected to hear it echo through the room. With a gasp of relief he wrote it down, and all the rest flowed from his pen like running water; so that before Miss Emerson's bell tapped for recess, his paper was finished and folded. He marched down the aisle, not unconscious of John's confident tread, but with an equal confidence, and laid the precious document on her desk. She smiled in sympathy with the triumph in his shining eyes.

"All right, Mickey?"

"Sure it is, Miss Emerson, ma'am! I answered every one 'v 'em."

"Good! I felt sure of you. I know how hard you 've worked."

Mickey rushed exultantly down-stairs and through the door. But as he opened his mouth for the shout with which the normal boy celebrates each return to freedom and the open air, something in the look of the lowering sky smote him like a hostile hand; and cold with dismay, he realized, for the first time, what he had done. He had *not* "played fair"—he had taken a mean advantage! And of Quince, the only rival he had to fear! He had not played the game straight. He was not "*fit* to raise the flag."

With a stricken face, he jerked his arm from the friendly grasp of Gene Martin, and slunk away toward a far corner of the yard, hearing, as he went, the sympathetic protest of an older lad:

"Aw, leave 'im be! Can't you see he 's all in?"

And at the same moment, he saw, with startling clearness, the sturdy little figure of Quince, standing rigid with dismay, and gazing at him with a face from which pity had stricken all trace of anger and bitterness.

Quince thought he had failed, and was sorry for him! Quince, whom he had robbed! That was the last straw. Sinking down in a lonely corner of the hedge, he covered his shamed face

with his hands. His lunch-box lay beside him, but he could not eat. He could only sit and listen, helplessly, to the persistent echo in his brain of the major's deep voice:

"Above all, you play fair—never cheat, nor take a mean advantage. To be brave, to be honest, to be just, a clean man, *fit* to raise the flag—"

Oh, he had meant to do and be all that; and he had failed! All in a moment, before he knew it, he had failed.

It was Friday, and a half-holiday. The fourth grade was to reassemble after recess only to learn the result of the examination.

At the tap of the bell, the child got to his feet and stumbled to his place in line, too numb with wretchedness fully to realize what had befallen him.

Two examination papers were spread on the desk before Miss Emerson. The rest had been laid aside in a rejected heap. When they were seated, she spoke, with merciful promptness:

"I want to thank the ten," she said, "for their faithful work, and to congratulate them all on the excellence of their papers. The habit of faithful, conscientious effort is worth far more to you than any prize or reward I could possibly give you. Because of their record during the term and the quality of their papers, the choice for the coveted appointment as aid to Major Butterworth lies between Mickey O'Shea and Johnny Smith."

John's eager face flushed, and he wriggled with excitement; but Mickey sat rigidly still, his head on one freckled hand, which screened his wretched face, his eyes staring blankly at the desk before him.

"In scholarship they are equal," Miss Emerson's pleasant voice went on. "But, you know, everything counts in a written examination; and Mickey excels in penmanship and composition. And so, Mickey—"

She turned her eyes toward him, and paused, bewildered. For the child had risen and stood gripping the desk with one shaking hand, as if for support. Under the upstanding flame of his hair, his face was white. Quince, twisting about in his seat to look at his successful rival, stared in amazement at this way of accepting victory.

"Please 'm," stammered Mickey, "I—I—can't. It's meself is—not fit—"

For once, Miss Emerson ignored his lapse in grammar.

"What do you mean, Mickey?" she asked gravely,

"I—I ch-a-ated!" The word seemed wrenched from him, and his white face grew crimson.

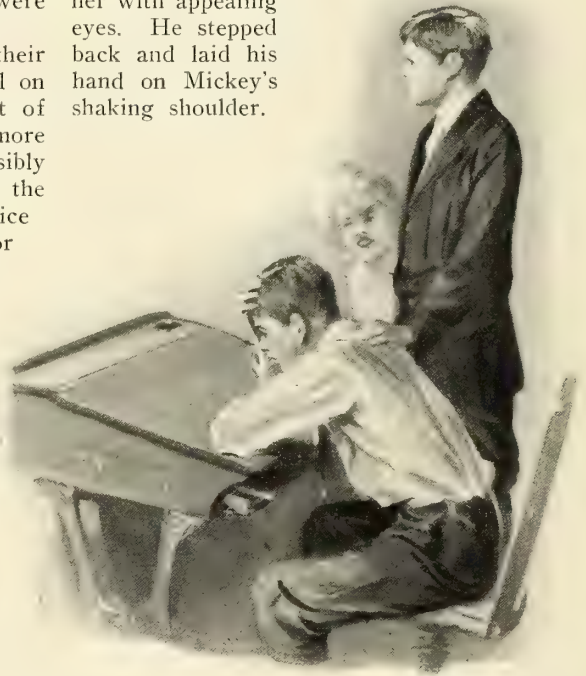
"*You cheated!* How?"

"'T was th' tinth question, ma'am. I forgot Van Buren—an' I could n't think. An' then—I saw Quince Smith's pa-a-per; an'—"

But Mickey had reached the limit of endurance, and sat down, hiding his shamed face in his hands.

"Then, of course," said Miss Emerson, speaking slowly and heavily, as if some one had struck her a sudden blow, "that leaves Johnny in the lead; and I appoint him—"

A rending sob from overwrought Mickey cut painfully across the silence of shocked attention in the room. And again the troubled teacher paused; for now Quince was on his feet, looking at her with appealing eyes. He stepped back and laid his hand on Mickey's shaking shoulder.



"COULD N'T WE, BOTH OF US, DO IT TOGETHER?"

"Please, Miss Emerson, if you please, ma'am," he stumbled in his eagerness, "could n't Mickey 'n' me—"

"And I," she mechanically corrected.

"Yes 'm; 'n' I,—well,—now, could n't we, *both* of us, do it *together*?"

"Oh!" cried Miss Emerson, her grave face grown suddenly radiant, "that would be beautiful! And—I think—just, too! Mickey did very wrong; he yielded to a sudden temptation. But

he has made honorable amends. What does the class think?"

The wild clapping of hands told what the class thought.

"Then," said their smiling teacher, "I appoint John Quincy Adams Smith and Michael O'Shea to act as aids to Major Butterworth at the flag raising on the Fourth. You are dismissed."

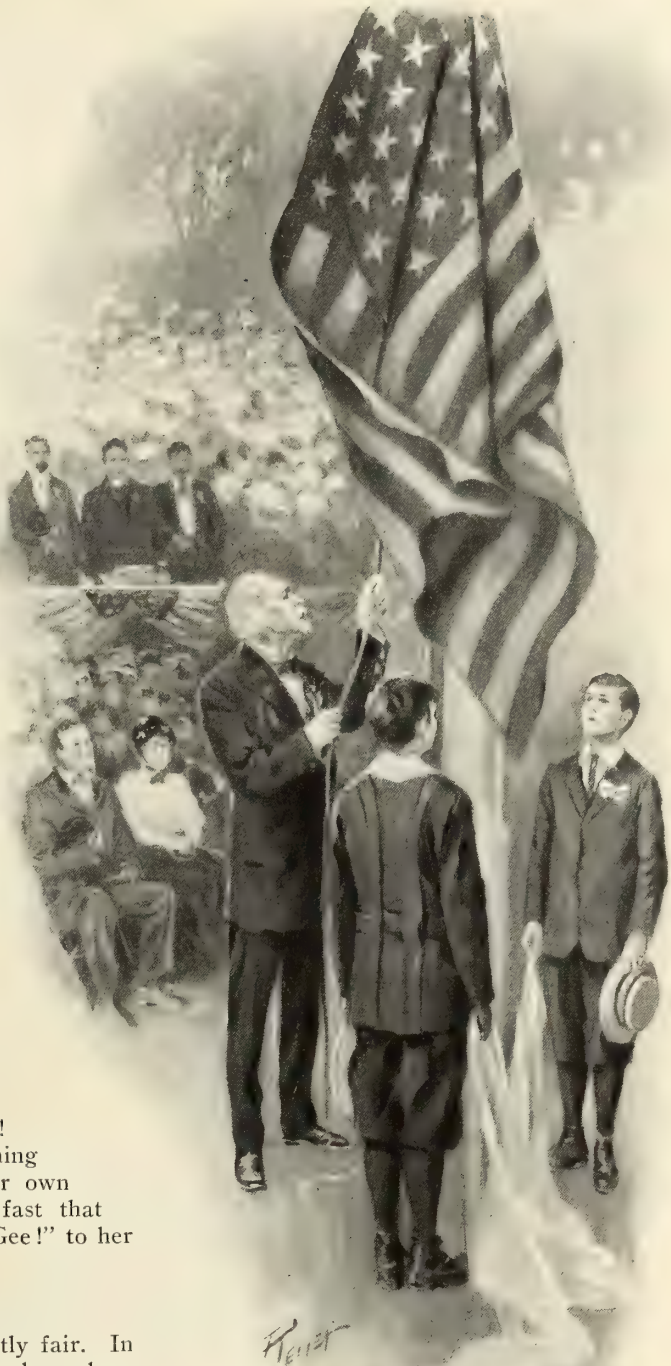
Neither Quince nor Mickey heard the word of dismissal, nor the tramp of excited but orderly pupils filing from the room. Quince still stood with his hand on the shabby shoulder. Mickey had raised a radiant, tear-wet face. And as the two lads gazed at each other with shining eyes, their tongue-tied boyish emotion needed no words of penitence or of pardon.

And then—oh, day of miracles beyond all dreaming!—Betty, at the door, broke from her place in line, and her light feet skimmed the floor to Mickey's desk. She laid a wee hand beside Johnny's, on his rough sleeve.

"Mickey O'Shea," she cried, "I think you're just splendid! That was the bravest, *bravest* thing you did!" And blushing at her own impulsive daring, she fled so fast that Mickey breathed his heartfelt "Gee!" to her flying curls.

V

THE day of days dawned radiantly fair. In the blazing red of geranium borders along the paths of the square, and in the living white and blue of the sky, nature unfurled the tricolor. Long before the sparkle of early morning had evaporated in the July sun, a steady stream of travel began to flow



"THE MIGHTY BANNER SWUNG FREE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

into the county road, from country lanes and byways. The shining seven-passenger car of the prosperous orchardist or stockman slowed down, perforce, to the pace of rattling farm-wagons or rickety buggies, drawn by the patient horse. Shouts of greeting and snatches of song mingled with the protesting "Honk! honk!" of obstructed motors and the random popping of firecrackers.

In the square, as the early comers gathered, the belated committee on decoration was hastily putting the finishing touches of draped bunting and flags on the speakers' stand. Important members of the Regimental Band from the fort, in spruce uniforms with winking buttons, inspected the lower platform assigned to the musicians, counting and rearranging the chairs.

On the flagstaff, just above the ground, the mighty flag hung motionless from its halyard, covered, but not hidden, by a veil of thinnest white, secured about it by loosely knotted cords.

As near to this center of interest as they had been able to find places, early on the ground and cheerfully resigned to the long interval of waiting, sat Michael O'Shea, the elder, and Molly, his wife. The polish on the wizened milkman's Sunday shoes was as brilliant as the cotton roses in good Molly's best bonnet; and the pride and pleasure in their weather-beaten faces outshone both. While the small yellow dog, crouched beside Michael's chair, was only restrained by a hand on his collar and an occasional "Whisht, now, be aisy!" from venting his excitement in a series of explosive barks.

"Sure, th' b'y look'd foine," said Michael for the hundredth time. "An' I 'm not begrudgin' the new clo'es, an' shoes, an' hat. 'T is a good la-a-d Mickey is; an' this 'll make a ma-a-n av 'im, bein' chose, so, to raise th' fla-a-g, along av th' ma-a-jor an' Smit's b'y."

To honest Michael "the ma-a-jor an' Smit's b'y" were merely incidental; contributory, but not essential, elements of young Mickey's triumph.

"Whisht, Mike, ma-a-n!" warned Molly, listening eagerly.

For far away, at the end of Main Street toward the school-house, a sudden rattle of drums sounded, and fell as suddenly silent. A silver bugle blew the assembly; and preluding trumpets swelled into "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," accompanying a great chorus of children's voices.

On came the eagerly awaited procession. All the school children of the district, trained for weeks in preparation for this great day, marched first, white-clad, with fluttering flags

and ribbons of the tricolor. Betty, because of her clear voice, walked alone in advance of the column, her white dress and yellow curls blown backward, the silken flag she carried wrapped about her by the summer wind.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord,"

chanted the fresh voices.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

sang the silver trumpets; and all the waiting throng was on its feet.

Still singing, the children crossed the lawn and mounted the steps of the speakers' stand. Still playing, the musicians defiled to the left and took their places on the lower platform.

The singers turned at the back of the platform, and dipped their flags in salute, as the donor of the flagstaff mounted the steps, with Judge Reynolds, president of the board of selectmen, and the white-haired minister. And then, ah, then!—the major, leading the thin ranks of the Grand Army Post; the major, superbly tall, a soldierly figure, his soft hat held against his breast, the medals and decorations won by honorable service gleaming beside it, and on his either hand, brave in fresh Sunday serges, flags in their buttonholes, and the straw hats they carried banded with red, white, and blue, walked the two loyal young lovers of their native land, Quince Smith and Mickey O'Shea.

The boys heard only vaguely, from the remoteness of their own dreams, the brief speech of presentation, chastened to dignified simplicity by the honest emotion of the speaker, and the judge's equally brief and sincere words of acceptance. It was only when the full band burst, with a mighty wave of sound, into "The Star-Spangled Banner," that they woke to a full consciousness of the great moment close at hand. The crowd was on its feet again, singing, with bared heads:

"Oh, say, can you see,
By the dawn's early light—"

The major sung with the renewed vibrance of youth in his deep voice; the boys with all the fervor of their proud, young hearts.

The major, still singing, walked slowly down the steps. His young aids followed, side by side. He laid his hand on the halyard. John and Mickey, loosening the knots that held the filmy veil, took each an edge of it and stepped backward; and the mighty banner, in its unveiled radiance, swung free. It moved upward slowly. Its folds lifted in the breeze, and fell again, and lifted, as it rose above the tree-tops and leaped

straight out, a flaming splendor, rippling in the wind, at the tip of its staff.

"And the Star-Spangled Banner
In triumph shall wave,"

shouted a thousand throats.

Instantly, upon the last note of the song, silence fell, as the old minister stepped forward and raised hands of supplication.

"God of our fathers," he prayed, "bless this, our flag of freedom and of peace; and these, thy sons, born under its guardian folds, who love it;

who have defended, and who shall defend it, now and forever more. Amen."

Once more the silver trumpets preluded.

The major's eyes were fixed upon the flag. John and Mickey, looking up to the tall soldier of freedom, blended their young voices in:

"Sweet land of liberty,
Of Thee I sing."

While over them the flag, playing, a living brightness against the sky, was stretched like a mighty hand of benediction.



SUN AND SHADE IN A QUIET NOOK —
SUN AND SHADE IN A WELL-LOVED BOOK.



"THEY WENT TO THE LIBRARY
AND PLAYED PACHISI."

THE PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE

BY DORIS WEBB



"HE MADE HIS WAY DOWN
THE PALACE STEPS."

THE Princess Barbara was sitting in her garden one day, embroidering a decorative piece of embroidery in a proper and princessy fashion, when all at once she looked up and

saw standing before her—a pirate. Now, of course, we should all be surprised if we met pirates in our gardens, but Princess Barbara was particularly surprised, because pirates were never allowed in the palace grounds, by the king's express orders. She knew he was a pirate, because his mustache was long and black, his hat and boots were particularly piratical, and his silk pocket-handkerchief was a miniature pirate flag.

"There are three questions I would like to ask you," he said, with a beautiful bow. "First—"

"Oh, excuse me," said the princess, "but I don't believe I'm allowed to talk to pirates."

"Oh, all right," said the pirate, quite calmly; "I thought maybe you'd like to hear the story of my life, and all about that time when I had that particularly thrilling adventure on the swimming island; but as long as you're not interested—"

"How did it swim?" asked the princess, eagerly.

So the pirate began a most thrilling tale that kept the princess breathless from beginning to end. And when he had finished, "The first of the three questions," he said—but before he had time for another word, he discovered the king standing before him, trying to look surprised and grieved and furious and dignified all at the same time.

"Begone at once!" said his majesty. "But first tell me how you came in."

"I go anon," replied the pirate, and the princess was pleased to think that he could hold his own in classical conversation.

"Anent you go," continued the king, who saw that he must summon all his court language, "inform me of your manner of ingress."

"Ierstwhile came," replied the pirate, folding his arms and closing his eyes in a truly dignified manner, "by just ye route by which anon I presently depart," and opening his eyes, he seized a linden bough and climbed over the palace wall, with an agility that made even the king a little envious.

"And now, my dear," continued the king, sitting down by Princess Barbara, "I must warn you not to talk to pirates again. It's quite against family tradition. And, besides, pirates are a great menace to the country, and I shall have this one seized and imprisoned at once. But, to speak of pleasanter themes, I came to tell you that Prince Goodale is coming to visit us, the most delightful of all your suitors. He is all that he should be, and he is n't all that he should n't be."

The princess sighed. "Is he quite, quite perfect?" she said.

"Quite!" the king assured her eagerly, and the princess sighed again.

All that day she kept sighing, and all the next. As the time for the prince's arrival drew nearer, the king was busy ordering all sorts of improvements in the palace. He introduced an extra retinue of retainers, had all the best gold and silver made ready, and engaged an itinerant painter to paint the outside of the palace.

The princess sat by her window, still occasionally sighing and thinking of the splendid stories of adventure the pirate had told her.

She idly watched the painter painting the palace, with more industry than art, and wondered if princesses were permitted to talk to painters. But she did n't need to decide the question, for just at that moment the painter raised the scaffolding, by its ropes, till he was level with her window.

"The first question," he said, leaning his arms on the window-sill, "is, do you like peppermints?"

"Oh, is it really you?" cried the princess, in delight. "I never would have dreamed it! Yes, I'm very fond of peppermints. How splendidly you are disguised!"

The pirate looked at his painter's costume with pride. "Yes," he said complacently, "I've always been very successful with disguises. There was that time when I was shipwrecked on an iceberg—" and he went on to tell such a remarkable tale that the princess scarcely breathed until she suddenly heard the king beside her.

contained his different crowns, and then all the scepter boxes, and various other possessions, without which no prince makes a visit. The princess watched a newly engaged porter take these boxes to the suite of rooms reserved for the prince. She walked slowly down-stairs, listlessly interested in the tumult, and on the stairs she met the porter, carrying three large boxes.

"The second question is, are you fond of pachisi?" he said, as he reached her.

"Oh, can it be you?" cried the princess, joy-



"'BEGONE AT ONCE!' SAID HIS MAJESTY.

"My dear!" he cried, "princesses must not talk to painters! You, sir," he continued, looking at the painter with an expression of doubt, indignation, and withering scorn, "had best depart with the most expeditious expediency."

"I will depart," replied the painter-pirate, with equal scorn, indignation, and doubt. "I will depart with instantaneous alacrity." And having whispered to the princess, "So do I love peppermints!" he pulled his pulley rope and let his scaffold to the ground with surprising speed.

For two days more, the princess sighed without ceasing, and then the prince's trunks began to arrive. First came all the golden hat-boxes that

fully. "I thought I should never see you again! Yes, I 'm very fond of pachisi. There 's a pachisi board in the library. We can play a game now, if you like."

So they went to the library and played pachisi until the king discovered them there.

"What ho!" he exclaimed, really angry this time. "Be off! Begone! Depart! Don't even wait to apologize! I will not listen to your apology!"

But the porter-painter-pirate folded his arms with quiet dignity, and said: "I have nothing to apologize for! I let the princess win three games of pachisi running, and I pretended not to see

when I could have sent all her men home. However, I am going by the way I came. Don't invite me to stay longer. I will not listen to your invitation!"

And with undaunted courage he walked out of the front door, and even the king could not help admiring the way he made his way through the

cially beautiful bar, the poet turned to her and said:

"The third question is, are you fond of picnics?"

"I love picnics!" said the princess, rapturously, "and pachisi, and peppermints, and painters, and porters, and—"

"Princes?" helpfully suggested the king, who had returned unexpectedly.

"Or pirates?" suggested the poet, softly touching his instrument.

"Oh, dear," sighed the princess. "I've been most unhappy lately."

"So have I," said the king, in a grievous tone. "You've no idea," he continued, turning to the poet, "how difficult it is to bring up a princess. Now the other day she *would* play pachisi with a porter."

"I don't mind telling you," said the poet, "that I was the porter—only *that* was a disguise."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the king. "How you've changed! And before that," he went on, "she took the greatest interest in a painter."

"I don't mind telling you," said the poet, "that I was the painter—only *that* was a disguise."

"You do surprise me!" said the king. "But you have n't heard the worst. Just about a week ago, I found her deep in conversation with a pirate!"

"I don't mind telling you," said the poet, "that I was the pirate, only *that*—and he struck a sweeping chord on



"JUST AT THAT MOMENT THE PAINTER RAISED THE SCAFFOLDING BY ITS ROPES."

hall and down the palace steps, without once unfolding his arms or unclosing his eyes.

At last the day came when Prince Goodale was to arrive. Everything was ready, and everything looked very well indeed, except the blotchy place on the palace wall where the pirate had started to paint. And to the princess that was the loveliest spot in the whole palace, even though the pirate's attempts at painting were somewhat amateurish.

A short while before the prince was to arrive, a wandering minstrel, with a harp, came to the palace.

"Just the thing!" cried the king. "We must have music to welcome the prince." So the minstrel, apparently something of a poet, too, began practising some very charming songs.

The princess, who was very fond of music, stayed to listen even after the king had left to see to some final details. And as he finished an espe-

cially beautiful bar—"that was a disguise!"

"A disguise!" cried the princess, "then do you mean that you are *not* a pirate, after all?"

"I am no more pirate," he replied, "than I am painter or porter or poet."

"Then what are you?" cried the king and the princess, both together.

"Why, as it happens," he replied, with a smile, "I'm Prince Goodale!"

And with that there was a flourish of trumpets outside, and the palace doors were thrown open to a great retinue of Prince Goodale's followers, who advanced to the prince's right and left, and bowed low with every mark of respect and loyalty.

The prince was escorted to his apartments by the amazed king, who was trying to be cordial in court language, and the astonished princess was left alone.

But it was not long before the prince appeared

again, in truly princely apparel, so dazzling that the princess could scarcely realize that she had known him as a pirate in her garden.

"Are you sure," she shyly asked, "that you *are* really Prince Goodale? This is n't a disguise, too?"

"A disguise?" said the prince, laughing, "why, yes, it is a disguise, in a way, because no one would ever recognize me now as a person who liked peppermints and pachisi and picnics. Of course I *am* Prince Goodale, but, then, that's not the important thing. Pirates,

porters, painters, poets, princes, and even princesses—they're all disguises, you know—and I wanted to know what you yourself were really like—not you in the disguise of a princess. And now," he

continued, "I'll take you to my kingdom, where, after our subjects have welcomed us, we can have

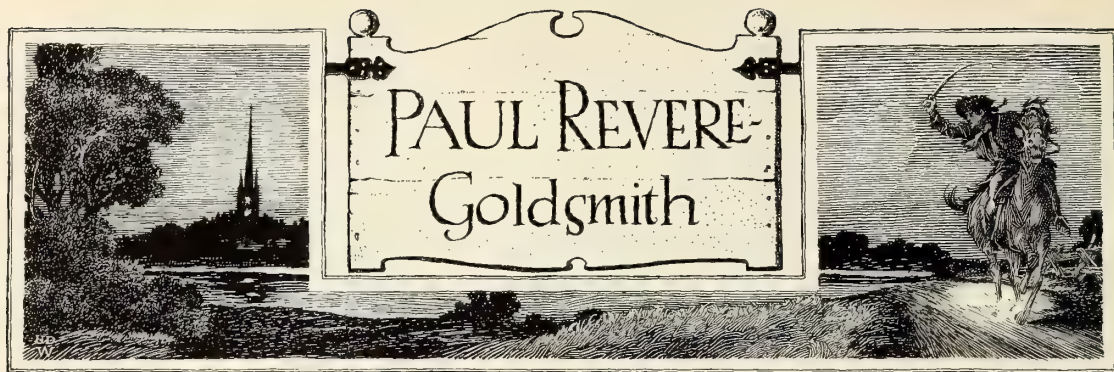


"THE MINSTREL BEGAN PRACTISING SOME VERY CHARMING SONGS."

all the peppermints and pachisi we want."

"And go on picnics every day!" whispered the princess.





BY PARK PRESSEY

MANY a boy has declaimed from a school platform that

"On the eighteenth of April, in 'seventy-five,"

a certain Paul Revere rode through the night until his cry of alarm spread

"To every Middlesex village and farm."

But how many know whether the hero of the "Midnight Ride" ever merited praise in any other way? How many know what he did to earn a living in an every-day, prosaic world? For the subject of the poet's fancy was, in real life, a very substantial, a very human person, with a large number of mouths to feed; and although romantic episodes are gratifying to future generations, they do not, as a rule, help those immediately concerned to meet the "high cost of living."

To properly appreciate the work of Paul Revere, it is necessary to go back a generation or two, for in his case, as in so many others, it is true not only that the "child was father of the man," but also that "the boy was the son of his father."

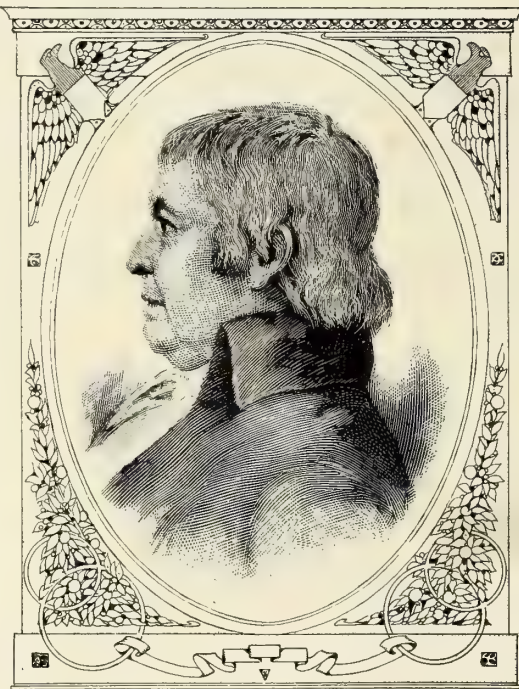
Paul's father was from a good old Huguenot

family which had suffered hardship through the religious persecutions in France. In 1715, when a boy of thirteen years, he was sent to Boston from his home in Guernsey, that he might learn the goldsmith's trade. It was a long, slow journey by sailing vessel, but to a boy of thirteen every part of it was interesting. In Boston, he became apprentice to a goldsmith, took naturally to the work, and rapidly mastered the trade.

In his Huguenot home, this boy's name was Apollon Rivoire, but this gave the people in the new country so much trouble that, when the time came to open a shop of his own, he called himself Paul Revere, "merely on account the bumpkins could pronounce it easier," as some one said.

The Paul Revere of Lexington fame was the eldest son of the youth from Guernsey, and was born in 1735. He was destined to take up the work his father came across the ocean to learn; but, through better education and greater opportunity, he was to carry it to a higher degree of excellence. He entered his

father's shop, after finishing at the old North Grammar school, and soon showed great ability



Paul Revere

and liking for the work. He had skill as an engraver, an important part of the trade, and good taste in designing. Many pieces of gold and silver—chains, necklaces, ewers, spoons, cups, and tankards—that bear the mark of Paul Revere are treasured for their beauty as well as for their associations.

Revere's skill in handling the graver led him to take up the new enterprise of engraving on

Harvard College, the town of Boston, and portraits of Hancock and Adams. He engraved plates from which colonial notes were printed, and made a press for the printing. The first seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was the work of his hands.

With his good health, abundant energy, and especially his skill as a workman, Revere naturally became a leader in the meetings of Boston



THE HOUSE IN BOSTON WHERE PAUL REVERE LIVED FROM 1770 to 1800—NOW OWNED BY THE PAUL REVERE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

copperplate, a craft which at that time was, throughout the colonies, carried on by not more than a half-dozen men. He studied this out for himself, and, considering that the art was then crude at its best, he attained very good results. Pictures from his plates had much to do with arousing patriotic spirit, for he was an ardent patriot with a keen sense of humor, and the pictures turned to ridicule such obnoxious measures as the Stamp Act, the Port Bill, the tax on tea.

The engravings of Revere were not, however, confined to caricature, for he made views of

young men, "chiefly mechanics," which were held at the Green Dragon Tavern in the exciting times just before the Revolution. He was prominent among the "Sons of Liberty," and so became intimate with Warren, Hancock, the Adamses, and other zealous advocates of the colonies' rights.

From the records of the Masons, of which order Revere was a prominent member, and later Grand Master, we read: "Adjournment on account of the few Brothers present. N.B. Consignment of Tea took the Brethren's time." This

gives an interesting side-light on the stirring times in which Paul Revere took part.

The next day after the famous "Tea Party," Revere set off on horseback to carry the news to the "Sons of Liberty" in New York and Philadelphia. During the days that followed this trip, he rode thousands of miles, through heat and cold, through sunshine and storm, as messenger from one colony to another and to the Continental Congress.

So he was naturally in good trim when the time came for the one ride which, through a poet's skill, was to make his name renowned forever.



PAUL REVERE'S SUMMER HOME AND COPPER-WORKS AT CANTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

In the fall following the ride to Lexington, it became very difficult for the patriots to get sufficient gunpowder for the Continental army. There was only one powder-mill, and that near Philadelphia. So the leaders in New England of the cause of the colonies thought it would be a good plan for Revere, on one of his trips to the Quaker City, to learn how to make powder. They gave him letters of introduction to the mill-owner, and these were indorsed by the most active patriots in Philadelphia. But the owner of the mill had no intention of giving up his monopoly; he absolutely refused to give any instruction. After long urging, he did grudgingly grant permission for Revere to walk through the works, thinking, no doubt, that could do no harm. Little did he realize Revere's powers of observation and ability to take full advantage of every opportunity. From what he saw that day, the

messenger from Massachusetts was able, on reaching home, to set up a mill and begin the manufacture of gunpowder.

Nearly all through the Revolution, Revere was in the service of the colonies. He was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the militia, and for some time was in charge of Castle William, in Boston Harbor. Of course he received pay for his later service, but much of his messenger work was purely voluntary. As one has said of him, "During all these years, he had a large family dependent upon him; yet he was so constituted as to find sufficient leisure to interest himself with

all matters pertaining to the public good."

After the war, Paul Revere went back to his shop. About this time, he wrote his cousin in Guernsey: "I did intend to have gone wholly into trade, but the principal part of my interest I lent to the Government, which I have not been able to withdraw; so I must content myself till I can do better." So we see that he intrusted his money as well as his service to the cause of liberty. However, he adds in the same letter, "I am in middling circumstances, and very well off for a tradesman."

The scope of his trade greatly enlarged through the natural demand that followed from his ability to meet need as it came. He opened a foundry for casting cannon, and soon added the business of bell-making. Ever on the alert to learn something new, he became the first man in this country to make copper sufficiently malleable so that it could be formed into spikes and rivets. He knew such a thing was possible, for it was being done in England, so he worked away at it until he discovered the secret,—in time to furnish all the brass and copper work, "bolts, spikes, cogs, braces, pintles, sheaves, and pumps," for the building of *Old Ironsides*. He also mastered the art of rolling copperplate, and this same *Ironsides* went to her battle with the *Guerrière* clad in the coat of mail Revere had provided for her.

When the new State House was built in Boston, Revere furnished the 6000 feet of sheet-copper required to cover the dome, and as Grand



A VIEW OF THE TOWN OF BOSTON, ENGRAVED, PRINTED, AND SOLD BY PAUL REVERE.

Master of the Masons he had an important part in laying the corner-stone.

In 1801, the copper-works were removed to Canton, Massachusetts, and the business established there by "Paul Revere & Son," continued to thrive until a very few years ago, when it was absorbed by a "combination." Yet nearly all the years of his active life, the founder of this concern signed himself simply "Paul Revere—Goldsmith."

Revere lived to be eighty-three years old, surviving all but five of his sixteen children. Even in his old age he lost little of his vigor, and none of his staunch patriotism. When, in the War of 1812, it seemed probable that the enemy would make an attack upon Boston, the bold signature of Paul Revere headed a list of names of men who pledged their services in defense of the town, and it is supposed that he was the one to draw up the pledge.

About 1770, Revere bought a house in North

Square, then a fashionable part of Boston, and this was his home for thirty years. In connection with his selling off a small part of the land, there is this quaint statement, written by the purchaser and attached to the deed:

This is to tell them that ones [owns] this a state [estate] after me that Paul Revere have Bult a Barn & set the Barn on my Land one feet which he Is to Remove Whenever the Person that ones this Land shall Desire him or them that ones his Land after him.

The barn disappeared many years ago, but we do not know whether it was ever removed "one feet" by "them that ones this a state." The house, a hundred years old when Revere bought it, is still standing. Each year it is visited by thousands of persons from all parts of the country.

To this day, several church bells remain, sound as when cast, to ring their praise of Paul Revere's careful workmanship,—their honor to the man who did everything well.



THE RUNAWAY

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Author of "The Junior Cup," "Pelham and His Friend Tim," etc.

CHAPTER XX

DARING AGAINST DARING

"Ah," said Mr. Lee, softly.

Pale and rigid, Rodman stood watching him.

"Why," asked the man, "should you suppose I would want to go to the safe, if," he spoke more and more slowly, "if—you—did n't—know?"

Rodman shuddered.

"Go and sit down," said the man, not unkindly.

Rodman clambered into his seat. Mr. Lee began to pace the floor. Every little while he glanced at the boy, and each time Rodman, fearfully watching, saw in his eyes the flicker of a fire that came and went. One who had seen the man as he drove his automobile at the waters of the dam, would have noted in his face the same look now, the glance of one who enjoyed danger and welcomed it.

Suddenly, with a little laugh but with no word to the boy, he turned and left the office. And Rodman, to whom the other had uttered no threat, put his head down on his arms and sobbed.

"Spoiled!" he cried, almost choking in despair. "Spoiled!"

There, half an hour later, Pelham found him. Rodman had recovered his calmness, but his face was pale and his eyes were red.

"Anything wrong?" demanded Pelham at once.

"Probably everything," answered the other. "Where is Mr. Lee?"

"He 's gone with Bob to Winton in the motor," answered Pelham.

Rodman sprang from his stool. "To fetch the money for the pay-roll?"

"Yes," answered Pelham. "Rodman, what is the matter with you?" For Rodman, as if struck by a blow, had reeled to the chair by Mr. Dodd's desk and dropped into it. Pelham went to him anxiously.

"Give me a minute!" gasped Rodman, struggling with himself. "Now I 'm—all right." He raised his head, but he was so pale that Pelham cried:

"Rodman, you must have the doctor."

"No," answered Rodman, impatiently. "Pelham, I must think."

And now he paced the floor where so recently Mr. Lee had been striding. Pelham, watching him, divined that this friend of his had more on his mind than ever had come to his own share in

life. He watched Rodman's face gradually begin to glow with an idea; the color came back, and the eye sparkled as if the boy, in his turn, was measuring a danger. At length Rodman turned to him. His manner was entirely changed; he was alert and quick.

"When did they start for Winton?" Rodman asked.

"Half an hour ago."

"Did your brother have any other errands?"

"One or two. And Mr. Lee was going to get some gasoline."

"Pelham," asked Rodman, earnestly, "will you go with me, and do as I do, and ask no questions about it at all?"

"Is anything wrong?" returned Pelham, quite as earnestly.

"Something may be very wrong indeed," answered Rodman. "But I can't tell you anything about it. You 'll have to come, and imitate, and say nothing."

"Well, I 'll come then," agreed Pelham, slowly. "Where is it to be?"

"The Winton road," answered Rodman. "We shall want your bicycle."

"Why not a carriage?" asked Pelham.

"It won't do," Rodman answered. He took up his cap. "I shall start at once. Will you go and get the bicycle, and catch up with me?"

They parted at the door. In ten minutes Pelham, spinning along on his bicycle, saw Rodman ahead of him, already nearing the woods. By the time he had overtaken him, they were under the trees. Then when Pelham was by his side, and before he could dismount, Rodman, placing a hand on the saddle-post, began running. Though surprised, Pelham said nothing.

For a mile they went, Pelham occasionally glancing at the other. Gradually Rodman began to show signs of fatigue. At last Pelham dismounted. "We 're slowing up," he said briefly. "My turn to run." Rodman made no objection, but with a grateful glance mounted the bicycle, and Pelham ran by his side. At the end of another mile they changed once more. All the time scarcely a word was said. Pelham noted, however, that while at each turn Rodman cast a glance ahead, those glances became more and more anxious.

In the meantime Bob and Mr. Lee had driven over to Winton. Through the woods Bob man-

aged the car, driving slowly under Mr. Lee's direction. Bob was a quick learner. He was familiar with machines, understood the theoretical working of this one, and by his sureness of hand and eye speedily mastered the simpler management of the car. But when he approached Winton he gave the control into Mr. Lee's hands, saying, "I don't want to wreck your car, or to kill any one." Separating when they reached the business blocks, they did their errands, and then met again for the return trip.

"Got everything?" asked Mr. Lee as they started, and when Bob had nodded, inquired: "How much money do you pay weekly, anyway?"

"We can show you all the figures, if you like," answered Bob. "The men earn all the way from twenty to thirty dollars a week, and we pay some of the higher employees in cash—the book-keeper, for instance. I never like to give out how much we carry over the road, but of course you'll say nothing. I've fifty-two hundred dollars with me."

"You handle a good deal yearly," remarked Mr. Lee, studying the road.

"A fellow gets used to it," laughed Bob.

When once they had passed the limits of the town, Mr. Lee stopped the car. "You'll drive back?"

Reluctantly, Bob shook his head. "I'd like to, but on principle I ought n't. There probably won't be a hold-up on this road in a thousand years, but if it should happen this afternoon when I'm enjoying myself, I should never forget the shame of it."

"Give me your revolver," suggested Mr. Lee. "I'm something of a shot myself, and I can take care of the money."

"I'd rather not," answered Bob.

"My dear fellow," said Lee, "as a matter of fact, I carry a pistol myself, though it's of very small caliber. You're entirely safe in taking the risk, even though you keep your own weapon."



"'SUPPOSE THERE WERE ROBBERS ON THE ROAD!' HE CRIED." (SEE PAGE 790.)

But Bob still shook his head. "Much obliged to you, Mr. Lee, but really I could n't."

Mr. Lee started the car. "I respect your principle," he laughed. "You'll have plenty of chances to drive the car."

They sped onward, and entered the long woods.

"Five miles without a house, I understand," remarked Mr. Lee. "Where is the nearest telephone, in case of accident?"

"Perhaps a mile and a half back," answered Bob. "There 's one at the big farm-house at the cross-roads."

They sped on swiftly. Bob, looking at the road ahead, like Pelham and Harriet, drew in his breath. "This is fun," he said. "I 'll have one of these machines some day."

Mr. Lee shot a glance at him from under his brows, looked ahead, and slipped a hand into his vest pocket. He took it away, quickened the pace, and looked at the speedometer. Three miles now to the nearest telephone. When they swept around the corner he glanced keenly along the next stretch of road. It was empty. A smile of satisfaction came into his face, and in his eyes began to flicker the light of daring. Suddenly he slowed the car down, and once more, with a quick motion, his hand went to his vest pocket. He turned to Bob with a sudden setting of his jaw.

Bob was looking along the road. He did not notice Mr. Lee's action, nor think of the hand as it stole from the pocket. "There is some one," he remarked. "By Jove, it 's the boys!"

Mr. Lee looked. There by the side of the road were two waving figures. He recognized Rodman and Pelham. Slowly his hand fumbled beneath his coat and came away from his pocket. The gleam died out of his eyes, the hard expression left his face. He settled himself into a pose and expression of indifference, and presently stopped the car by the side of the boys.

"Give us a ride?" asked Rodman, pressing forward.

"Give us a ride?" repeated Pelham.

"What are you two boys doing here?" demanded Bob, bluffly. "You ought to be at the office."

Rodman was taken aback, and Pelham noticed it. "Not on Saturdays," he said readily. "After Mr. Hollins goes, we stay or not as we please."

"Is everything locked up?" asked Bob.

"The safe is shut, Mr. Dodd," answered Rodman. "I 'm afraid I left the day-book outside."

"Well," said Bob, good-naturedly, "I 'll put it in when I get back. But see that none of the other books is ever left out. It would be troublesome to lose any in case of fire."

Mr. Lee had been silent; now he hooted with the horn. "Get in," he said briefly. His eye caught Rodman's. The light of adventure had kindled again. "Get in!" he repeated.

From opposite sides the two boys climbed into the car and took places in the tonneau. "Let 's see how fast you can make her go," said Rodman.

Mr. Lee started the car slowly. "I 'm not hurrying to-day," he replied. He looked behind him at the stretch of road, then slightly quickened the speed. Pelham watched Rodman to see what he should do next. Rodman was watching Mr. Lee, who, after a minute, once more looked back along the road. They were just approaching a corner. Rodman's face was tense.

They swept around the corner, and the boy craned forward to see the road. As before, as usual, it was empty. The car slowed suddenly, and once more Mr. Lee's hand was lifted toward his breast.

Rodman rose in his seat. "Suppose there were robbers on the road!" he cried. "We two could take care of you." His lean brown hand slipped over Mr. Lee's shoulder; it reached the pocket first. The strained voice continued: "Mr. Lee, lend me your pistol?" Rodman drew his hand away, and to Pelham's amazement it was holding a small automatic pistol.

"Pelham," said Rodman, "ask your brother for his revolver."

"Give it to me, Bob," begged Pelham, quickly.

"What nonsense!" cried Bob, disgusted. "Pelham, shut your head. Rodman, you crazy thing, give back that pistol!"

Rodman laughed shrilly; he reminded Pelham of a nervous girl. "Faster, Mr. Lee," he cried. "Robbers!"

"Better put that back," said Mr. Lee, without looking around.

Rodman held the pistol toward the bushes. "I 'm ready for any one who shows himself. Faster! Faster!"

"Silly!" cried Bob, almost angry. "For Heaven's sake don't play with firearms.—Careful, Rodman! You 'll drop it in the road."

"Faster!" repeated the boy, almost beside himself with excitement.

Mr. Lee gave a short laugh and opened the throttle. The car shot forward, and Rodman subsided in his seat. Again the car surged into a faster speed, and yet again. Round the next corner, with a shrill note of warning, it spun on two wheels, and before it was an empty stretch of road that seemed endless. Once more the car quickened its speed, and Pelham saw Bob sink lower in his seat. The rush of air smote him in the face, and he too crouched before it. He gasped with amazement. The engine was humming like the great turbine at the mill, and Pelham felt that the power of the two was the same. On either side of the road the woods stood like solid walls, between which the automobile was flying. The next corner suddenly showed before them, and Pelham caught his breath. The whistle sounded

like the long wail of a demon, but the car never slackened its pace.

"It 's too great a risk!" thought Pelham. But he knew he was helpless. He believed that they would dash into the woods at the turn, or maybe shatter themselves on some other vehicle, and he shut his eyes. He felt the whole car twist, but nothing else happened. He looked again. Down another

stood: Mr. Lee had opened the muffler. Pelham fairly shivered as he remembered that there was a bad double turn ahead.

Bob raised his hand, and Mr. Lee nodded. The car reached the brow of the hill—then suddenly the roar was cut off, and the speed grew less. Pelham saw Mr. Lee's finger moving the throttle, and every instant the car ran more slowly. It took the double curve at an easy speed, then slid forward to the long hill that led downward to the town. Pelham drew a long breath as he felt the brake go on.

Over his shoulder Mr. Lee smiled at him. "Great machine, eh, Pelly?" But Pelham was still too much amazed to do more than nod.

"What was the speed?" asked Bob.

"Just over sixty-two."

"Whee!" breathed Pelham to himself.

They slipped down the long hill, and came into the town. Then Rodman leaned forward and spoke: "Can't we go straight to the office, Mr. Bob? I'd like to have that book put away. Besides, we can make up the pay-roll there."

"All right," answered Bob.

In the office Bob opened the safe, put in the day-book, and then thrust in the packet of money. "We'll make up the roll when Mr. Hollins comes in the afternoon. Now we've barely time for lunch." And he locked the safe again. He went to the door, Mr. Lee silently following. "Coming, Pelly?"

"In just a minute," answered his younger brother.

Pelham was watching Rodman, who in his turn was looking shrinkingly at Mr. Lee. Rodman still held the pistol, which now he held out to its owner.

"Thanks," said Mr. Lee, indifferently, and thrust it into his pocket. The two men went out, and left the boys together.



"'HARRIET,' HE GASPED, 'HARRIET, HAVE YOU GOT IT STILL?'"
(SEE PAGE 794.)

straight stretch they were racing at the same speed, but Pelham's anxious bosom was relieved. Before them rose a hill. The car must slow down.

But no! It dashed at the hill as if the road were level. Then suddenly the air was filled with a throbbing roar. Though they were fairly on the hill the speed did not change. Pelham under-

Rodman fairly dropped into a chair, and in alarm Pelham went to him. He saw that Rodman's forehead was covered with perspiration, and when he touched his hand he found it cold and moist. But Rodman looked up and smiled.

"It 's—it 's over, that 's all," he explained.

The enormous speed of the automobile had put everything else out of Pelham's mind. Now, as he looked at Rodman, he began to think of the meaning of the boy's actions. A strange idea came to him, at which he himself began to turn cold.

"Rodman," he stammered, astonished, "do you mean—!"

"You must say nothing to any one about it," directed Rodman, firmly. "It can't happen again for a week, and by that time—he should be gone."

Pelham began to shiver. "It can't be true."

Rodman rose. "I hope it is n't. Pelham, you 'll be late to lunch."

With his head in a whirl, Pelham went home. One thing he was glad of, that he had not promised not to tell. Still, for a while he would say nothing. Through the meal he was silent, occasionally stealing glances at Mr. Lee. Why, the man was a gentleman!

Rodman was not at the ball game that afternoon. When Pelham returned to the house he found his forgotten bicycle leaning against the piazza steps. Rodman had brought it from its hiding-place in the woods.

CHAPTER XXI

SHERLOCK HOLMES AGAIN

PELHAM's head was whirling once more; he was in the midst of things that he did not understand. There was Rodman's strange performance of the morning, and now there was a new fact concerning Brian. When the evening mail had been distributed, and all sat reading their letters, Mrs. Dodd had suddenly spoken:

"Brian, this is from your mother's letter. She says, 'Tell Brian I have been watching for a letter from him. He has n't written me since he went to you, not even to ask for money.' My boy, had n't you better bear this in mind?"

Brian, a little sheepish, had mumbled a "Yes." Pelham went out on the piazza. If Brian had n't written his mother for money, where had he got the "wad" from which he paid so freely at Springfield? He sat upon the railing and pondered the question.

Presently Bob came out, and Pelham tried him with another of his problems. "I say, Bob, don't you think it queer that Mr. Lee carries a pistol?"

"Hush, you young idiot," answered his kindly

older brother. "Don't go singing out your questions where the whole street can hear, and Mr. Lee too.—No, I don't think it queer. He told me he had it."

"But why—?" began Pelham.

"Oh, lots of people carry firearms. I don't approve of it at all, you understand. I call it a dangerous practice, and never have a pistol with me except on Saturdays, when I 'm carrying the men's pay. But many do it, just the same."

And he strolled away. Pelham sat puzzling on the railing until Harriet appeared. Remembering Bob's lesson of caution, he called her to his side. "Harriet, I 'm all in a muddle."

She put her hand on his shoulder while she looked up at the sunset sky. "Fire away," she said, "and let me help."

He looked at her keenly. "That afternoon when Rodman drove home with you from Winton, and hurt his wrist again—"

In a flash her startled eyes were on him. "Pelham, how did you know?"

"I 'm something of a Sherlock Holmes myself," he answered. "Let me tell you how I work it out from bits of evidence." And while she listened he told her how he had reasoned out what had happened. "I 'm not entirely clear about it," he confessed. "Johnson had some part of it, I can see. But how was it that you arrived with Brian?"

She told him. "I have been indignant about it ever since. I never thought a cousin of mine could act that way. Pelham, if you ever—!"

"Now don't go insulting a fellow," he warned her. "But I want to talk with you about Brian. It 's too much for me alone.—Harriet, let 's go back to the day when Rodman came."

"Begin then," she said. And he began. It was characteristic that neither asked nor offered promises of secrecy. They were a peculiar family, the Dodds. They trusted each other like an ancient clan; the family's secrets were for the family alone, and whatever was said in private was said in confidence. Further, neither brother nor sister would promise absolute secrecy, nor ask it, because their loyalty to the head of the house forbade it. Father or Mother might ask to be informed, and always must be told. And so, without exacting any promises, Pelham began.

"You remember when we came back and said that Brian's wallet had been stolen—no, you were n't here. But when you came home from your own adventure with Rodman, we told you of the money. Now, Harriet, there were more than five dollars in the wallet that was lost. Brian had just shown it to me—a hundred and seventy-five!"

Harriet gasped. "Pelham!"

"I thought him mighty generous to say nothing about it. Of course he was afraid to tell Father, because it was against his agreement to bring money here. Still, it's a tremendous amount of money for a fellow to lose. Knowing Brian, I expected him to grumble about it, especially to me, because I knew how much he had. Harriet, he has never once spoken about it! And more, you know he dislikes Rodman. He thinks he's pretending about his memory, and all that. But he never accuses him of having the money that was lost."

Harriet nodded. "Perhaps you've noticed that Brian's very sensitive about any mention of it. It puts him out and bothers him. Out in the garden, once, he was very rude to me about it."

"Yes," said Pelham. "But now listen. The other day, over in Springfield, he pulled out a roll of bills as big as the one he showed when we were driving, and paid our dinner bill from it. Where did he get it?"

"Where he got the first?" suggested Harriet.

"So I thought," answered Pelham. "Now, he got the first from his mother." Harriet's eyes sparkled. "Yes, we heard what Mother just read from Aunt Annie's letter."

"Did he get it from his father?" asked Harriet.

"I can't suppose so," answered Pelham. "I learned enough to see that there are some things his father won't do for him. And I take it that to offend our father is one thing that Uncle Dick does n't care to do."

"Then," asked Harriet, "where did he get the new money?"

"That's what I'm asking you," said her brother.

They looked at each other for a while. Harriet's face grew more and more serious, and Pelham slowly nodded as he watched her. "I guess we agree," he finally said.

"It's the same money!" exclaimed Harriet.

"I have n't a doubt of it," said Pelham. "That will explain why he has said nothing of receiving it, and why he hates to have the wallet mentioned."

"But did n't he lose it at all?" asked Harriet, surprised.

"Found it in a different pocket before he got home," answered Pelham. "I can't see any other explanation of it. I was surprised when he said he had lost but five dollars; he knew Father would n't care about that. But he would n't own up that he'd not lost his wallet at all. He was ashamed about 'so much fuss over nothing.'"

Harriet's face showed that she was shocked. "But, Pelham, how can any one do such a thing?"

"Brian is Brian," he answered. "I tell you, Harriet, I don't think any too highly of this cousin of ours.—But what I want to know is, what has become of that wallet? Brian and I have lived in the same room for weeks, and I have n't seen it once. He did n't even have it the other day at Springfield. The roll was just loose in his pocket. He was afraid I'd see the wallet if he carried it, I suppose."

Harriet came up on her toes. "Afraid some one would see it! It is hidden, then, or destroyed. And I know which it is!"

Pelham sprang to his feet, but before he could speak, Harriet took him by the arm. "Listen, Pelham. That day after I had told you all about Rodman's fall down the cliff, I found Brian in the kitchen. He had one hand in his pocket, and with one he was trying to lift the cover of the stove. He did n't like me to find him there."

"Wanted to burn it," nodded Pelham. "I see."

"I took him out into the garden," went on Harriet, speaking quietly but very earnestly. "I was trying to—to say something to him, but he got angry when I mentioned the wallet, and so I left him. Then I was sorry, and went back to apologize. I found him bending over a flower bed as if he had been weeding it. He said he'd just pulled up something, but when we looked to see what it was, we could find nothing."

She stopped at the bare facts, but Pelham's eyes were sparkling. "Oh," he cried, "Sherlock Holmes was n't in it with us! Harriet, I want to do a little digging in that flower bed."

"Quiet!" she warned. "I'll take you there. But first go and see where Brian is."

He went into the house, softly treading from room to room. Brian was not down-stairs. Then he tiptoed a little way up the stairs. Satisfied, he returned to Harriet.

"He's in our study. I heard him tell Mr. Lee that he's writing a letter to his mother. Come along."

They went into the garden, where the dusk had scarcely begun. Harriet led the way among the paths until they arrived at the bed where she had found Brian weeding. "In all these weeks," she said, a little doubtfully, "of course the place has changed a good deal with the growth of the plants. But I should say the spot is just behind that thickest clump of asters."

Pelham twitched back his cuffs. "I may have to spoil them for you."

"Never mind," answered Harriet. "I'll explain to Mother, if it's necessary."

Himself a thorough gardener, Pelham made nothing of thrusting his hands into the earth. "Not very deep, I suppose," he said, carefully

feeling about. "Not here, Harriet. I'll explore a little." Harriet stood watching while he carefully widened out the circle of his search. "Try under the clump," she suggested at last.

"Well," he said doubtfully, and thrust his hand deep under the plant. His face lighted. "Ah!"

"Got it?" she demanded.

"Got something!" he answered. "It feels like—" Slowly he drew out his hand, looked briefly at what he held, knocked the earth from it, and handed it to his sister. Then he turned to the flower bed again, and began to press down the earth around the disturbed asters.

But Harriet was not so stoical. Seeing that in her hands she held a wallet, damp and earthy to be sure, but still a wallet, she mourned over it. "Oh, Pelham," she moaned, "it's true! He did it, and it's true. To let us be thinking blame of Rodman all this time! I would n't have believed it of anybody."

"Well," said Pelham, rising and dusting off his hands, "it looks mighty like Brian's work. There's no knowing why a fellow should do a thing like that, but I suppose he thought he had a reason."

"The best reason he could give is a bad one," replied Harriet. "Don't try to excuse him!"

"I won't," answered Pelham, gloomily. Each thinking of their discovery, in silence they returned to the house.

For a long time they sat upon the piazza steps. Harriet thought only of the revelation of Brian's selfishness; Pelham, it must be admitted, had come to a consideration of his own cleverness in discovering his cousin's trickery. "I concluded that he had n't lost his money. Harriet enabled me to prove it. Between us we're a clever pair—hey, Pelly?" He was about to say as much to his sister, when he perceived a figure coming up the walk.

"It's Rodman!" he exclaimed.

Rodman it was, and Rodman in a great hurry. He had been running, for he was out of breath.

"Harriet," he gasped, stopping in front of her, and paying no attention to Pelham, "Harriet, have you got it still?" His tone was low and cautious.

Harriet rose quickly. Pelham thought she also gasped. With a half frightened movement, she turned and looked at him.

"Hullo, Rodman!" said Pelham.

"Hello!" he answered, hurriedly—"Where is Mr. Lee?"

"In the house," answered Harriet. "Rodman, do you wish to speak with me alone?"

"Never mind Pelham," said Rodman. "He knows more than I wish he did, and might as

well know yet more.—Harriet, have you still got it?"

"Tell me plainly what you mean," she said.

"I want what I gave you up there in the field, when I was hurt. But Mr. Lee must n't see it."

Rodman's voice was eager and earnest; he still spoke cautiously and low. Pelham, looking at him in surprise, saw that he was again quite as agitated as he had been in the morning. The boy clasped his hands together. "Oh, please get it for me quickly!"

"Pelham," directed Harriet, "will you go and see if any one is in our study? Go quietly, as if you were n't looking for anything in particular."

"And see where Mr. Lee is," added Rodman.

"For goodness' sake!" thought the boy to himself. Brian had had a mystery all these weeks, and now here were Harriet and Rodman with another. Mr. Lee was in some way mixed up in it. "In another minute I'll be all in a whirl once more," he thought. "How can these innocent-looking persons—my own sister, by gracious!—keep all these things to themselves?"

He went into the house. The question as to Mr. Lee was at once answered, for in the writing-room he was talking with Bob and Mr. Dodd. Pelham heard the tones of all three voices while he stood for a minute in the hall. He went upstairs. From his own room came the sound of Brian's whistle, and as he passed the door he saw his cousin tying his necktie before the mirror. As it was Brian's custom frequently to change his adornments, Pelham knew that he was safe for some minutes. He glanced into the little study. It was empty, and on Harriet's desk, where Brian had apparently been writing, lay a letter, addressed and stamped. Satisfied, he went quickly down-stairs. "Coast is clear," he said briefly. "But Brian may come soon."

Harriet slipped into the house, and he heard her speeding up the stairs. On the gravel at the foot of the steps Rodman moved restlessly about. "Won't you come up?" invited Pelham.

"Thanks," replied Rodman. "I'll have to go in a moment." And still he shifted from foot to foot, and looked nervously at the windows of the house. Mr. Lee's laugh sounded through the open door, and the boy started.

"Will you explain all this to me?" Pelham asked himself. He could find no key to it all.

Then Harriet came quietly out again. In her hand she had gathered her skirt as if the more easily to come down-stairs. She looked around her, listened a moment at the door, and then came to the top of the steps. Her hand came away from her skirt, and she held out something which Pelham could not clearly see.

"Here it is," she said. "It was exactly where I put it. So far as I know, no one has seen it."

Rodman sprang up the steps and took it from her. "Thanks!" he said. Not another word did he utter, but Pelham felt that it expressed both gratitude and relief. He thrust his hand inside his jacket, bowed hurriedly, and started away. Over his shoulder he threw back a "Good night!" Then he was gone.

Harriet turned to her brother. "I 'm glad that 's over with," she said. Her voice also expressed relief.

"Gollyrampus!" cried Pelham, "what is all this that 's going on? Was that a wallet that you gave him?"

"Yes," answered Harriet.

"Where have you been keeping it?"

"In the secret drawer of my desk."

"Why did he ask you to keep it?"

"I don't know."

"What has Mr. Lee to do with it?"

"I don't know."

"What did Rodman want it back for?"

"I don't know," said Harriet for the third time. Then suddenly she put her face in her hands. Her shoulders rose and fell. Pelham saw that she was weeping.

"Why, old girl," he said, putting his arm around her. "Cheer up! Nothing 's wrong now, is it?"

She raised her face, moist with tears, from her hands. "Pelham, don't you see what this means?"

"I 'm clean puzzled," he admitted.

"Rodman gave me the wallet just after he had been hurt. We were alone together; I 'd sent the girls to get Nate. I told him I 'd keep it and tell nobody."

"After he had fallen," stated Pelham, trying to get the facts clear in his mind. "Before he was sick, then?"

"Yes," answered Harriet. "I thought when I got home that the wallet was Brian's, and was going to give it to him, or to Father. But then I looked at it carefully, and knew it could n't be Brian's—it was older, and longer, and had a name I could n't read. So I kept it and said nothing."

"Golly!" mused Pelham. "So he had a wallet after all, but not Brian's!"

"But," asked Harriet, and her tears started afresh, "don't you see that if Rodman gave me the wallet before he was sick, and comes and asks for it now—?"

"Whee!" whistled Pelham. "Then he 's got just as good a memory as you or I!"

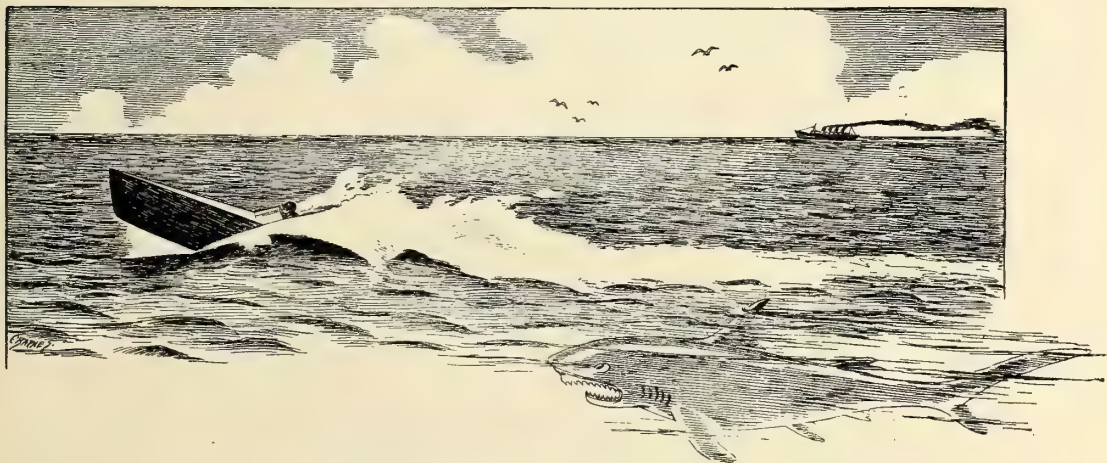
"Yes," said Harriet. "And he 's been deceiving us!"

"So he has!" agreed Pelham.

And now his head was truly spinning again. Brian and Rodman and Mr. Lee and two wallets seemed in hopeless confusion. "I wish," he admitted to himself, "that I *was* Sherlock Holmes, after all."

(To be continued.)

A USELESS RACE



THE SHARK: "I 've been chasing that big flying-fish for half an hour! Is he never coming down? And whenever he does, how he can swim!"

THE MAKING OF A CANOEIST

("UNDER THE BLUE SKY" SERIES)

BY E. T. KEYSER

COUSIN WILL's reply to the letter of inquiry was more than satisfactory. Instead of writing, he came down personally, and, calling a meeting of the trio, gave them a little talk on the sailing question.

"In the first place," said he, "the very best sort of a rig for you boys is a double-lateen affair of about fifty-two square feet, total area.

"The lateen is the simplest canoe rig, and hoists with one halyard to each sail. Divided into two sails, a rig of this size will allow of carrying either the full rig, or using the mainsail or the mizzen alone, which gives you a choice of the three following combinations, to suit any weather conditions:

"Mainsail and mizzen = 52 square feet.

"Mainsail alone = 35 square feet.

"Mizzen alone = 17 square feet.

"If you attempted carrying anything like this sail area in one sail, it would be necessary to complicate matters with a reefing gear; while, with this double rig, should it blow up and catch you out, all that you need to do is to round up into the wind, drop the mainsail, and proceed on your course under the mizzen alone. And now let's adjourn to the attic, and lay out the sails."

Arrived up-stairs, Cousin Will produced a chalk-line, some white chalk, a brad-awl, and a twenty-foot tape-line. Having measured off a distance of five feet ten and a half inches on the chalk-line, he proceeded to chalk it well, then, with one boy at each end holding it taut, he raised the center and let it snap back to the floor. The result was a well-defined chalk-line, the length of the bottom of the mizzen.

Then, driving the awl into the floor at one end of this line, a loop of the line was put over the awl, and a distance of six feet six inches measured off on the cord. With this as a radius, a circle was described; then, from the other end of the foot of the sail, a second circle was described, with the cord lengthened to six feet ten inches.

From the point where these circles crossed, to each end of the bottom of the sail, a chalked line was snapped on the floor. The result was a triangle measuring five feet ten and a half inches by six feet six inches by six feet ten inches—the outside dimensions of the mizzen.

"Um—um," said Harry, "that reminds me of something we had in geometry last term, but I

never thought it would come in handy for anything real."

Cousin Will laughed. "You will find that geometry means a great deal if you ever try to build anything which requires measuring." Then he went on:

"Now that you boys see how the trick is done, I'm going to let you lay out the mainsail, which measures eight feet three inches on the foot, nine feet three inches on the yard, and nine feet six inches on the leach, or after edge, of the sail."

The boys soon had the larger sail laid out, and proved it correct by the tape-line.

"The next thing," said Cousin Will, "is to buy some light drilling, as narrow as possible, and, commencing along the leach of the sails, lay the muslin over the floor patterns and cut it off at top and bottom along the foot and top of the sails, letting the strips of drilling overlap an inch to allow for strapped seams. It will be a good plan to pin the strips together as you go along. When the strips are sewed together, turn over a quarter-inch seam along the three edges of each sail, and sew over this seam a binding of one-inch-wide non-elastic webbing.

"When the sails are finished, borrow a gromet set, and punch and set metal eyelets, or gromets, through the webbing, in each corner and about one foot apart all along the foot and head of the sails.

"Your spars you must order from the mill. See that they are made of straight-grained spruce or pine, without knots, an inch in diameter at the center, and tapered to three quarters of an inch at the ends. The lengths are, for the main-yard, nine feet nine inches; for the main-boom, eight feet nine inches; for the mizzen-yard, seven feet, and for the mizzen-boom, five feet sixteen and a half inches.

"The spars, you see, are six inches longer than the sides of the sails to which they are to be attached, and allow of the latter stretching.

"Now you'll have to do some more shopping, this time at the ship-chandler's, where you must order this list of things:

- 4 heavy brass screw-eyes, each with $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch eyes and screws $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long.
- 2 heavy brass rings, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter.
- 2 brass goosenecks (canoe type), for $1\frac{3}{4}$ -inch mast.
- 4 brass screw-bolts, to fit the holes in the goosenecks, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, with nut and washer to fit each.



AN ATTRACTIVE LANDING-PLACE.

- 2 round mast-plates for $1\frac{3}{4}$ -inch mast.
- 2 hinged flagpole plates, $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch diameter hole.
- 2 brass three-inch jam-cleats, with brass screws for each.
- 1 clutch-cleat for $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch rope.
- 1 gross of brass screw-eyes with $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch eye and $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch long over all.
- 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch-diameter brass ferrules.
- 1 ball of seizing line.
- 100 feet of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch cotton rope.
- 4 brass pulley-blocks with $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch sheaves.
- 4 brass screw-eyes with $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch-long screws, and with the eye large enough to go over the rings, or becketts, of the pulley-blocks.
- 1 brass thimble with $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch eye.
- 1 brass screw-eye with eye large enough to hold the thimble."

Freckles volunteered to take this rather long list in charge, while Harry and Fred agreed to look after the order at the mill.

"Better hurry your part of it a bit, Fred," said Cousin Will, "and as soon as your spars and booms arrive, smooth them with sandpaper, give them two coats of varnish, and rub down each coat as soon as it is thoroughly dry. Then I'll be out next week and show you how to rig the sails."

EVERYTHING was ready and awaiting Cousin Will's arrival the following Friday, and the boys eagerly listened for his verdict on their work, of which they were secretly rather proud.

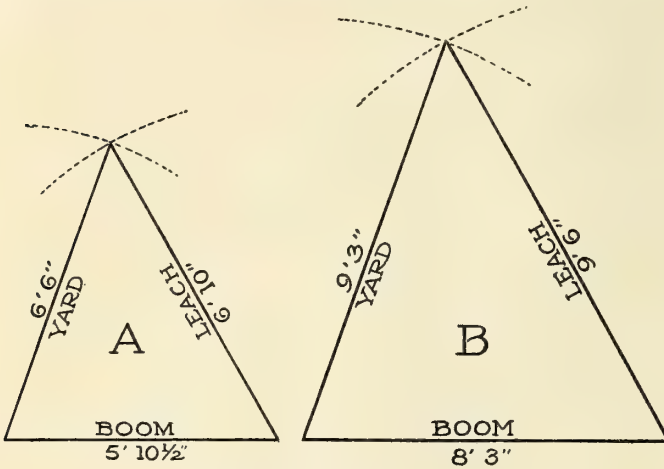
The judge nodded approvingly. "The sails and spars look fine," he said. "And you've made a good job of setting the gromets. Now let's get to work. Here, Harry, take this small vise and open the four large screw-eyes, slip the two big brass rings into them, and then close the eyes. Fred, lay each sail along its yard and boom, with the inside corners in place, and along one edge of the yard and boom make a mark one inch each side of where each gromet comes; then put in a screw-eye at each mark, being careful that they are in a straight line, and that the eyes stand across the spar or boom.

"When that's done, tie a ring of the seizing line through each gromet. The best way is to lay a lead-pencil at the edge of the sail, under each gromet, and tie the seizing line in a hard knot around the pencil and through the gromet, then pull out the pencil, and do the next gromet. This gives a line of loops along both sides of the sails, through which the lacing lines may pass.

"Now, Harry, I see you've joined each pair of those large screw-eyes with the rings, so we have our boom and yard connectors, which we'll screw into the mast ends of the booms and yards, after driving on the brass ferrules to prevent splitting. A gooseneck goes on each boom with the forward end flush with the forward end of the boom, and with the gooseneck at right angles

to the row of small screw-eyes. The goosenecks are fastened to the boom with the brass screw-

boys did the work. Will, assuming the duties of foreman rigging, proceeded to issue his orders:

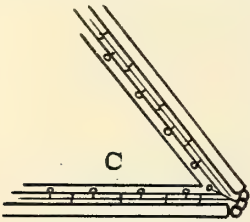


DIAGRAMS OF THE CANOE SAILS.

A, Mizzen; B, Mainsail.

bolts, with nuts and washers on the opposite side of the boom, of course.

"Now, Freckles, bore a horizontal hole, large enough to take seizing line, an inch from the after end of each boom. Then fasten the forward corner of the sail to the ring of one of our connectors with a bit of the seizing line, running through the gromet in the forward corner of the sail. Next, fasten the after corner of the sail to the after end of the boom, with the seizing line passed through the gromet in the after lower sail corner and the hole you have just bored in the boom. With this sail-needle, thread the seizing line alternately through the cord loops on the sail



C, Diagram showing method of connecting spars and lacing sails.

and the small screw-eyes on the boom, fasten one end of the seizing line to the forward screw-eye, stretch it taut, and fasten the other end of the line to the last screw-eye. Of course, you fasten the sail to the yard in the same fashion."

The three boys worked busily at mainsail and

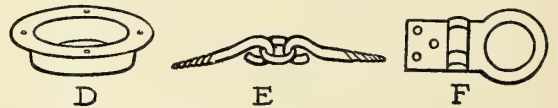
mizzen, carefully carrying out these directions, while Cousin Will looked on with an occasional word of advice.

"Now," said he, when the spars were firmly in place, "bring the sails, the hardware, and an old rake handle, and we'll tackle the rest of the job."

The canoe was pulled out to where there was plenty of room to move about, and while the

the head of the man sitting on the after cushion. Now make a mark on the temporary mast a foot above where the yard crosses it; the distance between the mark and where the rake handle touches the floor gives the total length of the mainmast.

"The length of the mizzenmast we measure in



D, Mast-plate; E, Connector for booms and yards; F, Flagpole plate.

the same way, giving the boom the same lift as on the mainsail.

"Now you're ready to order your two masts. They must be straight-grained spruce or pine, of the proper lengths, one and three quarter inches in diameter from the floor to four inches above the upper supports, and tapering from that point to one and a half inches in diameter at the head."

"Is that all we can do this afternoon?" asked Fred, as Cousin Will paused reflectively.

"I'm afraid that's about all this session, except placing the cleats. Here, Harry, sit in the canoe a moment, right here on the after cushion. We'll put the two jam-cleats within easy reach for the halyards on your right, while the clutch-cleat for the mizzen-sheet goes to your left. The clutch-cleat holds the sheet wherever you trim it, until the lever is pressed, when it will pay out.

"With this rig, the canoe will round up into the wind and spill the wind from the sails when-

ever you slack on the main-sheet, which must never be fastened. This is a double-rigged canoe is so safe."

"But what 'll we do when the masts come, Cousin Will?" began Fred, as soon as the cleats had been put on. "Are you coming again soon?"

"No, I don't expect to, but if one of you youngsters will get a pencil and paper, you can write down just what to do, and get along all right by yourselves."

Freckles dug a pencil out of one of his pockets, smoothed out a fairly clean piece of wrapping-paper, and thus qualified himself to act as scribe for the trio. He worked industriously, with occasional pauses on the part of Cousin Will to let him catch up, and, at the end of some minutes' work, proudly produced the following:

"Varnish the masts, and when thoroughly dry, try the hang of the sails. When they suit, mark with a pencil where the jaw of the boom comes on the mast. Make a line one and a half inches above this mark, and another the same distance below.

"Buy a strip of good heavy sole-leather three inches wide and fourteen inches long, and another strip of same material one inch wide and twenty-eight inches long.

"If you can get a printer to cut these accurately, on a paper-cutter, you will have a better job.

"Soak in water to make pliable, and, with small

bevel, and tack edges. This is a collar to prevent boom and jaw from biting into mast.

"Tack the one-inch strip around top of collar, with upper edge of strip coming exactly to upper edge of collar, and another strip around bottom



THE CANOE WITH SAILS SET AND LEE-BOARDS IN PLACE.

of collar, lower edges of both strip and collar flush. Tacks long enough to pass through both strip and collar should be used. These strips prevent boom rising too high when hoisting sail, or falling on deck when lowered. A couple of coats of shellac will make them hard as iron.

"Open the eyes of the four three-quarter-inch-long brass screw-eyes and close them again over the eyes, or becketts, of each of the pulley-blocks. Screw one of these in mast, half-way between lower edge of leather collar and upper mast support. Fasten upper blocks about an inch below masthead. On mainmast, these blocks should be in line with each other, but on mizzen they should be at right angles, so that the upper block is at right-hand side while the lower is at the forward side. This is because the mizzen halyard leads forward, and if the lower blocks were at the side, the mast would be pulled around, spoiling the set of sail."

After Cousin Will had read Freckles's notes carefully, he handed back the paper, saying, with a laugh, "You certainly have got it all in, and I think you 'll find that everything will work out just about right."



A PAIR OF LEE-BOARDS.

copper tacks, fasten wide strip to the mast, with upper edge coming to upper lead-pencil line, and lower edge coming to lower line. With sharp knife, cut down edges where they meet on slight

"But what do we do with the one large screw-eye and the brass thimble?" asked Freckles, who had been too busy noting information to talk.

"Open it," said Cousin Will, "and close it around the thimble. We 'll screw it into after deck, to serve as a fair-leader to put the mizzen-sheet through."

"It strikes me," said Harry, "that a lot of the fittings which we have used are pretty heavy. Could n't we have used lighter stuff?"

Cousin Will smiled as he shook his head. "When you get out in a blow, you 'll be very glad that they *are* heavy enough to stand the strain. The trouble with many home-rigged canoes is that, while they serve beautifully in a gentle breeze, something gives way when the wind gets up. The way that *your* canoe will be rigged will allow you to feel secure as to your sails and spars staying together, when the test comes. The only thing lacking is a pair of lee-boards, which will allow you to tack against the wind."

"How shall we make them?" asked Fred.

"If I were you," said Cousin Will, "I 'd practise with the sails a bit at first, and, meanwhile, save enough to buy them. The rigging that we have done together has been easy, and the results are about as good as if you had bought it, with the exception of the sails, which a regular sail-maker always can make far better than an amateur. But a pair of lee-boards need good-sized pieces of hard wood which must be carefully planed and trimmed, and are beyond the skill of the average boy and the tools that he has at his disposal. So I 'd advise buying them ready-made. There are several patterns and styles, and they may be shifted to suit the particular style of rig and placing of weights which you may use, and they can be taken apart for easy stowage, when paddling. But here," Cousin Will suddenly broke in, "I must catch my train. Let me hear about the next cruise. Good-by."

"Good-by, good-by, thank you," the boys called after him as he hurried off.

"WHAT do you think!" said Freckles, suddenly appearing a few mornings later. "Father has been watching us work on that outfit, and asked me a few questions the other night about our camp. At last he gave me my choice of going to the mountains or staying home and having a canoe and rigging. I chose the canoe, and it comes day after to-morrow!"

"That 's fine!" exclaimed Fred. "And now that we don't need to come back for the other fellow, we can go on a real cruise. We can rig your ship out in no time."

"I should rather say we could," answered Freckles, proudly, "for Father ordered a suit of sails to match yours, to come with the boat, and the expressman brought the fittings this morning."

"ARE N'T you glad that you 're living?" asked Fred, as the canoes stood out one morning, a few days later.

"Yes. Is n't it great?" answered Harry, from the stern. "Duck now. I 'm going about. Freckles is getting a better breeze out there."

It was a glorious morning, the breeze was not too fresh for full sail, and the old camp site, once considered far out on the edge of things, was miles behind.

All the morning, the two canoes skirted sandy beaches and green rocks just awash, and passed cozy coves and mysterious inlets, which the boys marked for future exploration.

At noontime, they pulled up on a shelving beach and ate lunch, under the shadow of a great rock, then, reëmbarking, they sailed on, until Freckles ran alongside with the suggestion that they make camp at the first inviting-looking spot which appeared.

"We want wood, water, and a good beach, and we ought to be in camp and settled before dark," he urged. "It 's a mistake to pass a good spot after four."

The others agreed, and shortly a place which came up to specifications was reached.

The tent was pitched, the fire started, and the trio proceeded to prepare the evening meal.

The next morning, the expedition proceeded on its way, and two days later, taking advantage of a fair wind, they turned the canoes for home.

"Tell you what we 'll do next season," said Harry, as the fire of the last camp burned low. "That cove where we ended the run is fine. Suppose we store our heavy things with the farmer from whom we bought the eggs, and have a permanent camp, with a big wall-tent and fly and chairs and tables and a wood-burning stove? We can get a lot of the boys to go in with us; some of us can be there all vacation, while others come home for a day or so now and then."

"That 's an idea!" agreed Freckles, with enthusiasm. "The boys who have no canoes can come by train or trolley, and we can meet them at the nearest landing. We can make side trips when we want to, and there will always be a camp pitched for any of the bunch that can come up for a day or a week."

"Hurrah for the coöperative camp!" cried Fred, while Harry and Freckles joined in a rousing cheer.

AN INTERRUPTED SONG



"Oh say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
Scream'd the Eagle, in red, white and blue.
"No indeed!" said the Owl, "But I can see at night
Which has many advantages, too:

"At dawn I can *hear* the explosions, you know,
While there really is little to see;
But at *night*, when the fireworks are all in a glow,
That's the Fourth of July time for me!"

George O. Butler

BASE-BALL THE GAME AND ITS PLAYERS



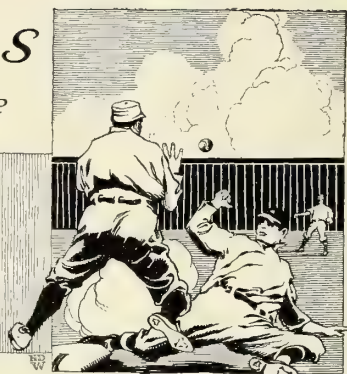
by Billy Evans

Umpire in the American League

4

Outguessing the Opposition

Teams and individual players who are constantly doing the unexpected and so get the best results



BASE-BALL is largely a game of trying to outguess the other fellow. Each side is constantly trying to do the unexpected, and at the same time attempting to anticipate what the opposition intends to do. Every move of the members of the other team is watched closely. Let the slightest weakness be shown in any department, and immediately advantage is taken of the opening. Snap judgment is a very necessary requisite on the part of the managers, as well as the players. As in every other business, the man who displays the best judgment and does the quickest thinking lands on top in the long run.

A number of years ago, an enterprising young reporter was delegated to get an interview with the late Ed Delehanty on the art of batting. At that time, Delehanty was regarded as the premier hitter in the Big League, the American League not being in existence. It was the purpose of the young man to find out from Mr. Delehanty just how he managed to hit all the various shoots and curves served up by the opposing pitchers. The managing editor of the paper on which the reporter worked believed such a story would greatly help ambitious players in their efforts to become crack hitters.

After camping on Delehanty's trail for some time, the reporter managed to hold the star player's attention long enough to make known his desire. Delehanty was never much of a talker, and immediately became about as noisy as the Sphinx. To the volley of questions fired at him, he invariably replied:

"I really don't know how I hit 'em." "They meet the bat and bound off." "It just 'comes natural,' I guess." Failing to get anything worth

while, the cub reporter requested Delehanty to think it over, so the story goes, and leave a note in his box telling how best to hit the ball to put it in safe territory.

The following morning, the reporter lost no time in opening the letter which Delehanty left. Delehanty could advance no particular reason for his batting ability other than that it was "just natural." However, such a theory did not appeal to the reporter, as it offered no possibilities for a story. So not caring to disappoint the young man, who was a likable chap, he decided he must try to answer the very perplexing question. But it was evident that he did not ponder long, and he afterward insisted that he believed his reply would be a good joke on the reporter, for his brief note read:

"Just hit 'em where they ain't."

That expression, as framed by Delehanty on the art of batting, has become a base-ball classic. As long as the great national pastime is played, the fans will implore their favorites to "hit 'em where they ain't." On opening the note, the young reporter was very much disappointed with the words of wisdom as uttered by the game's greatest hitter. Finally, the possibilities of the remark dawned on him, and he turned out a big story on the subject, and so *he* made a decided hit with his managing editor.

Two or three years ago, I was seated on the bench of the Philadelphia American League team just before time to start the game. I noted that Connie Mack was being subjected to an interview by a young man who appeared to be just out of college. I judged this from the style of his wearing apparel and the way he dressed his hair.

From the conversation I learned that the young man was writing a big "feature story," and sought to learn from Mack to what he ascribed the success of his club. When it comes to talking about the other clubs, Mack is always willing to express an opinion, and he always has a good word for his opponents. In fact, he is a believer in the adage, "If you can't boost, don't knock." When it comes to discussing his players, and his team's chances, he closes up like a clam. The reporter was a persistent chap, and as but a few minutes remained for Connie to decide on his line-up, he spoke to the young man about as follows:

"I always like to have my team doing the very thing the other fellows don't expect them to do. My boys always try to do that. Often they fail, but I don't mind that, for more often they succeed in their efforts to outguess the other fellows, and win. Do what the other fellows don't expect, and you will keep them rather busy."

"Do what the other fellows don't expect," appeals to me as being as much of a base-ball classic as "Hit 'em where they ain't."

The greatness of nine out of every ten star players, or teams, hinges on doing the unexpected. There are hundreds of mechanical players who can hit the ball, catch it, and run the bases. They are valuable, of course, but it is always possible to measure their value. The opposition knows that they will take few, if any, chances when they get on the bases, and that they are usually content to leave their advancement to the men who follow them in the batting order, rather than make an effort to move up through their own efforts. Stars like Wagner, Cobb, Speaker, or any of the other leaders, are classed as stars because they do things out of the ordinary. They are constantly matching their wits with their rivals', and are always ready to take a chance at the bat, on the bases, or in the field, and ever alert to spring a surprise.

For years, the real value of that great player Tyrus Cobb was underrated simply because he did not receive full credit for the results he achieved. When he performed a feat out of the ordinary, as the result of some quick thinking

and the taking of a long chance, the cry invariably was made that he was "lucky." There is no doubt that Cobb is lucky to get away with many of the things he attempts; but he himself creates his luck. Many of the chances he takes in the field and on the bases would never for a moment be considered by the average player.

Stealing home in a regular game is out of the ordinary; in an event like a World's Series game, it is very extraordinary. Cobb is the only player who ever turned the trick. He did it in the series of 1909, between Detroit and Pittsburgh.

I once heard a player remark that the only sure way to make a play on Cobb was to throw to the base ahead of the one he was approaching. The remark was made lightly, but in truth it seemed the only safe way, for Cobb was literally running wild, and getting away with it. And I know one player who did the very thing suggested in a joking manner by the Big League player. However, he had never heard of the "throw to the base ahead" theory, for he was a Cuban, and could not understand the English language.

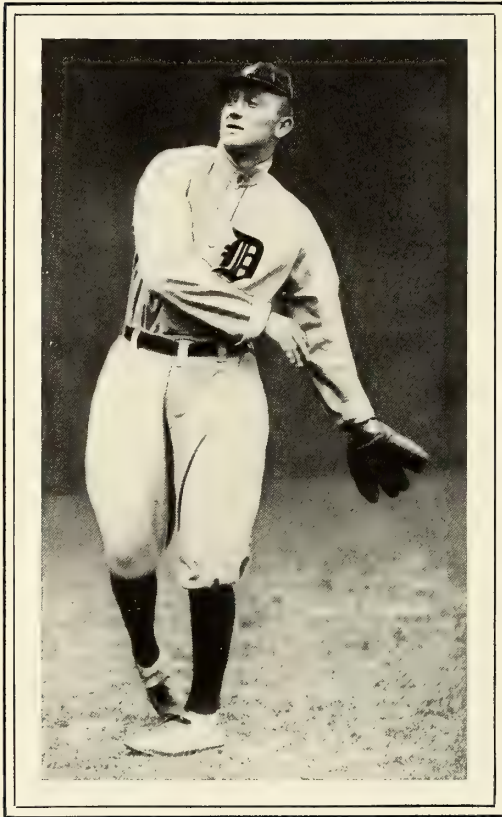


THE GREAT TYRUS COBB.

No player in the game has more natural ability in every direction than the "Tiger" star. Cobb can do everything well. On the bases he is a marvel. No one has a more elusive slide. Time after time, he reaches a bag in safety, though the ball may beat him to it by several feet. The above picture shows Cobb stealing third, having slid under the throw.

The play happened during one of a series of games in the fall of 1910, at Havana, Cuba, between native teams and the Detroit club. In the first and again in the fifth inning of the game, Cobb, after getting on first, went to third while Sam Crawford was being thrown out at first on

a bunt. The first baseman made a good throw each time. In fact, they were so good that they resulted disastrously. The ball and Cobb seemed to arrive at the bag at the same time, with the result that the ball got away from the third base-



COBB WARMING UP.

Although an outfielder, Cobb has always preferred the pitching job. Every day before the start of the game, he can be found doing a warming-up stunt, after the manner of the pitchers. In a pinch, Ty insists he could do the unexpected, and pitch the full nine innings.

man each time, and Cobb reached the home plate in safety on both occasions. In the eighth inning of the game, Cobb and Crawford pulled the play again. This time the first baseman, Castillo, seeing that not even a perfect throw would land the "Tiger" star, threw the ball to the catcher, thereby at least preventing Cobb from scoring. Then Castillo doffed his cap, and the Cuban fans yelled with delight at the bit of "by-play" on the part of their favorite.

Tyrus Cobb is a big star in the base-ball world because he is an extraordinary fellow in every sense of the word. He has a keen brain, and always anticipates the likely-to-happen, thus preparing himself for any situation that may arise. When at the bat, there is no telling what he in-

tends to do. He hits pretty well to any part of the outfield, is a good bunter, chops them to the infield, and always waits for the pitcher to give him one that he likes. He is constantly "mixing them up," thereby keeping the opposition constantly uneasy. He may try to bunt the first one and fail. Then when the third baseman, thinking that possibly he will try again, comes tearing in on the next one pitched, Cobb is very liable to hit one back at him at a rate of a mile a minute. When he gets on the bases—and you can take it from me that he is on them a goodly portion of the time—there is no chance too daring for him to risk. Cobb surely is the unexpected in baseball, from any angle from which you care to consider him.

Naturally one of the greatest assets of a pitcher is his ability to outguess the batter; to mix them up, and serve just the style of ball the batter does not expect. Many star batsmen are said to have a "weakness." That means that a certain style of ball is hard for them to hit. Pitchers with brains always make it a point to take advantage of such a fault. There are, of course, a number of batters who can hit almost any style of pitching. Christy Mathewson says that Hans Wagner's only "weakness" is a base on balls; that giving him his base usually prevents him from hitting a double, triple, or a home run. And in that connection Eddie Plank, the Athletics' great left-hander, recently made a most novel comparison in discussing the relative merits of those two great batters Larry Lajoie and Ty Cobb. "Ty makes you put them over, and then hits them safe," said Eddie, "while Lajoie hits them a mile whether they are over or not."

Lajoie is a wonderful batter; few greater have ever stepped to the plate. He is always dangerous when he faces the pitcher, and usually does his best batting in the pinch, when most depends on his efforts. He is perhaps most dangerous when a pitcher is trying to pass him. By reason of his long having been known as a "bad ball" hitter, pitchers seldom give him a ball across the heart of the plate. They seem afraid to take such a chance. And I believe Larry would increase his batting average at least thirty points if he would wait out the pitchers more. He dotes on what would be called wild pitches or waste balls, and which the average batter would find it impossible to hit. I have umpired in a dozen games that Lajoie has broken up by hitting a waste ball, after the pitcher had been ordered to pass him and take a chance on the next batter. His bat seems to be built of sections. At least I have heard several pitchers express that opinion, after Larry, without any effort, had hit a

ball that was a foot outside. Larry is a great hitter, great because, as Eddie Plank says, he hits them whether they are over the plate or not.

Connie Mack is rated as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, man in base-ball. He is great because he always has the opposition "up in the air" as to his movements. The Athletics play all varieties of base-ball, and play them all well. Mack has but to order the style he desires displayed, and his athletes do the rest. No general ever manœvered his army with greater cleverness than that with which Mack handles his selection of pitchers. He seems to be able to know by instinct just the proper moment to send in reinforcements.

The overwhelming defeat of the Chicago "Cubs" in 1910 was quite a surprise to the base-ball world, and to Cub fans in particular. But not to those who really knew the great strength of Mack's team, and the resourcefulness of the tall leader. Mack completely outguessed the opposition in that series. He did the very thing Chance and the rest of the Cubs did not expect him to do, and it was the doing of the unexpected that put the Cub machine to rout.

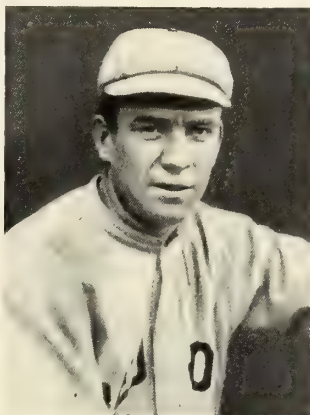
During the season of 1907, and for several years following, the pitchers in the American League appeared to have the edge on the batters. Low scores were the rule, and one run decided a majority of the games. As a result, the clubs for the most part were playing one-run base-ball,

the National League teams. When American League clubs went into the big series, they continued to play the one-run brand of base-ball. When a man reached first base, the sacrifice was

invariably the play used, making it an easy matter for the opposition to break up the play, because they knew the style of attack.

When the Athletics and the Cubs met, it was only natural for Chance and his men to expect the same style of play shown by former American League pennant winners. The Cubs were treated to a huge surprise. The sacrifice hit was rarely used by the Mack-ites. It was the "steal," or the "hit-and-run," all the

time. No team could possibly have presented a more varied attack than that of the Athletics. They did just about everything the Cubs did not



TRIS SPEAKER—OUTFIELDER
EXTRAORDINARY.

The Boston "Red Sox" have in Tris Speaker one of the most valuable players in base-ball. As a fielder, Speaker is a wonder, and is continually accomplishing marvelous plays in the field. At the bat he is equally proficient. He is constantly "doing something you don't expect," which is one reason for his great value to his club.



A CLEAN STEAL HOME.

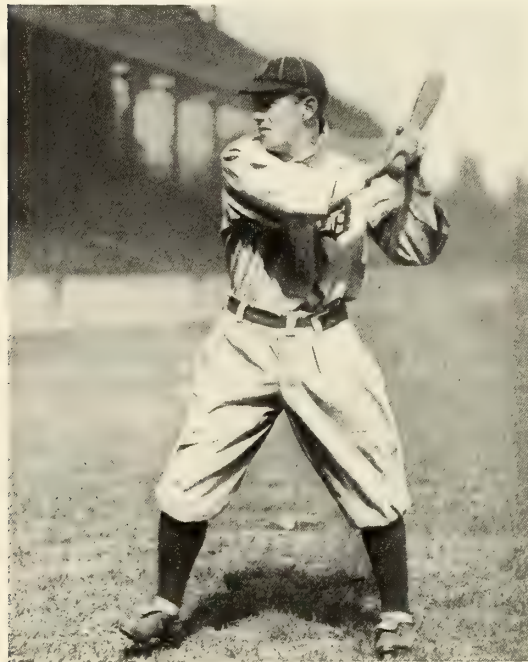
No play in base-ball is more thrilling than the steal home. Tris Speaker, of the "Red Sox," is shown in the above picture, getting away with the play by a beautiful hook slide.

which calls for the use of the sacrifice hit very frequently. The League was criticized for not mixing up its play enough, for not possessing the varied style of attack boasted of by a majority of

expect. Chance's machine was thrown out of gear, and before it could adjust itself, the Athletics had won four of the five games, and the series. In almost every game, the Athletics de-

terminated the result by having one big inning. Instead of playing for one run, Mack's men went after them in bunches, and were usually rewarded with at least one productive inning in each game.

In 1911, when the series between the Athletics and the "Giants" stood 3 to 2 in favor of the



A SMALL PLAYER, BUT A BIG STAR.

"Donie" Bush, the diminutive short-stop of the Detroit team, who has thrilled thousands of spectators by his brilliant plays. No play seems to be impossible for Bush, one of the smallest men in base-ball.

Athletics, Mack sprung his usual unexpected move, the result of which was a big factor in the series. An injury to Coombs had put him out of the running, and Plank had pitched and been beaten. Bender, with but one day of rest, was not expected at all as the pitcher in the sixth contest. The Athletics seemed on the verge of breaking, while the Giants seemed to have recovered after a bad start. A further point in the situation was that if the Giants could win the sixth game, McGraw would have Mathewson to work the seventh and deciding game at the Polo Grounds. Conditions looked very favorable to the Giants.

However, in all this Connie Mack and Chief Bender had been left out of the reckoning. When the Athletics took the field for the sixth game at the Polo Grounds, Chief Bender walked out to the box, despite the fact that no spectator had the slightest idea that he would pitch. He had been reported as in rather poor health, and it was

commonly asserted that he was a pitcher who needed three days of rest at least to show his proper form. But here was Mack sending the Indian back after a vacation of one day, to face the Giants in the test game of the series! Mack surely did the unexpected in sending Bender to the mound, and Bender did the unexpected in the style of pitching he served to the Giants.

Mindful that Bender was reported in poor health, McGraw undoubtedly sent his men up with orders to "wait out" the Indian; to make him pitch to the limit, and thus increase the chance of his weakening before the end of the game. Bender must have realized this before the end of the first inning, because I noticed that he put the first ball for each man right over the heart of the plate. He had superb control, and, in nine times out of ten, the first ball pitched was a strike. Immediately he had the batter in a hole, for the first strike means a great deal. So instead of being at a disadvantage to himself, and being forced to do an extra amount of work, he was constantly getting the advantage of the batsmen.

During the first four innings, the New Yorkers "waited,"—and failed to profit. In the fourth, the Athletics bunched a few hits and errors and scored four runs, making the score 5 to 1 against the Giants. Being four runs behind naturally caused a shift in attack on the part of McGraw. What was then needed by the New Yorkers was a bunch of runs, and such a thing would be possible only by hitting. The order to "wait them out" was changed to "take a crack at the first good one."

But Bender is too heady a pitcher not to know that McGraw would be forced to change his style of attack; and he also realized that it was up to him to change his style of pitching. He no longer put the first ball squarely over the plate. Instead, he tried to make the batter go after a bad one, if possible, and he was very successful. He kept the ball inside and outside, high and low, but just over the edge, and as a result the Giants were at his mercy. In the seventh inning, the Athletics piled up seven more runs, which cinched the game. What was expected to be the toughest game of the series developed into a rout for the Giants, who suffered one of the worst defeats in the history of the World's Series, the score being 13 to 2, and only four hits having been made off Bender. The famous Indian won, not because he had his usual great amount of "stuff," as the saying is, but because he had a lot of brains, and made use of his head throughout the game.

Manager McGraw, of the Giants, who has had such wonderful success with teams often rated as several notches weaker than other clubs in the

race, is also a great manager in the way of constantly making his team do the unexpected things. He is a great believer in taking chances, in doing things on the bases, in constantly "mixing them up." When the Giants win, it is frequently said that "they simply stole the pennant by running wild on the bases." The success of McGraw's style of play is best illustrated by the number of pennant winners he has turned out.

A manager of the McGraw type is sure to get a lot of praise for his tactics, and draw an equal amount of criticism. In the series of 1911, between the Giants and Athletics, a bit of strategy on the part of McGraw was credited with being the turning-point in a game. Snodgrass was on second and one man was out, when a ball was hit to Collins. Snodgrass was off with the pitch, and reached third almost as soon as the ball got to Collins. The Athletics' second sacker fumbled the ball momentarily. McGraw, quick to take advantage of the slip on the part of the usually reliable Collins, motioned to Snodgrass to try for the plate. Collins recovered quickly and made a hurried throw to the plate, but Snodgrass beat the throw by a scanty margin. The Giants were

(To be continued.)

BASE-BALL PROBLEMS FOR ST. NICHOLAS READERS

PROBLEM NO. 1

BASE-BALL abounds in freak plays. A most unusual one was staged at Washington last year. The teams were the famous Athletics and the fast-going Washingtonians. The play was made possible by Chief Bender, and incidentally it stirred up all kinds of argument.

Philadelphia had gotten away to an early start, and when the ninth inning began, the Athletics led by a big margin. With two men down, Eddie Ainsmith, the Washington catcher, reached first on a clean hit. Since one run meant nothing, the Athletics paid no attention to Ainsmith, who stole second on the first ball pitched. On the next pitch, he dashed for third, and reached it in safety, as no play was made on him. The two steals were in the nature of a farce. When Ainsmith reached third, one of the fans yelled: "Steal home, Eddie!" As Bender started to deliver the ball, Ainsmith made a dash for the plate. Bender enjoyed the situation as much as anybody, and he decided to aid Ainsmith in his effort to steal three bases in one inning.

While Ainsmith was racing for the plate, Bender continued to swing his arm in his preliminary motion. Not until Ainsmith had slid over the plate in safety, and was on his feet brushing off his uniform, did Bender finally deliver the ball to the batter. At the time, two balls and one strike had been called on the batter. All that he needed to do, to make the run count, was to allow the next ball to pass unmolested. It was such a nice ball to hit that the batter took a healthy swing. He hit the ball squarely, but Oldring made a wonderful catch, retiring the side. This "out" of course retired the side and ended the game. The question immediately arose as to whether or not the run counted. What would have been your decision, had you been in charge of that game between those two great rivals of the ball field?

the victors, 2 to 1. McGraw's willingness to take a chance had won the game.

In the 1912 series with the Boston "Red Sox," a similar play came up, with Fletcher taking the place of Snodgrass on the base line, and Steve Yerkes acting the rôle played by Eddie Collins. It seemed like a less hazardous chance than McGraw had taken the previous year, but Fletcher was retired when Yerkes made a wonderful throw to the plate which Cady, the Boston catcher, handled in masterly fashion. Most critics referred to that as bad coaching, but if Fletcher had scored and the one run had decided the issue, McGraw would have been hailed as a hero.

There are a lot of fair players in base-ball, and an equal number of really good men, but the bright stars are the exception. That is the reason that players of the Mathewson or Johnson or Cobb or Wagner or Lajoie or Bender or Collins or Speaker type are able to command huge salaries they enjoy. To be a success, you must be one of the few who are always doing the unexpected; who are quick thinkers and have the brains and skill to grasp opportunities and get results. There is always a big demand for players of that class.

PROBLEM NO. 2

FROM far-off Havana was wafted, last winter, a play that caused much gossip. It happened in one of the very important games of the Cuban League, and for a time had all Havana agog, as the leadership of the race temporarily depended on the ruling of the umpire.

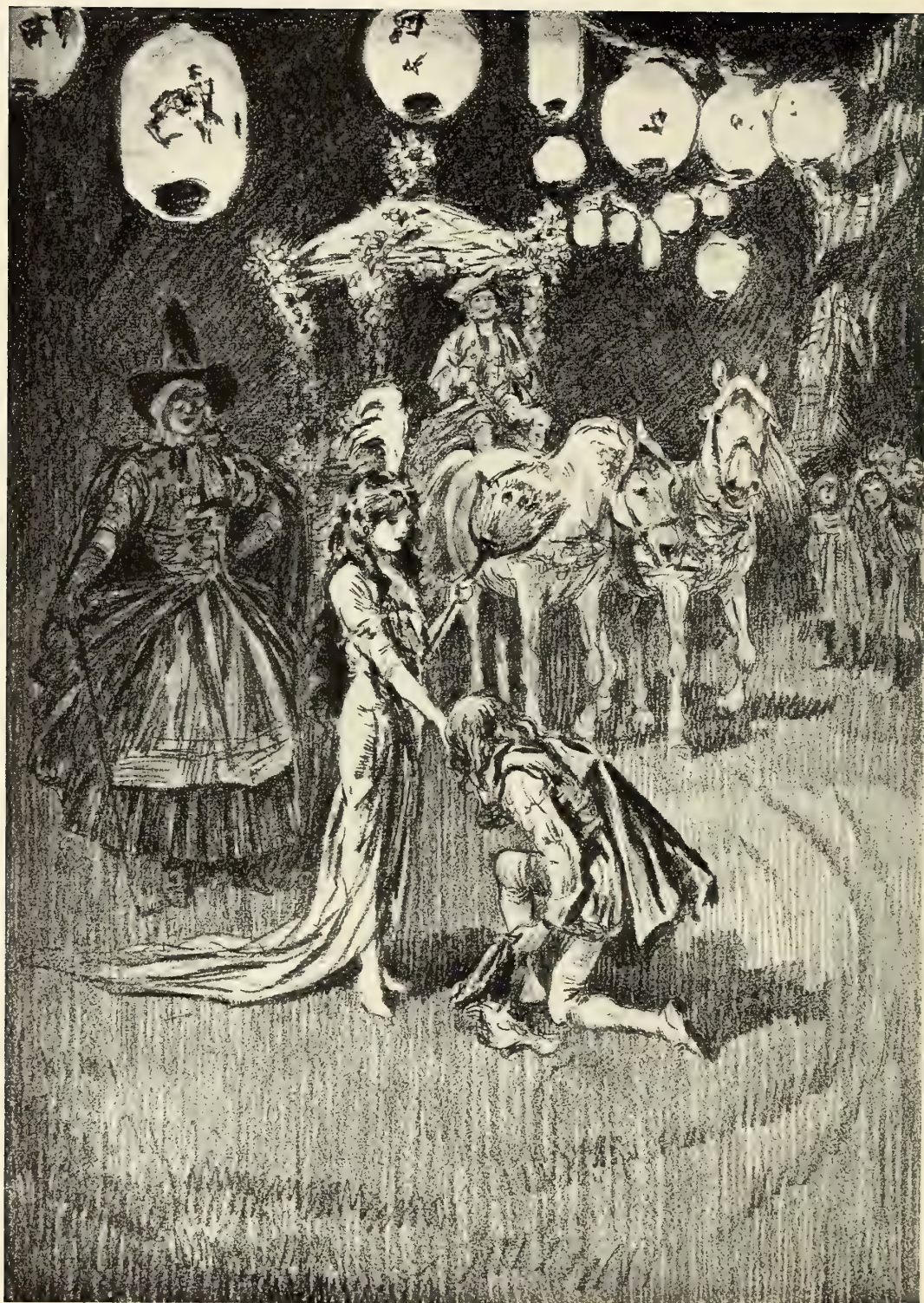
The two great rivals in Havana were the contesting clubs, the Havana Reds and the Almendares. In the last half of the ninth, the Reds led by a single run. After two were out, one of the Almendares hit for three bases. The next batter worked the pitcher until the count stood three balls and two strikes. The runner on third, in an effort to rattle the pitcher, would take a commanding lead each time, threatening to steal home. The ruse finally had its effect, for with three balls and two strikes on the batter, the pitcher made a very wild pitch for what was the fourth ball.

The runner from third scampered home in much glee, believing that he had tied up the game. The batter who had received four balls went all the way to second, as the wild pitch went clear to the grand stand. As is always the case, the failure of the player to observe a very necessary detail caused all the trouble.

In going from the plate to second base, the batter who had received a base on balls very carelessly failed to touch first base. The first baseman noticed the error and called for the ball. The umpire very properly declared the runner out. Then came the burning question as to whether or not the run scored. The team at bat declared that it did, the team in the field contended that it did not, basing their claim on the rule that no run shall be scored on a force third out, and that this play came under such a ruling, since the ball actually beat the runner to first, he having failed to touch the bag.

What would you have done, had you been the umpire?

Mr. Evans will answer these two problems in the August ST. NICHOLAS.—EDITOR.



"THEN THE 'PRINCE' KISSED 'CINDERELLA'S' HAND." (SEE PAGE 810.)

THE LUCKY STONE

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Author of "The Flower Princess," "The Lonesomest Doll," etc.

CHAPTER XI

THE FÊTE

THE day of the party brought a stranger to Bonnyburn. From the afternoon train, as usual an hour late, stepped a tall, good-looking young man with tired eyes. No one met him at the station. He was not expected. Mr. Graham had been feeling run-down and exhausted by the city heat, and terribly lonesome. The doctor had ordered him away. What more natural than that he should run up to see Maggie, prepared to bring her back with him. He knew nothing about the party, for Maggie had been too busy to write. But he did know that she was still at the Park, quite well and happy. Allegra had written him as much.

"The Park must be on that hill," he said to himself, nodding toward the road which wound upward. "I will run up there right after supper and surprise her," he grinned mischievously. "Maybe she 'll think I'm a fairy." Then he began his search for the little old-fashioned inn that was the only accommodation Bonnyburn offered to travelers.

A spell seemed indeed to have transformed the Park that evening. It looked like fairy-land, with line upon line of many-colored Chinese lanterns bordering the paths. On either side of the entrance gates was a huge lamp shaped like a fire-fly, and when the guests drove up in the country carts and carryalls, their eyes stuck out in amazement, and so did the eyes of their fathers and brothers who brought them. They were greeted at the gate by an old man with a long white beard and gray robe, who leaned upon a staff, and by two queer, little round figures in brown, who looked like Brownies, and who offered to guide the children to the party. The old man was Miss Miggs, who had entered into the spirit of the fun. And the Brownies were Bob and Bess, dressed up in costumes from the green room. Each of them carried a colored lantern, and they led the children along the lighted paths, where the trees made strange shadows and the flowers looked even more beautiful than by day, to an open space beside the lake. It was a great surprise to the children to see that lake; for none of them had guessed there was such a thing in the Park.

All round the lake among the flowers were col-

ored lanterns which made lovely reflections in the water. Beside the lake was an open circle of grassy lawn with a slope above, like an amphitheater, having woods at the back and sides. From somewhere among the trees came the sound of soft music playing; but no one could see the musicians. Overhead the stars winked brightly, but there was no moon. So everything was vague and mysterious and lovely in the soft colored light of the many lanterns.

In the grassy ring other figures were waiting to receive the guests. Maggie, in a pretty dress of green silk and a flower hat of pink, with her curls hanging loose, and little wings growing from her shoulders, looked exactly like a peablossom fairy, as she skipped about the place greeting the children gaily. "This is a fairy party," she explained to them, "and you must n't be surprised at all sorts of queer, funny things. For this is our fairy godmother, who makes them happen."

With these words, Maggie introduced them to a little old woman in a peaked hat and long robe, with white hair and a staff, who bowed solemnly to them, and eyed them through her glasses. The children did not know what to make of it. Most of them had never believed in fairies before, but this certainly seemed like fairy-land. They sat down in their places on the slope of grass, and waited expectantly, whispering among themselves.

When the hour of eight sounded from the village steeple and the guests were all ready, the fairy godmother clapped her hands. Instantly there was a silence, and a quiver of excitement ran among the children. What was going to happen now? The fairy godmother stepped forward and said:

"Children, you have all been invited to this party because Maggie Price believed in the fairies. Before she came to Bonnyburn, nobody thought much about fairies. But Maggie had a lucky stone which brought her here, and ever since then, queer things have been happening in the Park. I don't know whether you believe in fairies or not, but I do, and I ought to know! Whatever you call it, there is something that makes queer things happen; always something that nobody can explain. Some people can explain more than others, but they are just as likely to be wrong as right. Now perhaps some of you

can explain what our magician is going to do. I can't. I don't say he is a fairy; I don't promise that any of the things which are going to happen are real fairy things. But they will show you how nice it is not to be able to explain everything, and why Maggie Price may be right about the fairies. Now let us watch the magician do his wonders."

With this, Allegra clapped her hands, and out from the bushes stepped a tall figure with a box under his arm and a little folding table which he set up in the open space. He was dressed in a long, black velvet gown, covered all over with circles and moons and stars and triangles, such as magicians always wear in the books. On his head he wore a hood, and in his hand he held a wand. When he tapped thrice on the table with his wand, a light popped out from somewhere and shone down upon him so that he stood in a brilliant circle, where everything he did could be plainly seen.

Allegra had sent for a conjurer from the city, and he did all the tricks which conjurers usually do. He fired a pistol into an empty old silk hat, and immediately pulled out a live rabbit, which kicked and struggled, to the children's great delight. He took yards and yards of ribbon out of his own mouth, until the children wondered if there could be any more ribbon left in the whole world. He rolled up cornucopias of plain white paper, and, *presto!* they became full of pop-corn, which he tossed to the audience, to show that it was quite real. He did dozens of wonderful things, which none of the open-mouthed children could explain in the least. Last of all, the magician borrowed a hat from one of the boys, and, waving it in the air several times, cried, "*Abra-cadabra! Abracadabra!*" in a loud voice. Immediately the hat was brimful of flowers, which the magician showered upon the children, until each had a bouquet of pretty hothouse blossoms. Then *pop!* the light went suddenly out, and at the surprise of it the children winked, and—the magician was gone! It was very strange and puzzling, and made every one feel that this was a mysterious Park, and that anything might happen. Which was just what Allegra had intended.

Now from somewhere in the shadows, the hidden music sounded once more, and presently a sweet, high voice began to sing a fairy song:

"In the cowslip's bell I lie!"

The voice rose and fell, and finally ended on a high shrill note, as if the fairy had flown away up into the air. And the music by itself went on playing, imitating the songs of birds, and the ripple of water, and the sound of the breeze in

the trees, so plainly that all the children understood what it meant, without being told.

When this was ended, the fairy godmother stepped forward once more. "Now I am going to tell you a fairy story," she said. "Perhaps you know it already. But wait and see."

Thereupon Allegra told them the story of *Cinderella* and the glass slipper, and how the fairy godmother changed a pumpkin-and-mice into a coach-and-horses to take *Cinderella* to the palace. The children listened eagerly; most of them had heard the story before, but never told as vividly as Allegra told it. "Now I am going to show you something," she said. "I am the fairy godmother, you know; and when I wave my wand, you shall see *Cinderella* riding in her coach, as it looked after I changed it out of a pumpkin."

With that, Allegra waved her staff, crying at the same time: "Presto! Change! Come hither, Coach!"

From the shadow of the woods beyond came trotting a wonderful little carriage drawn by a pair of white ponies. The carriage itself seemed to be made all of flowers; the harnesses were white, and the coachman who sat on the box wore a white coat, and cocked hat, and powdered hair. Bob was a capital driver, as Allegra had found out; and now he was the proudest boy who ever lived, trusted to drive the famous white ponies. In the carriage were the *Prince* and *Cinderella*. The *Prince* wore a beautiful suit of blue satin, and a little blue velvet cap with a long white feather. Bess made a very handsome *Prince*. And Maggie was dressed in a gown of white, with a sparkling necklace. The carriage drew up in the middle of the lawn where every one could see. The *Prince* descended, and knelt on one knee while *Cinderella* stepped to the ground. From his pocket the *Prince* produced a tiny glass slipper, and when *Cinderella* thrust out her silk-stockinged foot, lo and behold! the slipper exactly fitted! Then the *Prince* kissed *Cinderella's* hand, and, rising, helped her back into the carriage, and off they drove into the shadows of the fairy-land that had concealed them.

"O-o-oh!" breathed the watching children. "Was n't it lovely! I wish we could see them again!"

"Woof! Woof!" There was a loud bark, and out into the circle trotted Caesar, with a ruff about his neck, and a red bow. Behind him walked Miss Miggs, still disguised like the old guide with a snowy beard. The ancient man bowed to the audience, and explained in a cracked voice that this wonderful dog, who had once been a real prince, would now show how well he knew

the English language. Then he made Cæsar do a series of wonderful tricks; for Cæsar had been trained in a circus, a thing which Maggie and her partners did not know. At a word of command they were amazed to see Cæsar stand on his hind legs and walk like a man. He waltzed gracefully in a circle; he said his prayers, with his head laid piously on his paws, and he lay down and pretended to die. He jumped high over the staff which the old man held horizontal for him. Moreover, he sneezed when he was asked to do so; he howled when he was told to cry, and barked joyously when bidden to give three cheers for Maggie Price. The children clapped eagerly after this feat, and Cæsar, hearing this applause, barked louder than ever, which set everybody to laughing. Then the old man bade him say good-night, whereupon Cæsar bowed his head very gracefully, and the two disappeared into the shadows.

"Well, I never!" whispered Bess to Maggie, behind the shrubbery; "I knew Cæsar was a wonderful dog, but I did not know he could do all those things. Did you?"

"No," answered Maggie, with flushed cheeks. "But I am not surprised at anything that happens in this wonderful place. Let's go out and sit down where we can see better. Something is going to happen."

Still dressed in their pretty costumes, the three actors crept out and took seats in the front of the audience. The children's voices began to buzz, but they quieted as from behind the screen of trees the hidden musicians again began to play sweet music.

"What's going to happen next?" whispered some one to Bess.

"I don't know," she answered. "This is a surprise for us, just the same as it is for you. Not even Maggie knows."

"No," said Maggie, "but I hope—I hope—"

No one ever heard what Maggie hoped, for at that moment the surprise began. There was a flare and a flicker in the bushes, and then the whole space was filled with a mysterious green light. Every tree and bush and blade of grass stood out distinctly, and the faces of the wondering children were weird and ghostlike. The hidden music changed into a soft, swinging waltz. Then from somewhere glided onto the grassy lawn a fairy figure, with gauzy wings growing from her shoulders, and a star-tipped wand. She wore a spangled short dress that glittered strangely in the green light, and little silver slippers that twinkled over the grass and seemed not to touch it. Back and forth, whirling and twirling, in time to the lovely music floated the fairy.

The children had never seen anything so beautiful. Maggie sat spellbound, watching her. Her dream had come true, and she was really seeing her fairy at last. For the face of the fairy was that of her dear hostess, Allegra.

As she danced, the green light faded and then flared again, red. The fairy circled, the glowing point of her wand making strange patterns against the trees.

It seemed to a dark figure who had come upon this scene unexpectedly that it was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen in his life. The faces of the children, watching rapturously, Maggie and the two others in their pretty costumes in the foreground, the lake, the lights, the shadows, and that lovely swaying figure keeping time to the hidden music. Mr. Graham rubbed his eyes to be sure he was awake.

"I do believe she really is a fairy!" he said to himself. "She is too lovely to be human!"

At last the music came to an end. The light faded away, and in the shadows the fairy also faded, no one saw whither.

There was a minute's silence, then the children broke into applause, and cries of "Do it again! Do it again!" Mr. Graham waited eagerly, hiding behind his tree, but the fairy did not reappear. "No," said he to himself, "fairies never repeat themselves. It was too perfect."

Now in the open space blazed fireworks,—pin-wheels, and rockets, and serpents, such as the children had never seen before, except Maggie, who knew what the city could do in that way. Mr. Graham did not wait to see the fireworks. "Evidently this is no evening to make a call," he said to himself, "and I don't want to see any one else to-night, after that lovely fairy."

So he stole back through the Park by the way he had come, without being seen by any one; but he did not go to his room at the inn. He wandered about for a long time under the stars, thinking fairy stories.

Meanwhile the fireworks blazed and darted, and let fall wonderful colored stars into the lake. And the children cried "O-o-o-o-oh!" and stared up into the sky until their necks ached, and until the last banging bomb announced that all was over. Then the fairy godmother appeared and invited them all to follow her into the house for supper. *Cinderella* and the *Prince*, with their gorgeous coachman, led the way, and the others came after them, laughing and whispering, teasing Bob and Bess about their clothes, and asking questions about the lovely fairy who had disappeared. But no one seemed to know anything about her; or if one did, she held her tongue.

There was a fine supper ready for them in the

dining-room, with all the things that Bob and Bess and Maggie had suggested that they liked best to eat; and after every one had eaten all he wished, there was an enormous bran-pie to be served by Maggie, who saw that each boy and girl had a plateful containing a "plum." The plums were wrapped up in colored paper, and when they were "peeled," proved to be pretty gifts and toys, such as everybody likes to have. The children wished they could have such a pie for dinner every day!

When it was time to go home, the fairy god-mother came forward and said: "Well, children, we all hope you have had a good time at the party of Maggie and Bess and Bob. And we hope you will come to the Park very often after this. All day long every Saturday and Sunday, the grounds will be open for you and your fathers and mothers, and you may go wherever you like. I hope, too, you will want to come and see me some of those times here in the house. I shall always be glad to see you. Now good-night, everybody. Come again!"

"What a lovely party!" said the children as they went home. But the story of it which they told their parents sounded to the latter like a fairy tale. Such doings had never before been heard of in Bonnyburn!

CHAPTER XII

THE LUCKY STONE

MR. GRAHAM did not call very early the next morning. But when he did send in his card to Miss Penfold, Maggie came running to meet him.

"Oh, you dear Mr. Saint George!" she cried, flinging her arms about his neck. "What a surprise you are! The very nicest surprise of all. Have you come to hunt dragons? When did you come, and how long are you going to stay? Tell me everything that has happened."

While Mr. Graham was trying to answer some of these questions and to ask a few of his own, Maggie led him through the house and out upon the terrace overlooking the valley. Here they found Allegra, who welcomed him graciously.

"Welcome to the Park!" she said. "I have heard Maggie speak so often about you that I feel as if we were friends already."

"And I," said Mr. Graham, with a twinkle in his admiring eyes, "do not feel as if I saw you for the first time. Maggie's letters, though few, have been very vivid."

"Have you come to take me away?" Maggie asked, rather wistfully, clinging to Allegra.

"Well, don't you want to go with me?" he inquired.

"Oh, no!" protested Allegra, hugging Maggie closer.

"I wish you would stay here instead," Maggie temporized. "Can't you stay in Bonnyburn too, Mr. Saint George,—why not?"

"Well," said he, "perhaps I need not go back immediately. That depends. But I thought that perhaps you would be homesick for the city by this time, Maggie."

"Homesick for the city!" Maggie cried. "Why, I was pining to see you, and that 's the truth. But wait till we have shown you Bonnyburn, Mr. Graham, and you will never want to go away any more."

"I can well believe that," he murmured. "But you know some of us have duties in the city that keep us prisoner against our will. Some of us can't always do what we like best."

"I know something about the dragons you are fighting!" said Allegra. "Maggie has been telling me a little, but I want to hear more. I never knew there was such work to be done in the world. It is splendid! I should so like to help. Do you think I could?"

"Of course you could!" cried Mr. Graham. "The world is waiting with just the sort of work that you could do best, Miss Penfold. The children now—what a friend you are of children, and what a lot you could do for those poor little tots in the city who have so few pleasures in their lives!—"

"Like me!" exclaimed Maggie, who had been listening eagerly.

"I have thought of that," said Allegra. "I have thought a great deal about it lately. Tell me some more about the children."

Mr. Graham began to tell her something of his work at the Settlement, and Maggie ran to fetch Bob and Bess. She was not gone long, but when she returned with the Timmins children, they found Allegra and her visitor talking earnestly, both looking troubled.

"We must leave her to choose," Mr. Graham was saying. And Allegra answered: "Yes. But hush, please! Here she comes."

Mr. Graham greeted Bob and Bess heartily. "Maggie has written me about you and the wonderful times you have had together," he said. "I must say, I quite envy you."

"We will show you the places where it all happened," cried Maggie, eagerly. "Oh, there is so much to tell you. I could n't write it all. Can't we go now, Miss Allegra, dear?"

They took him to all the favorite spots in the Park; to the gardens of the peacocks, the lake and the island, the cave and the wigwam. Especially they pointed out the gate where Allegra

had first overheard the children talking, and where so many adventures had begun. Mr. Graham was deeply interested, especially in the different disguises of the Fairy Princess.

"And it was dear Miss Allegra all the time!" said Maggie, as they came back to the house. "She was the fairy who made things happen."

"We were all parts of a fairy tale," said Allegra, laughing.

"I told Maggie there were n't any real fairies," grinned Bob.

"Oh, you did, you young unbeliever!" said Mr. Graham. "You tried to spoil her story, did you? That is a thankless task always."

"But I believe in fairies more than ever I did," Maggie assured him. "Miss Allegra and you and I think just alike."

"I am glad of that!" said Mr. Graham.

"Why, of course!" Maggie went on eagerly. "There is something we can't explain, without fairies,—can we? *Something* led Miss Allegra down to the gate that day. I believe it was a fairy, though it seemed to be only a butterfly. And before that, *something* dropped that lucky stone for you to find, Mr. Saint George. Don't you believe that was a good fairy, too?"

"Maybe," said he. "We must see how it all turns out; then we shall perhaps know whether to call it a good fairy or not."

After Bess and Bob had gone home, Mr. Graham rose and took Maggie by the hand. "Good-by, Maggie," he said. "It is time for me to be starting toward the station. When you are ready to come back to the city, let me know."

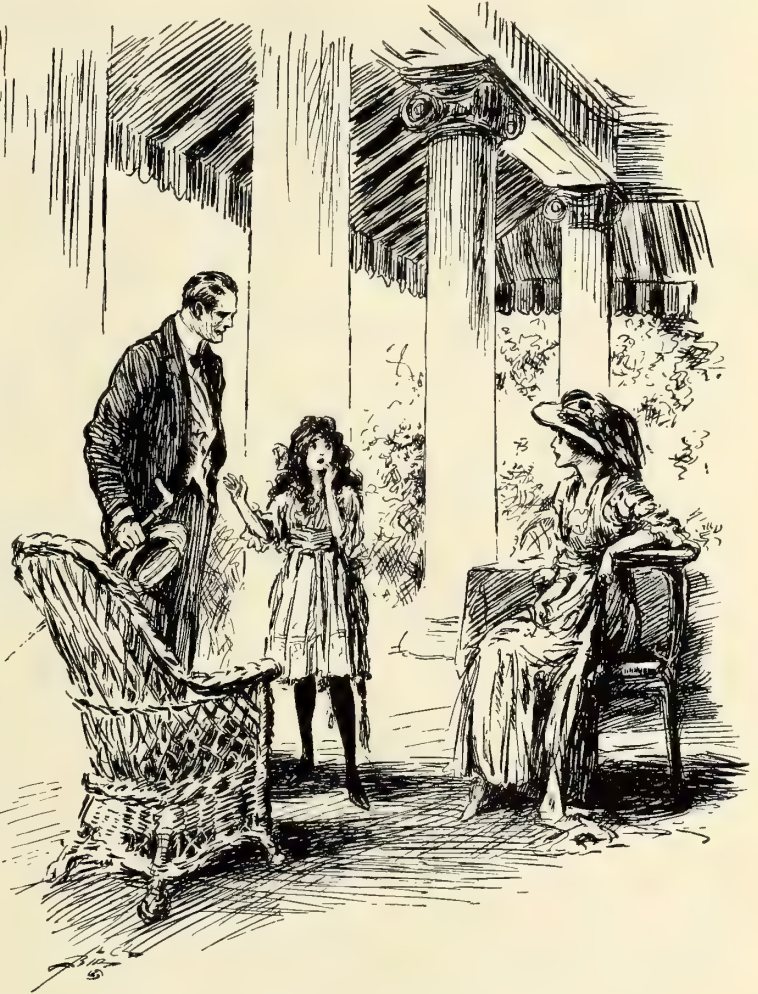
"Oh, I thought you were going to stay!" Maggie looked ready to cry. "I am not ready to go—yet."

"You don't need to go at all, unless you wish, Maggie," said Mr. Graham, gravely. "Ask Miss Penfold."

"I shall be glad to have you stay with me as long as you like," Allegra assured her. "Will you stay with me always, Maggie?"

"Oh, how good you are!" cried Maggie, beaming with joy. Then she looked troubled, and turned to her older friend. "But I want to be with you, too," she said pitifully. "And I guess I ought to be going back—home."

"You are not to go back to Tilda and the old



"'HAVE YOU COME TO TAKE ME AWAY?' MAGGIE ASKED, RATHER WISTFULLY."

place, anyway," said Mr. Graham. "That is over; that is n't your home any more. I will tell you about it sometime. Once I thought that you might like to come to live at the Settlement and be my little girl, but that was before you had met the real fairies—in Bonnyburn."

"Oh!" cried Maggie, turning from one to the other, "to be your little girl, Mr. Saint George! How lovely! But I wish I could be with you both; I don't want to choose."

"You must choose, Maggie," said Allegra. But

Mr. Graham had an idea. "Why could not Maggie live here in Bonnyburn during the summer, and come to me for the winter and school in the city?"

"That might be arranged," said Allegra. "I need Maggie to help me here. I have not yet told you my plan. What you have been telling me this morning makes me the more eager to carry it out. My father has given me the Park for my very own, and I want to make something splendid of it. Would it not be a fine summer home for city children; I mean, a real *home*, where they could visit me?"

"Wonderful!" cried Mr. Graham. "It is what I have always been dreaming—an ideal home with an ideal hostess."

"And perhaps you would help me, too?" she asked timidly.

"I certainly would," he answered with eager readiness.

"I should need to study the matter," Allegra continued. "I should want to know more about

all kinds of children, and to look into the ways of Settlements."

"I will show you all I know," he assured her. "But, then, you must come to the city for the winter, too."

"Yes," said Allegra. "I want to do that. I am tired of going abroad every season."

"Then we shall all be together, after all!" cried Maggie, clapping her hands. "My dear Fairy Princess, what a lovely plan! The Park will always be a fairy-land for little children like me; and I shall be here too."

"You shall be my helping fairy," said Allegra, hugging her.

"And yours, too," said Maggie, seizing Mr. Graham's hand. "And it has all happened because of the lucky stone!"

"Yes; and now I am going to give it back to Mr. Graham to bring him luck," said Allegra, taking it from her pocket, with a smile.

"And I know it will bring him his Wish," said Maggie, "whatever that Wish may be!"

THE END.




BUILDING CONTRACT

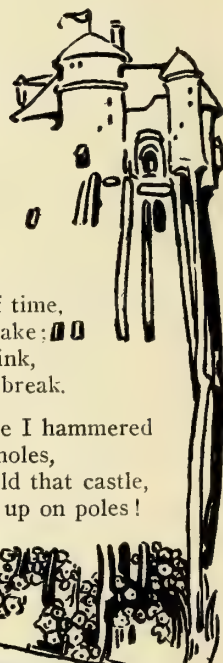
BY CAROLINE HOFMAN

I CAN hammer, hammer, hammer
All the whole day through—
I have wood and nails and gimlet,
And I've such a lot to do.

For Mother wants a chicken-coop,
And Sister wants a chair;
And Father wants the queerest thing—
"A castle in the air!"

A chicken-coop takes lots of time,
And chairs are hard to make; 
But a castle in the air, I think,
Would tumble down and break.

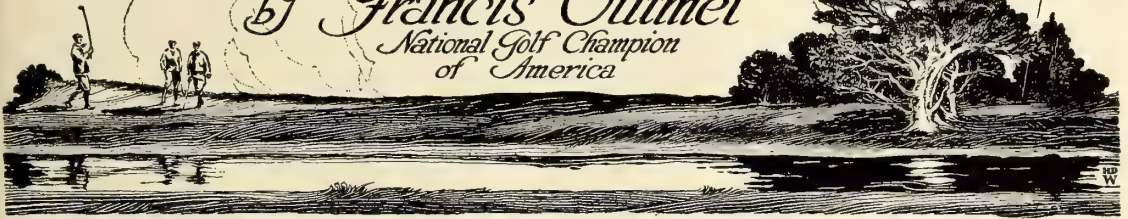
I've been thinking, while I hammered
And bored my gimlet holes,
That while I build that castle,
I shall prop it up on poles!



Robert Robinson Elinor

The GAME I LOVE

By Francis Ouimet
National Golf Champion
of America



ONE THING AT A TIME

"ONE thing at a time, and that done well," is a very good rule in golf, as in many other lines of either work or play. I speak of this because golf is a game in which the relationship between players is a bit different than in any other game that comes to my mind. It is a game which, to reap the best results, demands great concentration, and yet a game which, at times, is played wonderfully well by those who seem to be paying scant attention to the task in hand. The game one moment brings men together and next sends them apart, according to the direction in which they happen to hit the ball; two men can start from the same tee, be two hundred or more yards apart after their drives, and both be on the same green after playing their second shots. It is a game which invites sociability, and yet does not either demand or require it. One man can go out and play all by himself and thoroughly enjoy his game, or two men can go out, play a round together, neither speak a word between the first tee and the last green, yet both go into the clubhouse and declare they had seldom or never spent a more enjoyable time.

So when I talk about concentration, I do not wish to be misunderstood. Different people like to do things in different ways, and golfers differ the same as other people. One golfer feels that he cannot properly enjoy a round without being able to converse with his partner or his opponent, while the other prefers to give all his attention to the play, though he may be a very prince of good fellows and most sociably inclined the moment the round is done. It is a good thing, therefore, for one golfer playing a round with another not to try to make it a sociable match, in the ordinary sense of the term, until he knows that such sociability is welcome.

As I stated before, some golfers seem to be

able to play at the top of their game even though they carry on a conversation all the way around, or allow their attention to be otherwise diverted from the task of hitting the ball right. They are to be envied. At the same time, I have my doubts if there is one golfer in a thousand who can do those things yet rise to the top in the game, competitively speaking. With some golfers it seems to be almost second nature to be able to play well under any and all circumstances, but even of those fortunate players, some might possibly get further than they do at the game if, when it comes to important matches, they would buckle down to their own play and erase everything else from their minds. I would be the last person in the world to advise a sort of mummified attitude at all times on the links, for the sociable side of the game has a strong appeal to me. Often I have been criticized for not paying more attention to my game and less to other things. But the more thought I give to the subject, the more am I convinced that, in a match which I particularly desire to win, there is no surer way of getting the desired results than in paying attention to nothing else while the match is in progress. Every school-boy knows that it is almost impossible for him to master a lesson if he is allowing himself to think of half a dozen different things while he is trying to study. A member of a school nine or foot-ball eleven knows how hard it is to try to study on the night before an important game or match. Exactly the same thing is true of golf, for no "man can serve two masters" and serve each equally well.

These views, I think, are borne out by the records of different golfers who have achieved the highest honors. Mr. Walter J. Travis, who three times has been United States Amateur Champion, and who once won the British amateur title, which practically made him World's Amateur Champion, is a veritable Sphinx

during the course of a tournament round. Doubtless there are a great many followers of the game who think he is the same on all occasions, because they have only seen him during these matches. I can assure them they are wrong. I mention Mr. Travis here because of an incident that happened one time at the Essex County Club, Manchester, Massachusetts, where he was playing in an invitation tournament. Along about the fourteenth hole, Mr. Travis was approached by a golfer who propounded a question which, as I remember, was to settle an argument that had come up about some point of play. Mr. Travis looked up and said: "I am playing golf." In other words, he wished to give his entire attention to the match. His record tells its own story of what concentration has meant to him in the line of success.

From all I have seen of Mr. Jerome D. Travers, who won his fourth amateur championship of the United States at Garden City last September, he is another who never, if he can help it, allows any outside influence to affect his play during an important match. At the national open championship last year at The Country Club, Brookline, Wilfrid Reid, of England, made a grand showing in the preliminary rounds, and during the first two rounds of the championship proper. During the second round of the championship proper, he was approached by a newspaper man who desired to know how he was getting along to that point. "Please don't bother me," was the English professional's rejoinder. That was all he said at the time, though after the round he explained that he had not intended to be curt, only that he never liked to be interrupted during the course of a championship round. I might add that after his grand play the first day, Reid went "all to pieces" the second, due to a little trouble he had the night before which preyed upon his mind in the last two rounds of the championship.

Harry Vardon, I can imagine, might become so concentrated in his play that he would not even *hear* a question put to him during a championship round. For myself, I know I have lost more than one match for no other reason than that I have not set about my task earnestly enough. It is all right to say to yourself that you will get right down to business toward the end of a match, but, more often than otherwise, it cannot be done.

"EVERYTHING TO GAIN, AND NOTHING TO LOSE"

In a previous article, I advised against trying to drive equally far with a golfer who normally gets a longer ball than you do. Along the same

line, I again emphasize the point that the quicker a golfer can develop a state of mind which will enable him to witness a fine shot on the part of his opponent without its having any adverse effect upon his own play, the more successful will he be. The logic of the argument is apparent. The problem is, how to develop that state of mind. It is natural to feel, after seeing your opponent lay an approach dead, that there is small chance of doing the same, and the tendency is to go at the shot half-heartedly, or at least without that confidence which means so much in a match. The better way of looking at this situation is: "My opponent is dead to the hole; well and good. I have everything to gain and nothing to lose on this shot, for if I don't get a good one, he wins the hole anyway, while if I do, I have a chance to halve, and it won't do my opponent any good to only halve a hole which he already thinks is won."

It is a peculiar fact, and part of the psychology of golf, that many times when one player makes a poor shot,—drives out of bounds or something of the sort,—his opponent steps up and does the same thing. Especially is this true of golfers not in the first rank, and, I might say, it also is to be seen with unexplainable frequency among the leading golfers. Possibly it is because the second player becomes a bit careless, or it may be because he tries to be too careful. At any rate, it does happen often. It would seem natural that the same thing might happen with the good shots, and sometimes it does, but not with anything like the same frequency. I presume the reason for this is that the rank and file of golfers are more prone to make errors, under stress, than they are to do something unusually good.

JEROME D. TRAVERS, "THE MAN WHO ALWAYS RISES TO THE OCCASION"

THE man, above all others, whom I admire for his wonderful faculty of rising to the occasion by going his opponent one better, usually at a critical stage, is Mr. Jerome D. Travers. It might appear that I am trying to find an excuse for my defeat by him in the national amateur championship at Garden City, in 1913, if I mention only one shot which he played on that occasion, and which had a decided bearing on the outcome. I will say, therefore, that Mr. Travers has a long-established reputation for doing something extraordinary at what may be termed the psychological moment, and what he did against me at Garden City is only in line with similar shots that he has pulled off in other matches. He is one of that type of golfers who always seems to have a

little in reserve. There are times when he plays inferior golf, but—he usually plays just enough better than his opponent to win. The shot that I have particularly in mind is one that he played at the eighth hole in the second round of our championship match. My second shot, played from a point about 150 yards from the green, came to rest about eight feet from the hole. Mr. Travers, with possibly three or four yards less to play on his second, deliberated a trifle longer than usual, and then not only put his ball inside mine, but only three or four feet from the hole. I had viewed my own shot with intense satisfaction, and already was “counting my chickens” for a 3, to win the hole. What happened was that he made the 3, and I took 4! It may be that had I secured the 3 and he a 4, he still would have won the match; but, at the same time, the way the thing turned out certainly did not improve my chances. Hence, I would explain that it is all right to let a good shot influence you when it acts as a spur to doing even better, as it seems to with Mr. Travers!

EVANS'S STRATAGEM

ANOTHER illustration of the point that frequently a tough situation acts as a spur to brilliant effort was a performance by Mr. C. E. Evans, Jr., in the qualifying round of the national amateur championship at the Chicago Golf-Club in 1912. Mr. H. H. Hilton, present British amateur champion, and at that time holder of the American amateur title, had completed his two rounds and led the field in strokes, with Mr. Evans needing a 4 at the home hole to tie for the lead. Mr. Evans was just enough off the line with his drive to get a lie which made it impossible for him to play straight for the green. After studying the situation, Mr. Evans decided there was just one possibility of getting his 4, which was to play his second shot deliberately off the line, almost at right angles to it, to reach an open spot known as the polo field, then approach from that open spot, and take a chance of getting near enough to go down with one putt. A fine shot landed him in the aforesaid polo field, which was upward of 100 yards off the course proper, and left him a long way from the green. Moreover, he found himself stymied by a tree. With wonderful courage and skill, he played his approach over the tree, and landed the ball on the green, though still twenty-five feet from the hole. The best thing about the story is that he holed the putt, which put him in a tie with the Englishman, and it was a fitting climax when he later defeated Mr. Hilton in the play-off for the gold medal.

NO SITUATION HOPELESS

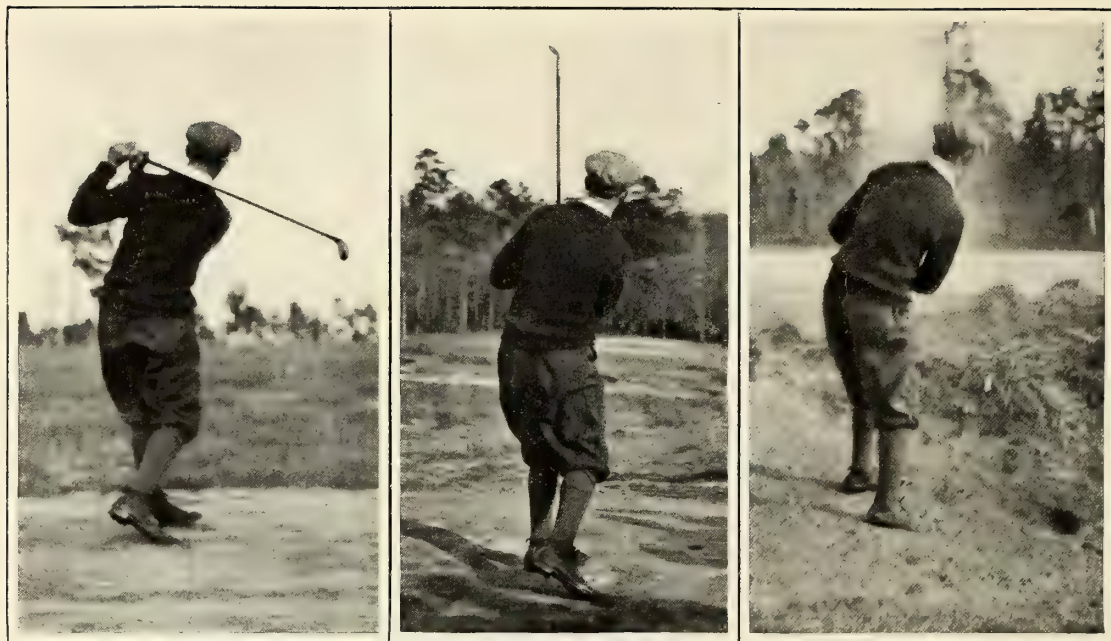
THIS incident only goes to prove that no situation is absolutely hopeless in a round of golf, a fact behind which there is abundance of proof. Every follower of the game knows, for example, that holes are done in one stroke an astonishing number of times. I am one of the unlucky ones who has not felt the thrill of such a performance.



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MR. H. H. HILTON, THE BRITISH AMATEUR CHAMPION.

The best thing about such matters as holding a tee shot or a long approach is that it is done by poor players and good players alike. The golf ball is absolutely neutral in its likes and dislikes. Of course, I must admit that the farther a man can hit the ball, the more chance he has of doing something extraordinary in this line, such as when Mr. John G. Anderson holed his tee shot at the old sixteenth of the Brae-Burn Country Club, West Newton, Massachusetts, the distance being 328 yards. The finish was downhill, but it took a long drive to get the roll. Again, there was the hole-in-one made by Mr. Allis last summer at Homewood, the distance being 306 yards. If the golfer would only bear such things as these in mind when the outlook is least promising in a match, perhaps the spirit of optimism would carry him through to a successful finish. When the



MR. OUTMET ON THE LINKS AT PINEHURST, NORTH CAROLINA.

outlook is darkest is the time when Fate may be conspiring to bring about the unexpected. I had a taste of that in the Massachusetts amateur championship of 1913, played at the Wollaston Golf-Club, Montclair, Massachusetts. In the second round, my opponent was Mr. Ray R. Gorton. We halved the first eight holes, after which Mr. Gorton won the ninth, eleventh, and twelfth. I had to get past a half-stymie to hole the putt for a half at the thirteenth; at the fourteenth, he was on the green in two shots, while in a like number I was above the green, on an embankment, and had to pitch down with my niblick and go down in one putt, for a half, which left me three down, with four to play. The fifteenth I won with a 3, and the sixteenth with a 2, as here I needed only one putt. We halved the seventeenth, and at the home hole it looked to be all over when Mr. Gorton had only to hole a putt of less than a yard to halve the hole and win the match. There are times when a short putt holed is worth far more than the longest drive ever recorded, and this was one of them. Mr. Gorton missed his putt, the match was squared, and I won the first extra. After that I went through and won the championship. It is by such things that championships are won and lost. Mr. Evans's inability to putt well at Garden City against Mr. Anderson, in the 1913 amateur championship, was the chief factor in his defeat. These short putts sometimes are missed by carelessness. The moral is obvious.

DON'T STUDY A SHOT TOO LONG

WHILE carelessness is a bad feature for any golfer to allow to creep into his game, it must not be confused with unnecessarily prolonged deliberation over shots. Too much time in studying shots before playing them is, to my mind, worse than not enough. In other words, neither procrastination nor hurrying will bring satisfactory results; but as between the two, undue deliberation is worse because it is in the nature of an imposition upon other players. Golf has become so popular a game that the number of players has increased by leaps and bounds, hence a great many clubs have an active playing membership so large that it is a problem how to accommodate all who wish to play, especially on Saturdays and holidays. An unnecessarily slow player can hold back a field and cause more fuming and hard feelings than almost any other factor in play. The same thing applies in open tournaments or championships. Admittedly there are some golfers who are so constituted that they have to go at their play deliberately to do well, but they ought to realize that fact, and, when they see that they are holding others back, courteously let those following "go through."

But a great many players who are abnormally deliberate might find, by experiment, that they could play just as well, if not better, by speeding up a bit. When a golfer spends overmuch time

in studying the line of his putt, for example, first viewing it from one side of the hole and then from the other, only to go back and have another look from the first side, he is apt to see undulations or bumps which really would have no influence over the ball's course if utterly disregarded. The imagination gets too much play and the mind has too much time for working up hesitancy and breeding lack of confidence. The best putters, as a rule, size up the situation quickly, then step up and hit the ball.

In all these suggestions, let me explain, I do not wish to give the impression that it is wise to putt or play another shot without sizing up the situation, or to hurry the shots. But the more one practises the art of taking in the layout quickly, and reaching a speedy decision as to the club to be used and what has to be done, the more does it become a sort of second nature. The profession-

als, as a rule, waste little time in the preliminaries for their shots. Naturally, the rejoinder might be that it is a part of their stock in trade to reach speedy decisions; yet I do not doubt that a great many amateurs would find their play surely no worse if they, too, spent less time over the preliminaries.

Every golfer, I realize, has his own problems to work out, and when I preach the doctrine of sizing up situations quickly, I do not for one moment mean to say positively that every player can step up to his ball, know immediately what club to use, and play his shot without further deliberation. Some players I am certain can steady themselves with two or three practice swings, and some benefit from giving the line of putt deep study. But I firmly believe there are many others who do these things merely from habit or from imitation.

(To be continued.)



"IN THE EVENING GLOW."

FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES C. CURRAN.

THE PROCESSION

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

WHEN the snow has gone away,
May-pinks blossom where it lay,
And before the May-pink 's gone,
Dancing wind-flowers hurry on;
All the violet buds are made
Long before the wind-flowers fade.
Then before the violets go,
Yellow dandelions grow,
And before they start to die,
Buttercups are growing high.
Then the daisies hurry up,
Each beside a buttercup!
Little pink wild roses follow,
And, in every sunny hollow,

Black-eyed Susans grow up tall
By the time the roses fall.

Clovers flower bright and steady
Till the goldenrod is ready;
Purple asters, last of all,
Wait until the late, late fall,
Till the snow comes flying down
Once again on field and town.

Flowers are very kind to grow
One by one, and never go
Till the snow comes back, and stays
Here for all our winter plays!

THE FAIRY STEEPLE

BY KATHARINE MAYNADIER BROWNE



Up the Fairy Steeple
The Fairy Ringers climbed,
And out o'er all the country,
The Bluebell Music chimed!

GARDEN-MAKING AND SOME OF THE GARDEN'S STORIES

THE STORY OF THE FRACTIONS

BY GRACE TABOR

"ONE and one are two, and one are three, and one are four, and one are—"

"Multiplying would be much quicker."

"And one are five, and one are six, and one—"

"Why don't you multiply instead of add?"

"Are seven, and one are eight, and—"

"What in the world are you thinking of? Don't you know—?"

"That it is very bad manners to interrupt? Yes! And very poor taste to advise, to say nothing of showing you up, when you do not know a thing about the situation or the problem? Yes! But it would seem that I am singularly alone in the possession of this knowledge—as well as some other!"

The tone was more than snappy, but there is no denying the provocation was great. The questioner was entirely unabashed, however. Indeed, he promptly asked his question over again: "Well, why *don't* you multiply?"

"Because I must have more when I finish than when I began, and because it 's fractions I am using. And if I *multiply* fractions, I 'll get less instead of more, won't I, Mr. Know-it-all?"

"Oh, well, of course!" said the other, with the inflection that is always used when one says this; and he withdrew without more ado, rather pettishly, one might say.

And the sum went on; and the number of the fractions increased; and the fractions themselves increased; and so it was that finally, when the summer was over, where there had been just one honeysuckle vine clambering over the fence, were ever and ever so many rooted bits or fractions of a vine that were already beginning to send up shoots that twined their way up toward the sky and took on all the airs and attributes of vines themselves. And these the two garden sages together cut away and planted all the way along the rough old fence, perhaps three feet apart; and thus all its long unsightliness was covered with a lovely fragrant mass of this loveliest of vines, when the next summer came—a mass that was the beginning of a famous honeysuckle hedge. For there it grew and grew, and went on layering itself season after season, until it became an impenetrable tangle of crisscrossed branches quite four feet

thick, all built up by the addition of the fractions of the first vine that had itself been a fraction of a grandmother's honeysuckle, quite a long way from the home of the small sage.

Some plants take to this method of increase by fraction-addition much more readily than others—perhaps they are naturally of a mathematical turn of mind!—and there are very few that cannot be persuaded to it, through proper attention and coaxing. Upon it, therefore, gardeners great and small have learned to rely for many things, rather than upon the slower method of raising plants from seeds. Propagating by cuttings or by layers they call it.

Honeysuckle is one of the things that layer themselves; that is, its branches take root wherever they touch the ground. Mint creeps along and spreads itself over large spaces in the same way; so does the sweet trailing arbutus, and the shining-leaved but pernicious poison-ivy. Grapes often do, blackberries always do; strawberries travel along in this way, new plants forming continually around the old; tomatoes will do it; the hobble-bush, which may have thrown you flat as you were running in the woods sometime, owes its name (and you owe your tumble) to this habit, for its branches fasten themselves by roots to the earth again and again as they grow long enough to touch it, and thus they form into low-stretched snares to trip the unwary.

Here is an odd thing about new plants produced from an old one in this way which it is interesting to note and remember. Such plants are just as old in one way as the original one, even if that is years and years old and they are but just separated from it. So there is no waiting for them to grow up and blossom, if they are shrubs; for already they are old enough, and will blossom, the very first year of their independent life, even though they are no larger in height and size generally than year-old seedling baby plants. They are in gardening language, "precocious"; and very often it is nice to have shrubs and trees precocious, so that we may enjoy them from the very beginning of their residence with us.

This is not the only reason for increasing shrubs and plants in this way however, although

it is an important one. But there are some things which will not "run true," as gardeners put it, from seed; which is a very great puzzle, and no one knows just why it is so, although they know very well that it is. It means that the seeds of a flower will not always give us plants which will, in their turn, bear flowers exactly like the one from which these seeds came. Consequently, when we wish to have more plants that will bear this particular kind of flower, we may only do so by propagating, or making, the new plants out of fractions or cuttings of the original plant, instead of raising them from its seeds. Thus we are able to have exactly the same wood and stem, and therefore exactly the same flower. So for certainty in handling some plants, more especially the finer and more highly developed varieties, propagating by layers or cuttings is really the only method.

Layers, you will already have gathered, are just what their name implies—long branches that lie along the ground and send roots out at intervals down into it. And cuttings are as true to their name as layers, for they are the fractions which are subtracted from the main plant before their roots have formed—cut off and separated—and then set into the ground by way of inviting them to take root. Of course you will not be slow to guess that these are much more difficult to make grow, in one way, because they must do all the work of making roots alone and unaided; whereas layers have it done for them, and moisture and nourishment furnished to them by the roots of the plant of which they remain a part until these new roots are formed, and they are quite prepared to take up existence as separate, new, and independent plants.

Gardeners have learned to employ four different kinds of layering, all amounting to the same thing, of course, yet varying a little bit. All depend upon the same two principles, that is, that roots like darkness, and that an interrupted flow of sap in a branch tends to make that branch put forth new roots to restore this flow to its normal volume and thus restore to the branch its normal amount of nourishment. When a plant is growing above-ground, buds and branches rise out of the stem at certain definite places along its length. These places are called "nodes"; and the spaces between them are called the "joints" of the stem. When a stem is covered with earth, it is at these nodes that roots are more likely to arise than elsewhere along the stem. It is to them, therefore, that our attention must be given, in a general way.

To layer a thing in the simplest fashion, choose a long branch of last summer's growth—unless

you are specially directed to take younger shoots, remember that nicely ripened, *woody* wood a year old is always to be chosen—and after hollowing a shallow trench in the earth from the base of the shrub out toward its circumference, like the spoke of a wheel, as long as this branch, draw it over and down carefully. Work very slowly with it to be sure it bends without splintering, gradually getting it all the way down until it lies along this trench from its tip to as near the plant itself as it can safely be bent. Lay a good-sized stone on it to hold it in place, once you get it just right, for the weight of the earth which will go over it is seldom enough to overcome its natural spring back to an upright position.

This bending down interrupts the flow of sap. Now, to provide the darkness, over two or three adjoining joints or nodes of the branch pull the earth back into place, covering leaves and stem and all to a depth of three or four inches, quite out of sight. Then skip and leave uncovered about two nodes, and cover the next two or three; and so on, the whole length of the branch. This leaves a space along the stem, you see, between each portion that is in the dark and going to send roots down, for branches to grow up, above the ground.

After these little branches or shoots have grown to be two or three inches high, cover the earth over the rest of the main branch and around them, until they look like a row of little separate plants standing there—and then leave everything alone for a long, long time, that Nature may do her work.

Just how long a time depends on two things—the plant, and the season of the year when the work is begun. Some plants naturally take root much more quickly than others; and all plants take root more promptly if layered at the time of their greatest activity, which is always spring or early summer. Usually the little plants are ready to cut away by the time fall comes, if the layers are laid down in the spring; but with some things, even this is too soon, and we must wait over until the next spring, or even the next fall. Such a long time is not usual, however.

All of this that has just been described is called simple layering; and it is the easiest and best for all ordinary circumstances and plants. But some gardeners like better to practise what is called serpentine layering, because it insures a more even flow of sap along the layered branch. You can guess, of course, how it is different from the simple layering—for anything that is "serpentine" always goes in and out, which is exactly what the branch does. It is brought down beside the old plant just as for simple layering; then in-

stead of being laid along a shallow trench its entire length, it is caught down under a mass of earth for perhaps four inches—or the distance of two or three nodes—then curved back up and over, quite clear of the surface of the ground; then caught down again; then curved up and over; then down and under, and so on to its tip, which must finally be turned down and covered with earth.

This curving up and down is intended to interrupt the flow of sap, which naturally comes strongest at the very tips of branches always. By bending once, the sap is "slowed up"; by bending several times, it is more evenly distributed along the branch. This tends to make roots form more regularly, instead of bunching themselves thickly toward the tips of the layered branch, as they sometimes do.

Tip layering is the third form, useful where a branch is too heavy and stiff to be brought down and bent along the earth's surface. Only two or three nodes at the tip of the branch are buried, instead of portions all along its length. And finally, there is stool or mound layering, which is quite a bit different from either of the others. For this method, the original shrub which is to furnish the "fractions" must be cut back severely and evenly in the spring. Nothing, indeed, but short stubs is left of it, all about six or eight inches high. From these will spring a great number of shoots during the summer. When these are grown to good strong size—about midsummer usually—the earth is piled around them in a mound that reaches up onto their stems from six to eight inches. This induces them to take root along the covered portion of the stem, instead of drawing their nourishment from the old roots deeper down; and by the next spring, when the mound of earth is drawn away, every shoot is a complete little plant as soon as it is separated from the old stump from which it sprang.

From three to four inches is as deep as a layer needs to be covered—and the earth under and over the branch should be light rather than heavy, although not so light that moisture will not be retained by it. It need not be rich, and fertilizer should *never* be applied to either layers or cuttings, outdoors or in.

Cuttings may disappoint you in the beginning; but if they should, do not give up. There is absolutely no reason why any young and persistent gardener should not work up dozens of currant bushes from a single parent plant during a season; or gain enough climbing roses to cover an arbor next summer from a single plant purchased this. There are several kinds of cuttings, but we shall not take up here those which are made

from either leaves or roots. Stem cuttings are enough to consider at first, leaving the root and leaf cuttings to greenhouse workers. It may be well for you to remember, however, that cuttings generally are distinguished according to the *portion* of the plant from which they come—as stem, leaf, or root—and according to the *age* of the wood at the time they are made—as green or soft; hardened; and ripe or hard wood. Green wood—that is, wood or stem that is in the midst of its rich and luxuriant growth—is the most difficult to manage, for it is likely to die before roots have had time to form. So in the beginning let us avoid this. Hardened wood is wood that is still growing but beginning to ripen; this summer's growth is just about now ready to make into cuttings of hardened wood; and the end of July or the first of August is just the time to set them. They may be put into sand out of doors, on the north side of a hedge, or fence, or building; or you may have them indoors if you prefer, in a flat just like the flats in which seeds are sown. Out of doors will probably be a better place, however, for they will not dry out as fast, and they will be sure of all the air they need, and of generally healthy conditions. Dig the earth out to a depth of about ten inches over as large a space as you are going to want, to set as many cuttings as you are to make; and fill this space with clean, sharp sand.

Determine the length of the cuttings by the number of buds along the stem rather than by inches. If these buds are zigzagged on the stem—that is, if the plant is one of the kind that sends out its leaves and branches alternately instead of opposite to each other—be sure that you make them long enough to contain at the very least three of these buds; and five or six is a better number. If it is an opposite leaved plant, two pairs of buds will do; but three pairs will be better. Slant the lower end of the cuttings sharply; and see that this lower end is not just below a bud, but rather half-way between it and the bud next lower on the branch. Rub off all the buds that are to go under the earth, which will be all but the very top bud or the top pair of buds. And then to the work of setting.

With the dibble or a trowel, open a place in the wet sand—be sure that it is wet enough not to run and slide about—quite as carefully as you would do if you were planting rooted plants, lower the cutting away down into it, tilting its top toward the *south*, then pry the sand over against it just as you would pry earth against a seedling and its roots—and drop some good earth into the hole in the sand which this prying makes. Set the cuttings two inches apart in rows running

east and west; and make the rows themselves six inches apart. After they are all set, an old-time garden custom is to scatter charcoal dust over the surface of the ground and then to cover it with short straw, leaving the tops of the cuttings uncovered. This conserves the moisture, of course. Water the space every day at sunset until the little slips show you, by beginning to grow, that they are rooted. As soon as the shoots are well started, cut off all but the most vigorous one, and let this have all the nourishment. Mulch the ground well when winter comes, and transplant the little plants to their permanent places next spring.

Some of the things which I am sure you will be able to get to root without any trouble are lilacs (these should be started early in July, or even in June), cornels, and hydrangeas, and the rambler and Wichuraiana roses, also the Michigan or prairie rose. But layering is the better method with these and with Forsythia, syringa, viburnum (snowballs are a variety of viburnum), sweet shrub, and kerria, all of which are com-

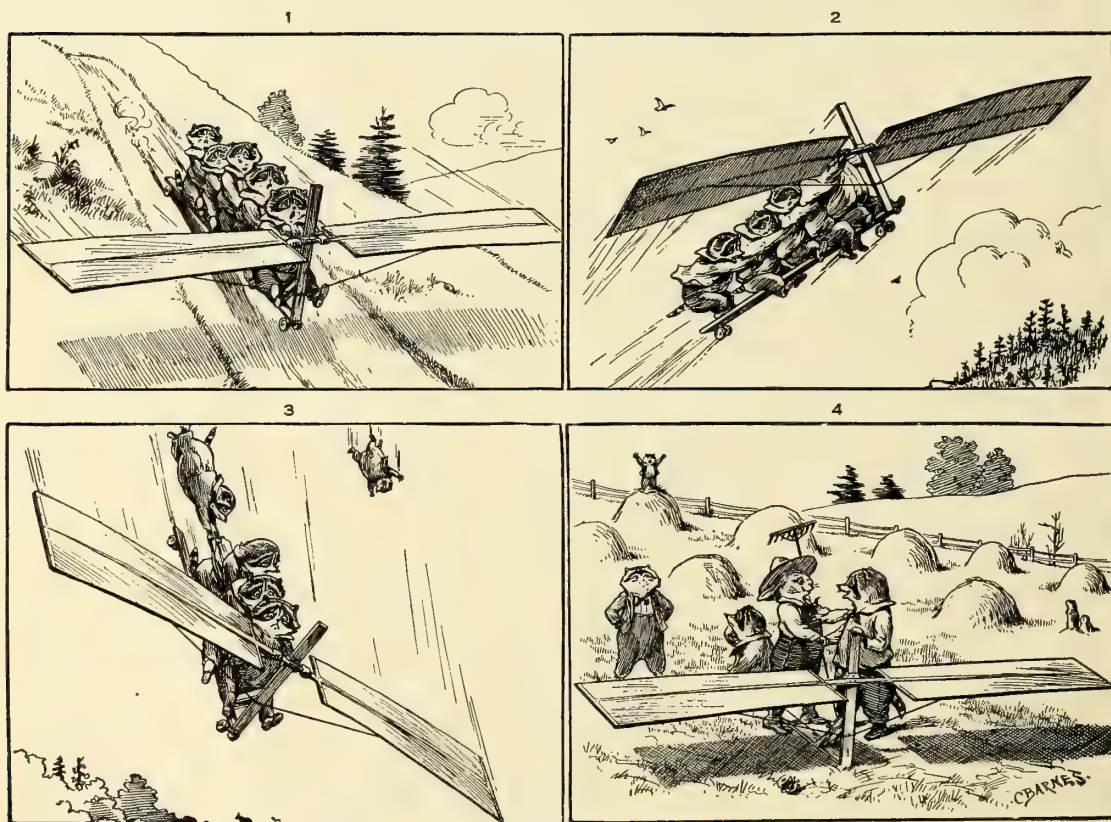
mon shrubs that you may easily increase in this way. All of these should be put down now, separated this fall and planted where they are to stay, and well protected during their first winter.

IN THE GARDEN

KEEP all your flowering plants picked clean of seed pods, which are forming daily and almost hourly now, wherever there has been a blossom. Remember that it is to make seeds that everything blossoms, consequently if you do not let it accomplish this, it will go on trying by making more blossoms—and that is your garden's gain.

Till the earth in all your garden twice a week. Keep everything tidy and neat these hot days. Watch for aphids every day, and for other marauders. And remember that you must continually use the fungicide spray as a prevention, for fungous diseases cannot be cured, once they get a start. Never be caught napping! Then you will always have fine healthy plants and a garden full of lovely flowers.

(To be continued.)



THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT OF THE COON HOLLOW PUSH-MOBILE AÉROPLANE.



THE HOUSEKEEPING ADVENTURES OF THE JUNIOR BLAIRS

BY CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON

Author of "A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl," "Margaret's Saturday Mornings," etc.

STRAWBERRY TIME

EARLY in the morning of the next Saturday came a note from Miss Betty, which said:

Dear Mildred and Dear Brownie:

Just to think that I forgot to tell you I wanted you both to help me cook the luncheon for our party! Do come over at about eleven, and bring your aprons. And please tell Jack that if he wants to come and help too, I'll find him something perfectly proper for a boy to do.

YOUR LOVING BETTY.

"Oh, goody!" exclaimed Brownie, as she read the note over Mildred's shoulder. "The very best fun of parties is getting ready for them, and I know Miss Betty will have something nice for us to do."

"What do you suppose Miss Betty wants *me* to do?" asked Jack, curiously. "I just believe it's a joke, and she really means to get me to make cake, or some other kind of girl's cooking. I don't believe I'll go till lunch-time."

"Oh, it's an invitation!" said Brownie, much shocked. "You *have* to go! And it's Miss Betty, too!"

Jack laughed. "Well, all right," he said. "Miss Betty is such fun that perhaps I won't mind."

"Take your clean apron, Jack," said Mildred, teasingly.

"Pshaw!" sniffed Jack, with a lordly air.

Miss Betty's house was just across the lawn; when they reached it, she met them at the door and told the girls to go right in and get their aprons on. "Now, Jack," she said, dimpling, "I'm afraid I've brought you over under false pretenses, for I really don't want you to cook at all. I only hope you won't be too disappointed! But the weeding man who takes care of the garden has not come to-day, and I want some strawberries. Would you mind picking some for me?"

Jack's sober face lighted. "Why, I'd love to do it! That's what I call a man's work, Miss Betty. How many do you want?"

"Well, I want two kinds; first about a quart of ordinary ones, and the rest the very biggest in the garden; here are two baskets for them, and you may pick in one as you go along, and in the other lay the big berries on the freshest, prettiest strawberry leaves you can find. I want eight berries apiece for us—let me see—eight times four—" but Jack was off before she finished.

"Now, girls," Miss Betty said, as she tied on her own apron, "we will go right out to the kitchen and begin. But first, Brownie, can you lay the table for us?"

"Cer-tain-ly I can," said Brownie, proudly. "You can just tell me what you are going to have to eat, and show me where you keep things, and I can do it all alone."

So Miss Betty gave her a pretty square lunch-cloth to put cornerwise on the round table, and showed her where she kept the napkins and silver and china. "We are going to have creamed chicken, and iced cocoa, and salad, and strawberry shortcakes," she said.

"Hot plates for the chicken," murmured Brownie, counting out four, "and cold plates for salad; tall glasses for cocoa; hot or cold plates for shortcake, Miss Betty?"

"Just warm, I think. I'll help you carry all these out to the kitchen so they will be ready when we want them. And are you sure you do not want me to help you put on the silver?" But Brownie shook her head, and went on talking to herself as she arranged the forks:

"Never use knives except to cut up meat with; so forks for creamed chicken, and forks for salad, both on the right, because everybody is right-handed; and the chicken fork farthest away, because that comes first, and the salad fork next the plate, because that comes after. Shall I put on a fork or a spoon for the shortcake?"

"We shall need both, but I think we will lay those right on the plates when we put them on the table. Here are the finger-bowls; we will put them on these small, pretty plates with a little doily under each bowl; and to-day we will stand them at the top of the place, not directly in front."

"Mother always puts the fruit plate and finger-bowl right down in the middle of the front," said Brownie, doubtfully; "not at the top."

"That is the way when you are going to eat an orange or peach on the plate; but you will see by and by why it is different to-day. Now I know Mildred wants me in the kitchen, so I'll leave you to finish the table all by yourself."

As soon as Miss Betty appeared, Mildred asked, "Now what first?" and pushed up her sleeves.

"First we must start the salad. I really ought to have done that long ago, but I waited for you. It is much better when it stands."

She brought in three large tomatoes and washed them and cut out the stems. Then she put them into a saucepan and poured boiling water over them, and, after they had watched a moment, they saw the skin all around the edge of the stem-hole begin to curl up; then they poured off

the water, and Miss Betty put a fork into one and with a small sharp knife quickly pulled off all the skin; then she gave the fork to Mildred, and let her finish the others and put them away on the ice while she washed the lettuce and rolled it up in a towel and put that on ice, too, to make it get crisp. Then she read her this rule:

PLAIN TOMATO SALAD

Scald and peel the tomatoes, and put them on ice for an hour. Wash the lettuce after separating, roll in a towel, and put on ice also. When it is time to use the salad, slice the tomatoes and arrange with the lettuce on plates or in a bowl. Make the usual French dressing, and put it in a cream bottle; just before using, shake this very hard and pour over at once.

"You know how to make French dressing, don't you, Mildred?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! I learned that long ago, when I was putting up luncheons for Jack. But I never put it in a bottle—I just mixed it in a bowl."

"My dear, I've only just learned to put it in a bottle! You will be surprised to find how much better it is for a hard shaking, such as you cannot give it in a bowl. It is thick, and so well mixed that it is twice as good. I found that out myself the other day."

"And here is a special recipe for you, Brownie," continued Miss Betty, as Brownie came into the kitchen; "such a cunning little one!"

YELLOW TOMATO SALAD (BROWNIE'S)

Scald and peel little yellow tomatoes; chill, and lay on lettuce leaves; add French dressing just before serving. Or mix the yellow tomatoes with little bits of red ones.

"Oh, that must be lovely!" said Brownie. "I'm going to copy that in my book, and put my name after it, as my very own salad!"

"Now what next?" asked Mildred, as she set away the French dressing in the cream bottle.

"Lovely little strawberry shortcakes; do you remember your rule for biscuits?"

"Indeed I do! I've made those so often I never even look in my cook-book."

"Well, then, you may make a panful of those; only remember to roll the dough out very thin—not thicker than half an inch; and do not let the biscuits touch each other in the pan. Now, Brownie, here is a platter of cold roast chicken, left from dinner last night, for you to pick off the bones and cut up in little, even pieces about the size of the end of your thumb. Use the white



"'HERE COMES JACK WITH THE BERRIES, JUST IN TIME!'"

meat first, because that looks best creamed, and if there is not enough, then use some of the dark. Here is the rule:

CREAMED CHICKEN

- 1 large cup of thick white sauce.
- 2 cups of cold chicken in small pieces.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of chopped parsley.
- 1 shake of pepper.

Make the usual white sauce, but use two table-spoonfuls of flour to one of butter, so it will be thick (see your rule). When it is done, add the seasoning and then the chicken; keep very hot, but do not let it boil again.

"You can serve this on squares of buttered toast, or just as it is in little dishes, or on one round platter."

Mildred's biscuits were all ready to go into the oven by this time, and Miss Betty said they were lovely, but told her to put a bit of butter on top

of each one, so they would be brown. "Now copy off your rule," she added.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKES

Make the usual rule for biscuits, but divide it, unless you wish a good many. Butter the top of each biscuit; when baked, gently separate them into two layers. Put a little butter on each half. Crush some ripe strawberries and sweeten them; arrange the lower halves of the biscuits on a dish, or put one on each plate; cover with the berries, put on the tops, sift sugar over them, and add two or three berries to each. Pass cream with them.

"If some day you want to make one large shortcake, Mildred, all you have to do is to make one very large biscuit, and split it open just as you have done these small ones."

"Shall we make the cocoa now?" Mildred asked, as she finished writing her recipe.

"My dear, that had to be very, very cold for luncheon, so Ellen made it right after breakfast, and put it on ice; but it does n't matter, because

you know how to make that. However, as we can't put any ice in it—that makes it horrid and watery—you may put a piece of ice in each of these tall glasses to chill them, and that will help make the cocoa cold; we will take it out at the last moment and put the cocoa in. Here comes Jack with the berries, just in time!"

Jack had two baskets of them, one of the biggest, loveliest ones, all laid on pretty strawberry leaves. Those Miss Betty washed and dried and put on the ice at once, with the leaves; the smaller ones she gave to Brownie to hull after washing. Then she read this recipe aloud:

STRAWBERRIES FOR A FIRST COURSE

Wash, dry, and chill the berries, but do not hull them. Put a little paper doily on a small, pretty plate and arrange the berries on the leaves around the edge in a circle, the points toward the center; in the middle put a little heap of sifted, powdered sugar. To eat them, take them by the hulls and dip in the sugar.

"There!" she said, as she and Mildred finished arranging them, "don't they look pretty? I think for breakfast or luncheon they are delicious this way. Now you see, Brownie, why the finger-bowls had to go at the top of the plate; these small plates go right before you on the table, and when Ellen takes them off, she can take off the others, too. Are n't the biscuits done yet, Mildred?"

Mildred ran to look—she had forgotten all about them, but luckily they were exactly right, a beautiful brown. So she took them out of the pan and carefully opened them at the side, using a knife at first, and then tearing them gently apart so they would not be heavy. When Brownie finished the berries, Mildred crushed them a little and sweetened them, but did not put them on the biscuits; Miss Betty said that must be done only just before serving, or the crust would be soaked with the juice. So she helped fill the glasses with water, and put on the bread and butter and cocoa, while Miss Betty and Brownie arranged the salad on plates and put the hot chicken in little dishes, each with a bit of parsley on top. Then they all sat down and ate up the luncheon, and nobody could say which was the best thing, the beautiful berries, or the lovely hot chicken, or the ice-cold cocoa, or the salad, or the shortcakes—it was all so good.

When they had finished, Mildred said there was only one fault to find with the lunch—that they had strawberries only twice.

"That 's exactly the way I feel!" nodded Miss Betty. "In strawberry time, I want to have them

in the place of meat, and potatoes, and bread, and everything else, and at least at all three meals a day, and between times too! Now would you like some more strawberry recipes for your cook book?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Mildred, running to get a pencil. Then Miss Betty gave her these:

STRAWBERRY CAKE

- 1 small cup of sugar.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter.
- 1 cup of cold water.
- 1 egg.
- 2 cups of flour.
- 3 rounded teaspoonfuls of baking-powder.

Put the baking-powder in the flour and mix well. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream. Beat the egg without separating, and add this; add a little water, then a little of the flour, and so on till all is in. Bake in two shallow tins. When done, and just before serving, put a layer of crushed, sweetened berries between the two layers and cover the top with whipped cream dotted with whole berries. Or cover with powdered sugar and whole berries and pass plain cream.

"This rule makes perfectly delicious raspberry or peach shortcake, too. Try it as soon as raspberries come, Mildred, for you will love it. Now just one more rule, and this is especially for Brownie."

STRAWBERRY RUSSE

Get a dozen ladyfingers, split them in halves, and cut each one in two. Arrange these around the edge of small glasses; fill the centers with berries cut in halves and sweetened, and cover with whipped cream; put one berry on top of each.

"Oh, Miss Betty, give me one more, please!" begged Brownie. "I love special ones, just for me."

"Very well; here is one of the cunningest ones you ever saw."

BOX SHORTCAKES

Get from the baker's some small, oblong sponge-cakes; with a sharp knife mark all around the top edge, and then take out the middle part, leaving small, empty boxes. Fill these heaping full of sliced berries, or, if you can get them, small field berries, and cover the tops with powdered sugar; pass a pitcher of cream.

"Of course you can make little cakes at home for these instead of buying them at the baker's, but really, for this particular recipe, the bought ones are better. Hark! Is n't that your mother calling?"

It was, so they called Jack, who was reading "Kim" in the library, and all went home.

WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER X

FLOATING AND SINKING A STEEL TUNNEL

BEFORE taking train for home, I went with Will and Uncle Edward to pay my respects to Dr. McGreggor, and thank him for the fine trip he had given me.

"Ha, young man," he grunted, as soon as he caught sight of me, "so you are back at last, are you?"

"Yes, sir," I answered; "and I want to thank you for the finest time I ever had in my life, particularly last night. That ride on the locomotive was simply great!"

"Locomotive, did you say?"

"Yes; on the 'Starlight Limited.'"

"Edward Jordan!" exclaimed Dr. McGreggor, turning to his partner. "You don't mean to tell me that you let these youngsters ride in the locomotive of an express-train!"

"Maybe I should n't have done it," replied Uncle Edward, quite apologetically. "I must confess that I did have some misgivings on the subject, particularly after promising Jim's parents that I would be personally responsible for his welfare—"

"I should say you would!" growled Dr. McGreggor.

"But," continued Uncle Edward, "I 'll never forget my first ride in a locomotive, when I was about their age, and I could n't resist giving them the treat. At any rate, nobody was hurt, and I 'll warrant you the fun was worth the slight risk; was n't it, boys?"

"Yes, siree! I would n't have missed it for the world!" exclaimed Will.

But Dr. McGreggor continued to shake his head. "The next trip you take, young man," he said to me, "will be under my personal guidance and supervision, and I 'll see that you don't risk your neck, just for some foolish experience. By the way, what are you going to do now to earn your board and keep?"

"Why, I expect to go home and work in the paper-mill, if they will have me."

"They won't!" snapped Dr. McGreggor. "They don't want you. They have another boy there now. Besides, I don't see any use in your wasting your time at such a job as that, anyhow. If you are going to become an engineer, you ought to work in an engineer's office. Mr. Jordan is

going to put Will in our drafting room to keep him out of mischief; I guess there is room for you there, too."

"Oh, thanks!" I exclaimed, delighted. "Nothing could suit me better."

"Hold on, now," growled Dr. McGreggor; "this is n't play. You 'll find no thrilling adventures here; nothing but a stiff grind of work—the real work of engineering."

The following Monday, after a few days' visit at home, I was initiated into the drafting room of Messrs. McGreggor and Jordan. Will had the advantage over me there. He was a natural artist, handy with the pencil and quick at figures, while I had but the vaguest idea of the use of draftsmen's tools. The hours were long: from eight-thirty to five-thirty. It was hard for a boy who had lived out of doors so much to spend eight hours a day staring at ink and tracing-cloth; but I was determined to make good.

Uncle Edward had to leave on an extended trip again, which left us under the sole care of Dr. McGreggor; but, although he growled and scolded a great deal, I was not disturbed, because I knew that that was his way of concealing a very kind heart. In fact, he scolded most just before he was going to do us some special kindness. One day he called us into his office and said: "Here is an old friend of yours."

It was Mr. Hotchkiss, the man who found us at the top of the Manhattan Syndicate Building. "Hello, Will! Hello, Jim!" he cried. "I *thought* you would end up in an engineer's office."

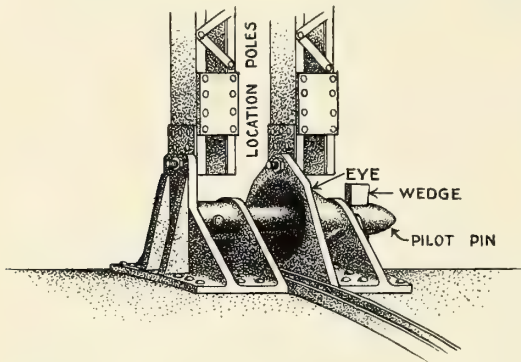
"Yes," said Dr. McGreggor, "we 're giving them a taste of the real thing this time. No excitement—just steady work. I think they might as well take a vacation this morning." Turning to us, he continued: "Mr. Hotchkiss is going up to look at the new Harlem River tunnel. You had better go along with him; you may learn something. Better hurry along now, or you 'll miss the launching."

"Launching!" I exclaimed, "what has that to do with a tunnel?"

"Run right along," he commanded, waving us to the door. "Mr. Hotchkiss will tell you all about it."

"Well," began Mr. Hotchkiss, as we seated ourselves in an elevated train, "this is not the kind of a tunnel you worked in last summer; no shield, no compressed air—"

"Are they going through rock?" I interrupted. "Oh, no. The rock is too far under the surface. It's the simplest scheme you ever heard of. Do you know, if only we looked upon things in a bigger, broader way, they would be much simplified. If a giant were going to build us a house, he would n't bother to put it up brick by brick. He would cast the whole side of the house in one slab of concrete, then he'd fasten four such slabs together, and there would be your house all finished, except the trimmings, in a couple of days; or, if he were going to build a wooden house, he would go down cellar, select a giant packing-box, and make the house just as you would make a doll house. It is the same with tunneling. He would never bother with compressed air. He would go about it just as my brother and I did when we made a tunnel for a toy gravity railroad we used to have. There



HOW THE SECTIONS WERE ALIGNED BY A "PILOT PIN" ENTERING A FUNNEL-SHAPED EYE. (SEE PAGE 841.)

was a spring on the hill back of our barn, and a little stream ran down from it to the river that bordered our farm. We ran our gravity railroad down this hill, and had it cross the stream on a miniature bridge in one place, and duck under it through a tunnel near the bottom of the hill. Our tunnel was about eight inches in diameter. How do you suppose we built it? We did n't make hard work of it. My brother found a furnace pipe that was in a good state of preservation, so we dug a trench across the tiny stream and buried the pipe in it. The pipe was well covered with clay so that it would not leak, and at each end we built a clay bulkhead to wall off the water from the open ends of the pipe. That's exactly the way this Harlem River tunnel is to be constructed. They have dug a trench across the bed of the river thirty-four feet deep, I mean thirty-four feet below the bottom of the river, and are going to bury their big 'furnace pipe' in it."

"Do you mean they are going to put it all down in one piece?"

"Oh, my, no! The tunnel is going to be a fifth of a mile long, and that would be just a little too much to handle. Besides, the river has to be kept open to navigation all the time, and the Harlem is a pretty busy stream for its size. No; they are going to lay the tunnel in five sections; four, two hundred and twenty feet long, and the fifth, two hundred feet in length. There will be a four-track subway running under the river, and so each section will be made up of four tubes abreast. What we are going to see right now, if we get there in time, is the launching of one of these tube sections, and then Monday they are going to sink it in the trench and connect it with the section they sank a couple of months ago. The engineer in charge is an old friend of Dr. McGregor's, and he will let us see the whole show."

"I should think," remarked Will, "that it would be pretty hard to line up the sections properly."

"Oh, that has all been provided for. They have sunk piles in the trench, and connected them with crosspieces at just the right height to support the tunnel sections at the correct grade. They have had quite a job getting the bed ready for the tunnel. I suppose you heard about the fire-boat house they had to move? It was right in the line of the tunnel, and they had to get it out of the way; so they built a new concrete foundation for it, a little ways up-stream, and ran a set of fire-alarm and telephone wires to the new site, ready to connect up at a moment's notice. Then when everything was ready, they jacked up the building, put rollers under it, moved it off its foundations upon a scow, towed it to its new location, and rolled it off upon its new foundations. Electricians were on hand waiting for it, and they began to connect up the wires at once. In two hours' time their job was done, and the fire-house was ready to handle fire-alarms. They have had some difficulty, too, with buildings along the approach to the tunnel whose foundations were liable to be undermined. In some cases, they have had to build new foundations under them. Yes, they have actually had to sink caissons down under the walls and build piers to support them. But the most ticklish place of the lot was at the cable-house on the other side of the river, where the electric power cables of the New York Central Railroad come up out of the water and are connected to the land lines. The trench runs so deep that the cable-house had to be propped up with piles. If it sagged and parted the cables, the whole railroad system would be tied up."

We were rather surprised, when we reached our destination, to find that the tunnel tubes were

built up of curved steel plates. Somehow, I had the notion that they would be cast solid, but I

"The tide! What do you mean?"

"Don't you see the tunnel has been built on a sort of staging over the river? When the tide was low early this morning, they towed flatboats between the rows of piles under the tubes, and now, before very long, the tide should be high enough to raise the section off the staging. Suppose we go inside while we wait, and look around a bit."

The ends of the two outer tubes were closed with stout wooden bulkheads, but on the two inner tubes the bulkheads ran only half-way up. Mr. Hotchkiss climbed over one of these half-bulkheads, and gleefully we tumbled in after him.

"Say," laughed Will, "we can tell folks that we were in the Harlem before the tunnel was in the Harlem. That will set them guessing, won't it?"

There was not much to see inside, but we

hadn't realized that they were so large. They were about nineteen feet in diameter, but with adjoining sides flattened, and then, running across all four of the tubes every fifteen feet, were plates of steel that they called "diaphragms." At each side, the tunnel section was inclosed with a wall of planking secured to the ends of the diaphragms, forming pockets between the diaphragms which, Mr. Hotchkiss told us, would be filled with concrete to keep the tunnel down.

"A pretty big set of 'furnace pipes,' eh?" he chuckled. "Weighs as much as a good-sized ship. It does n't look as big here as it would if you set it down in Broadway, say. Why, it would choke up the street for a block up to the third-story windows! In fact, you could n't squeeze it into lower Broadway, because this is about eighty feet wide."

"Well, we are in plenty of time for everything," said Will. "They have n't begun the launching yet." "Oh, yes, they have!" contradicted Mr. Hotchkiss. "The tide is doing the launching now."

walked to the other end and climbed through a door in the bulkhead which here covered the whole face of the tube. Just as we got there, we



THE FIRE-BOAT HOUSE SHIPPED UPON A SCOW AND TOWED TO A NEW SITE A MILE UP-STREAM.



LIFTING A TUNNEL SECTION OFF THE STAGING ON WHICH IT WAS BUILT, BY MEANS OF FLATBOATS RAISED BY THE TIDE.

felt the tunnel heave as a tug went plowing by and sent a swell rolling under the staging.

"Hurrray!" I shouted. "She 'll be off in a minute. Let 's climb up on top."

"I imagine your folks will be rather puzzled," remarked Mr. Hotchkiss, "when you tell them, in a casual way, that you took a sail on the Harlem River sitting astride a tunnel."



LAUNCH OF THE TUNNEL SECTION. PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN JUST AS ONE OF THE FLATBOATS HAD SUNK AND THE SECTION WAS LURCHING TO THAT SIDE.

"Yes; they 'll certainly think I 've had a brain-storm."

We climbed up a ladder and seated ourselves on a plank that lay across the diaphragms. Presently a tugboat made fast to us.

"We 're off," shouted Will, as we began to move slowly out into the stream. "This is the queerest launching I ever heard of."

"We are afloat, but we are not launched yet," corrected Mr. Hotchkiss. "They must sink the flatboats yet, and pull them out from under us."

"But they won't do that now, will they, with two of the tubes open at one end?"

"Oh, no; the outer tubes are more than big enough to keep it afloat. You 'll find that the section will float high out of water. Suppose we go down and help them scuttle the boats."

We ran along a plank walk to the middle of the tunnel section, but by the time we got there, the men had already opened the valves, and the water was rushing in.

"They don't seem to be in any hurry to get out

of the boats," I remarked, pointing to a man who was standing on the gunwale of one of the flatboats.

"Oh, no; it will take a quarter of an hour for the boats to sink."

It seemed like an interminable wait. Then we noticed a slight list to one side. Suddenly the whole tunnel section gave a lurch as the boat on

that side sank first, but in another moment the others were submerged too, and we floated on an even keel, while the tug drew the flatboats out from under us.

"Now is the time for your shouting!" cried Mr. Hotchkiss. "We are really launched this time."

"What 's next?" I asked.

"Home, I guess; there is nothing more to see here today."

"By the way," I asked, as we were on our way downtown, "what has become of Mr. Squires, our caisson friend?"

"He is over in Long Island City now," Mr. Hotchkiss informed us, "working on the land end of the new East River tunnel. We might all go over and visit him, Monday, after we have seen the tunnel section sunk in

the Harlem. He always has a new adventure to tell about, whenever I meet him."

WHEN we reached the site of the Harlem tunnel, on the following Monday, the tunnel section had already been towed to the spot where it was to be sunk. At each end of the section, two large cylinders had been secured across the tubes.

"What do those cylinders mean?" I asked. "We did n't see them here last week."

Mr. Hotchkiss explained. "When they sink the section, they will want to move it around until they bring it into exact alignment with the section already sunk. They are going to use a couple of derricks for this purpose, but they will hardly be powerful enough to support the weight of the heavy section unaided; with these cylinders to buoy up the tubes, however, the weight on the derricks can be regulated very nicely to about five tons each, by filling the cylinders more or less with water."

"But I don't yet understand how they can fit

such a cumbrous section to the one already laid," said Will.

"Don't you see those steel masts at each end of the tunnel?" asked Mr. Hotchkiss. "They are 'location masts,' and carry targets that are carefully centered over the outer tubes. Surveyors on shore will sight those targets and signal which way the section must be moved to bring it into perfect alignment. That done, the section will be moved back until a couple of heavy pilot pins just above the two outer tubes enter widely flaring 'eyes' in the previously sunk section. A diver will be down there to drive a wedge through the pin so as to lock it fast" (see drawing, page 838).

"But," Will pursued, "will that make the joint tight enough to prevent leakage when they pump the water out of the tubes?"

"You forget that the tubes are to be buried in a mass of concrete. That scow," pointing to one alongside the tunnel section, "is the one that they are going to concrete the tunnel with. Concrete hardens all right under water, but the difficulty is to keep the cement from washing away, so they are going to drop the stuff through what they call 'tremie' pipes—"

"And keep the ends of the pipes under the surface of the concrete," interrupted Will, "so that the fresh stuff coming down the pipes will be discharged under a protecting layer of concrete."

(*To be continued.*)

"How did you know that?" exclaimed Mr. Hotchkiss, in astonishment.

"Oh, we have been traveling since we saw you last. That is the way they built the concrete piers of the Key West railroad, out in the sea."

We had to take a boat over to the tremie scow. They had already begun to sink the section, but there was really little to see; so we turned to the tremie scow. It was quite an elaborate affair with its sand, gravel, and cement bins, its elevators and conveyors, and its concrete mixers. Mr. Hotchkiss explained how, after the section was sunk, the scow would be anchored right across the tunnel, and the tremies would be lowered into the pockets, one pipe between each pair of tubes, and one at each side, making five in all.

"It will take them a day to fill each pocket," he said, "or a month for the section. They have to fill each pocket before the protecting layer of concrete gets so hard that it will not rise above the fresh concrete coming through the pipes."

We hung around for two long hours before that tunnel section went under, and then we thought we had had enough. As we left, the diver was preparing to go down to lock the connecting pins fast. On shore, men were taking observations on the targets, and directing the movements of the derricks. Altogether, it was a very queer way of building a tunnel.

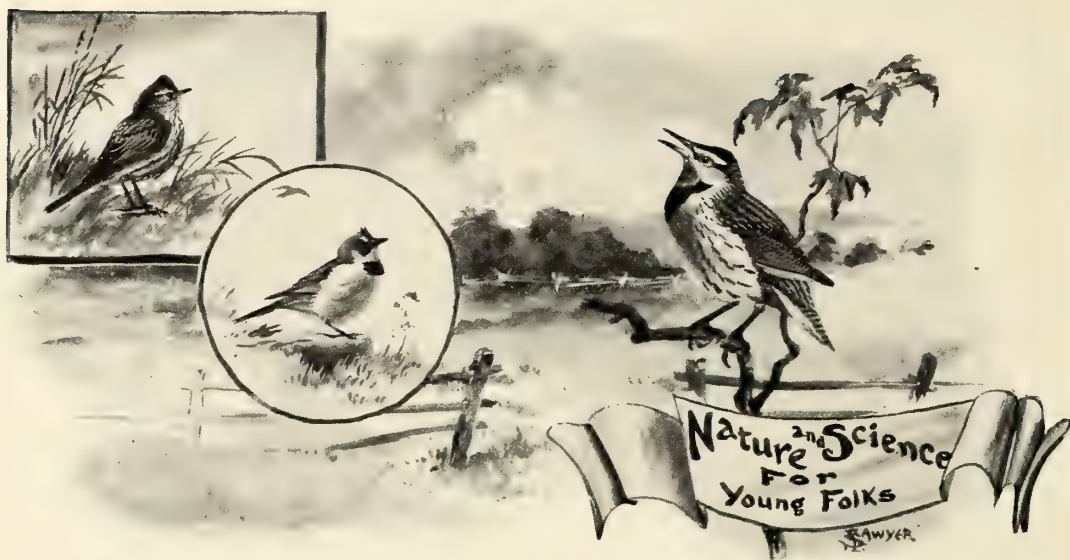
THE BRAVE LITTLE GIRL

BY TUDOR JENKS

A BRAVE little girl (perhaps 't was you)
Once *thought* she met a bugaboo—
As large as any ever seen,
Quite as cross, and twice as green!
It seemed to be just—standing there,
With something between a grin and a glare.

But this little girl said to the bugaboo,
"Oh, pooh! I don't believe in you!
There is no need for you to stay,
So—scat! You 'd better run away!"
And just as sure as sure can be,
That bugaboo changed to the stump of a tree!

Then the brave little girl just nodded her head:
"I see it 's true as Mama said—
That the bugaboo is n't even an elf:
It 's only a '*when-you-scare-yourself*.'
If you just keep cool and say, 'Oh, pooh!'
It puts an end to the bugaboo!"



ENGLISH SKYLARK. HORNED LARK.

MEADOW-LARK.

(Our so-called "meadow-lark" is really a starling, allied to the orioles and blackbirds. The picture shows his habit, unlike that of true larks, of perching on a tree.)

MISNAMED BIRDS

MANY of our birds are often called, even in books, by names which are misleading. The average young bird-student really knows more about birds than the folks who gave some of our birds their names. While these birds were as yet without English names, those first suggested by Tom, Dick, or Harry would naturally "stick," especially if the names were reminders of the birds the early settlers had known across the sea. But the "misfitting" names are by no means all due to this cause, as we shall see.

"Meadow-lark" is an example of one kind of mishaming. The real American representatives of the European larks are our horned larks. These are much smaller, more quiet, and less showy birds than the big *starlings*; hence they failed to attract attention. But these starlings of the open meadows, with their habit of singing on the wing, sometimes as they circled to alight, suggested to the people, however remotely, their beloved larks; so they were called meadow-larks.

"Robin," as applied to our ruddy-breasted thrush, is another example, but a less serious one. Even to this day, one occasionally hears our bird called "redbreast," as was done by the early colonists on account of the ruddy coloring which it had in common with the English *warbler*, which they had known so well as "*robin*-redbreast."

The so-called "orange-crowned thrush" and the "water-thrushes" are really *warblers* which owe those popular names to a resemblance to the true

thrushes in their general colors and markings. They may, however, be distinguished in the field from true thrushes by their restlessness and animated poses; and, from all but Bicknell's thrush,



THE ENGLISH
"ROBIN-REDBREAST."

THE AMERICAN "ROBIN" (REALLY A
RUDDY-BREASTED THRUSH.)

by their smaller size. The orange-crowned thrush is also called "oven-bird."

The night-hawk is perhaps the worst named of all our common birds; and, by the way, it is

among the common birds that we find most of these absurd names.

Imagine the whippoorwill being called a "hawk"; yet the night-hawk is closely related to a whippoorwill, and much resembles it, and both of them are much more closely related to swallows than to hawks.

Although our golden plover is sometimes called, not inaptly, field-plover, we also wrongly use the name field-plover to designate the large bird which is more properly called Bartramian sandpiper—from William Bartram, the naturalist, in whose honor it was named. Being a true sand-

mentioned in the name. But such birds are apt to have quite as extended a range as others, the names having in many cases been given them



BARTRAMIAN SANDPIPER (OFTEN MISCALLED FIELD-
PLOVER), AND A TRUE PLOVER, THE KILLDEER-
PLOVER, SO-CALLED FROM ITS CRY.



LOUISIANA
WATER-THRUSH.

HERMIT-THRUSH.
ORANGE-CROWNED THRUSH,
OR OVEN-BIRD.

(These birds are really warblers.)

piper, it is more closely related to the common tip-up of our shores than to the plovers. But the "field" is appropriate enough, for the bird is commonly found in quite dry, open fields, while sandpipers are usually associated with water. We call a certain bird "*wood-thrush*," though here the word "wood" is misleading only because it lacks any special meaning; nearly all our true thrushes are, equally with this species, birds of the woods. "Field-sparrow" is another name of this general kind.

The bird properly called brown thrasher is very commonly called "*brown thrush*." He is closely related to the mockingbird, catbird, and wrens, and differs decidedly as to "build" and habits from the true thrushes; unlike the true thrushes, too, are the two white bars with their inner bars of black on each wing.

Other misleading names are "Nashville warbler," "Cape May warbler," and so on. Such names as these give the impression of birds found only, or most abundantly, in the localities

simply because of the locality in which they happened to be first found or described, or in which, to some one early observer, they seemed to be especially numerous. "*Canadian warbler*" and "*Canada goose*" are examples of similar names which have very little special meaning. All our



BLACK-DUCK (SO-CALLED, THOUGH IT IS NOT BLACK.)

wild geese and a great many of our warblers are similarly, and at least equally, Canadian.

Still other inappropriate names for our common birds are "sparrow-hawk," for a little hawk which feeds chiefly on mice and large insects, "screech-owl," for an owl which does not screech, and "red-shouldered hawk" (so called because the bird's *elbow is rufous*). The names "black

duck," "brown creeper," and so on show a lack of care in distinguishing color, which seems to have



"BROWN THRUSH."

(Properly the brown thrasher, related to the mockingbird, catbird, and wrens.)

been a special failing of those who gave our birds their English names.

In view of the many misleading names for our common birds, the young student might profit by being a little suspicious as to the value of any bird name when he is not familiar with the bird itself. Or, being acquainted with a bird and failing to find a book name which fits its actual color or other real character, he should disregard mere names, even such a general name as "thrush." He should rely rather on the bird's actual structure and habits and its real relations to other birds. For, indeed, there 's little in a name sometimes, when it is a bird's name.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

A WATER-TURBINE

WHEN any great water-power, such as Niagara Falls, for instance, is to be transformed into electricity, the work is usually done by turbines. The old water-wheels are very picturesque, to be sure, and many an old mill is still run by them, but the turbine is the more modern and efficient method. A toy turbine will be found a very fascinating thing with which to experiment, and it is very much simpler to construct than you probably imagine. A very efficient little turbine may be made of a few odds and ends of glass such as you will find about the house. A great advantage of a glass turbine lies in the fact that it enables you to watch the action of the water throughout the experiment.

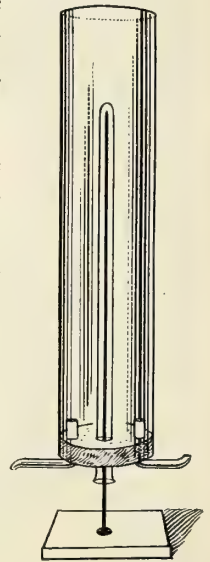
The only material you will need to construct a working water-turbine will be an old lamp-chimney, a cork which just fills one end, two short pieces of glass tubing, a test-tube, and a long knitting-needle or a bicycle spoke. The glass lamp-chimney should be about ten inches in length and two inches in diameter, or thereabouts.

Such a cylinder of glass may be purchased at the drug-store. The glass tubes, which should be about six inches in length, must be bent at right angles over a flame, and one end of each drawn out to narrow the opening. If the tubes are one quarter of an inch in diameter, make the opening half this size. The smaller end of one tube should then be turned slightly upward, and the corresponding end of the other tube slightly downward. This part of the work must be done for you by some grown person.

Now pierce the cork exactly at the center, and push the test-tube through the opening so that the top comes to within two inches of the top of the cylinder, leaving two or three inches extending from the bottom. The larger open ends of the smaller tubes are next inserted, through holes previously made, so that the openings extend about one inch above the cork. Now fit the cork firmly into the end of the cylinder.

The knitting-needle, bicycle spoke, or any other small metal rod, is then fixed firmly in an upright position by driving one end into a block of wood, about six inches square and two inches thick, so that the turbine may be picked up and carried about. The turbine is then put in position by merely passing the test-tube over the upright metal rod. Care must be taken to have the test-tube at the exact center of the glass cylinder, so that the cylinder will be vertical and will turn at a touch in either direction. You will find that it is very easy to split the glass cylinder, lamp-chimney, or whatever it may be, by forcing too large a cork into the end. It will be found a good plan to use a cork slightly smaller than the diameter of the cylinder and cement the edges to make them water-tight.

The water-turbine may be set in motion by merely pouring water into the top of the glass cylinder. As the water flows from the two L-shaped tubes, the cylinder will begin to rotate, increasing in speed. By adding water, the turbine may be made to run indefinitely. It will be seen that the turbine finds very little resistance



A TOY TURBINE.

in turning on the upright, and even this friction is reduced by having the upper end of the rod sharpened. If the board on which the turbine is mounted is floated on water, the entire base will be carried around. The water will offer considerable resistance, of course, so that the motion will be somewhat slower. Another plan is to suspend the turbine from a swivel so that the entire apparatus will revolve freely.

FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS.

THE AUTOMOBILE AS A PLOW HORSE

HITCHING an automobile to a plow has been tried with more or less success, but a newly invented tractor makes it possible to keep a light car steadily employed for such heavy work, without undue strain upon the machine. Any pleasure car of medium horse-power can be used for the purpose, so that the farmer's automobile, which carries him to town as a pleasure vehicle, can be hitched to the plow when not used for traveling on the road. The tractor which makes this possible is a two-wheel affair with a mechanism for reducing the gear, so that the speed is brought down to about four miles, while the engine runs at a rate that would be equivalent to a twenty-five mile gait. The power is increased in proportion as the speed is reduced, and in this way the pulling power is tremendous, being equal to a ten-horse

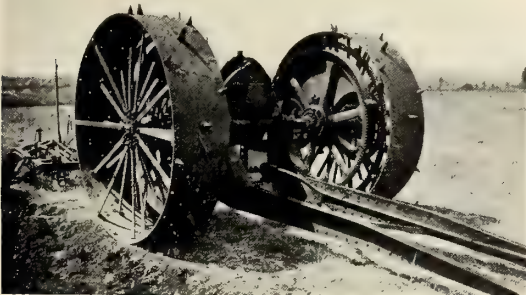
back wheels of the car being six inches above the ground. This leaves very little strain on the front wheels, as they merely steer the outfit, and



A PLEASURE-CAR DOING THE WORK OF TEN HORSES.

there is no excessive wear upon the tires. Of course the rear tires receive no wear at all. The gear on the rear wheel of the automobile is bolted upon the hub. The tractor wheels are six feet in diameter and of very broad tread, which may be wider or narrower according to the nature of the ground on which it works. To this is attached the plow, cultivators, or other farm machinery. The photograph shows the light pleasure-car plowing hard-baked ground; to do the same work would require five pairs of horses. Only a few minutes' work is required to attach or detach the tractor.

C. L. EDHOLM.



THE TRACTOR ON WHICH THE AUTOMOBILE PARTLY RESTS.

team in plowing or cultivating. The tractor is composed of a massive frame upon which the rear half of the automobile is lifted bodily, the

MOUNTAIN SCULPTURE

EVERY one who has been to the mountains has seen there strange groups of rocks that are pointed out as resembling more or less closely the human form or that of some animal. The famous profile of the old man of the mountains, jutting out from the face of a high cliff on the side of Mt. Cannon, in the Franconia Range, New Hampshire, is, perhaps, the best-known example of these accidents of nature. Quite as wonderful, however, are the two rock figures which are shown on the following page.

One of these appears on a beautiful mountain, known as Eagle Rock, in the suburbs of Los An-



THE "FLYING EAGLE," NEAR LOS ANGELES,
CALIFORNIA.



THE "ARROW-HEAD," NEAR SAN BERNARDINO,
CALIFORNIA.

geles, California. It is a huge dome-shaped hill, and on its face is the figure of an enormous flying eagle. The form is plainly seen at all times, although it appears to best advantage when

the sun is directly overhead. There is a great deal of detail in the figure of the bird, the head, the talons, and even the wing-feathers, being suggested.

This natural sculpture is caused by erosion, the sandstone face of the cliff having been worn in such a way that the shadows form the outline of this flying eagle.

The other, also a Californian landmark, is found near San

the most remarkable of natural carvings, and the town is so proud of this freak of nature that it has adopted it as the symbol of the city. It has even been used in the design for a street lamp intended for the business section of the city, and has been copyrighted to prevent its use by other near-by towns.

L. M. EDHOLM.

THREE CURIOUS ANIMALS

A BABY FROM AFRICA

THE tapir forms one of the links connecting the elephant and the hog. Its snout is lengthened by a sort of proboscis like that of the elephant, but it is short, with a finger-like appendage at the tip.

The animal sleeps during the daytime, and wanders about at night in search of its food, which consists of gourds, leaves, and other vegetation. It is very fond of the water, and can remain below the surface for a long time without coming up for air. It is a very powerful animal, and as it is furnished with a wonderfully thick hide, it plunges through the brushwood, breaking its way through any obstacles that may oppose its progress. Colonel Roosevelt's party captured the baby tapir seen in the picture after a long, hard chase through almost impenetrable thorn-brush.



THE "ARROW-HEAD"
STREET LAMP.

Bernardino. On the side of the adjacent mountain, it is a huge bare spot, several acres in extent, shaped like a flint arrow-head, and visible for miles around. It is considered one of

His engaging manners saved his life, for the young photographer refused to shoot him, because



Photographed by Kermit Roosevelt.

THE BABY TAPIR.

he was "so cunning," and snapped him with the camera instead.

In disposition the tapir is gentle, but if annoyed, it may rush at its antagonist, and defend itself vigorously with its big, powerful teeth. The jaguar frequently springs on it, but is often dislodged by the activity of the tapir, who rushes through the bushes as soon as it feels the claws of its enemy, and endeavors to brush him off against the thick branches. The Malay tapir is larger than the South American and African tapir, and the rear half of its body is a dull white.

"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD"

AN exceedingly rare animal recently added to the Smithsonian collection is from Haiti, a specimen worth many times its weight in gold. The creature, which is found only in the West Indies,



THE HAITIAN SOLENODON.

feeds exclusively on insects, and possesses a very long snout. It has the fur, ears, and tail of an opossum, with the teeth of a shrew, and its feet are armed with long, curved claws for scratching in the earth for bugs and worms. It is such an oddity, in fact, that the naturalists have named it "*Solenodon paradoxus*." So far as is known, it is the only specimen of its kind ever seen in this country.

"A HATEFUL LITTLE BEAST"

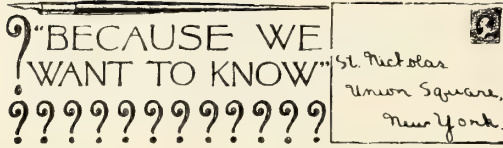
ONE of the fiercest and most untamable animals in the world is the Tasmanian devil. It is very appropriately named, too, for its prime and most



THE TASMANIAN DEVIL.

conspicuous attribute is a chronic viciousness and ill-temper. It looks somewhat like a pretty little baby bear; it is about the size of a badger, with a head three times too large for its body, and it seeks its prey usually at night. It loves chickens and birds, and will run all manner of risks to satisfy its craving for those delicacies. In captivity it spends every waking moment spitting and otherwise indulging its bad temper. No pleasant word or kindly treatment will placate this hateful little beast, and it never becomes tame. It is found only in Tasmania, one of the states of the Commonwealth of Australia.

R. L. HONEYMAN.



NOTE: So many questions are received that we can undertake to answer in these pages only those of unusual or general interest. Other letters, containing return postage, will be answered personally.—EDITOR.

A CRYSTAL WEB

MADISON, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Finding a large spider-web filled with dew, one morning last September, I attempted to photograph it, with the inclosed result. It was fastened to the branch of a plum-tree and to flowers in a garden-plot below. I wondered if it would be of interest to the



THE WEB OUTLINED WITH DEWDROPS.

readers of Nature and Science. The camera used in taking the picture was a small one, but it was possible to get a short range, on account of the use of a portrait lens.

Very truly yours,

ETTA MAAS HOFFSTADT.

Although several pictures of these dew-laden spider-webs have already appeared in Nature and Science, we gladly reproduce another photograph of one of these beautiful and interesting objects.

THE INVENTION OF THE WATCH

JOIET, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Who invented the watch? What nationality was he? When was it invented? Please give size and description of the first watch.

Your interested reader,

STUART HILL (age 12).

Watches were first made in Nuremberg, at about the time of the discovery of America, that is, at the end of the fifteenth century. History does not seem to have preserved the name of the inventor, but he was doubtless a German. The watch was at first only a small clock, inclosed in a box, the motive power being furnished by a mainspring. Frequently they were globular in form, and hence were often called "Nuremberg Eggs." They were too large to carry in the pocket, and were usually worn hanging from the girdle. At first, the invention was far from perfect, but one by one the faults were overcome, until, in the eighteenth century, the watch had become what it is to-day.

NOT LESS THUNDER WHEN THE RAIN COMES

WADDINGTON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This past summer I have been wondering why, when it begins to rain, the thunder stops to quite an extent.

Your interested reader,

PAULINE RUSSELL.

In general, the observation referred to in this letter is not correct. Thunder does not cease as the rain begins, but generally becomes more intense for a time. It probably is true that the thunder is not quite so much noticed after the onset of the rain, and particularly as the storm passes by, as it is when the storm is coming on. This is due to the combination of several causes. In the first place, the noise of the wind and the rain interferes somewhat with hearing the thunder, and, in the second place, the upper clouds of the storm run rather ahead of the rain. Finally, such anxiety as there may be in connection with thunder-storms is much less marked as the storm passes than it was when the storm was coming on.—H. J. WILLIAMS, Acting Chief, United States Weather Bureau.

WHY THE WIND WHISTLES

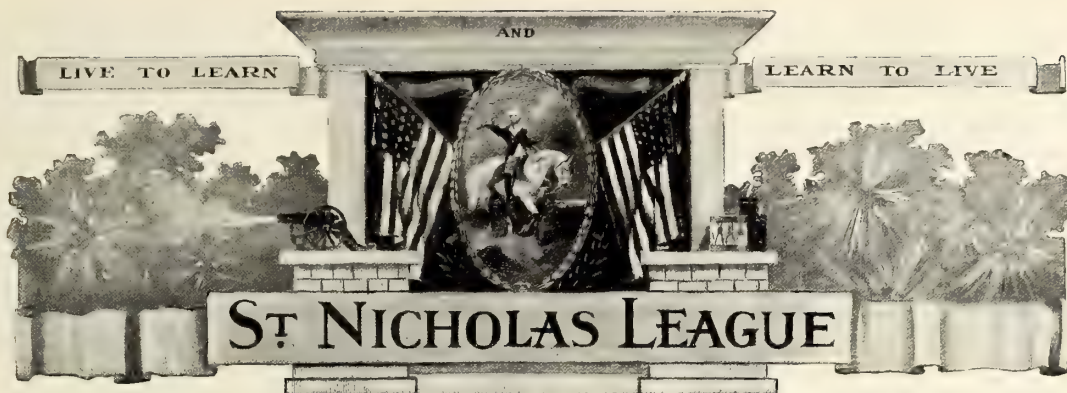
FLATBUSH, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what makes the wind whistle? I would like to know very much.

Your interested reader,

EMMA FAHRMANN.

The wind is heard only when it encounters some obstruction, and so, when we are out of doors, even a high wind makes no noise unless it strikes some object, as, for example, the branches of a tree, the rigging of a vessel, or the projecting corner of a building. When the wind forces its way into the house, however, down a chimney, through keyholes, or around doors and windows, it sets sound-waves in motion that produce the whistling, sighing, or moaning noises that we hear.



As announced last month, an explanation is due to League members in regard to the length of the prose contributions. While the limit was originally set at 350 words, our wish to print the work of as many as possible of our young competitors decided the Editor to reduce this to 300 words. In the meantime, however, a large edition of the League leaflets, stating 350 words as the allowed length, had been printed, and these have been sent out to new members. Fortunately, the majority of our contributors have governed themselves by the rules printed each month on the final page of the League, as we believe they will continue to do, knowing the reason that has led to the change.

The Editor can make the foregoing explanation with the better grace this month because the prose writers are again in the lead with tales humorous or pathetic, thrilling or fanciful, in which every word helps to tell the story. But the several companies of the League regiment, as usual, travel closely together, for an inspiring subject has brought out fine high notes from the poets; the lovers of the camera have taken us into charming scenes in the open "Near Home"; the July headings show our young artists to be fairly bristling with patriotism, as we all ought to be about this time, and so the Editor wishes all the loyal Leaguers a joyous and "glorious" Fourth.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 173

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Margaret E. Scott** (age 12), New Jersey.

Silver badges, **Harriet F. Gulick** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Marian B. Wishler** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Beatrice Fellows** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Marion Richardson** (age 10), New Jersey; **Eugene Joseph Vacco** (age 16), Pennsylvania.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Dorothy Levy** (age 16), New York; **Florence Wilson Towle** (age 15), New York.

Silver badges, **Margaret H. Laidlaw** (age 13), New York; **Sarah M. Bradley** (age 16), Massachusetts; **Edna Louise Smith** (age 12), Wisconsin.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Frances M. E. Patten** (age 14), New York.

Silver badges, **Ralph G. Demaree** (age 14), Kentucky; **Margaret Cohn** (age 15), California; **Rolf Ueland** (age 14), Minnesota.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Carolyn Archbold** (age 17), New York.

Silver badges, **Thomas Robbins** (age 13), Maryland; **Jean M. Olmstead** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Susan E. Gregg** (age 16), Minnesota; **John M. Sherman** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Clarke T. Baldwin** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Phyllis Coate** (age 13), Ohio; **Henry M. Justi, Jr.** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Allen Gray** (age 14), Virginia.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Anna Marie Vogel** (age 13), New York; **Theresa Winsor** (age 9), Massachusetts.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badge, **Mary Hankinson** (age 12), New York.



BY ROSANNA D. THORNDIKE, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)



BY RITA H. LAMBERT, AGE 15.

"NEAR HOME."

THE PINNACLE

BY DOROTHY LEVY (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1914)

It seems we mortals ever seek
Ambition's height to climb;
Some glowing object to achieve,
Impatient for the time
When we can reach the pinnacle—
Life's paradise sublime!

But when we've reached our goal, it seems
Another dream appears;
We find 't is not the pinnacle
We've reached; the mountain rears
Its tow'ring peak as far above
As in our former years.

And so our struggling life goes on;
To climb the growing height,
To reach the ever-changing goal,
We strive with all our might;
E'en as the weary traveler
Pursues a phantom light.



"NEAR HOME." BY CAROLYN ARCHBOLD, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE, SILVER BADGE WON OCT., 1912.)

THE SURPRISE PARTY

BY MARGARET E. SCOTT (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1912)

"SAY, Bill, I think it was mean to leave us out of that picnic; I heard two of the girls over the telephone. Mary said: 'No, we don't want the boys, they always make trouble.' Now I've got an idea. They're going to have it over on the west side of the grove, and my father's cow-pasture is right next to it. Now, I say we wait until they've got the lunch all ready, and then drive the cow out among them, and we'll come running after her, calling, 'Mad bull!' Then they'll run off and leave the food, which we'll get—see?"

"Great!" cried Bill, "I'm with you, John!"

So it was settled. On the appointed day, they met in the cow-pasture.

"They're right over there, beyond that clump of bushes," whispered Johnny, "and they were to be here at twelve, so the lunch must be all ready. Now when I give the word—go!" John picked up a stick, and began to drive the frightened cow toward the bushes; both boys pursued, yelling as loud as they could, "Mad bull! Mad bull!" Through the bushes dove the terrified Brindle, with the boys right after her, laughing gleefully at the thought of the havoc they were making.

What was their surprise when they saw no girls at all, only two men watching them, and as they came in sight, one exclaimed: "Why, that's my boy!" and John, startled, stood face to face with his father!

An hour later, John might be seen skulking along the



"NEAR HOME." BY THOMAS ROBBINS, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

road, and painfully climbing the fence in back of Bill's house. He gave a low whistle, and his friend appeared.

"I say, Bill," began John, rather shamefacedly, "we made a mistake. They had the picnic over on the *other* side of the grove. And—and—I guess we were the surprised party!"

THE SURPRISE PARTY

BY HARRIET F. GULICK (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

As little Tommy's birthday drew near, he knew that he would have no celebration, as other boys and girls of his own age would have on their sixth birthday, for he was a friendless little fellow without parents.

Naturally, Tommy thought something special ought to happen when he reached the adult age of six, so when the day occurred, he took a few pennies recently earned by selling papers, and bought a pint of milk. The butcher gave him a few scraps of meat, and the miller gave him a handful of meal.



"NEAR HOME." BY JEAN M. OLIMSTEAD, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"Now I'll have just the grandest kind of a lark!" exclaimed gleeful Tommy, as he merrily skipped down the country road to the edge of a wood. He busied himself by hanging up the meat scraps on branches of trees, pouring the meal out onto a flat rock, and the milk onto a curved rock.



BY JOHN M. SHERMAN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY CLARKE F. BALDWIN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY DOROTHY W. BROWN, AGE 13.



BY PHYLLIS COATE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY RICHARD C. RAMSEY, AGE 10.



BY HENRY M. JUSTI, JR., AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY GLADYS M. SMITH, AGE 11



BY MARIA L. THOMPSON, AGE 12.



BY KATHARINE RALSTON, AGE 12.



BY CYTHARINE TARR, AGE 10.

"NEAR HOME."

As soon as he began to whistle his favorite tune, there came from various directions a baby lamb, a cat with a broken leg, a stray dog, and many kinds of birds, all of whom felt very much at home with their faithful friend Tommy, as he had brought them all out of misery many times before.

Each found his kind of food: the cat the milk; the lamb the meal; the dog his scraps of meat; and the birds the remaining crumbs.

Such was the way Tommy spent a delightful birthday, by giving a happy surprise party for his best friends.



"NEAR HOME." BY SUSAN E. GREGG, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

If more people would do as Tommy did, give pleasure instead of searching for it, we would soon find ourselves very much happier.

THE SURPRISE PARTY

BY BERYL H. MARGETSON (AGE 15)

THE sun had set, and dusk was falling over the glen, when there sounded the quick pad-pad of feet along the rough track which led to the Scottish homestead. The runner was a young Scotch lad, speeding swiftly toward the farm. At the gate, a tall man met him, saying:

"Whisht, Davie lad, where do ye gang sae fast?"

"Feyther!" panted the boy, "I heard the McTarns talkin', an' they 're comin' at twelve, the nicht, tae surprise us!" The big man frowned thoughtfully. Clan Conuil, of which he was chieftain, had an age-long feud with that of McTarn. "Ye 're a guid laddie," he said. "We nicht a' hae been murdered in oor beds. Howe'er as 't is, I thinking we 'll hae a surprise party ready for them, whin they come."

It was very dark; no moon lighted the rugged pass which the raiders must traverse. Everything looked as usual, but behind each boulder crouched an armed Conuil clansman, ready to do or die. Davie, in his hiding-place, thought the appointed hour must be long past. Suddenly, out of the gloom appeared a shadowy figure, another, and another. The enemy!

With wild cries the clansmen burst out of their ambush upon their foes, who, believing their assailants to be demons of the dark, fled. The chieftain discovered the mistake, and attempted to rally his followers, but in the darkness and confusion, few answered his call. A short, sharp struggle, and they were overpowered, and forced to yield.

When the triumphant clan returned, Davie was at their head, cheeks flushed, eyes shining, as he proudly led the captive chieftain.

So ended this strange surprise party.

THE PINNACLE

BY FLORENCE WILSON TOWLE (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1913)

Of heights ascended, and of pathways won,

Along the rocky steepes to longed-for goals;

Of all the cliffs hard-climbed and labors done,

For hope of glory by ambitious souls,

There is but one grand peak worth all the strife—

A pinnacle of fame beyond our ken,

Achieved, if all the world say, after life,

"He was beloved of his fellow-men."

THE SURPRISE PARTY

BY MARIAN B. WISHLER (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

It was *Mother Goose's* birthday, and she sat on her little veranda, mending some rhymes.

Suddenly, she was surrounded by a crowd of children, who all sang out:

"Happy birthday, *Mother Goose!*"

"Bless me!" cried the old lady. "If you are n't the nicest boys and girls, to come and surprise me like this!" Her kind old face beamed with pleasure as she gazed fondly at her children. Then each one came up, in turn, and gave her a present, wishing her many happy returns of the day.

"And now," said little *Bo-peep*, after every one had presented his gift, "let 's play games. Come, *Mother Goose*, you must play, too!"

So the whole happy company went down on the green lawn, and played and danced. Even *Miss Muffet* forgot to be cross with the spider, and enjoyed herself with the rest. *Old King Cole's* three fiddlers played rollicking music, and that merry monarch himself led the dance gallantly, with old *Mother Goose*. *Jack Sprat*



"READY." BY ROBERT MARTIN, AGE 13.

and his wife were on the best of terms, and *Jack* assured *Mrs. Sprat* that she could have all the fat! *Jack* and *Jill* came with bandaged heads, and *Mary* led her adoring lamb by a pink ribbon. Poor little *Betty Blue* lost her holiday shoe, but she was comforted by the *Ten O'clock Scholar*, who wisely told her to buy another. Everybody had a turn on *Marjorie Daw's* see-saw, even *Mother Goose!* The *Queen of Hearts* had made some delicious

tarts for the party, and the *Knave* nobly refrained from stealing them. Every one looked his best and did his best to make the party a great success!

The nursery-rhyme folk made merry the whole afternoon, and when twilight came and it was time to go home, *Mother Goose* assured them all that she had never, never had such a lovely surprise!

THE PINNACLE

[To Julius Caesar]

BY SARAH M. BRADLEY (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

AMONG the squalid hills of selfish men,
 Thou stood'st, a stately peak against the sky;
 The hills were crowded so around thy foot,
 They could not see the pinnacle on high;
 They could not see the sweeping fields of snow,
 And, like themselves, they deemed thee mean and low.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY DOROTHY E. HANDSAKER, AGE 15.
 (HONOR MEMBER.)

They knew their land for what it gave to them;
 Thou gavest it thy all, thy best, thy love;
 And they were jealous of thee, lofty one,
 Because thy spirit soared so high above;
 And so they slew thee, Cæsar, in thy might,
 And thought to cast thee to eternal night.

Then Time, the sun, was noon above their heads,
 And over all it shed impartial light;
 But now it passes on to other shores,
 And what was noon is turning fast to night;
 And Time but lights the peak against the sky,
 The hills, forgotten now, in darkness lie.

THE SURPRISE PARTY

BY BEATRICE FELLOWS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

MRS. BROWN lived on a small farm in Vermont. With her husband dead and three children to take care of, she barely got along. Mrs. Brown wished that six-year-old Edward, four-year-old Harold, and Baby John could bring in the harvest which her husband had planted that summer, for it was now late in September, and it was not in.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, "what shall I do! I can't afford to hire any one to do it, and I hate to see the crops spoiled."

Before this, the neighbors had realized that Mrs. Brown needed help, and they met and talked it over.

"Now, Tom," said Mr. Nash, "you and I will bring in and husk the corn; I reckon we can do it in a day, as there 's not overmuch of it. Jack, you and Ross dig

the potatoes and other vegetables; Harvey and Will will tackle her woodpile,—she has over two cords to be split. Does that suit you all? Well, then, we will begin to-morrow if it 's pleasant, and pitch right at it and get it through with."

The next morning when Mrs. Brown was working in the kitchen, she looked out and saw with great surprise the farmers working in her field, and realized why they were there.

That evening, to add to her surprise, the farmers' wives appeared with baskets filled with good things, and soon all the neighbors were gathered around Mrs. Brown's table, where a happy evening was spent.

THE SURPRISE PARTY

BY MARION RICHARDSON (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

MRS. CROW looked up from her nest and saw that her husband was not at home.

"Oh, dear, I wish I did n't have to stay home, and I would go after him," she thought; "he is probably getting into mischief."

But Mr. Crow was n't getting into mischief. He was planning a surprise party for his wife. He had kept a faithful watch all night, and now that it was light he felt that no harm could come to her.

Mr. Crow spread his wings and flew across the meadow to Mrs. Starling's home.

"Of course I will come," she answered to his question. Then he went to see Mrs. Hawk, Mrs. Blackbird, and all the rest of his friends. They could all come but Mrs. and Mr. Robin. The latter met Mr. Crow one day, and said that all the nurses had been engaged, and he could n't find any one to leave his little birdies with.

As soon as Mr. Crow had delivered his invitations, he went back to his perch to think. Where was he to have a party with so many people?

The next morning, he went on another journey, this time to find a place to have the party. He hunted everywhere, and at last found a deserted pigeon-house in an old barn. It was exactly what he wanted, so he determined to hold the party there.

The day of the party, the guests assembled at his nest, and he and Mrs. Crow led the way to the old



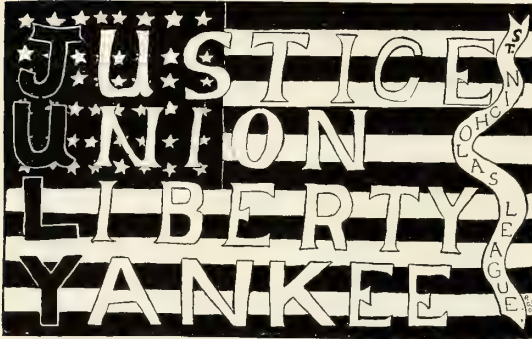
"NEAR (THOMAS JEFFERSON'S) HOME." BY ALLEN GRAY, AGE 14.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

barn. The party was a perfect success, and Mrs. Crow trusted her husband a great deal more afterward. Mr. Crow thought all his work was worth while if it made Mrs. Crow trust him. Don't you?

THE PINNACLE

BY EDNA LOUISE SMITH (AGE 12)
(Silver Badge)

FAIR and straight, God's temple,
Of bluish granite wrought,
Gracefully set,
As minaret,
Which Turkish pilgrims sought.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY RALPH G. DEMAREE, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Strong and stern, God's temple,
Which His great hand hath wrought,
That we who sigh
May see on high
The mighty Maker's thought.

The faith of man 's a temple
That strong and firm must be;
The pinnacle bright
Whose beacon light
Shines out on doubt's black sea.

THE SURPRISE PARTY

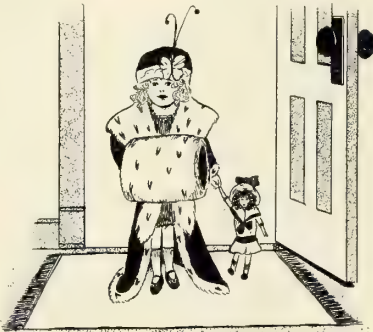
BY EUGENE JOSEPH VACCO (AGE 16)
(Silver Badge)

EVER since that Hanlon affair, I get sort of suspicious when I receive an invitation to a surprise party. Never told you about that, did I?

Well, about a year ago, I was introduced to a Miss Alice Hanlon, and, about six months later, she sent me an invitation to attend a surprise party given in honor of "Miss Marie Hanlon."

"Probably some distant relative of Alice's," I said to myself, as I was re-reading the invitation.

Anyhow, I dolled myself all up for the occasion, expecting to make an impression on Alice's relative. I arrived at Alice's home, and was ushered into the parlor where the rest of the guests were assembled. We were gaily whispering to each



"READY." BY LUCILLE G. ROBERTSON, AGE 13.

other, when Mrs. Hanlon came into the room, and told us that the surprise party would be held somewhat different from the usual affair of this kind. She told us that instead of yelling "Surprise!" as soon as the one that was to be surprised entered the room, we were to go to the dining-room, where the one to be surprised was talking with Alice. We all quietly tiptoed to the dining-room door, as we were very anxious to see Alice's relative. We suddenly rushed into the room, and yelled "Surprise!" But the surprise was on us, for several of us asked, "Where is Marie?"

"Why, here she is!" answered Alice, petting a large Angora cat.

I am just recovering from the surprise.

THE SURPRISE PARTY

BY ANNA E. BOTSFORD (AGE 16)

ALTHOUGH realizing the advantages which the city affords for entertainment, I am wondering if any of these allurements can furnish such true merriment as is felt at an old-fashioned, country, surprise party.

The one which provided an evening's entertainment for the whole neighborhood, occurred about the middle of January, just after a heavy snow-storm.

We were sitting by the fire reading, when Lassie, the collie, pricked up her ears, listening; and soon the merry sound of sleigh-bells reached our ears.

Nearer and nearer it came, and presently, to our surprise, a conveyance entered the driveway. Hearing a medley of voices, our curiosity was aroused, and we all rushed to the door, where we were accosted by the driver's loud "Whoa!" and jolly exclamations of greeting from the rest of the party, while Mrs. Hawkins remarked, in a neighborly way: "You need n't be scart, Jane, we're all comin' in."

And they did, with the din of a band of insurgents which they represented. Straight to the kitchen they marched, where they deposited on the big oaken table numberless packages.

At length the last load arrived, and soon several women were mysteriously bustling about the kitchen. And when the call for supper came, we were all ready with voracious appetites to partake of eatables which in their savory freshness only the country can produce.

Then came dancing. The floor was soon filled with partners keeping time with feet and body to the music as they danced the Money Musk and Virginia Reel.

The jollity grew more intense, until about twelve o'clock; then gradually the guests began to disperse, and before we realized it, we were again alone.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY FRANCES M. E. PATTEN, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOV., 1912.)

THE PINNACLE

BY MARGARET H. LAIDLAW (AGE 13)

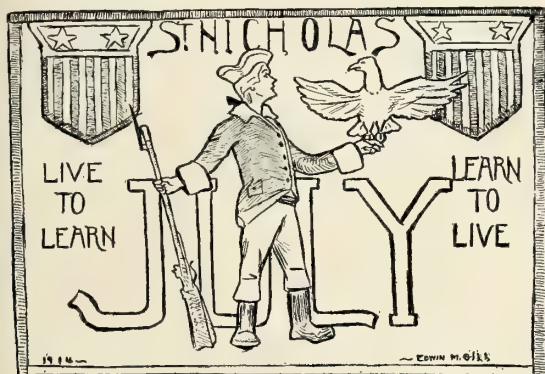
(Silver Badge)

FROM where I stand upon a pinnacle of rock,
I see the plain and all its villages;
Gray mountains stretching far and far away.

From where I stand upon a pinnacle of rock,
I see the sky, fore'er so deep a blue
That nothing ever can compare with it.

From where I stand upon a pinnacle of rock,
I see how grand and beautiful the world,
How small and insignificant am I.

But standing up so near to heaven's own blue,
I feel—how near is God to man!



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY EDWIN M. GILL, AGE 14.

THE SURPRISE PARTY

BY MARY L. D. WEST (AGE 12)

"WHY—why, I don't understand," and Mr. Frog backed out of the fairy party with Thistledown trying to pull him back into the assembly of fairies. But in spite of his struggles, Mr. Frog was too strong for him; and he was borne out of the dell, hanging on to Mr. Frog's "every-day" waistcoat and lustily kicking.

Mr. Frog drew the struggling pixy out of sight behind a dandelion, and begged for an explanation.

"You told me to come to dinner with you, and wear my 'every-day' clothes," he began.

Poor Thistledown puffed and puffed; at last he managed to say, "It is your birthday, Froggy."

"My birthday! Well, what of it? Is that any more reason why you should poke fun at me in this absurd way, which you and your fairy friends probably think most humorous?"

"In what absurd way?"

Mr. Frog took Thistledown by the collar, and shook the breath out of him. Then continued:

"Since your poor little head can't hold such large ideas, I suppose I must again explain it all to you.

"You invited me here (as I said before) to supper, and told me to wear my 'every-day' clothes. I accepted your invitation, and when I arrive, I find a dell full of fairies and pixies in their best clothes. Now, for the third time, what does it mean? Answer me," and Mr. Frog again shook poor Thistledown until he gasped out, "It—it was a surprise party!"

THE PINNACLE

BY EMILY S. STAFFORD (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

I WANDERED far, and paused awhile to rest
High on a cloud-enveloped mountain crest.
The scene about me spread its wings of space,
I saw the blue of heaven face to face;
For, far beneath a world of wonder lay.
Scarce could I see it through the mist of gray,
Yet well I knew of how its surging stream
Of labor, thought, ambition, and of dream
Rushed madly on, nor ceased at close of day,
When birds to nests of slumber would away;
But through the night lay many a soul awake,
With weary pain or heart about to break.

All this I knew, and yet did not behold
How well that mind of man can thus unfold,
And reach the summit of thought's phantom hill,
And catch a glimpse of light and space at will;
And though the daily tumult does not cease,
May see and hear it not, and be at peace.
Then back once more, to man and earth descend,
Yet with a higher vision as a friend.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement

PROSE, 1

Venette M. Willard
Sophie Singer
Alice M. Towsley
Florence Nunneley
Dorothy von Olker
Marie Humphreys
Alta G. Ward
Margaret T. Hills
Dorothy Walworth
Ruth Blumenfeld
Hazel E. Foster
Ethel Cox
Margaret C. Barber
Helen F. Smith
Mildred G. Wheeler
Elizabeth D. Gardner
Virginia Tooker
Ruth Schmidt
Leona Tackabury
Mary H. Wallace
Margaret C. Bland
Natalie Budd
Maurice Elfenbein
Helen Louise Mabie
Sigmund

Liebenstein, Jr.
Louise Skinner
Elsie Friedman
Gertrude Davison
John C. Davis, Jr.
Louise Bearse
Henrietta A. Lewis
Dorothy H. Leach
Gertrude D. Southard
Marian Kenning
Elizabeth Cope
Grace Campbell
Baldwin
Nancy Long Yuille
Ruth Virginia Miller
Herbert Miller
Nell Fremont Hiscox
Esther L. Cramer
Mary Coe Reeves
John T. Opie
Genevieve Bullock
Helen A. Morgan
Dorothy Campbell
Helen F. Hall
Herman J. Wells
Hamilton M. Loeb
Helen B. Jones
Helen G. Davie



JULY

"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY MARGARET COHN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Carol Klink
Vera Kenny
George Ludiam
Elizabeth Beal
Katharine Edwards
Sheldore
Robert Wilson
Lewis, Jr.
Eleanor M. Shea
Marion Frankfield
Mary Grace Alexander
Lois Rule
Cherry Greve
Loretta Smith
Esther H. Dunn
Elizabeth S. Scott
Naomi Lauchheimer
Mary Eleanor
Broderick
Helen Allen
Helen Jenkins

Lucy Swallow
Helen Curtis
Doris Punington
Helen Bull
Jessie Edgerly
Helen M. Rogers
Minnie Burns
Janet Eleanor Sturm
Elmaza Fletcher
Helen W. Piaget
I. Winifred Colwell
Marion Louise Ward
Lucia E. Pratt
Fletcher Hock
Catherine H.
Livermore
Lillian M. Schaffer
Elmore L. May
Marjorie Palm
Philip B. Newell
Myra McCrum

Dorothy Tomlinson
Joan Sylva Wattiaux
Helen Mathilda
Roesch
Margaret Laughlin
Doris G. Tipton
Ruth Hooper
Dorothy Blatter

DRAWINGS, 1

Kenneth C. Davis
Stephen Webster
Paul Sullivan
Helen Spies
Richard H. Gruber
Grace Thayer Richards
Alma Kehoe
Walter Berndt
Halden Kaffer Hartline
Mary Ingalls Farley
Catherine Corcoran
Lucy F. Rogers

Muriel Stewart Falk
Helen M. Purdy
Harold C. Lee
Natalie Nelson
William Kakily
Sherman Pratt
Kenneth D. Smith
Ernest K. Fisher
Cameron Mann
Jeannie Dupee
Marian S. Bradley
Mary B. Everett
Dorothy Ray Petgen
Muriel W. Wiswell

Frances H. Bogart
Marion Burton Howie
Alexander L. Abbott

Virginia Kemper
Guida Marx
Donald Edgar
Kathryn Miner
Eleanor Wohl
Emma Faehrmann
Margaret R. Gest
Emily P. Watts
Constance E. Hartt

William R. Cameron
Margaret S. Anderson
Chesley Early
Ruth M. Bachtel
Rosamond Stewardson
Helen Roberts
Kathleen M. Clifton
Alice E. Stott
J. G. Greene

PROSE, 2

Marie Merritt
Theodore L.
Turney, Jr.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY ROLF UELAND, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

VERSE, 1 *

Catherine C. Robie
Rosalie Dunlap
Eleanor Johnson
Anita L. Grannis
Fannie W. Butterfield
Lucile Quarry
Frances E. Smith
Ruth W. Mantz
Elsa A. Synnestvedt
Grace C. Freese
Beth Morris Nichols
Elisabeth Elting
Lucy Newman
W. K. Worcester
Max Konecky
B. Cresswell
Mignon H. Eliot
Catherine Carter
Redwood
Ethel Warren Kidder
Rachel E. Saxton
Girdler B. Fitch
Robert D. Watt
Marguerite Muse

Lilian Anderson
Katherine E. Smith
E. Theodore Nelson
Anna Moore Bancroft
Katharine Shaw
Ann Wells
Garrett Johnson
Evelyn Rosenthal
Mary Elizabeth
Gedney
William C. Greene, Jr.
Frances Eliot
Carroll Alexander
Florence Scott

DRAWINGS, 2

Lucie C. Holt
Eleanor K. Newell
Kathleen Kelso
Slingluff

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Otis W. Balis
Adelaide H. Noll

Perry B. Jenkins
Patrina M. Colis
W. Harold Cramer
Wade C. Humphreys
Stanley A. Tompkins
Sornia Marquand
Robert S. Logan
Percy Rockwell Kent
Rosalie Adair
Storrs Brigham
Madeline Ray Brown
Bowman McKennan
Morton H. Cavis
Dorothy Steffan
R. Felix Turner
Virginia W. Needham
Jack Miller
Marion Norcross
Juliette Longfellow
Sophie C. Hills
Nellie B. Jackson
Muriel Snook

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Isidore Wershnb
Dorothy Edwards
Katherine H. Clarke
Marie Lowenberg
Virginia Sterry
Louise de Gauge

PUZZLES, 1

James Stanisewsky
Ruth C. Wilson
Juliet W. Thompson
M. W. Greenough
Richard Read
Arthur Poulin
Marguerite A. Harris
Oscar Pittsman
Barbara Kerley
Ogden T. Marsh
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Frances Wiese
Gordon Mahy, Jr.
Dorothy Emily Urlick
Huston Murdock
Jean Dawes
Donald A. Cook
Emily M. Martens
Joe Earnest
Irene Emery
Isidore Helfand
Shelley Davis
Ida Cramer
Frances K. Marlatt
Marian Dawes
Evelyn Frost
Eugene Scott
Edna L. Wanamaker
Henry S. Johnson
Elizabeth Fangmeyer

PUZZLES, 2

A. Lignon
Emily Call
Marjorie L. Pittman

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 177

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 177 will close **July 24** (for foreign members **July 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **November**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Brook."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Bit of Travel."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Summer Days."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Great Expectations," or a Heading for **November**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw *on one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"READY." BY MIRIAM NEWCORN,
AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Randolph Goodridge
Benjamin Coplan
Ethelyn B. Crusel
Flavia M. Waters
Susan Blight

Virginia Oliver
Marian Barnett
Dorothy Strauss
Helen Silverstein
Mary McMahon

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

THE CIR

TOLD BY
ABOUT HER



DOLL'S CUS

BELINDA
AMAZING DOLL

BY WILL PHILIP HOOPER

I

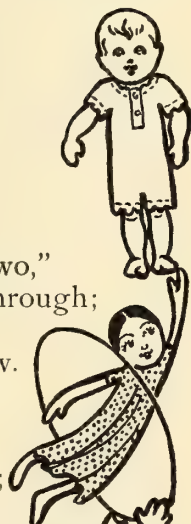
I took my best doll to the circus one day,
The very first circus she'd seen; and the way
All the circus folk acted gave her such delight,
That she made all my dollies play circus that night.

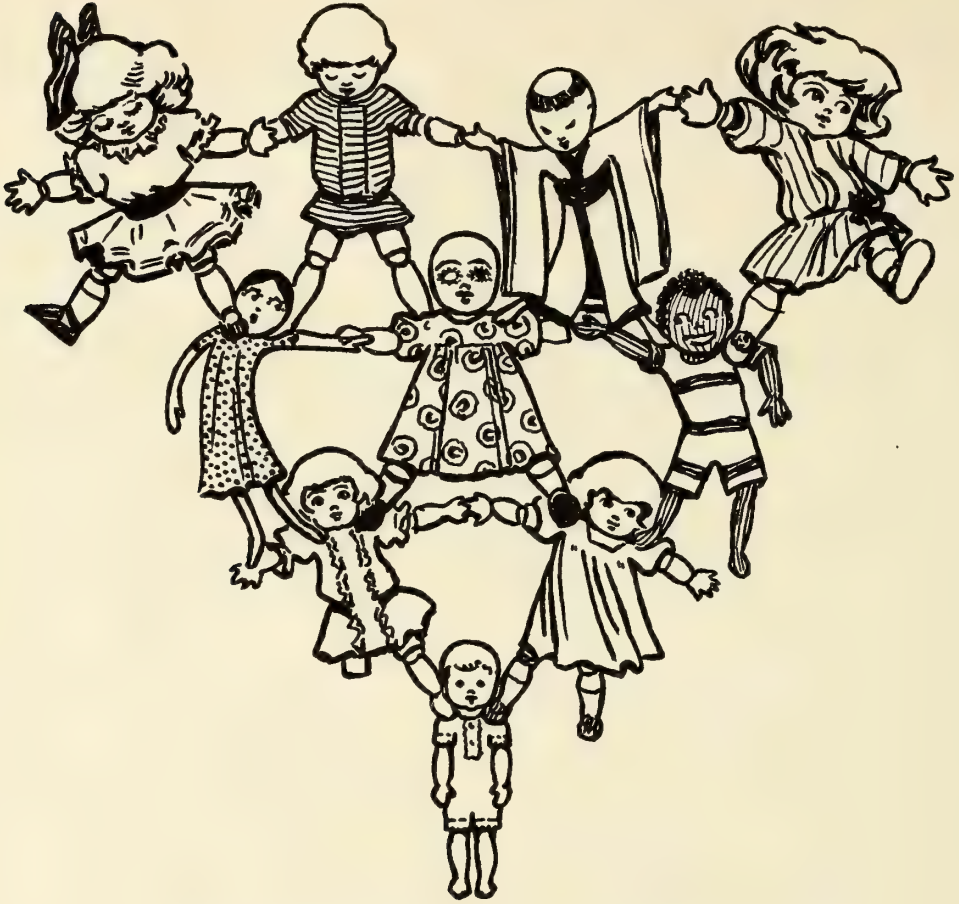
II

I think—yes, I think—that the clock had struck “Two,”
When, wondering, I watched all the pranks she went through;
The rest of my dollies she set in a row,
And taught them each trick that the circus-men know.

III

They hung on trapezes, and flew as on wings,
They rode my tin horses, and jumped through the rings;





And then the doll baby,—oh, how could he dare!—
Tried to balance himself on a pole in the air!

IV

And just at that minute, Miss Ladylike Flo,—
The doll that I took to the circus, you know,—
Began to turn handsprings and walk on a wire;
While my Jap doll surprised me by swallowing fire!

V

The darky doll carried Miss Flo on his head,
Exactly like Sandow, the strong man, she said;
My rubber doll bounced back and forth from the wall,
And, to cap all the wonders, Flo danced on a ball!

VI

Their tricks were so pretty and funny and light,
I'd gladly have watched them the whole of the night;
Ten dolls made a pyramid—that was the best!—
With the littlest one, Tot, holding up all the rest!



VII

And when the whole ten waved a hand in fine style,
With clever Miss Flo at the top of the pile,—
And all shouted “Hoop-la!”—just then, I declare,
I saw the whole pyramid sway in the air!

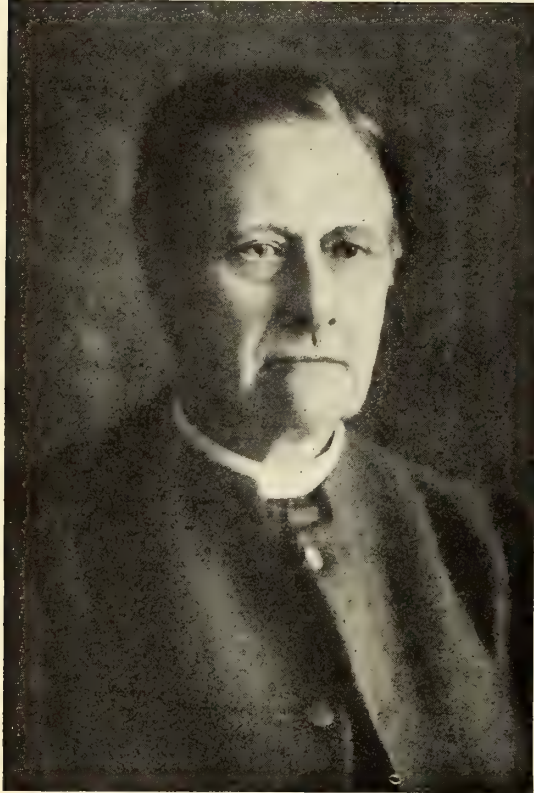
VIII

I jumped from my bed, and shrieked: “What shall I do!”
And to think! *It was morning!* and bright daylight, too!
The dollies still lay all sprawled out on the floor,
But—just as I’d left them, the evening before!



THE LETTER-BOX

WE are indebted to the courtesy and friendly interest of one of our loyal readers for the pleasure of presenting this photograph of the Reverend S. Baring-Gould, which we know will possess unusual interest for many ST. NICHOLAS young folk and their parents. The letter from Katherine Judson tells how the portrait was obtained, and we extend the thanks of the editor and



S. Baring-Gould

readers of this magazine to her as well as to the distinguished clergyman and author who made so prompt and kind a response to her request.

NYACK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a photograph of the Reverend Baring-Gould. I wrote him last February congratulating him on his birthday, and asked for his photograph and permission to send it to you, as I was sure that many other children would like to see the face of the author of their favorite hymns, for he wrote "Onward Christian Soldiers," "Now the Day is Over," and others.

I quote from "Hymns Every Child Should Know" the following concerning "Onward Christian Soldiers," for which Sir Arthur Sullivan composed the music: "The children of Baring-Gould's Sunday-school had to walk from one village to another on an occasion when two

schools were to join forces for the day. The author sat up nearly all night to compose something that would do better to march by than anything he had in mind. Gould will doubtless be longest known by these words, just as Sullivan is likely to remain longest in the minds of people because of the music he set to them, though neither man valued his performance in the making of this hymn as he valued his other work."

Your sincere friend,

KATHERINE JUDSON.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first month I have taken you, and I think you are the nicest magazine I ever saw.

I have n't any pets, and I like you better than any pets I've ever seen.

I have many friends here. I have no brothers or sisters, but I'll never be lonesome again with you around.

Your interested reader,

REATA J. LAUTTERSTEIN (age 9).

COLFAX, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The ST. NICHOLAS was given me for a Christmas present. I have enjoyed the numbers very much.

I have a goat. I call him Billy. He is an Angora, and is very smart. My father is a contractor, and has some small locomotives, and Billy climbs up on them and rings the bell. I have a harness and wagon for Billy, and he pulls my little brother and myself all around.

Yours sincerely,

RALPH BAXTER (age 11).

HOLICONG, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have only taken you for three months, but my brother and I have known you and loved you for years.

My mother took you when you were edited by Mary Mapes Dodge, and she has had you bound, and saved you. So, although my brother and I have n't taken you, we have been familiar with you, and read you for a long time. It was in you that I learned to know and love "Donald and Dorothy," "The Tinkam Brothers' Tide-Mill," "The Hoosier School Boy," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Jack and Jill," "Spinning-Wheel Stories," "The Story of Viteau," "The Story of the Field of the Cloth of Gold," "Historic Girls," and "Historic Boys." It was in you that I was first introduced to the ridiculous "Peterkin," and the "Virtuous Mary Jane." You have cheered many lonely hours and weary days, and you are thanked for it, by your devoted admirer,

MARGARET MEAR.

ZAMBOANGA, MINDANAO, P. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only seen two letters from the Philippines, and none from Zamboanga, so I thought I would write to you.

I am going to tell you about a trip we took last Saturday. We went to Basilan, in the *Dorothy*, a small motor-boat, and, as my brother Lyman says, "nearly died." But before I plunge into the middle of my story,

I think I had better tell you what Basilan is. It is an island about one hour and a half from Zamboanga, and, as the older children who study geography know, is in the Basilan Strait. When we went over, we had the tide with us, and made it in about an hour. It was very rough, and I was a little seasick, but nothing compared to my brother—he nearly died. He thought so, at least. Well, when we *finally* reached Isabella, which was the barrio for which we were bound, we had a fine time.

We went up and saw an old fort of the kind the Spaniards had three hundred years ago. It is considered one of the best-preserved and one of the most complete forts of its time. They used to have American soldiers there. Then they had scouts. Now there are three caretakers. We went all through it, and saw the old prison, dungeon, and the queerest cement tunnel leading down to the spring-house, so they could get water in safety. Please don't think that it is a large fort, for it is *not*. It only took us fifteen minutes to see it all.

I love all your stories, and I am *very* interested in "The Runaway."

Your loving reader,

KATHARINE MUNSON.

WORCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have eight dolls. I like "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman" very much.

I am six years old.

SYLVIA SANTOM.

FARMINGTON, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for over a year now, but I have never written to you before. I don't think I could get along without the ST. NICHOLAS to read every month. I want to tell you how much I enjoy your stories. I was very sorry that "Beatrice of Dene-wood" and "The Land of Mystery" had to end, and I liked the story "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman" very much. I let my chum read the stories, and she likes them so well that she is going to have her sister give ST. NICHOLAS to her for a birthday present. I certainly think it will make a nice one. I don't know of any other magazine I like as well as the ST. NICHOLAS.

Your devoted reader,

HELEN HOSMER (age 13).

THE RAILROAD TRAIN

ONCE upon a time, there was a train
That went on a railroad track to Maine.

Once the train ran off the track,
And no one could put it back.

But by and by they got it on again,
And then they went on their way to Maine.

THEODORE PAINE PALMER (age 7).

ERIE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the fourth year we have had you. You come to my two brothers and me.

I am going to tell you about the Perry Centennial we had in Erie the week of July 6, 1913.

It started on Sunday, with a meeting at the grand stands.

On Monday, the Du Pont powder-wagon reached here, and after they had unloaded the powder onto

Perry's second flag-ship, *Niagara*, which had been raised from Misery Bay, it was given a reception by the mayor. The army men with it were dressed in the uniform of 1813.

The Du Pont family had a powder mill in Wilmington, Delaware, from which powder was sent to Perry, so they secured a Conestoga wagon, and sent powder over the same route this spring.



The next day was Mothers' and Children's Day. I was in the school-children's pageant, dressed as a lady of 1813. Our pageant showed the main events in the history of the county. On Wednesday, there was a military parade. This was called Governor's Day, and Governor Tener gave an address at the grand stands. That evening, there was an unusually beautiful display

of fireworks, with set pieces showing the President, the Governor, and the battle of Lake Erie. Thursday was Naval Day, and the Secretary of the Navy was here. At eight o'clock, the Marine Band of Washington gave a band concert. Friday was Fraternal Day, and at night we had a Mardi-Gras Carnival. Saturday was the last day. This was Industrial Day, and nearly every business house of the city had a float in the parade.



Here is a picture of the powder-wagon, and one of me in the old-fashioned dress that I wore in the school-children's pageant.

Your loving reader,

FRANCES WRIGHT (age 13).

ELDORADO, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you only three months, and I enjoy reading you immensely. I like "The Lucky Stone" and "The Runaway" best. My sister used to take you, and I enjoyed reading "The Forest Castaways" and "Dorothy, the Motor-Girl."

I live in West Texas, on a ranch. We have seventeen sections. I have a little half-Shetland pony, his

name is Jerry. I enjoy riding very much. We have lots of cattle, and we have a "round-up" real often. When we "round-up," all the neighboring ranchmen go to a certain place, and then one man tells them where to go, so they scatter out and each person tries to find all the cattle he can; then he will take them to a place, and all the people bring more cattle, and then they separate the cows from the calves, and then we drive the calves to a pen near a house, and then they brand them. It is quite interesting to go to one.

My sister and I have a governess out on the ranch.

I enjoyed reading Ruth Becker's letter about the *Titanic* disaster. I know it must have been dreadful when the ship went down.

Your interested reader,

AGNES JEAN RAE (age 10).

—————
CHESTNUT HILL, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A year ago Christmas Day, I read my first story from you, and I have loved you ever since. I just could n't help it.

I have a small stamp-collection of about thirty-six stamps; I have just begun to collect. I think it is fun. I have stamps from countries in Europe, and from Japan, and a few other foreign places, besides the United States.

I always read the Stamp Page with much interest.

Your loving reader,

MARY LARDNER BAYARD (age 12).

—————
TAUNTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you ever since I could make out the words, and before then my mother used to read you aloud to me.

I live only a little way from Boston, and only a short while ago, I saw the play "Little Women"—Miss Alcott's lovely story. It was splendid, and so like the story, and the costumes so quaint! I was delighted to find her letter in ST. NICHOLAS. Is n't it fun to think *Meg*, *Beth*, and *Amy* were Miss Alcott's sisters!

It was on Taunton Green that the first flag was ever raised in opposition to the British, and there are many patriotic people here.

I have never written before, but I felt I must write and tell you how I enjoy you.

Your interested reader,

RACHEL HALL (age 12).

—————
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old. I take ST. NICHOLAS every month, and dearly love it. The part which I think is most entertaining is the *Riddle-Box*.

Your affectionate reader,

MARION J. SCHWARZ.

—————
PARIS, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new subscriber. Santa Claus was good enough to bring you to me for a present on Christmas, but I guess I am as enthusiastic over your coming as any old member.

I'm going to keep the copies I get and bind them so I can read them as books later.

I have the cutest little two-year-old sister any one ever saw. I guess she's going to be a writer some day, she's so original in her sayings. I have a little sister nine months old, and she's so fat she can't turn over!

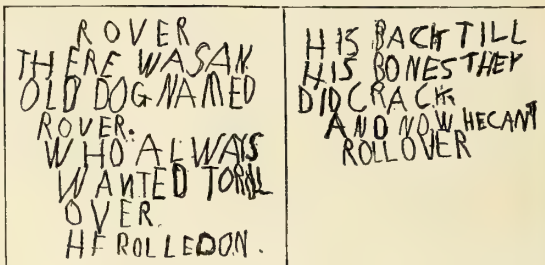
I'm in the eighth grade, and I'm hoping to get to high school next year as a freshman.

The story I like best is "The Runaway." I like "The Lucky Stone" too. I love the Polly and Peter Ponds' letters in the advertising pages. Polly is smarter than I am, because she can speak French and I can't; but my father translated that for me.

I hear the bell ringing for Sunday-school, so I must close.

With love to you and all your readers,

CATHERINE WATERFIELD.



HENRY PALMER BAKEWELL (age 6).

—————
FREMONT, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, but this is the first letter I've written you. I think I would feel as if something were missing in my life if you did n't come every month. It would be impossible to get along without you.

Though I enjoy everything in you very much, at present "The Runaway" is my favorite, and I am waiting anxiously to find out the ending of it.

Your loving reader,

MARIAN HAYNES (age 13).

—————
ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Of the several magazines I have taken, I like the ST. NICHOLAS far the best.

I am much interested in the League. It helped me last winter in a peculiar way. I was in the eighth-second grade at school, and theme-writing was one of my studies. The prose in the League pages furnished excellent subjects.

I am very fond of reading, and find Hildegard Hawthorne's articles on books most helpful.

Looking forward to the coming numbers, I remain

Your interested reader,

MARION ROTH (age 13).

THE DOLL

Dotty has a little doll,

Janie wants one too;

"You can't have one, no, indeed!"

Janie cries, "Boo-hoo."

Dotty breaks her little doll.

Janie laughs with glee.

"Better stop that," Dotty cries.

Janie says, "Tee-hee."

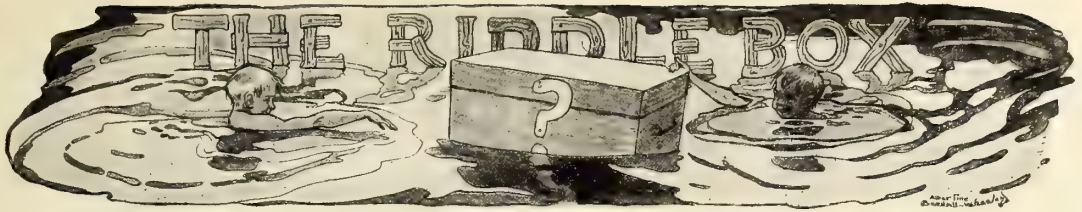
"Mother, give us both a doll,"

"That I will," she said.

So that night the children each

Took a doll to bed.

MARGARET MOFFAT YARD (age 11).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER

SQUARES CONNECTED BY DIAMONDS. I. 1. Lofty. 2. Opera. 3. Fever. 4. Trend. 5. Yards. II. 1. Press. 2. Relic. 3. Elder. 4. Sieve. 5. Screw. III. 1. Cress. 2. Ratio. 3. Ether. 4. Siege. 5. Sores. IV. 1. Nests. 2. Eclat. 3. Slope. 4. Taper. 5. Stern. V. 1. R. 2. Boa. 3. Rouse. 4. Asp. 5. E. VI. 1. R. 2. Baa. 3. Range. 4. Age. 5. E. VII. 1. E. 2. Inn. 3. Enter. 4. Net. 5. R. VIII. 1. R. 2. Top. 3. Ropes. 4. Pen. 5. S. IX. 1. R. 2. Too. 3. Roars. 4. Ore. 5. S.

NOVEL PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Initials, Louisa May Alcott. From 1 to 12, Pennsylvania; 13 to 23, "Little Women"; 25 to 35, "Eight Cousins"; 36 to 46, "Rose in Bloom"; 47 to 53, Concord; 54 to 65, "Orchard House." Cross-words: 1. Loose. 2. Overt. 3. Usher. 4. Ictus. 5. Sword. 6. Agami. 7. Maple. 8. Annoy. 9. Yerba. 10. Ardor. 11. Linen. 12. Clock. 13. Onion. 14. Thins. 15. Techy.

POEMS IN PICTURES. 1. The Windmill. 2. Holidays. 3. Children. 4. The Bridge. 5. The Old Clock on the Stairs. 6. The Arrow and the Song. 7. Woods in Winter. 8. Four by the Clock. 9. Birds of Passage.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received before April 24 from Mary Hankinson—Margaret Anderson—George Weld—Evelyn Hillman—"Chums"—Elizabeth Lee Young—Florence S. Carter.

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GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL

ALL of the words described are of the same length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order here given, the diagonal, beginning with the upper, left-hand letter, will spell a famous city.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The largest lake in Europe. 2. A country of Europe. 3. Next to the largest river of Europe. 4. A town in Bavaria. 5. A city of Massachusetts. 6. One of the United States.

CONSTANCE HARTT (age 12), *League Member*.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals name an American general, and another row of letters name an American admiral.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Free from danger. 2. To perceive by the ear. 3. Organs of hearing. 4. Uncommon. 5. The official name of Persia. 6. Common animals. 7. Chills and fever. 8. A short letter.

MARGARET ANDERSON (age 13), *League Member*.

A GRECIAN PRIMAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a famous general who ruled over Greece.

1. The Grecian god of music. 2. The island home of Sappho and Alcæus. 3. A northern district of ancient Greece. 4. The Persian leader who was defeated by the Greeks at Salamis. 5. A great battle against Darius in which the Greeks were victorious. 6. The national

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL. Diagonal, Bulgaria. From 1 to 13, Aix-la-Chapelle; 14 to 20, Sumatra; 21 to 26, Madrid; 27 to 31, Indus; 32 to 38, Cordoba; 39 to 43, Hondo; 44 to 51, Santiago; 52 to 57, Arabia. Cross-words: 1. Bordeaux. 2. Budapest. 3. Colorado. 4. Mongolia. 5. Adriatic. 6. Honduras. 7. Tasmania. 8. Himalaya.

NOVEL ZIGZAG. Rembrandt. Cross-words: 1. Rudder. 2. Mental. 3. Mercer. 4. Abbess. 5. Reckon. 6. Danger. 7. Notice. 8. Adjust. 9. Toilet.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Nashville; finals, Tennessee. Cross-words: 1. Neat. 2. Acre. 3. Soon. 4. Horn. 5. Vile. 6. Iris. 7. Lass. 8. Lane. 9. Erie.

SWASTIKA. From 1 to 2, ennobled; 2 to 3, endow; 3 to 4, wit; 4 to 5, testa; 5 to 6, ado; 6 to 7, October; 7 to 8, ratio; 8 to 9, oil; 9 to 10, lento; 10 to 11, own; 12 to 11, javelin; 12 to 13, junto; 14 to 13, ado; 14 to 15, abase; 16 to 15, use; 16 to 17, unicorn; 17 to 18, novel; 18 to 19, lap; 19 to 20, plain; 1 to 20, eon. Battle, Waterloo; month, June; general, Napoleon.

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games held in honor of Zeus. 7. The situation of a famous oracle. 8. A famous Greek mathematician. 9. An island off the coast of Greece. 10. The chief city of Boetia. 11. A celebrated Greek poet. 12. The largest island belonging to Greece, in the Ægean Sea. 13. Hellas. 14. The conquerors of Greece. 15. Another name for the Black Sea. 16. The capital city of Greece. 17. One of the Seven Sages of Greece.

RUTH KATHRYN GAYLORD (age 14), *Honor Member*.

CONNECTED SQUARES

IN the words forming these squares, only the first seven letters of the alphabet are used.

I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. The name of some famous ballads. 2. Maturity. 3. A couch. II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A vehicle. 2. A unit. 3. To implore. III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A small mass. 2. A feminine name. 3. A sack. IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Chatter. 2. A masculine nickname. 3. A common insect.

DOROTHY C. LUTZ (age 12), *League Member*.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of twenty-one letters, and form a quotation from Shakspeare.

My 13-16-7 is artful. My 21-15-1 is an open wooden vessel. My 19-14-17 is to court. My 4-20-3 is to contend. My 18-8-12 is an exclamation denoting contempt. My 6-11-5-2-9-10 is a longing.



ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC

EACH of the eight pictures may be described by a six-letter word. When these eight words have been rightly guessed, and arranged in their proper order, their initials will spell the surname of a famous American who was born on the fifth of July. His calling is hinted at in the following numerical enigma:

I am composed of fifty-two letters, and form a quotation from Napoleon.

My 33-38-18 is to observe. My 52-47-13-9 is to cry hoarsely. My 7-41-28-21-42 is a joint of the arm. My 15-36-11-44-49 is test. My 17-30-5-22 is to delay. My 31-23-40-34-25-3 is to detest. My 29-19-50-45-39 is a disorder of the throat. My 48-12-51-20-46 is often on the breakfast table. My 43-35-8-10-1 is confusion. My 6-16-2-37-14 is new. My 24-32-4-27-26 is a beautiful flower.

CHARADE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

My *first* is large and round and white;
My *second* goes away at night;
My *whole* then makes the darkness light,
And sometimes it is very bright.

THERESA WINSOR (age 9).

NOVEL ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a famous American statesman; another row of letters will spell a day always associated with him.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A retinue. 2. To frequent. 3. A compound of oxygen and a base. 4. Example. 5. To make suitable. 6. A sea-nymph. 7. A short journey. 8. The last part of an ode. 9. Established. 10. False show. 11. Upright. 12. A noisy feast. 13. Covered with sod. 14. Waste meat. 15. Belonging to the navy.

ANNA MARIE VOGEL (age 13).

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and doubly curtail admitted, and leave depressed. Answer, al-low-ed.

In the same way doubly behead and doubly curtail:
1. A crease, and leave a colored fluid. 2. Arranged, and leave a feminine name. 3. Long steps, and leave freed. 4. Contrary to law, and leave a limb. 5. Enlarges, and leave the god of shepherds. 6. Violent,

and leave a number. 7. The queen of the fairies, and leave a color. 8. A hard worker, and leave unusual. 9. A playhouse, and leave to consume. 10. Distracted, and leave an emmet. 11. Lawlessness, and leave a curve. 12. Enormous, and leave human beings. 13. Terminations, and leave clamor. 14. Tried, and leave to speak. 15. Enticed, and leave bashful.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, beheaded, and curtailed, and the remaining little words written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter, and ending with the lower, right-hand letter) will spell a day we honor.

EDITH MABEL SMITH (age 17), *Honor Member*.

TRANSPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Transpose to boast, and make to snatch. Answer, brag, grab.

In the same way transpose: 1. A measure of land, and make a contest. 2. Entreats, and make employs. 3. To prepare for publication, and make habitual food. 4. A large cart, and make a measure. 5. A spice, and make crisis. 6. A stringed instrument, and make to trust. 7. Perfume, and make an entrance. 8. To connect, and make a pile of brick for burning. 9. To send forth, and make an article. 10. A narrow strip of fabric, and make a kind of fuel. 11. Wickedness, and make active. 12. Peril, and make wearies. 13. A hill of loose sand, and make bare. 14. An outer garment of the Romans, and make a quadruped.

The initials of the new words will spell the name of a famous modern author.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 15), *Honor Member*.

SQUARES CONNECTED BY A DIAMOND

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    . . . . . * * * . . . . .
    . . . . . * * * * . . . . .
    . . . . . * * * * * . . . . .
    . . . . . * * * * * . . . . .
    . . . . . * * * . . . . .
      *
  
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I. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Part of the head. 2. A prefix. 3. To pronounce. 4. Muscles. 5. A quadruped.

II. DIAMOND: 1. In wander. 2. Permit. 3. Lawful. 4. According to rule. 5. To conform exactly. 6. To deposit. 7. In wander.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Damsels. 2. Perfect. 3. Prepared. 4. A cup with a long handle. 5. Trickier.

DOUGLAS H. JOHNSON (age 15), *League Member*.



"A song of Campbell's Soup I hear
It thrills the heart within me!
Who woos so well my willing ear
Can never fail to win me."

"'Tis music to the ear"

There's no dinner call more inviting
to the average healthy youngster than
the simple announcement of

**Campbell's
Tomato Soup**

And there's a winning quality about
this pure and wholesome soup which
delights the taste as a pleasing melody
delights the ear—stimulating, satisfy-
ing, and full of real nourishment
alike for young and old.

Wouldn't the whole family en-
joy that "tune" again today?
Try it and see.

21 kinds 10c a can



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



They Call It the “Good-Night Dish”

Every night, countless happy children have Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk at bedtime. And even more grown-ups, when the evening is over, gather around this dish.

Try it and find out why. Here are whole grains puffed to eight times normal size. Thin, crisp, toasted bubbles—fragile morsels with an almond taste. Imagine how inviting are these dainty wafers floating in bowls of milk.

Prof. Anderson's Supper

They call this Prof. Anderson's supper, for you owe this Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice to him. By his process alone are whole grains made so easily and completely digestible.

A hundred million steam explosions have occurred in each kernel. Every food granule has been blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice do not tax the stomach.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

*Except in
Extreme
West*

Ways to Enjoy Them

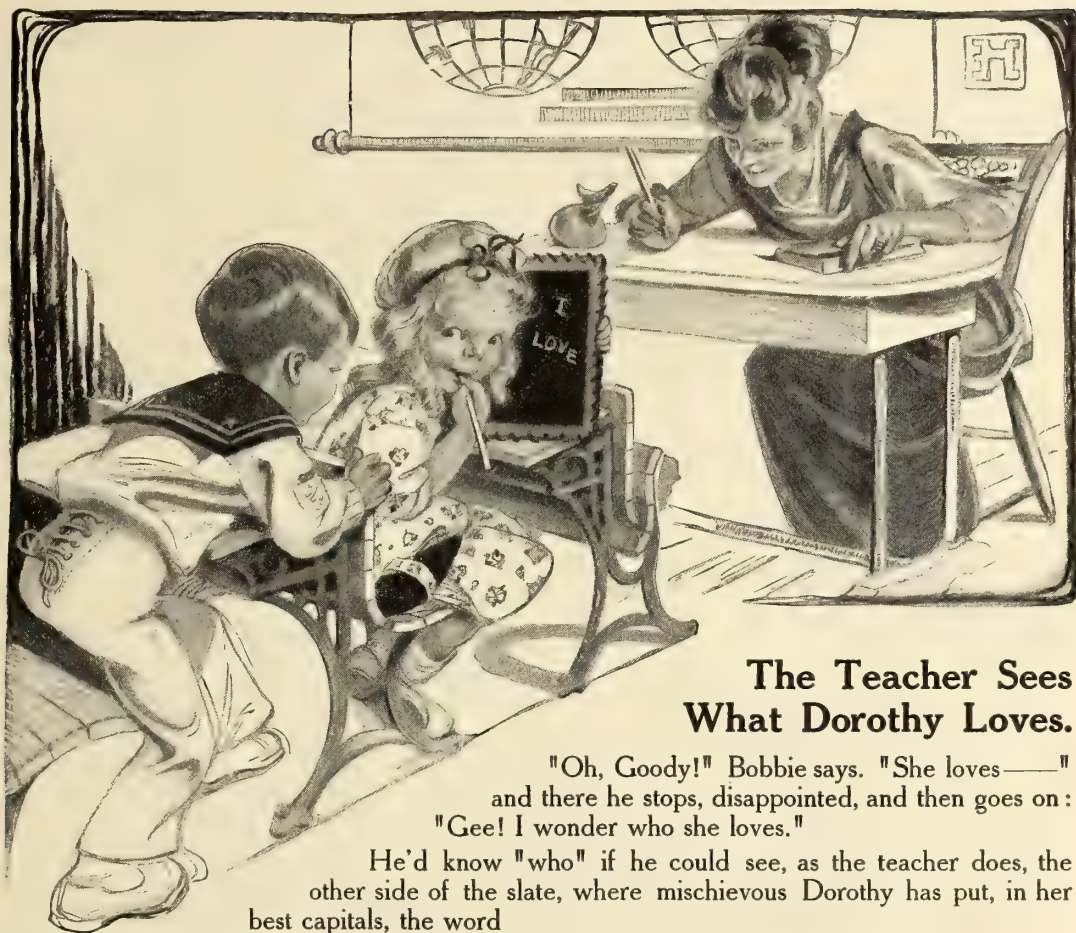
Do more than serve Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice for breakfast. Try them in different ways. For each is distinct in its flavor.

Serve them with sugar and cream, mix them with your berries, use them in candy making. Scatter the grains like nut meats over a dish of ice cream. Eat them dry like peanuts, or douse them with melted butter.

These are all-day foods. When the children are hungry—whatever the hour—the best food you can give them is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(596)



The Teacher Sees What Dorothy Loves.

"Oh, Goody!" Bobbie says. "She loves——"
and there he stops, disappointed, and then goes on:
"Gee! I wonder who she loves."

He'd know "who" if he could see, as the teacher does, the other side of the slate, where mischievous Dorothy has put, in her best capitals, the word

JELL-O

What Dorothy wrote was, "I love Jell-O," and Bobbie couldn't object to that, for probably he likes Jell-O himself more than he loves any girl.

All children love Jell-O, and as it is one of those good things to eat that seem to agree with everybody, it is given to them very freely by thoughtful parents.

It can be made in a minute, with the utmost ease, and at a cost of ten cents, into desserts of the most exquisite delicacy and beauty.

It is put up in seven *pure fruit* flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Each in a separate package, **10 cents** at any grocer's or any general store.

A beautiful new Recipe Book, with pictures by Rose Cecil O'Neill, author and illustrator of "The Kewpies," will be sent free to all who write and ask us for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. Be sure you get JELL-O and not something else.



POLLY and PETER PONDS



(A Continued Story)

You will find one part of this story in last month's St. Nicholas and another next month



YOU know how it feels in the last set of an exciting tennis-match—all sort of strung up with tight wires instead of muscles, your eyes on all parts of the court at once and your legs pretty nearly as quick.

Well, that's the way Polly and Peter felt in the final set of the great Stockbridge Junior Tournament.

It was Polly and Bill Conley (think of that a minute) against Peter and Bobby Edwards, and they said that Bill—

Oh, we're getting a bit ahead of things. Polly and Peter, you must know, are spending a month with their Aunt Mary in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where she lives in the summer. They had been having the time of their lives, rambling through the beautiful Berkshire Hills, riding their ponies, fishing and playing tennis.

Then one day they heard of the Junior Tennis Tournament, open to all the boys and girls, that was to be held at the Country Club.

"Polly," said Peter, when Bobby Edwards told them about it, "that's just what we wanted, is n't it? We'll both go in, and each get a handle of that silver cup that they're going to give for a first prize, won't we?"

"We surely will, Peter," replied Polly. "And we'll play for all we're worth. But, Peter, do you know what I heard to-day? Bill Conley's sister, who is staying at the hotel, told me that Bill is here and has brought a fine new tennis racquet with him."

"Humph," said Peter, "I don't care! His new racquet will have to be a corker to beat my old one. And, anyway, it is n't the racquet that wins, it's the arm behind it."

"Just the same," broke in Bobby, "you look out for Bill. I saw him this morning, and when I told him that you had been playing a fine game he did n't say anything, but looked mighty queer. He's never forgiven you for beating him in that freshman track meet."

(Have n't we told you about that? Well, Peter *did* beat Bill by about a foot in the hurdle race. We thought Bill would try to "fix" Peter so he could n't run, but he did n't, and Peter is now a member of the track team of the Preparatory School which he and Bill attend. His ambition is to be elected captain when they go back in the fall. But that is a pretty high aim for a Sophomore like Peter.)

Now, to resume our story:

There had been preliminaries and semi-semi-finals and semi-finals, and at last who should be left but Bill and Peter and Polly and Bobby, and *Bill and Polly* were bracketed together! When Peter saw that on the bulletin board, he *was* mad, I can tell you, and so was Polly, but protests would n't help, and, being "good sports," they made none. Some people thought that Bill would be handicapped by having to play with a girl, but they did n't know Polly's grit and pluck.



"Peter," said Bobby, just before the game, "I saw somebody hanging around the lockers after dark last night. I don't know for sure who it was, but it looked like Bill."

Peter thought a moment. "That 's funny," he said, "and do you know, my lock does n't work very well. I hope nothing has happened to my racquet, because I lent it to Polly this morning. I thought that would even us up a bit."

There was n't time for any more talk. It was "Ready? Serve!" after that, and whizzing balls and twanging racquets. Game after game went to "vantage" and back to "deuce" until finally it was a "deuce" set. They stopped for a moment to breathe and change courts.

"Peter," said Polly, as they passed, "this racquet of yours seems to be kind of dead. I have to work awfully hard to get my strokes over."

"I think I know something about that, Polly," replied Peter. "Just you wait 'till after the game, and we'll know more."

"Vantage in!" cried Bobby, who was serving in the next, and smashed the first ball to Polly. She caught it beautifully and sent a high "lob" back to him. Quick as a wink he sent it down the alley to Bill, who must have been "wool-gathering" and barely caught it in time for a weak return just over the net to Peter. It was too easy, and Peter smashed the bounce back right at Polly. But she was wide awake and met the ball with a clever back-hand stroke that should have driven it between Bobby and Peter. The worried expression left Bill's face and he looked around at the grand-stand.

But, for all that snappy stroke of Polly's the ball only took a weak bounce almost into Bobby's racquet. Bill had been coming up too close to the net in this assurance and Bobby lifted the ball neatly over his head. It landed squarely on the back line.

The tournament was over.

"Polly," said Peter and Bobby together, "we'll have a third handle put on that cup for you. You played the game of your life!"

"Thank you, Peter," replied Polly; "but you deserve every bit of the credit. Now, I'll tell you something. That racquet of yours has been wet. I know it. I can see the dampness where the strings go into the wood. Look here!"

"There 's something mighty queer about all this," said Peter. "Do you know that after the second game yesterday when I went to sit down for a minute on the bench in my usual place, I felt a funny pain in my right hand. There was a tack sticking in it and *that tack had been fastened, point up, to the bench with chewing-gum.* If it had n't been for

POND'S EXTRACT

I should n't have been in the game to-day. My hand was scratched clear across the palm, but when I 'doused' it with 'Pond's' the pain stopped, and I guess it prevented infection, too, because the cut felt cool and clean."

"Pond's is fine for mosquito bites, too," said Polly with a reminiscent look.

(Next month you will find out whether Bill really did play the villain—and what happened afterward. You must n't judge Bill too harshly until you know whether he is guilty or not.)

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY

131 Hudson Street

New York





"O-o-o-o! *Huyler's*!"

Children's tastes develop early. They soon learn to prefer *Huyler's*.

Mother is glad to encourage them. She has preferred *Huyler's* all her life, and knows it is always pure and fresh. *Huyler's* can't hurt children.

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates

Besides *Huyler's* bonbons and chocolates—the masterpieces of flavor—there are nearly fifty other kinds of *Huyler's* to suit every candy taste.

Among them are the delicious old-fashioned molasses candy, just like that we made forty years ago, fluffy marshmallows, creamy peppermints, pecan caramels, *Huyler's* Fresh Every Hour mixture, and the delicately flavored sticks and drops in air-tight glass jars. Which kind do you like best?

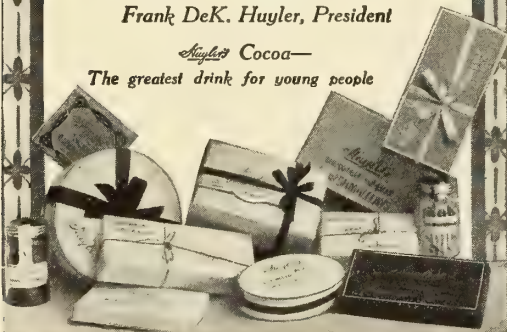
Huyler's candies are sold by *Huyler's* sales agents (leading druggists everywhere) in United States and Canada. If there should be no sales agent near you, write to us.

Huyler's 64 IRVING PLACE
NEW YORK

Frank DeK. Huyler, President

Huyler's Cocoa—

The greatest drink for young people



THE BOOK MAN

THE BOOK MAN is constantly receiving letters from ST. NICHOLAS readers on the subject of books. Most of these letters ask questions and some of them ask pretty complicated ones. All of these the Book Man enjoys receiving and answering. Very often letters come which merely express the writers' pleasure in some book or books. These letters also are very welcome.

Here is a typical letter:

"Dear Book Man:

"I am writing to ask you to send me a list of books for my summer's reading. I would like to have a variety of books—some instructive. I am fond of history, geography and travel; also of poetry. Of course I want some fiction as well. I am fifteen years old. As I have three months' vacation, and read much of my time, I would like rather a long list. You would greatly oblige me by sending me some suggestions.

"I think your department in ST. NICHOLAS is fine; it is so interesting, as well as useful.

"Our library gives books for three months during the summer, but one must speak early to get them; so if you would send the list as soon as it is convenient, I might be able to get some books I don't own from the library.

"Wishing you all success in the 'Book Department,' I remain,

"Yours sincerely,
"W. M. D."

Now that is the kind of letter I like!

The answer went by mail directly to the writer. It consisted of three type-written pages and gave the names of a classified group of books considered desirable for the purpose.

The books published by The Century Co., New York, that appeared on the list were the "Jungle Books" by Rudyard Kipling, and the following:

HISTORICAL FICTION

American:

"Barnaby Lee" by John Bennett, time of Peter Stuyvesant and New Amsterdam.

THE BOOK MAN—Continued

"Jack Ballister's Fortunes" by Howard Pyle, early eighteenth century—Atlantic coast pirates.

"The Lucky Sixpence" and "Beatrice of Denewood" by E. B. and A. A. Knipe, Revolutionary times.

English:

"Master Skylark" by John Bennett, time of Shakspeare.

"Elinor Arden, Royalist" by M. C. DuBois, seventeenth century.

French:

"A Boy of the First Empire" by E. S. Brooks, time of Napoleon.

Holy Land:

"The Sword Maker's Son" by William O. Stoddard, beginning of Christian era.

Italy:

"The Story of Marco Polo" by Noah Brooks.

Japan:

"Kibun Daizin; or, 'From Shark-Boy to Merchant Prince'" by Gensai Murai.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL

"Sailing Alone Around the World" by Joshua Slocum.

"Across Asia on a Bicycle" by Thomas G. Allen and William L. Sachteleben.

"A Vagabond Journey Around the World" by Harry A. Franck.

"Zone Policeman 88" by Harry A. Franck.

"Four Months Afoot in Spain" by Harry A. Franck.

"The Man Who Likes Mexico" by Wallace Gilpatrick.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

"Life of Napoleon" by William M. Sloane.

"Personal Memoirs of General Grant."

"Campaigning with Grant" by General Horace Porter.

"The Women of the Cæsars" by Guglielmo Ferrero.

"Everybody's St. Francis" by Maurice Francis Egan.

"Martin Luther: The Man and His Work" by Dr. Arthur C. McGiffert.

"Fabre, Poet of Science" by Dr. C. V. Legros.

The Book Man

THE LITTLE MIND BUILDER

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



An Instructive Sand Toy and Home Toy

Let the children play with these block letters and numbers on the beach or in the sand pile. They'll learn their alphabet, how to spell and count, while enjoying endless fun in forming letters, words and sentences in the sand.

"The Little Mind Builder" No 1 consists of 26 letters and 10 figures, 4 inches high, made of nice clean wood, firmly put together without paint or varnish. With instructive Primer showing alphabet, simple words, sentences and sums. \$1.25 at your toy store or we will supply direct.

No. 2 "The Little Mind Builder," containing enough letters to construct long sentences, sent for \$2.50.

Write for FREE Folder

illustrating "Skibo" Juvenile Golf Outfit for boys and girls, "Skibo" Lawn Golf for all ages, and "Automoto" electrically equipped juvenile automobiles.



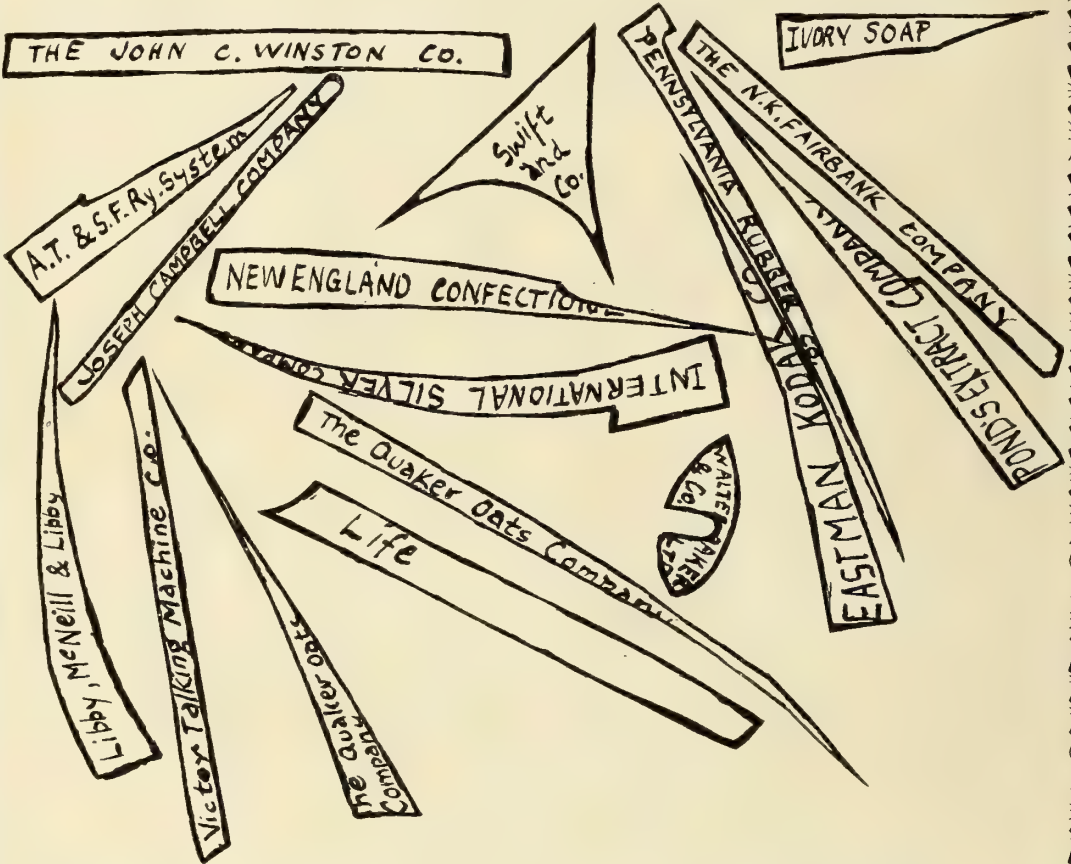
Patented.
Other Patents
Applied For.

Baker & Bennett Co.
Creators of American
Toys and Novelties
79 Bleecker St., New York

Fourth of July Competition

(Otherwise known as St. Nicholas Advertising Competition No. 151)

Time to send in answers is up July 20. Prize-winners announced in the September number



ALEXANDER has just returned from a long trip to South America where he spent some time investigating Indian relics.

When he sent us the strange design you see above, we thought at first it was a picture of the arrow-heads, boomerangs, and cutlasses of some of the wild tribe. But further inspection of the picture revealed the names of things used only by civilized people. Then we saw the headline "Fourth of July Competition." So we decided that if we put all the separate pieces together in the right way the result would be something used on the Fourth of July.

Later we found it was something that went up in the air. Not an aeroplane, nor a bird, but a —

Then we found that if we began at the first advertising page in the June St. NICHOLAS and went through to the end, picking out all the full-page advertisements, the result would show the order in

which the pieces should be put together to form the sky — (we almost gave away what it is!)

Further examination of the slivers showed us that Alexander had (purposely) written "and" where he should have "&"; and had made two other mistakes in copying.

You want to compete for the prizes, I suppose, so, after tracing the outlines or cutting out the ones above, rearrange the pieces properly and paste them on a sheet of paper telling us what mistakes Alexander made; — and then write a short letter (less than fifty words) telling us what make, or kind, of box candy you would buy as a gift for a friend, and why you should select that kind.

As usual, there will be One First Prize, \$5.00, to the sender of the most neatly pasted paper accompanied by a full list of corrections and the most complete and interesting letter.

(Continued on page 18.)

HO! For Vacation.—Ho, for the joy of recreation for school-tired brains and jaded bodies. But, if anything has been forgotten that can add to your pleasure, REMEMBER, this store is *headquarters* for everything required for every kind of sport—indoors and outdoors;—such as:

Fishing tackle and camping outfits—sand toys and seashore furnishings—sweaters—paint boxes—cameras, films, and developing outfits—baseball bats, balls, masks, etc.—tennis racquets, nets, balls, shoes, etc.—golf outfits—wagons—bicycles—air rifles—marbles—miniature gardening sets—and thousands of other delightful things for making your vacation fun complete.

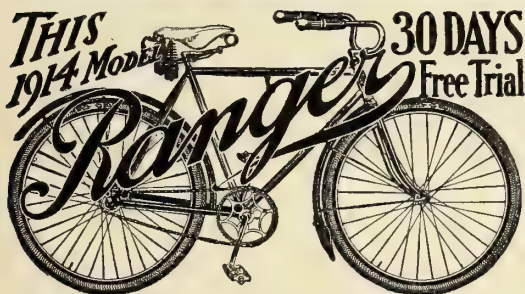
Come personally if you can and make your selections, but if you can't come, then write for catalog—which will be cheerfully furnished.



F.A.O. SCHWARZ

"The Home of TOYS"

Fifth Ave. at 31st St.
New York



EXTRAORDINARY OFFER 30 DAYS' (one month) free trial

on this finest of bicycles—the **Ranger**. We will ship it to you on approval, *freight prepaid*, without a cent deposit in advance. This offer is *genuine*. **Ranger** Bicycles set the standard for excellence in bicycles. They are the product of the best thought of England and America and are made by experts, from best materials and equipment obtainable here and abroad. In short, they are the world's standard bicycles. Ride a **Ranger** and *know* you have the best. Don't experiment when you can be sure. Buy a machine you can *prove* before accepting.

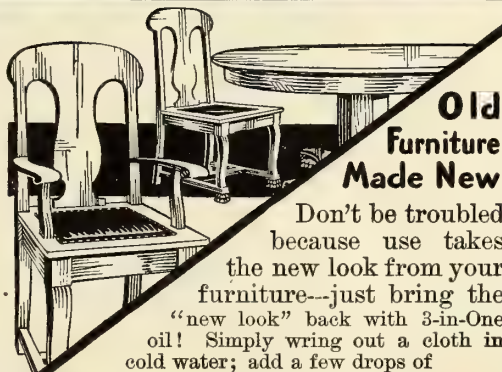
A limited number of second hand bicycles taken in trade by our retail stores will be closed out at once, at \$3 to \$8 each.

Write today asking for our big **Free** "Bicycle Catalogue" showing the most complete line of bicycles for men and women, boys and girls, at prices never before equaled for like quality. **Tires** of all kinds, coaster wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, equipment and parts for all bicycles at *half usual prices*.

Rider agents wanted in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 model **Ranger** furnished by us.

Do not buy a bicycle, tires or sundries until you get our catalogue, new low prices and marvelous offers.

Mead Cycle Co., Dept. B-272, Chicago, Ill.



Old Furniture Made New

Don't be troubled because use takes the new look from your furniture—just bring the "new look" back with 3-in-One oil! Simply wring out a cloth in cold water; add a few drops of

3-in-One Oil

and wipe, going over but a little surface at a time. Dry and polish with a woolen cloth or a cheese cloth, being careful to rub with the grain of the wood. Results are startling! Things that bore the outward signs of age—smoke stains, finger marks, grime and scratches—look almost like newly purchased goods and grace your home as though they were. 3-in-One never turns rancid or gets gummy. Contains no acid; has no disagreeable odor.



1 oz.
10c; 3 oz.
25c; 8 oz. (½ pt.) 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz. 25c. If your dealer hasn't these cans, we will send one by parcel post, full of good 3-in-One for 30c.

FREE—Write for a generous free sample and the 3-in-One Dictionary.

Three-in-One Oil Co. 42QF. Bdw., N. Y.

Fourth of July Competition (Continued)

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each, to the next two in merit. Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each, to the next three. Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each, to the next ten.

Note: Prize-winners who are not subscribers to St. Nicholas are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.

Here are the rules and regulations.

1. This Competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your answer

paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (151).

3. Submit answers by July 20, 1914. Do not use a pencil.

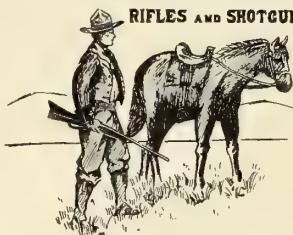
4. Write your letter on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure your name and address are on each paper, also that they are fastened together. Write on one side of your paper only.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win a prize.

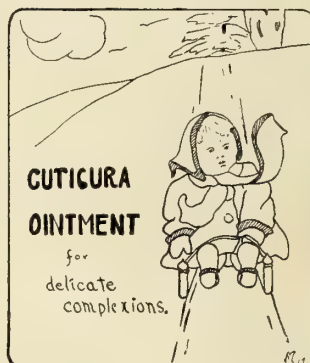
6. Address answer: Advertising Competition No. 151, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, Union Square, New York.

Can You Do Better Than This?

MARLIN
REPEATERS
RIFLES AND SHOTGUNS



THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.



Here is shown the work of some of the prize-winners in Advertising Competition No. 149. Many more excellent drawings were received, but we did not have the space to print them.

If you are one of those who always skip our Advertising Competitions, you have never had an opportunity to learn how interesting they are. Make up your mind this month, now that vacation time is at hand, to send in the answer to the interesting puzzle shown on page 16. If you sometimes do work on our competitions, see if you don't think this month's puzzle is the most interesting of all. Then think about this:

Are you good at playing games? Do you get high marks at school? If so, give yourself a greater test—see if you can get still higher honors by doing better work than thousands of other young folks who work on our Advertising Competitions every month. For instance, here are the names of some of the cleverest young artists and advertisement writers which we have among our readers. Can you compete successfully with them? They are prize-winners this month.

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Karl Smith, age 18, Kentucky.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Edith Monro, age 19, Massachusetts.

Louise Gram Hansen, age 22, Norway.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Marjorie Boyd, age 13, Massachusetts.

Genevieve Karr Hawlin, age 17, New York.

Jessie L. Remington, age 16, New York.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Dagny E. L. Meldahl, age 15, Illinois.

Cornelia Bird, age 13, New Jersey.

Irma M. Levi, age 15, New York.

Robert Martin, age 13, Massachusetts.

Chester W. Slack, age 14, Georgia.

Josephine H. Richards, age 15, New Jersey.

Winifred Francis Bostwick, age 16, New York.

Margaret Bailey, age 14, Massachusetts.

Frederick W. Agnew, age 16, Pennsylvania.

Margaret Brate, age 17, New York.

Bicycle Tires

\$2.48 Buys the Best that Men Can Build

The standard price today of other quality bicycle tires is \$4.25 each. \$2.48 buys the famous "Goodyear-Akron" Bicycle Tire—single tube—guaranteed. And no man knows how to build a better tire. Why pay almost double when Goodyears offer you utmost value at almost half the price?

The "Why" of It.—In the greatest tire plant in the world, Goodyear makes up to 10,000 pneumatic tires daily. Goodyear automobile tires hold top place in Tiredom. Goodyear motorcycle tires are used on three-fourths of all the new machines. "Goodyear-Akron" bicycle tires outrival others as do

our large tires. Greater output, highest efficiency—best organization—small profits and lower rubber prices mean this new great saving to you. At this price you get a tire of wonderful resiliency, service and mileage.

These tires are guaranteed. Higher prices are unjustified. Better tires can't be made.

GOOD YEAR
AKRON, OHIO

How to Get Them

Order from us direct. For the plain tread, send \$2.48 per tire. For the non-skid, send \$2.75 per tire. If we have a dealer near you, order will be filled through him. Otherwise we send by Parcel Post. We ask direct orders because so many dealers handle tires which pay them larger profits. (1538)

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Dept. 213, Akron, Ohio

AYVAD'S WATER-WINGS

Learn to Swim by One Trial For Sale Everywhere

Plain, 25c.
Fancy, 35c.



AYVAD MAN'G CO., Hoboken, N. J.



Voltamp Motors
"Little Dickie" Prepaid \$1.10

Special Offer, 30 Days

This perfect Motor with Switch and "Motor Hints" mailed anywhere in U. S. or Canada on receipt of \$1.10. Every boy and grown-up should have the new VOLTAMP Catalog—just the book for the experimenter. Wireless, Telegraphs, Telephones, Motors, Dynamos, Transformers, Rectifiers, Miniature Railways and Parts, Raw Materials and hundreds of others. Sent only for 6c in stamps or coin. Largest Electrical Mail Order House in U. S.

VOLTAMP ELECTRIC MFG. CO.

Nichol Bldg.

Baltimore, Md.

Are You a Member of
The Junior Gift Club?

Send a post-card to-day for full information to

JUNIOR GIFT CLUB

Care of St. Nicholas Magazine, 33 E. 17 St., N. Y. C.

HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS
Original and unequalled.
Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine:
Stewart Hartshorn



GET THIS, BOYS!

Compass and Whistle in one

A true Compass and a powerful Whistle, solid metal, beautifully nickel-plated. Price 15c., 4 for 50c., 1 doz. \$1.25, by mail post-paid. Every boy scout should have one. Send for illustrated catalogue, free, containing all the latest European and Domestic novelties, tricks, puzzles, useful articles, fancy goods.

EXCELSIOR NOVELTY CO., Dept. B, Anderson Realty Bldg., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

LISTERINE

Use it every day

Boys and girls who use Listerine to cleanse the mouth save many trips to the dentist.

LISTERINE is the safe, agreeable, non-poisonous antiseptic for all purposes of personal hygiene. It has been imitated for 30 years, but never improved upon. Doctors and dentists use it and recommend it.

All Druggists Sell Listerine
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

30 Days Free Trial - Freight Paid

Direct to you at factory prices. Keeps food pure, sweet, wholesome. White enamel inside and out. Revolving shelves. Adopted and used by U. S. Gov't.



White Frost Refrigerator

Easy payment plan. Enjoy its goodness while paying for it. Guaranteed 25 years. Write today for free Catalog. Metal Stamping Co. Dept. 781, Jackson, Mich.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

NEW ISSUES

BY the time this reaches the eyes of our readers, doubtless all of them who are stamp-collectors will have seen the five new values of United States, seven-cent, nine-cent, twelve-cent, twenty-cent, and thirty-cent. We cannot illustrate them, but they are similar in design to other stamps of the current series. The seven-cent stamp (head of Washington)



is grayish black; nine-cent (Franklin), a peculiar shade of red; twelve-cent (Franklin), dark maroon; twenty-cent (Franklin), bright ultramarine; thirty-cent (Franklin), also a new shade in United States stamps, perhaps brownish orange would describe it.

Great Britain furnishes us with a series of five postage-due stamps, the first ever issued by the Mother of all

stamps. Siam sends a series of three surcharges like the one which we illustrate.

For a long time, the early issues of Spain (with Cuba and the Philippines) and the various issues of Great Britain and her colonies were the only conspicuous examples of stamps bearing the portrait of a woman. Later came the Netherlands, with two portraits of Wilhelmina. It was therefore no longer a novelty when the United States issued an eight-cent with the portrait of Martha Washington. So the appearance of a new ten-centime of Luxemburg with a picture of the Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide causes less excitement



than "it would once have done. The franc of Luxemburg (100 centimes) has a value of nearly twenty cents; this new stamp, ten centimes, is the same as our ordinary two-cent stamp. In color



it is maroon, but a rather light shade.

The most interesting of our illustrations this month is the new Norwegian Centennial issue. The series consists of three stamps, five-ore (green), ten-ore (carmine), and twenty-ore (blue). The Norwegian krona is worth about twenty-seven cents, so that the three stamps have a face-value in our money of one, three, and five cents, approximately. The stamps are issued in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the separation of Norway from Denmark. The design is from a famous picture by Oscar Wergeland, representing that meeting of the Imperial States at Eidsvold, at which the parting ceremonials took place. While the engraving

is beautifully done, there is too much detail to permit a clear and satisfactory picture on the small space of a postage-stamp. The figure in the center is the Prince of Denmark, acting in behalf of his King in presenting the constitution to the assembled Norwegian deputies. Around the central picture is a border of scrollwork broken in the center at the top by the figure of value. At the right and left of the figure of value are the words "Post." The same scroll is broken in the center at the bottom by the word "Norge" (Norway). At the left of the name is the date 1814, and at the right, 1914. The stamps are striking in color, but the overcrowding of the design lessens their attractiveness.

A NEW ALBUM

THIS article should really come under our title "Answers to Queries," because it is really an answer to many letters which we have received hitherto, asking our advice as to the best album for a beginner to purchase. Hitherto this has been a difficult question to answer. The trouble was that every boy wanted and felt he ought to have a "Scott" album. It was his idea of the acme of perfection in matters philatelic. It was also his father's idea and his grandfather's. So the desire was not unnatural. It is born and bred in the American boy. But we hesitated sometimes to recommend the International. This edition has grown to be voluminous and expensive. Its two volumes of nineteenth-century stamps and one of twentieth century cost more than many a boy can afford. Worst of all, the few stamps with which he starts out are woefully lost in its many pages; and again, the blank spaces which he can never hope to fill—many of which are never filled by the most advanced collectors—have a discouraging effect upon his young enthusiasm. The International is really more for grown-ups than for the younger folk. Much of this has now been overcome by the publication of a Junior Album, one suited to the needs of the beginner, and yet not to be scorned by older collectors of moderate means. It is a printed album, similar in general design to the International. Space has been provided for all common and moderately priced stamps, and illustrations are as liberal as before. Altogether, there is room for upward of 15,000 stamps—by no means a small collection. Yet it is all, both nineteenth and twentieth centuries, comprised within the one volume. Besides, plenty of blank space is left here and there for new issues, or for an occasional rare stamp. There are, however, only 425 pages, so that the stamps of a young collector are not absolutely lost, as they were in the older three-volume edition.

In our opinion, it is a long time since anything so important has happened in the stamp-collecting world as the publication of this "Junior" album, so admirably fitted in every way to the needs of the young collector. We believe it will add greatly to the interest and encouragement of the beginner, and serve to increase the number of collectors. We may, perhaps, seem too enthusiastic over it, but we believe time will justify our judgment of it. It can be had at regular prices from any of our advertisers who deal both in stamps and philatelic supplies.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

CONTINENTAL STAMP ALBUM, only 10c. 8x5 inches, heavy cardboard covers, 160 pictures. Spaces for 546 stamps from 135 countries.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

108 all different stamps from Paraguay, Turkey, Venezuela, etc., 10c. 35 different stamps from Africa, a dandy packet, 25c. *Finest approval sheets, 50% commission.* Send for big 84-page price-list and monthly stamp paper free.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO.

127 MADISON AVE.

NEW YORK CITY

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE 52 different foreign, including China and Venezuela, to all who apply for our high grade approval selections. *Send two cent stamp for return postage.*

THE EDGEWOOD STAMP CO., DEPT. S, MILFORD, CONN.

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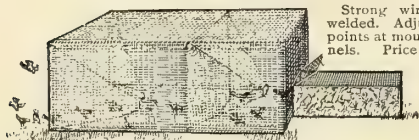
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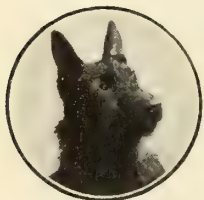
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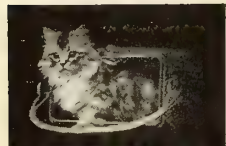
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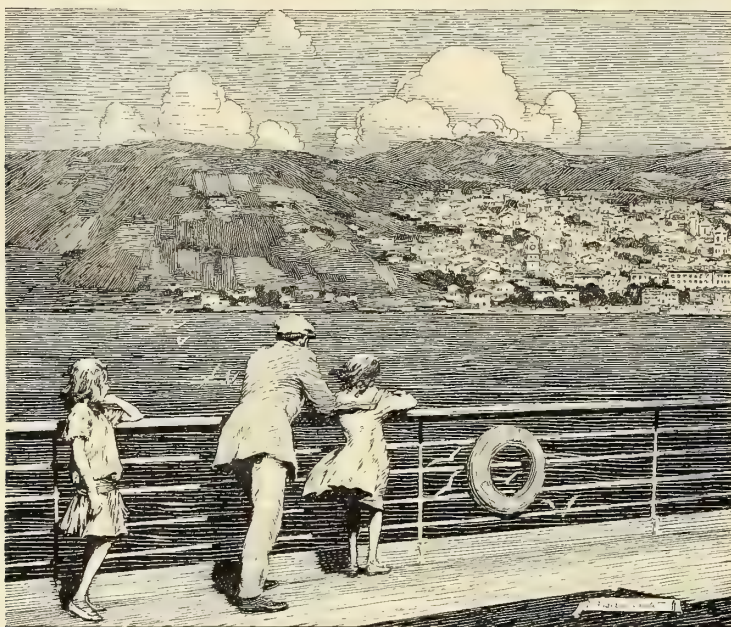
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"American Ice-Cream Soda" in Europe



ALONG THE AZORES

From "The Car That Went Abroad" in the July CENTURY MAGAZINE

WHEN you were traveling abroad last summer in Italy or France, did *you* keep seeing the sign "American Ice-Cream Soda" displayed in the shop windows? This is what happened to "the Joy" when *she* went abroad. Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine (who wrote the biography of Mark Twain) took his whole family, consisting of his wife and his daughters, Narcissa and the Joy, abroad for a trip through Europe in their little automobile, and he tells about their experiences in the series "The Car That Went Abroad" in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

The Joy kept spying that home-like sign and frequently called her father's attention to it. The magic words apparently made her not only homesick but very thirsty.

Your mother and father are perhaps reading the charmingly illustrated series which proves how economical a whole-family tour of that kind may be. But if they are not reading it, *tell them about it!* You have ST. NICHOLAS with all its delightful features: surely you do not want your parents to try to get along without THE CENTURY.



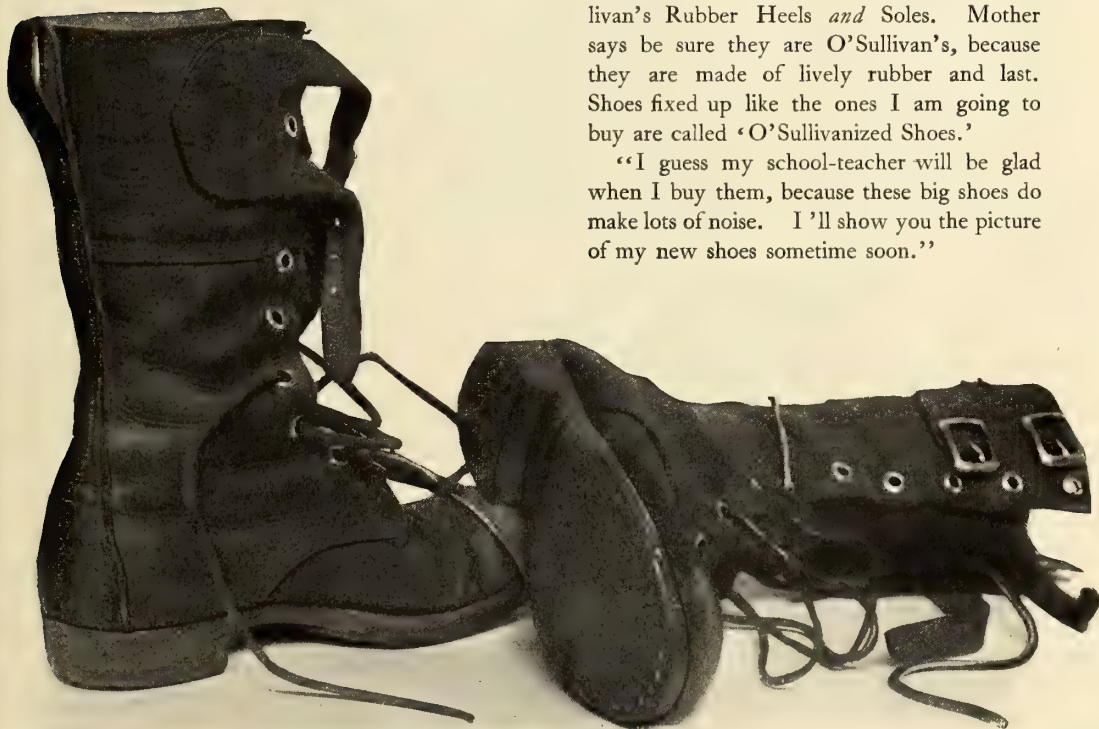
“D O you recognize this picture of my favorite pair of shoes? I found it today in an old ST. NICHOLAS.

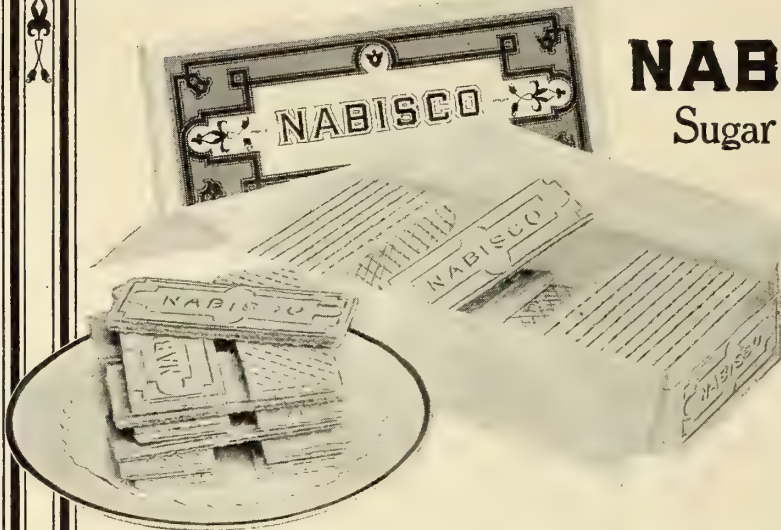
“This winter I had the pair you see at the bottom of the page—only I forgot to have O’Sullivan’s Rubber Heels put on the day I bought them, and ever since I have been too busy wearing them.

“My father says never to let it happen again, because when I go down-stairs at six o’clock in the morning it sounds as if war had been declared.

“Besides, I’ve got my mind set on a pair of ‘tan’ shoes with O’Sullivan’s Rubber Heels *and* Soles. Mother says be sure they are O’Sullivan’s, because they are made of lively rubber and last. Shoes fixed up like the ones I am going to buy are called ‘O’Sullivanized Shoes.’

“I guess my school-teacher will be glad when I buy them, because these big shoes do make lots of noise. I’ll show you the picture of my new shoes sometime soon.”





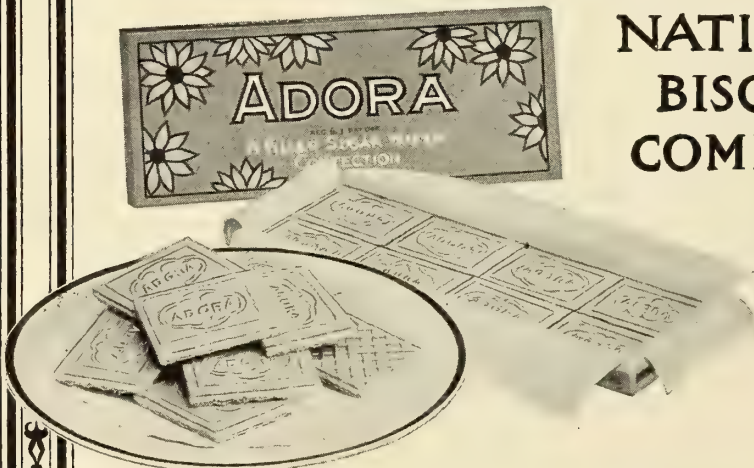
NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

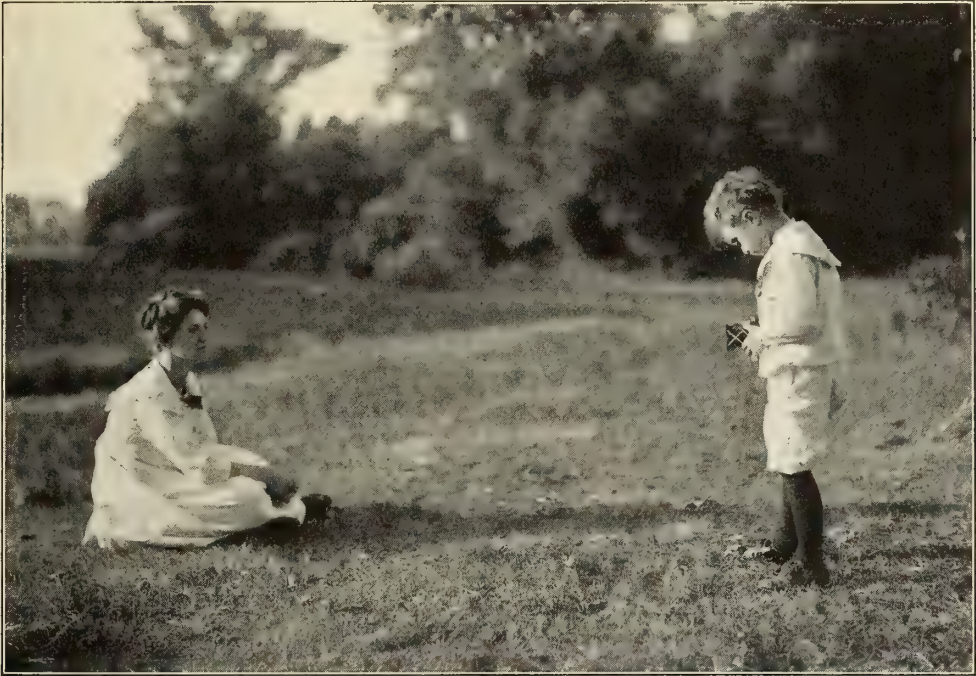
THESE incomparable sweets are the most universally popular of all dessert confections. Whether served at dinner, afternoon tea or any social gathering, Nabisco Sugar Wafers are equally delightful and appropriate. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA

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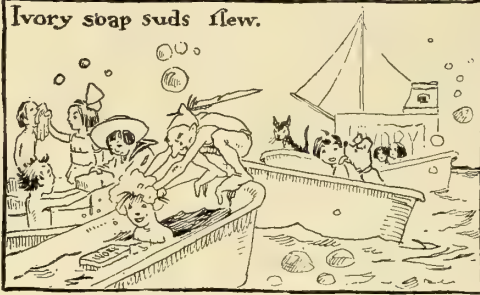
EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

The Cruise of IVORY SHIP or Tubs and Scrubs.

OF COURSE when our brave voyagers saw those BATH TUBS on the sea, their hearts were filled with thoughts of home, and pleasant memory. For bath tubs were reminders of those times when Mother said; "Come Dears, it's *rubby-scrub-tub-time*, and then we'll go to bed."

How joyous were those BATH-TUB times. How pleasant was the scrub with IVORY SOAP and splashy sponge in their big, snowy TUB! O, how the bubbles bobbed and broke; and then the pretty BOAT of that white cake of IVORY SOAP; what fun to see IT FLOAT!

Ivory soap suds flew.



Yes, these dear thoughts and memories came thick and fast and sweet, and made our voyagers crowd on sail to *catch* the BATH TUB fleet. Besides, as we have said before, that fleet was in *distress* with mussy little faces and much *elsewhere* mussiness.

So onward dashed the IVORY SHIP and captured every tub just filled with dirty children who were *dying* for a scrub. Our little heroes called to them,—“O don't abandon hope, for here WE come to scrub you all with lovely IVORY SOAP.”

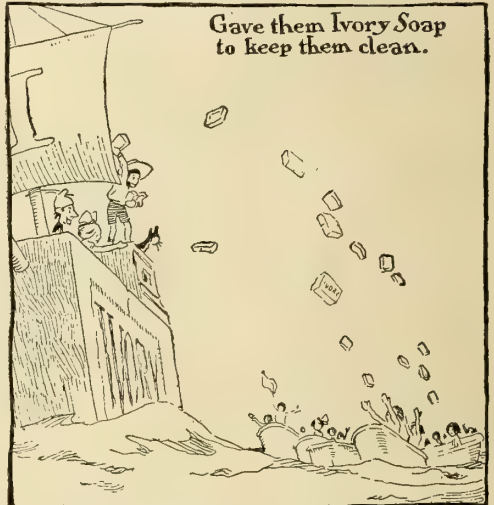
And then our little heroes jumped into the tubs and *MY!* you should have seen the bubbles bob and IVORY

SOAP suds fly! The mussy children in the tubs just screamed with pure delight to feel themselves becoming so *extremely* clean and white. Our heroes washed their faces and their hands and elsewheres too and in three-quarters of a day their scrubbing work was through.

Bob washed at *least* four hundred hands, Betty three hundred faces, while Gnif and Snip and Pussy Cat cleaned all the *extra* places. Then with some sighs of great relief and glad congratulations to all the Bath Tub children they distributed some rations. They gave the Bath Tub Children lots of food and things to eat and CAKES and *CAKES* of—IVORY SOAP to keep them clean and sweet. And then the Fleet of Tubs sailed off just *full* of hopes and joys; this proves that BATHS and IVORY SOAP are GOOD for girls and boys.

Once more our heroes sail for home. Swift flies the IVORY SHIP, but O, *ALAS!* “*there's many a slip betwix the cup and lip.*”

Gave them Ivory Soap to keep them clean.



AND WHERE THE “SLIP” WAS YOU SHALL KNOW

THIS PAGE IS
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SION OF “JOHN
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"There's a Reason"

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The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

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*When you think of writing
think of Whiting.*

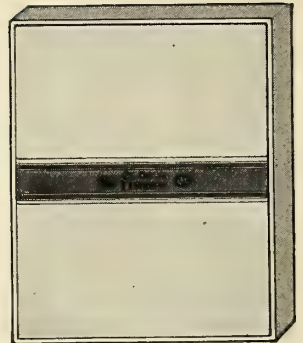
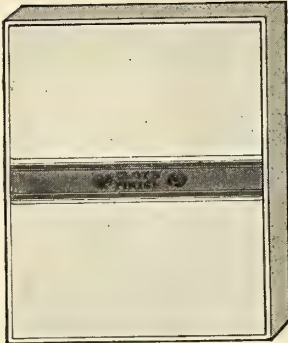


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THE BOOK MAN

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Books which specially fit into vacation time are Francis Collins' "The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes" and "The Second Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes" and Louise Brigham's "Box Furniture." They are books which tell just how to do things, and have much fun in the doing. Look them up.

Write to the Book Man of your vacation reading, and of your plans for fall and winter reading and for any help he can give you.

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UNCLE GLEN ON ST. NICHOLAS NEXT MONTH

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS READER: Billy and Louise were talking with me the other day about Billy's going away to boarding-school. Billy and his mother and father have been reading carefully the school advertisements in ST. NICHOLAS and THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, and the school that Billy is going to has been just about decided upon.

"There is one good thing about Billy's going away," remarked Louise, "and that is, that I will have the copy of ST. NICHOLAS all the time, and Billy cannot take it away from me."

This was not a very generous sentiment for Louise to express; but I find it hard to prevent her saying things of this kind now and then.

"If you think I am going without ST. NICHOLAS when I am at boarding-school, you are mistaken," said Billy. "Lots of boys older than I am read it, and I am going to ask Father to have another copy sent to me at school."

"Years and years and years ago, when I was at school," I said, "I read ST. NICHOLAS very carefully, and nowadays I would n't miss it for anything."

THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

In the next number of ST. NICHOLAS, there are some articles and stories that no boy or man should miss. For example, "Aquaplane Riding" describes a new sport that everybody will be interested in wherever there are motor-boats.

"Queela" is the story of an Indian boy in Honduras who goes hunting for hawk's-bills, which are giant turtles, and has a wonderful fight with a jaguar before he gets home.

Next month, the centenary of the writing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" will be celebrated. ST. NICHOLAS will publish an article on the composer of that great national anthem, Francis Scott Key, which will tell how, one hundred years ago, it came to be written.

There is a story called "Finding Out Aunt Hester," by Virginia Woods Mackall, which is one of the most delightful tales ST. NICHOLAS has printed for a long time. It shows how a little Quaker lady may not be quite as timid as she seems.

SERIALS

Edwin Booth, the great actor and one of the most distinguished players of *Hamlet* that ever lived, is the subject of the paper in the series "More Than Conquerors."

Bridge-building is described in "With Men Who Do Things."

The great base-ball article next month will be "The Goats and the Heroes of the World's Series." This is one of the articles by the famous umpire Billy Evans.

The serial story "The Runaway" will be continued in September, but not quite brought to a conclusion.

In the "Junior Blairs" series, there is more about camp cooking which will be of very practical value to any boys or girls who are going into camp.

Further hints for gardeners are contained in an article by Grace Tabor in the "Garden Series."

Hildegard Hawthorne's department, "Books and Reading," will appear, as well as the other departments that mean so much to ST. NICHOLAS readers—"Nature and Science," "ST. NICHOLAS League," "Stamp Page," etc., etc.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

In order that the Very Little Folk shall have a series of their own, there will be in the September number the first of a series called "The Adventures of Arabella." Hereafter no reader, however youthful, can complain that he or she is without the joys of a serial story.

VERSES AND PICTURES

The inimitable Reginald Birch will illustrate a ballad for the September ST. NICHOLAS, called "The Cassowary: His Vocabulary and the Dictionary." As usual, there will be pictures on almost every page of the number, besides a fine September cover.

Do you blame me for looking forward to September first as the day when all of you are going to have the pleasure of receiving the September number of ST. NICHOLAS?

Uncle Glen

Copyr. Life Pub. Co.



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DRAWN BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

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WHEN MOZART RACED WITH MARIE ANTOINETTE

— Katherine D. Cather ^{By}

HE was the child of a poor musician, and she was an Austrian archduchess, yet they played as happily in the stately old garden as if there were no such thing in the world as high or low degree. The fountains around the grotto plashed and murmured, their falling waters meeting below the terraces in a stream that went singing away into the pines beyond; while from a pond half hidden in a riot of reeds and rushes, a speckled trout or silver-striped bass leaped up into the sunlight.

Wolfgang felt as if he had come to paradise, and it was not strange. The only garden in which he had ever played was the one at his home in Salzburg, where there was just a plot of grass and gnarled oak-tree, with a clump of yellow jasmine dipping over the old stone wall. A poor little garden, and suffering sometimes for the care his father and mother were both too busy to give it, while the great park at Schönbrunn, with its myriad singing-birds and acres and acres of

grove and lawn, was the loveliest spot in all of lovely Austria.

"See!" he exclaimed, pointing to where a fountain threw out a veil of iridescent spray. "There is a rainbow there, just like the one we see in the sky after a shower."

Marie Antoinette nodded. To her the gleaming colors in the spray were an every-day sight.

"Of course," she replied, "there is always a rainbow where a fountain plays. It is great fun to run

through the spray. Come, I'll beat you to the aspen-tree yonder."

And away they went, Marie's yellow curls flying, and merriment dancing in her wide, blue eyes. For a minute, Wolfgang kept even with her. But he was younger and less accustomed to exercise, for while the royal child spent the entire summer romping in the open, he sat at piano or harp practising for concerts that were a large source of the family income. His father was conductor of the court orchestra at Salzburg, and orchestra directors were paid little in those days, so Wolfgang and his sister Marianne, both of whom played wonderfully well, gave exhibitions of their skill, sometimes making as much on one of these occasions as did the elder Mozart in a month. But it meant many hours of practising, and bodies weaker than those of children who were free to romp and run. So Wolfgang began to fall behind, and Marie reached the goal several yards ahead of him.

"Oh!" she cried merrily. "I beat you, Wolfgang Mozart! I beat you, and I am a girl!"

Wolfgang bit his lip. It was bad enough to be vanquished by a girl without being taunted about it, and he felt like running away and hiding. But it was only for a minute. Then he realized that Marie had not meant to hurt him, for he knew her kind heart, and had not forgotten that, a few nights before, when he slipped and fell on the polished floor of the palace, instead of laughing with the others, she ran to help him up. So what did it matter if she did boast about winning? She was big-hearted, and the pleasantest playmate he had ever had.

"Yes, Your Highness, you beat me at running," he answered. "But there is one kind of race in which you cannot."

Marie was alert with interest.

"What is it?" she asked.

"On the harp. You may play and I will play, and we will ask the Countess of Brandweiss who does best."

The little duchess clapped her hands. She was a fun-loving child, and always ready for a new form of sport.

"It will be splendid!" she cried. "And if you win, you may have my silver cross. But we must wait until to-morrow, for Mother will be out from Vienna then, and she will be a better judge than the Brandweiss. Let us go and practise now, so each one can do his best."

"But, Your Highness," came a voice from among the trees. "Do not forget that you are the daughter of an empress."

It was the Countess of Brandweiss who spoke, and Marie Antoinette shrugged her shoulders,

for she knew very well what her governess meant.

Wolfgang was a boy of no rank, and but for the fact that Maria Theresa was a tender mother as well as a great empress, would not have been at Schönbrunn. But mothers think of the happiness of their children, and sometimes royal ones allow what queens alone would not.

So it happened that, when the Mozart children, who were on a concert tour with their father, played before the court at Vienna, and Marie Antoinette took a great fancy to the delicate-faced boy, the empress asked the musician to let his son spend a few days at Schönbrunn as the playmate of her daughter. It was an unusual honor for a lad of the people, and the Countess of Brandweiss was not at all sure that it was wise. That is why she objected to the contest. It seemed like putting them on an equality. But Marie Antoinette was too impulsive and kind to think much about such things, and reasoned that her mother intended them to play as they wished, or she would not have invited Wolfgang to Schönbrunn.

So they went toward the palace in high glee, the lad very sure of winning, and Marie almost as sure, for she had had music lessons ever since her fingers were strong enough to strum the strings, and one of the things she could do exceedingly well was to play on the harp. So both went to their practising, and by the time that was done, Marie had a French lesson with her governess, and Wolfgang spent the remainder of the afternoon in the park alone.

The next morning, every one about the palace was excited. The empress was coming early from Vienna, and her apartments always had to be decorated with flowers before her arrival. Marie and Wolfgang flew in and out among the workers, being really very much in the way, yet imagining they were helping. The young duchess was radiantly happy, and danced and sang. Maria Theresa was one of the world's great rulers, and affairs of state kept her so busy that she saw very little of her children, especially during the summer, when they were at Schönbrunn, away from the heat and dust of the city. Throughout that time, she visited them only once a week, and by Marie Antoinette, who thought her mother the loveliest woman in the world, the rare but joyous occasions upon which they were together were delightfully anticipated and joyously remembered. So it was not strange that she wanted a hand in beautifying the palace for the reception of its loved mistress.

A trumpet call from the warder at the outer gate announced the arrival of the empress, and

the Countess of Brandweiss led Marie and her sister, the Archduchess Caroline, into the great hall to pay tribute to the royal mother. Wolfgang stayed behind with the attendants, for the strict etiquette of the Austrian court did not permit him to be present on such an occasion. He

the way, stooped and kissed him. Then all followed her to her reception-room, and Marie told of the race.

"But Wolfgang Mozart says he can beat me on the harp," she continued, "so we are going to find out. Your Majesty and Caroline and the Brandweiss shall be judges."

Maria Theresa smiled.

"It must be soon, then," she said, "for at eleven Baron Kaunitz comes to talk over some important matters."

"Oh!" exclaimed Marie, petulantly, "it is always Kaunitz who breaks in on our good times! I wish he would go so far away that it would take him a year to get back."

For a minute, Maria Theresa looked in amazement at her daughter. Then she spoke reprovingly, but gently:

"My child, Baron Kaunitz is Austria's great prime minister, and must be spoken of with respect by the daughter of Austria's empress."

The little duchess hung her head. She was not rude at heart, but just self-willed, and fond of having things go to suit her.

"I am sorry, Mother!" she cried, as she flung her arms around the empress's neck. "I know he is good and great, but why does he take you from me so often?"

"Because public affairs demand it," the mother said, as she stroked the sunny curls, "and not because he is unkind. You



"AWAY THEY WENT, MARIE'S YELLOW CURLS FLYING."

watched Maria Theresa embrace her daughters as lovingly as any mother who had never worn a crown, and thought, with Marie Antoinette, that she was the most beautiful woman in the world. She was so big, and fair, and splendidly handsome, and the mother-love gleamed tenderly in her clear, blue eyes.

After the greetings were over, she moved toward her apartments, and, seeing Wolfgang by

must not fret about it, for princesses must consider many things besides their own desires. Let us be happy now, and not waste-time with regrets. We will go to the hill above here—my favorite spot of all Schönbrunn. Then we shall see who plays best. Brandweiss, order the harp to be taken out, please."

The governess left the room to carry out her instructions, and Maria Theresa and the chil-

dren went into the park. The wealth of flowers threw out mingled perfumes, and as they strolled along the shaded walks, among rare trees and by plashing fountains and statues, every one of which was the triumph of some great artist, Maria Theresa laughed and jested, stopping now

They lingered awhile at the zoölogical garden, and then went on past the labyrinth and the Neptune fountain to the eminence where now stands the Gloriette. A pretty rustic lodge crowned it in those days, and Maria Theresa loved the spot and spent many hours there.



"WOLFGANG THOUGHT ONLY OF THE MUSIC."

to pick a flower or to glance over the housetops of Vienna to the Danube and the hills of the Wienerwald.

It was good to be free from public affairs for an hour—free, just like any ordinary mother, to stroll with her children and talk about books, and games, and pets, instead of puzzling over treaties with Frederick the Great, and questions of international friendship. And, as Wolfgang watched her stoop to look at a beetle or to crown Marie Antoinette with a daisy chain or laurel garland, he could hardly believe that this laughing woman was the stately ruler who presided over the destinies of the great Austrian land.

Johann Michael, one of the house servants, arrived just as they did, and set the harp in its place. Then the Brandweiss came, and the empress gave word for the contest to begin.

"You play, Maria Antoinette," she said, using the affectionate German name by which the little archduchess was called until negotiations were under way for her French marriage. For no matter how gracious the mother might be to the musician's child, the Empress of Austria must observe the rules of court etiquette, one of which was that princesses must always take precedence over those of lower rank.

The girl began, and wonderfully well she

played. No one knew it better than Wolfgang, and as her white fingers danced along the strings, he listened in real admiration, while Maria Theresa thought with pride that few of her age could do as well. When she finished, the judges and the boy who was her competitor broke into genuine applause, and the Brandweiss smiled with gratification at her charge, very sure that, although Wolfgang had often played in public, he could not do as well. The countess had very decided opinions about things, and was particularly strong in her belief that low-born children ought not to be allowed to vie with princesses of the blood royal.

"Now, Master Mozart," the Archduchess Caroline said. "You take the harp, and see if you can do better."

Wolfgang moved to the instrument and swept his fingers across the strings. First came a few broken chords, and then an exquisite strain of melody, a folk-song of old Austria still to be heard at eventide in the fields around Salzburg, as the peasants come in from their toiling. Caroline sat with clasped hands and gleaming eyes. She had listened to that ballad many times, but never had it seemed so beautiful. The empress, very still, looked far out across the sweep of hill and plain that skirted the river, her face wonderfully tender as she listened to the gifted child. Even the punctilious countess forgot her prejudices, and looked at the boy with misty eyes, for the melody took her back to the far-off time

when as a child on an old estate at Salzburg she had often sat with her mother and listened to peasant songs sweetening the twilight. Again she saw the flowers and trees of the well-remembered park, the hunting lodge and the copsewood just beyond, and heard the voice of her father, who had slept for years among Austria's honored dead.

But Wolfgang thought only of the music, and played as seldom a child has played, something stronger and finer than his will guiding his sensitive fingers along the strings.

The melody died away, and he turned to his listeners with a question in his eyes. He was so eager to win, yet he knew the young archduchess had done remarkably well.

But Marie Antoinette did not wait for the word of the judges. She ran to him in her big-hearted, impulsive way, and pinned the cross on his coat.

"You have beaten me!" she said, "and the cross is yours! You have won it, Wolfgang, for I cannot play *half* as well as that!"

An attendant appeared just then and saluted the empress.

"Your Majesty," he announced, "his excellency, the Baron Kaunitz awaits your commands at the palace."

But Maria Theresa, mighty ruler of the Austrian land, seemed not to hear. She had forgotten all about affairs of state, and sat as one in a dream, charmed by the magical music of Mozart, as men and women are still charmed by it to-day.





THE PINCH OF NECESSITY

BY MARY BRONSON HARTT

THE old light-keeper followed us down the pier. "If you take my advice, Mr. Pierson," he said to Father, in his queer, drawling way, "you 'd put up with a shake-down here at the light, and not venture to sea to-night. Looks to me consid-rable like it was comin' on to blow."

Father followed his glance toward the darkening sky and paused, gazing down at the *Petrel*, curtsying restively at her moorings. A wild, angry light lay along the horizon, and the wind was coming in odd little puffs.

"For myself I 'd risk it," he said slowly. "But I don't know about taking Lucy into the teeth of a gale. How is it, little girl?"

I could n't pretend I was afraid. I never am, with Father. And though he still calls me "little girl," if all goes well I 'll have my diploma from Wellesley next June. But there was no denying it would be fun to spend a night in a lighthouse. "Oh, do let 's stay!" I begged, so eagerly that they both laughed. And we stayed.

The keeper's wife was away from home; but the keeper made us welcome in a bluff and hearty way to the cozy stone cottage that snuggled against the base of the light-tower. They let me get supper for them, he and Father, not hindering more than they could help, and by combining Mrs. Keeper's larder with the luncheon-basket from the *Petrel*, we soon had quite a spread. It was a merry meal we made under the swinging lantern that hung from the low ceiling, and in the ruddy light of the fire. For, July though it was, night fell cold.

As the keeper had predicted, it was coming on to blow. Before supper was fairly over, one of us at least had forgotten to be glad we were not scudding in the *Petrel* before the rising gale, in sheer terror at the onslaught of the wind. It was my first experience of a sea storm at close range. Round the little promontory that bore the light dinned an appalling orchestra of winds and

waves. The stanch little cottage—or was it the very rock beneath?—seemed to quiver under the blast. I sat close to Father, my head pressed against his strong shoulder, while the keeper told storm-stories between puffs on his old brown pipe. He was not a picturesque story-teller, short, and blunt, and undecorated in his style; but his tales of wrecks and rescues took on a ghastly significance from the bellow of the wind, the lashing flail of the rain. He seemed incurably restless; seemed to be listening all the while; kept getting up to stare out into the storm.

Father asked if he were nervous about Mrs. Keeper. But he laughed at that. She was visiting a' cousin on Grand Manan, and no doubt enjoying a glorious gossip over a driftwood fire. "No, 't ain't that," he said, with a shake of his grizzled head. "I 'm wishin' I could manage to shove along the calendar. This day week 'll see a full crew at the station over there on the outer beach. Life-savers, I mean. Nobody but keeper there to-night. Gov'ment gives the surfmen a vacation in July and June, whether they like it or not. An' such a likely night as this is for a wreck!"

He and Father fell to discussing the wisdom of Uncle Sam's plan, which leaves the Atlantic coast well-nigh unprotected during two months of every summer, the keeper maintaining that he had known many a big blow between June first and the opening of August, and many a good ship in straits while the empty stations offered small hope of help from shore.

It was n't a cheering thought to take to bed with you, and I doubt if I should have slept much in the wee bedroom the keeper insisted on surrendering to me, even if I had not been deafened by the roar of wind and rain. As it was, my thoughts seemed a-chatter with excitement. I did not take off my clothes; but, rolling myself in blankets, I blew out the little glass hand-lamp and

lay down to strain my eyes at the darkness, broken by the regular flashing of the light.

Father had made a feint of taking to the "shake-down" the keeper provided in the living-room of the cottage; but my ears told me he was as much up as down during the interminable hours of that dreadful night. As for the keeper, he made no bones of getting into oilskins before he bade his guests good-night, that he might prow out occasionally into the streaming rain to have a look at the wild sea. I heard the wind come shrieking in when he opened the door on each of these little sallies, and the slap of his wet oilskins as he struggled to slam the door on his return. His confident expectation of trouble did n't add anything to my calmness as I lay listening to the shrieking demons of the storm.

I must have dropped to sleep at last from sheer weariness, for I was startled out of unconsciousness when, toward morning, a thundering knock fell on the cottage door. Blankets and all, I sprang up, and stood rubbing my eyes in the lamplight as a streaming figure came staggering out of the storm. At first, he could do nothing but gasp and mop at the water running freely down his face. Then — "Bark ashore! — Beached her head on. — Mile to west of station. Fetched up with her bows two hundred yards from shore. — Seas breaking over her stern something awful!"

He was not much more than a boy, that messenger. We gathered from his gasping words that he had been on a visit to the keeper when the storm broke, and had stayed the night at the life-saving station. Keeper had seen the bark running dangerously near shore, and had signaled to her to stand off. Then, seeing she was morally certain to strand, he had telegraphed to the keeper of the next station, four miles away, to come to the rescue, and despatched

the boy to summon the light-keeper. Not a man of the regular crew was within hail. Even the station horse, Black Beauty, was on sick leave.

"An' it 's God's providence *you 're* here, Mr. Pierson," the light-keeper said solemnly. "For



"A STREAMING FIGURE CAME STAGGERING OUT OF THE STORM."

it 'll take more hands than we can muster if them pore fellers are to get off alive. Let me give you a hand into these here oilskins."

"But, Father!" I cried, "you won't leave me here alone!"

The two men stared a moment. They had clean forgotten me. Father never stopped his preparations. "You 'll be a woman, I know, Lucy," he began; but I did n't wait to hear. "I 'll

be a woman if you take me with you!" I cried; for I could not brave the thought of suspense alone with the wicked howling of the storm.

Father began a protest, but the light-keeper cut him short. "Keeper's wife to station?" he asked of the half-drowned boy. He nodded. "The girl 'll be best with her," he said shortly. And in no time he had me bundled in sweaters as thick as a board, and over all a rubber coat of his wife's. Lastly, he made me wind a coarse muffler many times about my head and face, leaving only my eyes free. "You breathe into that," he said, "or the wind 'll choke you." And then he flung open the door.

The merciless blast that burst in almost took me off my feet. Father gripped one arm and the keeper the other, and once we rounded the angle of the cottage, we had the wind at our backs, rushing us along. The boy plodded ahead with a lantern which threw fitful glimmers on the swimming ledges underfoot; but I walked by faith and not by sight. The wind tore at my skirts, twisting them about me till I had much ado to walk at all. The rain poured in rivulets down my nose and hung heavy on my lashes. But for the strong men at either shoulder, I could not have made my way a hundred yards.

The last stretch was the worst, for there was nothing for it then but to take the wind head on as we made our way over to the spit of sand where the station stood. For all the rain, the wind tore at the exposed beach, filling the air with flying sand, that cut our faces and forced us to shield our eyes with our hands.

Just when it seemed to me I could n't struggle any farther, a patch of light fell on the sand at our feet, a door opened, and we stumbled into the grateful warmth and brightness of the station messroom.

Only the keeper's wife was there, busy with a steaming coffee-pot. She greeted us with that solemn absence of effusion that marks a real calamity. "Henry—" she was beginning, when the door opened and Henry himself literally blew in, turning on us from beneath his dripping sou'wester a face lined with trouble.

He leaned against the door and gasped out: "Don't take off your coats. We've got to have a try at the beach-apparatus. We can't budge it. It's a good job for seven men. But nobody shall say we did n't try."

Then in answer to a questioning look, "Yes, she's there, poundin' heavy. The mizzenm'st 's staggerin' like a drunken sailor. All hands are forerd, stickin' to the bowsprit and jib-boom. Sea 's boilin' over 'em. Can't stick there *very* long!—Land! I 'd give my right hand for a

stout crew!—Give us a gulp o' coffee all round, Susie. If we can't budge the gun, all we can do is run down abreast o' the wreck, so 's if any pore feller is washed ashore alive, to pull him through the surf."

To my surprise, while we drank our coffee, the woman flung on a great seaman's coat and sou'wester, and stood quietly waiting to help. I wanted to go too, but she put me by without a look. "You get your breath," she said unceremoniously, pushing me down by the fire.

It was n't long till she was back, alone, her face set like fate. "No go," she panted. "Could n't move her six inches. And help can't get here anyhow under half an hour!"

Shall I ever forget that tense watch? The thought of Father out in that whirling, bellowing storm; the thought of those poor wretches clinging like flies to the bowsprit while the cruel waves strove to suck them down to their death; the strain of listening for help it seemed would never come—made me cold to my very heart. The keeper's wife was silent and grim, too experienced either to hope too much or to give in too soon. Heavy on her heart lay not only the fate of the hapless crew, but her husband's awful responsibility.

We pressed our faces against the streaming pane, trying to make out some sign of the wreck; but such blurred glimpses as we got showed only the waves under the grim light of that wild dawn—a furious welter of foam. Still we could not leave the window. Bit by bit I extracted from the anxious woman some knowledge of the technic of life-saving; learned that the "gun" meant a Lyle gun, something like a small cannon, used to shoot a line out to wrecked vessels; that the weight of the beach-apparatus that would n't budge meant not only the bronze gun, but lines, hawsers, projectiles, powder, the breeches-buoy, sand-anchor, and timbers to raise the buoy-cable above the waves. I said something imbecile about boats, but she turned on me with a flash of angry contempt. "A boat!" she cried, "in a white sea like that!"

It was close on five o'clock when we saw a little group of buffeted figures struggle by the window toward the beach-cart. We counted five men and the boy—the other keeper had come up with one recruit. The woman beside me groaned. "Six—and one a boy, and one an old man, and two no more than tenderfoots! What 's that in place of our eight husky lads?"

Enough, it seemed, to run out the beach-cart; for we presently saw the straining group round the corner of the station and strike across the dunes. The keeper's wife caught her breath.



"AND THE CART MOVED! OH, IT MOVED! INCH BY INCH, AND THEN FOOT BY FOOT."

"She must be breakin' up! They dare n't take time to follow the beach or they 'd never try the short cut over the dunes, and them short-handed at that!"

Sure enough, before they were out of sight of the station, the party came to a halt. Push and pull as they would, the cart moved neither forward nor back. The broad tires had sunk deep in the sand! The keeper's wife dropped a hand on my shoulder and fairly spun me round. Her voice had the ring of a man's. "It 's up to us!" she shouted. "If you *have n't* any muscle, your mere weight may do the trick!"

Almost before I knew what was happening, we were rubber-coated and sou'westered, and stumbling up the dune. At sight of us, the disheartened men plucked up courage. They pulled a mighty pull while we women, rooting ourselves in the soft sand, threw our full weight into a desperate shove. And the cart moved! oh, it moved! Inch by inch, and then, as it gathered momentum, foot by foot, it yielded, till we had it back on level sand. And now the men made no pretense of scorning our help, only bidding us save our strength for the pinch to come.

Even on the hard beach it was desperate work getting the cart along, for the new recruits were already half-exhausted by their four-mile fight with the storm, and the struggle with the wind took half our force. The men groaned for the noble animal that, as much alive to the game of rescue as a fire-horse, would have dragged the heavy gear so eagerly over the wave-swept sands. But now, through the shifting curtain of mist and rain, we began to catch glimpses of the wreck and of the projecting bowsprit with its clinging human flies, which every smoking sea did its best to sweep from their desperate hold. The sight drove us onward with mad strength.

We were still not more than half-way to the wreck when the two men who had come up from the other station completely gave out. We all sank down on the sand, sheltering our faces in our arms, and struggled for free breath. Tears mingled with the rain that ran down my cheeks. Here we were with all the elaborate machinery of rescue the ingenuity of a nation had been able to devise, and yet as powerless as the doomed wretches out there in the murk!

A shout from the keeper made me start up in

time to see the staggering mast of the bark crash down upon the breaker-swept deck. A moment the storm shut out the view; and when again our eyes pierced the flying spray, "She 's gone!" were the words that came gasping from every lip. Not a sign was left of the ill-fated ship!

By common impulse, the two keepers dashed waist-deep into the boiling surf, searching each combing breaker for a struggling swimmer.

And then of a sudden I found myself on my feet, making inarticulate sounds, and we were all tugging frantically again at the beach-cart; for in a sudden rift in the driving scud, we had seen for a second the broken hull of the bark and the slim bowsprit with its load of human souls. It was the last call for a rescue.

It was not in human strength, exhausted as we were, to make the remaining distance in the time we took to cover it. A perfect fury of haste possessed us. I blessed my years on the Wellesley crew for the stout endurance of heart and lungs, as we stumbled along, splashing into gullies the waves had cut through the beach, straining the last fiber of muscle in aching arms and backs. The wind had lulled somewhat, or I think we women, hampered with our skirts, must have dropped by the way.

As for the surfmen, they seemed to have borrowed new life. Arrived opposite the wreck, the two keepers took command of their green forces with an alert, methodical energy that rebuked our hysterical haste. We women were ordered to rest. The men were set to dragging boards from out the edge of the waves, now thick with tossing wreckage from the shattered bark. These the keepers rapidly laid in a rude platform to hold the Lyle gun. As carefully as at a drill they directed the placing of the gear, the burying of the sand-anchor.

Watching the waves snatching wickedly at the exhausted seamen on that slender spar, I could have screamed at the masterly deliberation with which the keeper placed the gun and accurately sighted. "Oh! Hurry! Hurry!" I was saying under my breath, my hands clenching and unclenching in a very ecstasy of nerves.

The keeper's wife put an angry hand over my mouth. "Hurry? They ain't no *time* to hurry!" she hissed savagely. "The first shot 's got to land right among those pore fellers. D' you s'pose they 've got strength left to crawl round lookin' for a line fired any old place in a hurry!"

That moment the shot boomed out, and after a short suspense the woman groaned aloud in thankfulness. "Laid the line clean across the jib-boom! Amen! Now if they ain't too stiff to make fast!"

My landswoman's eye could make out nothing on the wreck; but before long I saw a slender bridge of line draw straight between ship and shore, saw a heavier rope run out in its wake, and finally the breeches-buoy itself hauled steadily out over the foaming water. A pause, and the wind blew a cheer from our lips—the buoy *had a passenger!*

I shut my eyes and shuddered to think of the dizzy passage over the wild surf that worn-out sailor must make, and when I opened them, behold! the buoy had made scant progress toward shore. The keeper's amateur forces fairly lay back on the hawser; but it is a question whether, without the added strength of our weak women's arms, they could have brought that single man to land.

For without waiting to be called, we silently took our places on the rope, and presently had the joy to feel it steadily moving. I dared not watch the approach of the buoy; every atom of energy was wanted for the long strain of the haul. Shutting my eyes, I blindly tugged at the rope that, in spite of the thick surfman's mittens I wore, sawed painfully on my hands.

Suddenly the strain slackened. I opened my eyes, and saw the two keepers waist-deep in the surf, dragging a half-conscious man out of the buoy.

While the empty buoy was being hauled back to the wreck, we women, acting under orders, lay flat upon the sand in the lee of the gear to rest.

Eleven times it went out without a hitch, and eleven times we helped to haul it painfully in, loaded with the weight of a half-perished seaman. As the rescued men revived a little, they added at least their brute weight to the strength of the party manning the rope.

The captain of the bark was the last to leave the ship. When he began to show signs of returning strength, and when all had warmed their stiffened limbs at a little fire the keeper had managed to kindle with dry wood brought in the cart, the doleful march to the station began. It was painfully different from what I had fancied would be the joyous procession of successful life-savers. We were all too utterly worn to be more than passively thankful for the let-up of the strain. Exhausted rescuers helped along the more exhausted and well-nigh paralyzed, rescued men. Never do I expect to experience so long a mile. Seeing the valiant efforts of these men, weakened by exposure and long suspense, I scorned to give in to my deadly fatigue. But my head burned, my throat ached, my skirts, heavy with water, dragged intolerably round my ankles. Wanting the spur of excitement, the return empty-handed

to the station was heavier by far than the toilsome haul down the beach to the wreck.

How heavenly peaceful and warm and dry the

When I opened my eyes, it was upon the sunlight of another day. A windy blue sky bent over a sea still white-capped with yesterday's spent fury. Battalions of white sea-gulls were drilling along the margin of the foam, reflected in the wet sand. My own clothes, well-dried, hung on a chair by the bedside, and you may be sure I was not long in getting my stiffened limbs into them and rushing over to the station.

There I found Father coming to after a similar prolonged nap. He reported all hands doing well after the strain and exposure, though the captain of the wrecked *Bleeker* (for that was the name of the bark) and one of the seamen would need more than one day in bed. The keeper himself, having seen everybody else attended to, was taking a little much-needed rest. His wife did the farewell honors for him, assuring us, as we left for the light, that we should find our services duly acknowledged to the Government when the keeper turned in his report.

We found the light-keeper dolefully surveying the remains of the once jaunty *Petrel*. Moored out at what Father deemed a safe depth, she had dragged her anchor in the gale, swept on to the rocks, foundered, and now her mast stuck up out of six feet of water, her pretty cabin half full of sand.

Father looked at her a moment in silence, and then

checked the light-keeper's condolences: "Better a sail-boat lost than a daughter!"

The old man nodded. "An' I guess those beggars over there can thank their lucky stars I happened to keep you over night, you an' your girl—you an' your girl."

That is why, among my principal treasures, I keep a personal letter from Superintendent Kimball, the hero of the surfmen, and of the whole Atlantic coast.



"'BETTER A SAIL-BOAT LOST THAN A DAUGHTER!'"

bare station messroom looked as our forlorn company straggled in! Mrs. Keeper promptly forgot her weariness in her concern to set steaming coffee before the men who had not tasted food for fourteen hours. Then while Father helped to get the wrecked men between warmed blankets, she hurried me off to her cottage next door to change my dripping skirts. I did n't propose to idle with so much to be done, but just for a moment I let her tuck me up in her own warm bed.



THE MOST POPULAR WARM-WEATHER SHOP IN THE DEEP WOODS DISTRICT.

DOWN IN GREENLEAF LANE,
AT THE HOLLOW OAK-TREE,

MR. OWL'S AS BUSY
AS BUSY CAN BE.

CAPITALIZING A BROOK



BY FRANK J. STILLMAN

shelter for stock and chickens. Near its highest point, perhaps 100 yards from the road, two enormous springs gushed from the rocks, forming a large brook that tore its way to the river. Winter or summer, wet or dry, the volume of the stream varied little, if any.

It was this roaring brook, tumbling down the steep slope, that captured Paul. He saw the force in the rushing water, and mentally declared that it should work for him. And it did. The following summer, at odd times, the boy rigged up a trough and constructed a rude water-wheel that developed amazing power. By means of an old rope, the energy was transmitted to the woodshed, where it operated the washing-machine and churn, saving his mother many a backache.

That fall, Mr. Barnes had a fair crop of corn and oats, and in the spring made a start toward "stocking up the farm." That marked the beginning of regular trips "to mill," the nearest one being at Cedarton, ten miles distant.

It was a glad day for Paul when his father invited him to accompany him to mill. A water-power was something mysterious to the boy, although he was quite familiar with the operation of the steam-mill at Lenox, where the family had previously lived.

Paul was not so much interested in the mill itself as in the motive force that propelled its humming machinery. He missed the tall smoke-stack, the sizzling boilers, the great throbbing engine, and seemed quite unable to grasp the theory which enabled that black iron shafting, running down into the quiet water of the flume, to obtain power to carry such an enormous load. During the journey homeward the boy was unusually silent, but he was not asleep, as his father thought.

Paul accompanied his father to mill several times during the summer, and became very well acquainted with Mr. Patterson, the miller.

"I don't see how a wheel can develop power down in the bottom of that big tank," the boy remarked one day to Mr. Patterson. "I thought

PAUL BARNES was in his seventeenth year at the time his father bought the 160-acre farm near Brownville. Mr. Barnes really wanted a prairie quarter-section three miles east from town, having better soil and practically no waste land, but the earnest pleadings of Mrs. Barnes and Paul, not to speak of the fact that it was ten dollars an acre lower in price, finally induced him to take the river farm.

Mrs. Barnes was an intense admirer of nature, and the picturesque coziness of the place strongly appealed to her. Shielded on the east by a high, partially timbered bluff at the base of which flowed the sinuous Little Cedar River, and having the main-traveled highway on the south, with a magnificent bur-oak grove just beyond, the location was, indeed, ideal.

Northward from the house the bluff extended nearly thirty rods, then fell away into what was known as the river "eighty" (acres). Eastward the rise continued quite abruptly, thence stretching as a gently rolling prairie to the village, a little over a mile distant. The south eighty was fairly good land; the north eighty, bordering the river, although very fertile, was much less valuable; in fact, during wet years, when the river overflowed, it produced nothing.

The wooded bluff, north and east from the house, was regarded of no account except as a

it was necessary to have a wheel with paddles and a swiftly moving stream of water."

"Oh, but you lose two thirds of the efficiency of the water, that way," replied the miller. "You see we have here a twelve-foot head; that is, the distance from the level of the water above the dam to the level of the surface of the water below the dam is twelve feet. The wheel is set so the buckets just clear the water in the tail-race—that is the level of the water below the dam. The 'runner,' or real power-producing wheel, is inclosed in an iron casing provided with a dozen shutters, or 'gates,' as they are called, around the outer edge. When I turn this hand-wheel by the feed-rolls, it operates a pinion on the flat top of the outer casing, which meshes into a segment that opens gradually all the gates, letting little or

minute. The Little Cedar River does not supply, ordinarily, much more than half that volume of water, but by means of the dam we obtain not only the head, but a great reservoir, which, with what constantly flows in, enables us to run about twelve hours a day without lowering the water in the pond more than a foot."

"Then, if the head were one hundred and fifty feet, instead of twelve, I suppose a very much smaller wheel would develop enormous power with much less consumption of water," suggested Paul.

"Sure!" exclaimed Mr. Patterson, pleased at the interest of the boy and his comprehensive grasp of the proposition. "With a hundred and fifty feet head and a twelve-inch wheel, we could run this old mill on a tubful of water."

Paul was becoming excited.

"But suppose the tubful of water came from a hill and there was no opportunity to dam it or construct a reservoir or pond, how would the water be conducted to the wheel?" he inquired eagerly.

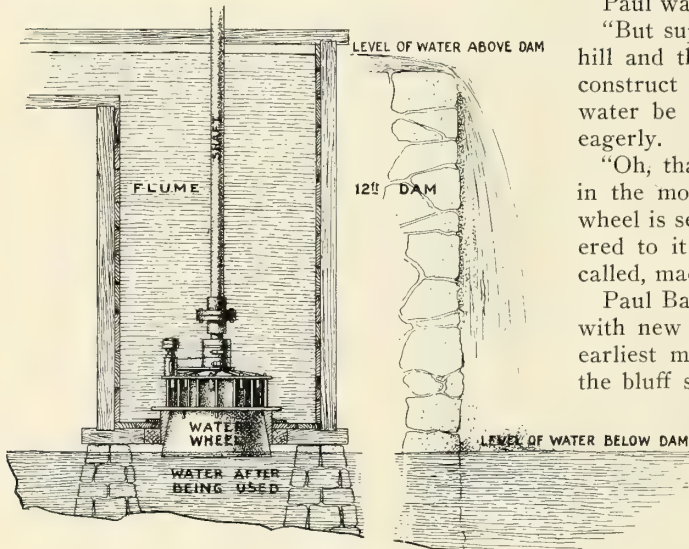
"Oh, that's easy! that's the common method in the mountains," responded the miller. "The wheel is set in an iron globe and the water delivered to it through a tube, or penstock, as it is called, made of wood or iron."

Paul Barnes returned to his home that evening with new ideas monopolizing his mind. At the earliest moment, he propped up a hogshead on the bluff side, to which he connected the waters

of the brook by means of a wooden trough. In this way, knowing the capacity of the hogshead, and noting the number of seconds required to fill it, he found that the two springs discharged about one hundred and fifty cubic feet of water every minute. Measuring the distance from

the lowest spring to the level of the water in the river, and obtaining the approximate angle, the boy made practical use of his knowledge of geometry, and easily computed the vertical distance from spring to river, which was about ninety-five feet.

The next time he made a trip to mill, Paul consulted the water-wheel catalogue, and learned that under a working head of ninety feet, a seven-inch brass wheel, consuming one hundred and fifty cubic feet of water per minute, would produce almost fourteen horse-power, making something like fifteen hundred revolutions per minute. It seemed inconceivable to the boy that a wheel scarcely larger than a common saucer could possibly develop such enormous power, and he asked Mr. Patterson how this could be true.



THE WATER-WHEEL AT MR. PATTERSON'S MILL.

much water in against the buckets of the runner. The higher the 'head'—the column of water standing above the wheel in the flume—the more violent will be the force of the water against the buckets, and, consequently, the greater the power exerted. The buckets of a turbine wheel are curved in such a way as to obtain the maximum of power from a given quantity of water."

By means of detailed illustrations in a catalogue, Mr. Patterson was able to make it perfectly clear to the young man, who evinced a most intense interest in the construction and operation of water-wheels.

"With our twelve-foot head and a thirty-five-inch wheel," continued the miller, "we get about ninety horse-power with a consumption of approximately five thousand cubic feet of water per

"It's this way," explained the miller. "Your wheel is very small, but look at the speed, fifteen hundred revolutions per minute. You get the power in the speed; you gear down by using a very small toothed wheel, say four-inch, on the wheel shaft, and this meshes into a gear say twenty-four inches in diameter. This gives you a leverage of six to one, and a speed of two hundred and fifty revolutions per minute for your intermediate shaft. See?"

Yes, the boy saw, and his blood tingled.

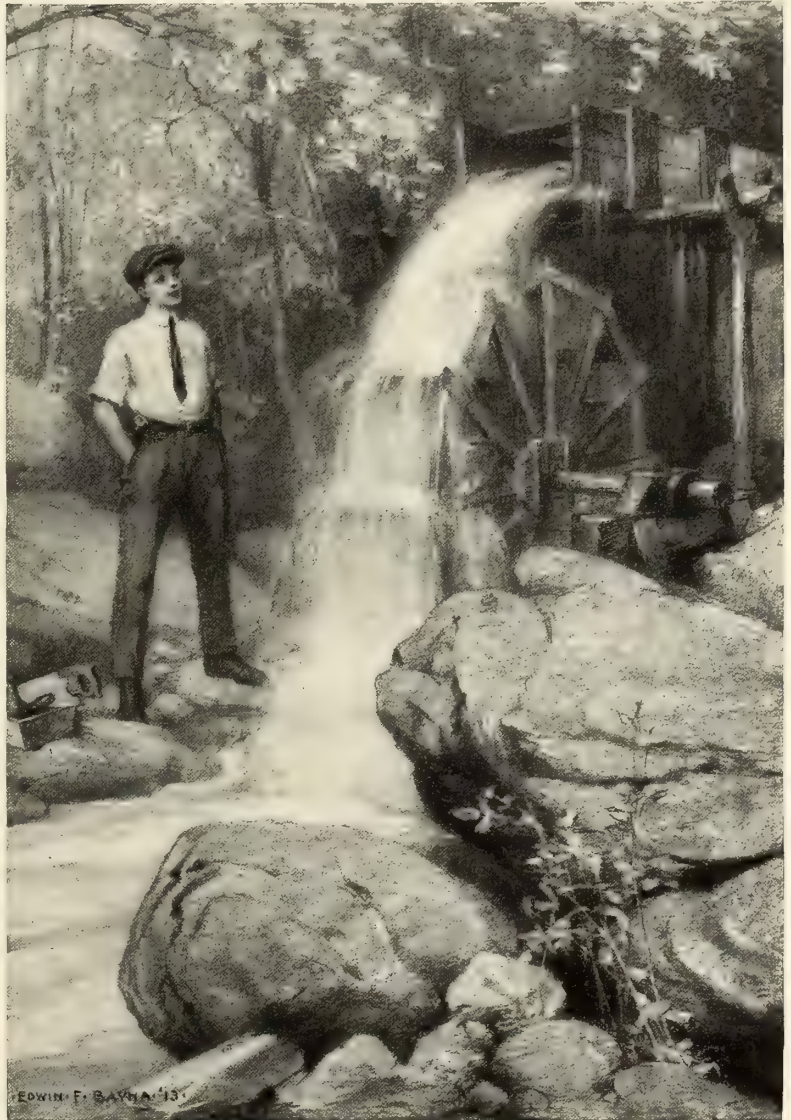
The land in that part of Iowa where Mr. Barnes lived was devoted very largely to the growing of corn, oats, and barley. Very little of the product of the soil found its way into elevators, however. It was fed to cattle, pigs, and horses, and experience had demonstrated that, when mixed and ground, the grain put on more pounds of meat and fat than if fed whole, to say nothing of keeping the stock in better health.

As a consequence, the mill at Cedarton, which, since the continued failure of the wheat crop, had been converted into a great feed-grinding establishment, was crowded daily with grists, and the owners were literally coining money. Notwithstanding the long haul, probably half a dozen loads of grain passed the Barnes place each day bound for the mill. From time to time, Paul inquired of passing teamsters if they thought a feed-mill would be patronized by farmers within a radius of four or five miles of that locality, and found the opinion to be unanimous that such an opportunity would be most welcome.

During the winter, the young man gave much attention to hydraulics and to the study of numerous catalogues of water-wheels and feed-grinding machinery. In the spring, after the crops were in, he spent a week interviewing

farmers living not more than four miles in any direction from his home. After a few words of explanation, Paul presented a paper, ruled for signatures, headed as follows:

We, the undersigned, farmers, would be pleased and benefited by the establishment of a feed-grinding mill



"PAUL RIGGED UP A TROUGH AND CONSTRUCTED A RUDE WATER-WHEEL."

on the Horace Barnes place. We agree, if such an enterprise is started, to give it our patronage, at the customary rates, if the service is satisfactory.

At the right of each line a space had been left within which to indicate the approximate number of bushels or bags of grain each farmer would require to be ground per annum.

Paul obtained signatures of one hundred and eighty-two farmers, pledging in all more than twenty-five thousand two-bushel bags of grain each year.

With an abundance of latent power going to waste, and a large, profitable demand for that energy properly applied, the young man came squarely against what, to him, was a most serious obstacle: the means of uniting them—the necessary financial link.

Aid from his father, even granting that Mr. Barnes looked with favor upon the proposition, was out of the question. As a matter of fact, Mr. Barnes found difficulty in meeting the expenses of the place and the interest on the heavy mortgage from the revenue produced by the farm, and he could not have spared a dollar.

Early one morning, a few days later, having pondered the problem until his brain fairly ached, Paul started for Brownville, and went directly to the general store of Mr. Davis, where the Barnes family did practically all of their trading. When the boy left the store an hour later, his face was flushed, and he seemed to be walking on air. That afternoon a letter went eastward addressed to the manufacturers of a certain turbine water-wheel. The following is a copy of that letter:

Gentlemen: I am a young man nineteen years of age, residing with my parents a mile and a quarter from Brownville. We have on our place an undeveloped water-power, supplied by never-failing springs, yielding over 150 cubic feet of water per minute. The available working head is a little over ninety feet. Under these conditions, one of your seven-inch brass wheels in a globe casing, connected by iron penstock, will produce nearly fourteen horse-power. I desire to install a feed-grinding plant, but at the present time I am without financial resources. I have presented the facts in detail to Mr. R. W. Davis, a merchant of Brownville, who has such faith in the practicability of the project that he has agreed to loan me, on my note, without security, \$200.00 with which to purchase a No. 2, Lightning feed-mill and elevator combined, having a capacity of thirty bushels of mixed corn and oats per hour, requiring ten horse-power. He will also assist me in the erection of a small cheap building.

I propose that you furnish me your No. 0 wheel and casing, and 140 feet of penstock suitable for the plant, you to retain ownership until outfit is paid for. Each Saturday night, I will forward to you every dollar above operating expenses received during the week, until the entire amount, with interest, is paid. I inclose a copy of a paper signed by 182 farmers residing within four miles of our place, pledging patronage to the amount of 25,000 sacks, or more, per year. The revenue from half this amount of grain, at regular price for grinding, would pay for your outfit in less than one year. Aside from lubricating-oil and possible, though not probable, repairs, all money received would be profit, as I should do all the work and reserve nothing for my services until I held a receipted bill for the plant.

I realize this is an unusual proposition, but it is the only one I am able, at present, to make. I shall be glad

to give you any further information or to have you investigate the proposition in any way you desire.

Yours truly,

PAUL BARNES.

The same mail carried another letter—from Mr. Davis—as follows:

Gentlemen: You will probably receive a communication from Paul Barnes, son of one of my customers, concerning the purchase of a water-wheel. On my own responsibility and without his knowledge, I desire to say that I consider the enterprise entirely practicable, and, further, to express the hope that you will see your way to accept his proposition. I not only feel sure you will receive the full price for the outfit, but you will enable a most worthy and ambitious young man to make a start.

Four days later, Paul Barnes received a letter from the turbine company informing him that one of the company's representatives, Mr. Leach, was at that time in a city not far distant, and that he would probably see him within ten days.

Mr. Leach called at the Barnes home on Thursday of the following week, having first had a brief conversation with Mr. Davis, at Brownville. He carefully examined the water-supply, noted the device for determining the volume of discharge, asked many questions, all the while keenly observing his would-be customer.

"I see no reason why you should not develop a nice business here, Mr. Barnes," remarked Mr. Leach, finally. "You have a magnificent fall, and ample water to handle a mill that should easily take care of one hundred and twenty sacks of grain every ten hours. Of course you understand we don't make a practice of selling power-plants on the terms you propose, but we are going to furnish one to you. The fact is, your letter touched our manager. He was once a boy himself. The outfit will be shipped, complete, in about three weeks. When it arrives, notify me at Dubuque, and I will send a man to superintend its installation. In the meantime, order your feed-mill and get your timbers and building material on the ground. We will send you blue-prints and complete specifications so a carpenter can go ahead and have everything ready for the plant."

With that he shook hands with Paul, wished him all kinds of success, and was gone.

From that moment, air-castle building gave way to activity on the Barnes place. Paul consulted with Mr. Davis, who gave valuable suggestions, and within a week a trim little building was in course of construction near the river-bank. Then the specifications and blue-prints came, and the heavy timbers, on which the globe casing must be bolted, were framed and secured in the wheel-pit.

The power-plant and penstock arrived promptly, and two days later, Mr. Engle, the expert, reported for duty.

Paul afterward admitted he felt a sinking in his stomach when he had sized up the motive power for his new establishment. It is one thing to study a table indicating cubic feet of water, head, revolutions per minute, and diameter of wheels, and quite another thing to hold a seven-inch turbine in your hands. The young man could not see one horse-power, much less fourteen, in that little toy. Mr. Barnes, who from the first had expressed skepticism as to the practicability of the proposition, laughed outright when he had inspected the tiny turbine.

"You expect that little pinwheel to pull a set of corrugated steel rolls that will chew up twenty-four bushels of corn and oats an hour, do you?" he exclaimed, with a touch of sarcasm. "It would n't pull a fanning-mill."

Mr. Engle heard the remark, and he, too, laughed, but made no comment beyond observing, "We'll not have to wait long to find out."

The work of installation proceeded rapidly, all the parts being easily handled, and in four days the globe casing, firmly anchored and coupled to the long black tube extending to the springs, was ready for the little brass tiger. Another day saw the intermediate, speed-reducing gears in place, and the driving pulley belted to the feed-rolls above, the latter having been installed before the arrival of the motive plant.

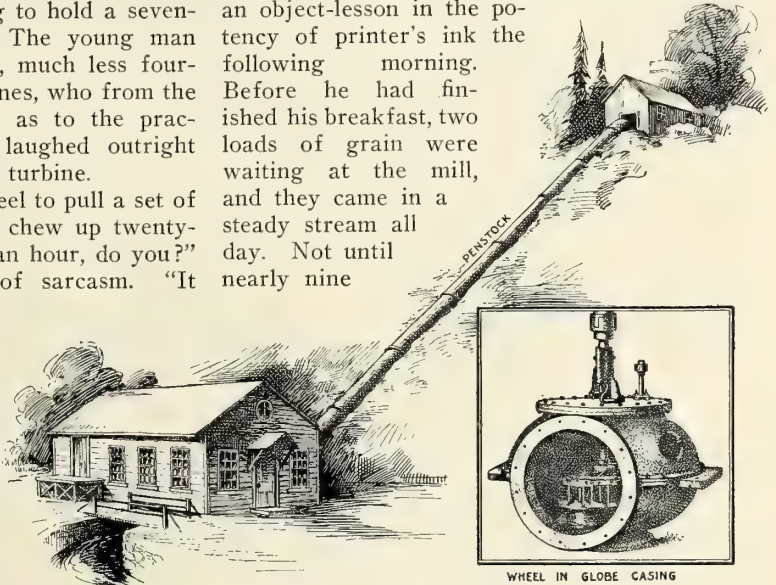
Late in the afternoon of the succeeding day, adjustments having been completed, Mr. Engle exclaimed: "Well, Mr. Barnes, I believe we are ready to see the wheels go round. Give her water!"

Paul thrilled at the welcome command, and, keyed almost to the exploding-point, seized the gate-wheel and gave it a slight turn. There was a jerk; the gears began to hum in low voice, increasing in pitch and volume as the gates, admitting more water, were opened, until everything looked like a blur.

Mr. Engle turned the feed-screws on the mill, and a thin stream of grain flowed into the rolls. The speed slackened slightly, and Engle shouted: "Give her another notch!" Instantly the song of the machinery returned to the former key. In just four minutes from the time chop-feed appeared in the delivery spout, the sack was full—the mill was eating corn and oats at the rate of

about twenty-six bushels per hour. Paul rushed here and there in a frenzy of delight; Mr. Barnes's face was a study in dumb amazement.

The "Brownville Journal" of that week carried an interesting story of the new feed-mill at the Barnes place, closing with the statement that the establishment was ready for business, and would handle grists promptly. Paul was given an object-lesson in the potency of printer's ink the following morning. Before he had finished his breakfast, two loads of grain were waiting at the mill, and they came in a steady stream all day. Not until nearly nine



PAUL'S FEED-GRINDING MILL AND TURBINE.

o'clock that night did the last pleased farmer start homeward with his load of ground feed, and the boy, tired out but radiant, rushed home for supper. In his pocket were bills and a handful of silver that totaled eleven dollars and forty cents. "Not bad for a pinwheel!" laughed Paul.

In less than five months the turbine company had been paid in full, and the money advanced by Mr. Davis was returned to him, and then the mill revenue, which averaged about two hundred dollars a month, was deposited in the local bank.

ONE Saturday afternoon, a year and a half later, business having been a little slack, Paul Barnes jumped on his bicycle and rode to Brownville, calling at the bank. That evening, at the suppers-table, he casually asked: "Is n't it just five years ago, Father, since you bought the farm?"

"Yes," said Mr. Barnes. "The mortgage and a year's interest are due next week; I can renew the loan, but I must scratch to pay the interest."

Paul took a folded paper from his inside pocket and handed it to his father. It was a receipt for the year's interest and a substantial payment on the mortgage.

Shaker Town In

By Marion
Pugh
Read.



Come along to Shaker Town, come along to-day!

The little caps are white as white, the little
gowns are gray.

The little chairs are prim and straight, and every
"no" is "nay."

Come along to Shaker Town, come along
to-day!

Come along to Shaker Town, you 've never been
before.

The houses all are painted white, from cellar-
way to door—

The big old barns, the little school, the meeting-
house, and store—

And all the stones along the path, behind you,
and before.



Come along to Shaker Town, where everything
is neat.

Before you knock at any door, be sure to clean
your feet.

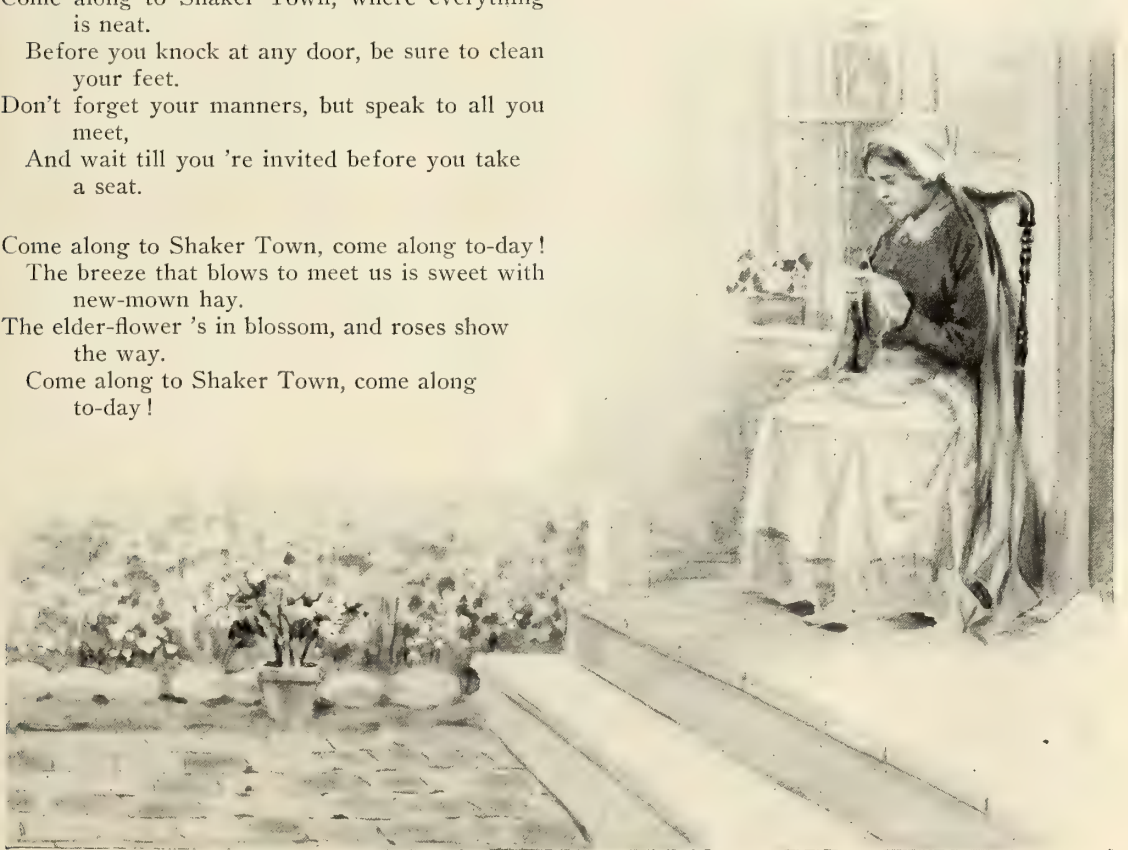
Don't forget your manners, but speak to all you
meet,

And wait till you 're invited before you take
a seat.

Come along to Shaker Town, come along to-day!
The breeze that blows to meet us is sweet with
new-mown hay.

The elder-flower 's in blossom, and roses show
the way.

Come along to Shaker Town, come along
to-day!



THE RUNAWAY

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Author of "The Junior Cup," "Pelham and His Friend Tim," etc.

CHAPTER XXII

CONCERNING MR. LEE

"LISTEN!" said Nate, on the afternoon of the day when so much had happened. "There 's an auter-mobile comin' up the hill. It 's passed the cross-roads, so it must be comin' here. As there 's but one such machine in this town, I s'pose it 's Mr. Lee that 's comin'."

Rodman suddenly turned his back. It was scarcely two hours since he had snatched Mr. Lee's pistol, and at the recollection the boy shivered, but Nate did not notice. "Comin' to ask me something more, I reckon. He 's a smart young feller, an' I like him.—Yes, thar he is!"

Mr. Lee, coming up the walk, found the two seated by the door, engaged in shredding finely some bark which Nate had just brought from the woods. "Fer my work," Nate explained, as he shook hands. "Fer certain shades o' yellor, now—but p'r'aps you ain't talkin' business to-day, seein' it 's Saturday."

"To tell the truth," answered Mr. Lee, shaking his head in response to Nate's invitation to a seat, an invitation conveyed by a wave of the hand, "I 'm not on business now. I came for a talk with Rodman."

Rodman, who had been sitting quietly, looked up with compressed lips. He studied Mr. Lee searchingly.

"Sho!" exclaimed Nate. "Well, Rodman, take Mr. Lee out to see our view. I can't hear ye from there, 'less ye take to quarrelin'."

Still silent, Rodman led the way around the house to a place where, on the brow of the hill, a rustic seat had been made. Below it the valley was spread, showing a different view from that on the other side of the house. Little of the town was visible, but more of the river and the pond, with a wide sweep of woods and hills. Rodman waited till Mr. Lee had seated himself. Then, in an aspect of dejection, he, too, sat down on the bench, but as far from his visitor as possible.

Mr. Lee, with his arm stretched along the back, looked at the boy's bent head. "Cheer up!" he said. "Nothing for you to be doleful about. That was mighty well done this morning, my boy. To take a fellow's pistol away—!"

Rodman stiffened. "It was awful!" he said, in a trembling voice.

"Took all yōur courage, did it?" inquired the other. "Gad, it pleased me to see that you had the stuff in you. I could n't have done half so well at your age."

Rodman turned on him suddenly. "Oh!" he said in a choked voice, "won't you go away?" The other looked at him inquiringly. "From this town, I mean," the boy went on.

"And never come back?" asked the other.

Rodman bent his head.

Mr. Lee spoke softly. "Will you come with me?"

The boy shuddered. The man leaned toward him. His handsome eyes were tender, and he laid his hand affectionately on Rodman's shoulder. His voice, when he spoke, thrilled with feeling.

"Come away with me, Rodman! Just you and I in the car; we 'll see the country, the mountains, the cities, go anywhere that you say. I 'll tour with you to California; I 'll show you everything to interest you. If you say the word, I 'll take you to Europe, and stay with you there."

Rodman listened with quivering lips. The affection in the voice, the gentle touch on his shoulder, went to his very heart. Yet slowly he gained his self-command, and when he turned to reply, he could speak without faltering.

"I 'll go with you anywhere—"

Mr. Lee smiled quickly. The answer was better than he hoped. At the sight of the joy in his face, Rodman was almost dumb. Yet he managed to proceed.

"—If only—"

Mr. Lee raised his hand. "You need n't go any further." For a moment his tone was bitter, and then a cry was wrenched from him. "Rodman, I 've missed you so!"

Rodman drew in his breath sharply; the sound was like a sob. But he commanded his features, and when the other looked at him the boy's face was set and firm. One would have said that he was judging the man. But he said nothing, and waited.

Mr. Lee's face grew hard. "Well," he said slowly, "you 're a stiff one to deal with. No relenting from you." His tone changed, and he spoke sharply. "Now tell me where it is!"

Rodman's mouth set in a straight line, and he shook his head. His eyes met the man's without flinching.

"Thanks!" said the other. "I'm glad,"—and he sneered—"that you don't pretend not to remember. So you know where it is and won't tell?"

"At least I won't tell," answered Rodman.

"And you are a moral young gentleman," went on the other. "What other people do is wrong, but what you do is right. You are developing nicely. Suppose I tell these friends of yours my opinion of you?"

Rodman gave him one look of appeal, but said nothing.

"And after all that I have done for you!" continued the other. "I have worked hard for you. I have watched you when you were sick, I have given up my days and nights that you might have comfort and plenty—"

"Don't!" cried Rodman, unhappily.

"When you were at school, I was working in the city; when—"

"Don't! Don't!" cried Rodman, sharply.

"And it all amounts to this, that I may go my way at the end, because you have found a soft place for yourself. Here you will rest, and let other people take care of you, and what becomes of me—"

Rodman was sobbing aloud. The sound stopped the other in the middle of his denunciation. His face softened, he paused a moment, and then stretched out his hand to touch the boy.

But it was wrenched violently aside, and Nate, with flashing eyes, stood over Rodman. "Hands off!" he cried. "Consarn ye, what do you mean?"

Rodman sprang up, while Mr. Lee slowly rose. "Nate," cried the boy, "don't be angry!"

But Nate was furious. "What are ye about?" he demanded. "Bullying the boy, are ye? Clear off this place!"

He pointed to the path that led around the house. Rodman seized his arm. "Nate, oh, Nate!" But Nate confronted the visitor, and his glance commanded him to go.

There was no resentment in Mr. Lee's face as he picked up his hat from the grass. "Nate is right," he said to the boy. "Cheer up, Rodman; this is just the way it ought to be—your friends ordering me from their doors!"

The boy cried out miserably, and Nate's eye flashed. "Stop it!" he commanded.

"I'm going," said Lee, quietly. "Good-by." He strode away to his car.

Thinking deeply, he coasted slowly down the hill. Having nothing else to do, he went to the ball game, but watched it listlessly. Much was on his mind. Occasionally he studied the two boys, Pelham and Brian, as they came near him. He chatted with them whenever they sat on the grass by his side. His conclusion was that they were as he had supposed from the first: Pelham



"NATE'S EYE FLASHED. 'STOP IT!' HE COMMANDED."

was too straightforward and keen to be of use, but of Brian something might be made.

It was with this in mind that after supper, while Harriet and Pelham were having their talk upon the piazza, Mr. Lee followed Brian when he went up-stairs to write his letter to his mother. Brian sat down at Harriet's desk, where, to be plain, he had no business to go. But Harriet's note-paper looked attractive, since to write on the smaller sheets meant a shorter letter. Brian hated writing.

He smiled with a little constraint when he saw Mr. Lee in the doorway. Forgetting that Mr. Lee could not know at whose desk he sat, he explained. "Harriet won't mind."

"Oh, that 's Harriet's desk, is it?" asked Mr. Lee, as he seated himself. He spread out the newspaper that he had brought with him. "Writing home?"

"Good!" exclaimed Brian, and dipped his pen. He bent his head sidewise, wrote "On," and stopped.

"What day did we go to Springfield?" he asked.

"Wednesday," was the answer. "Thursday, perhaps. My dear boy, that is one of the things that does n't matter in a letter."

"Does n't matter!" exclaimed Brian. "It 's



"MR. LEE LOWERED HIS NEWSPAPER AND WATCHED HIM."

"Yes," answered Brian. "Darn it, I hate writing. What 's a fellow to say?"

"Oh," explained Mr. Lee, easily, "just tell about this afternoon's ball game, and say you 're having a fine time, and ask for some money."

Brian grunted and began his task. For perhaps five minutes his pen scratched busily; then it slowed down, and like the dropping of water from the eaves after a rain, finally ceased. He stared at the wall.

"Stuck?" inquired Mr. Lee.

"Yes," growled Brian. "The ball game really had n't much to it.—I don't know what to say next."

Mr. Lee laughed. "Tell about our trip to Springfield. If you get to comparing the place with New York, you ought to last out the letter."

just two words more, and in a thing of this kind every little helps."

Mr. Lee laughed heartily. "You rogue!" Brian, feeling somehow as if he had been very clever, and yet a bit conscious that the joke, when properly analyzed, was not entirely in his favor, wrote again. Presently he stopped, laid down his pen, and looked at the books above him on the top of the desk. "No dictionary," he muttered.

Mr. Lee emerged from his paper. "What?" he inquired.

"Nothing," said Brian. Frowning as if trying to think, he idly moved the inkstand about, and finally began opening and shutting the little drawers that were ranged before him. At length his eyes were attracted by the two little half-col-

umns that guarded the wide central pigeonhole. Putting his hand on one, he found it movable.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, and pulled at it. Mr. Lee lowered his newspaper and watched him.

The column, when drawn forward, brought with it a section of the desk. "Gee!" said Brian, and continued to pull. The whole came away in his hand. When it was free from the desk, Brian looked it all over and found that it was hollow.

"It's a kind of a drawer!" he said, surprised.

"Yes," answered Mr. Lee. "Secret drawers are common in those old desks."

"A secret drawer!" exclaimed Brian, excited. "There's something in this one." He pulled at it. Saying nothing, Mr. Lee watched him.

"It's leather," said Brian, at first unable to grasp it, and again peering in. "A big pocket-book, I should say. Harriet says this desk is very old—do you suppose I've discovered something that's been there a long time? Look!"

He exhibited a long wallet. Putting down the little drawer, he turned the wallet over in his hands. Mr. Lee, his mouth firmly closed, his eyes sparkling, watched him keenly.

"There's initials on it," said Brian. "J. W. L."

"Family initials, perhaps?" inquired Mr. Lee. Bending forward in his chair, he looked like a sprinter ready to leap into action.

"No," answered Brian. "I'm going to open it." He slipped his finger between the sides of the closed wallet.

With a quick action, yet so easily and gracefully made that its suddenness was scarcely apparent, Mr. Lee was at the boy's side. He put a hand on Brian's shoulder. "Brian, my boy—"

Brian looked up at him somewhat guiltily.

"That's not yours, you know," reminded Mr. Lee. His tone was fatherly and gentle. "I'd put it back if I were you."

Brian flushed deeply. "I was n't really going to open it," he muttered. His eyes dropped.

"Just forget that you've seen it," advised Mr. Lee. "If you spoke to Harriet or Pelham—or any one, in fact—about it, you'd come in for some criticism."

"I was n't going to look into it," repeated Brian. He picked up the drawer and began to thrust the wallet inside. Saying no more, Mr. Lee went back to his seat; and Brian, having replaced the secret drawer, again picked up his pen.

"I say," he said after a moment's silence, "those buildings over in Springfield are called the municipal group, are n't they?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Lee.

"How do you spell municipal?"

Mr. Lee told him, and Brian resumed his writing. Mr. Lee, however, had laid down his paper, and sat, whistling softly to himself. He had torn a sheet of the paper, and was folding and refolding it with much care.

When the letter was written and stamped, Brian regarded it with some satisfaction. "That's done!" he said thankfully. He rose and yawned, keeping an uncomfortable eye upon Mr. Lee, as if in anticipation of a lecture upon prying into other people's desks.

But Mr. Lee regarded him with a mild and beneficent eye. "Good for you!" he responded. "And now you're going out, I suppose."

"Presently," answered Brian, and gladly escaped from the room.

Scarcely had he gone when Mr. Lee rose quickly from his chair. A moment he stood listening, and then in a couple of strides he was at Harriet's desk. He put his hand on the secret drawer, then listened again. In his eyes was once more the light of daring, and on his lips a jaunty smile. He nodded in satisfaction at the silence, drew out the drawer, and pulled from it the wallet. Acting without further hesitation, yet without haste, he laid down the drawer and opened the wallet. From it he drew a bundle of folded papers, put them in his pocket, and in the wallet he thrust the newspaper which he had so carefully folded. The size and thickness of this not suiting him, he drew it out, folded it again, put it back, and once more examined the effect. Satisfied, he thrust the wallet again into the drawer, and put the drawer in place.

Then with a smile of triumph he returned to his chair. Whistling under his breath, he took out the papers and ran them over rapidly. They were stiff and crinkly; some were marked with but a few lines of writing, others were fully and handsomely engraved in green or brown. Still whistling, and repeatedly nodding in satisfaction, Mr. Lee looked at each one. "All here," he said at the end, and smiled. Putting them in his inside pocket, he rose and went down-stairs. In scarcely ten minutes, Harriet had come for the wallet.

In the writing-room he found Mr. Dodd, who laid down his pen as his visitor entered. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Finish your writing," answered Mr. Lee. "I'll ask you for a little of your time afterward." But Mr. Dodd insisting that his letter was of no immediate importance, Mr. Lee was presently seated and began to speak.

"You've been so good to me," he said, "that I am thinking of asking a further favor of you. You have told me everything that I need to

know, and you 've made me realize that I ought to be about getting my mill equipped if I wish to start it running before winter. Now I 've got my building, and am sure of my power, but I must put in a turbine and get my machines."

Mr. Dodd nodded. "It 's a good three months' work."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Lee. "I have got no time to spare. This is Saturday, and I think I 'll have to go on Monday."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Dodd. "Still, I think you 're right to go. Now what is your favor? I feel as if I had done very little for you so far."

"Well," began the other, "I feel a little awkward about beginning—" He paused.

"You 'd like me to advance you some money?" inquired the other.

Mr. Lee laughed in relief. "I suppose people have asked you so often that you 're used to the signs. Yes, Mr. Dodd, I must have some cash. Now here," and he drew from his pocket the papers that had so recently lain in Rodman's wallet, "here is my collateral." He gave the papers to Mr. Dodd. "You will recognize these as first-class securities."

Mr. Dodd took the papers gravely. As he ran them over he occasionally smiled to himself; then, with an "Excuse me," he got out a book from his desk. With this book and a pencil he made jottings upon a slip of paper until he had before him a column of figures. This he added up.

"These are very good collateral indeed," he said. "The very best of investment securities. I calculate, roughly of course, that you have here about twenty thousand, two hundred and forty dollars."

"Yes," answered Mr. Lee. "A little more or a little less makes no difference. I don't need any such sum in order to start in the simple manner in which I shall begin; my plant will be a small one, and I shall hire my machines. Certainly I shall not want to realize on most of these securities until later.—Now what I should like to propose, Mr. Dodd, is to leave these papers with you, and get say seventy-five hundred dollars in cash for my beginning. If I find in a few months that I shall need more, then I can perhaps ask for a few thousand extra."

Mr. Dodd sat and considered. "I don't usually do this sort of thing," he remarked after a pause.

"Of course I could go to a bank," said Mr. Lee. "It would mean my running down to New York, however, and that I should like to avoid."

Mr. Dodd considered the question for several minutes. "There is no need of your going to a bank," he finally said. "On such security I can give you the money you want—more, if need be."

Mr. Lee thanked him. "Perhaps you will let me take you to Winton Monday—I suppose you will have to draw the money there?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Dodd, answering both questions. "It would save time.—And don't thank me, Mr. Lee. You know we all owe you a great deal. Now will you have these securities back again?" But he did not offer them. "If you will let me say so, I think you rather reckless to carry such things about you. Every one of them is negotiable, and you would have great trouble in recovering their value if they were lost. Had n't you better let me lock them up for you over Sunday?"

Mr. Lee laughed. "I suppose I am careless," he admitted. "But I 'm used to carrying round with me pretty big sums. However, lock them up for me, Mr. Dodd. It 's the right thing to do."

"You will have a receipt?" inquired Mr. Dodd, turning to his desk.

"Not between us," answered Mr. Lee, rising. "I know I 'm safe in your hands, Mr. Dodd."

Mr. Dodd went to the wall, swung out a panel, and revealed a small safe. Around it was brick-work, and its door, when after a little manipulation Mr. Dodd opened it, was at least a foot thick. Mr. Dodd locked the papers inside. "We consider that fireproof," he said, simply, and closed the subject by asking, "Sha'n't we get Harriet to play for us? And we should like to hear you sing."

Mr. Lee sang all the more charmingly because he was satisfied with his evening's work.

CHAPTER XXIII

RODMAN EXPLAINS

"NATE," said Rodman, "I want to tell you something."

It was Sunday morning, and the two, having eaten breakfast, had finished washing up and for some time had been sitting silently on the bench outside the door. It was rare for them to be quiet, for usually either Nate or Rodman had something to say.

Nate turned to the boy and looked at him soberly. "Want to tell me something? I was just goin' to say the same to you. Which will tell first?"

"You," answered Rodman with relief, as if glad to put off an unpleasant task.

"Well," began Nate, "it ain't easy tellin'. You remember that all yesterday afternoon, after Mr. Lee hed been here a-talkin' with you, you was mighty nervous, and seemed to be doin' a lot o' thinkin'. After supper you suddenly made up your mind that you 'd go down into the town,

an' came back all out o' breath. You won't be surprised if I tell you you did n't sleep very well."

Somewhat startled, Rodman looked up quickly. "Did I talk in my sleep?"

Nate nodded. "You waked me 'long about two o'clock, an' I went in to see if you was sick. I could n't find that you was feverish; you was jus' talkin' about Mr. Lee, an' Harriet, an' a wallet." Nate looked at the boy searchingly.

Rodman dropped his eyes, but answered nothing. After a pause, Nate went on:

"You were a-lyin' with your hand under the pillow. Jes' as I was goin' away, fearin' the light might wake you, you made a restless kind of a movement, an' out from under the pillow dropped—that wallet that you 've got in your pocket!"

"Oh, Nate!" wailed Rodman, "I'm sorry that I did n't speak first. I was going to tell you about it."

"You was?" asked Nate, beginning to smile. "Well, I'm powerful glad. I picked the wallet up last night, and put it under your pillow again, but I did n't like your not tellin' me."

Rodman drew the wallet from his pocket, and eagerly pressed it into Nate's hands. "Take it," he cried. "I was going to tell you, and to ask you to keep it for me. I felt it was n't safe, down there in the house where Mr. Lee lived."

Nate frowned. "Mr. Lee? I don't know what this feller, that comes along here accidental like, has to do with you."

"I'll tell you everything," offered the boy.

Nate looked at him very soberly. "If you can tell me *anything*," he said, frowning, "then it seems to me that you can remember more than you let on."

Tears started to Rodman's eyes. "I've been deceiving you, deceiving everybody," he admitted. "But, Nate, I had reasons that I thought were good."

As he gazed upon the boy Nate's clouded brow gradually cleared. "I hev n't a doubt of it," he said. "Rodman, I always said ye were *straight*, even if ye were trickin' us.—So I am to take care of this for ye, especially as against this Mr. Lee. Well, I'll take it, but first I want to know what's in it. I can't keep guard of anybody's property without knowin' jes' how much I'm responsible for."

"I'll tell you," said Rodman, readily. "Here, let me show you." Taking the wallet from Nate's hands, he opened it and drew out—a folded piece of newspaper!

The wallet fell to the ground, and the boy, holding the newspaper with shaking hand, looked at it in dismay. "Nate!" he gasped.

Nate took the paper from him. "Looks like you did n't expect to find this 'ere."

"No!" Rodman fairly sobbed. "There were certificates there.—Oh, when were they changed?"

Nate was looking at the newspaper as he opened it out. "Where 's this wallet been all this while?"

"Harriet was keeping it. Last night I went and got it.—Perhaps it 's had newspaper in it all the time. But then, why should he want it?"

"He 's Mr. Lee, I reckon," remarked Nate. "This paper could n't 'a' been in the wallet before yesterday."

"How do you know?" demanded the boy.

"It 's yesterday's paper," explained Nate, pointing to the date. "More 'n that, it could n't 'a' been put in before last night. This says, 'Evenin' edition.' It could n't 'a' reached town before last night's mail."

"Then it was changed yesterday evening!" cried Rodman, starting up. "He can't have taken them away yet. Nate, we must go and see Mr. Dodd!"

"Sure!" responded Nate, rising with alacrity. "Anything that will get that young gentleman into trouble will suit me to a T."

But Rodman, not hearing the end of Nate's remark, had already started downhill. "Here, your hat!" called Nate. He snatched up Rodman's hat and his own, and followed hastily.

In their brisk walk Rodman kept a little ahead of Nate until they came in sight of the Dodd house, but then Nate put a restraining hand on his shoulder. "Don't go blundering into him," he warned.

"There 's Pelham in the garden," said Rodman. "Let 's call him."

Pelham, still puzzling over his new problems, found himself beckoned to with gestures of secrecy. He went quickly to the gate. "Where 's Mr. Lee?" asked Rodman.

"Out on the pond with Bob," answered Pelham.

"Good!" exclaimed Rodman, with relief. "Pelham, we want to see your father."

"Come in, then," invited Pelham. "He 's in the writing-room." He led them to the door of the room, and would then have gone away, but Rodman held his arm. "I want you to hear what I have to say," he whispered, and Pelham yielded.

"Good morning," and "Come in," said Mr. Dodd from the desk. "Anything new?"

"Rodman has something to say," replied the dyer, turning to the boy. "An' seemin'ly he wants Pelham to stay."

"I've got something to tell you, Mr. Dodd," said Rodman, bravely. His voice shook a little, but he looked straight into Mr. Dodd's eyes.

"Pelham knows so much of it that I want him to hear the rest. I wish now that I had told it all to you at the very first, but I never thought it would all come to this."

Mr. Dodd looked at him thoughtfully. "You remind me of people in books who speak in riddles," he said. "Am I to understand that your memory has—come back?"

Rodman looked down. "I never lost it," he said in a low voice. Then in the silence he spoke again quickly, looking again into Mr. Dodd's eyes. "But, sir, if you will recall it, I never *said* I could n't remember, except at the very beginning. When I first came to myself I truly had forgotten how I was hurt, but everything else I remembered clearly. Day after day, while I was getting well, I lay and wondered how I could give an account of myself, without—without saying too much. And since I did n't ask questions, nor talk of myself, I saw it seemed strange to you all, even to the doctor. And before I knew it I found you all ready to believe that I'd lost my memory. All I had to do after that was to look troubled whenever any question was asked me."

Mr. Dodd did not know whether to laugh or to frown. "You had your reasons, Rodman?"

"I had good reasons, sir. I thought at first

they would only last until I could go away. But you were all so kind, and I feared to go away where I knew nobody,—and I was n't well, sir."

"That you was n't," put in Nate, earnestly.

"You were all so considerate, Mr. Dodd," said Rodman, with a little smile. "If once you had really settled down to question me, I should have had to tell. It bothered me very much, sir, to be taking advantage of so much kindness."

"Rodman," began Mr. Dodd, after a moment's pause, in which he keenly studied the boy, "when I think how young you are, and how very trying your position must have been, it seems to me that you have done very well what you thought you had to do. You merely allowed us to deceive ourselves. But now those reasons of yours. I understand that you've come to explain them. Suppose you begin. Sit down, all of you."

"I've got to go back to the very beginning," began Rodman, when they all were seated. "I don't remember my father and mother, Mr. Dodd. All I can go back to is my older brother, who brought me up. Our name, sir, is Lee."

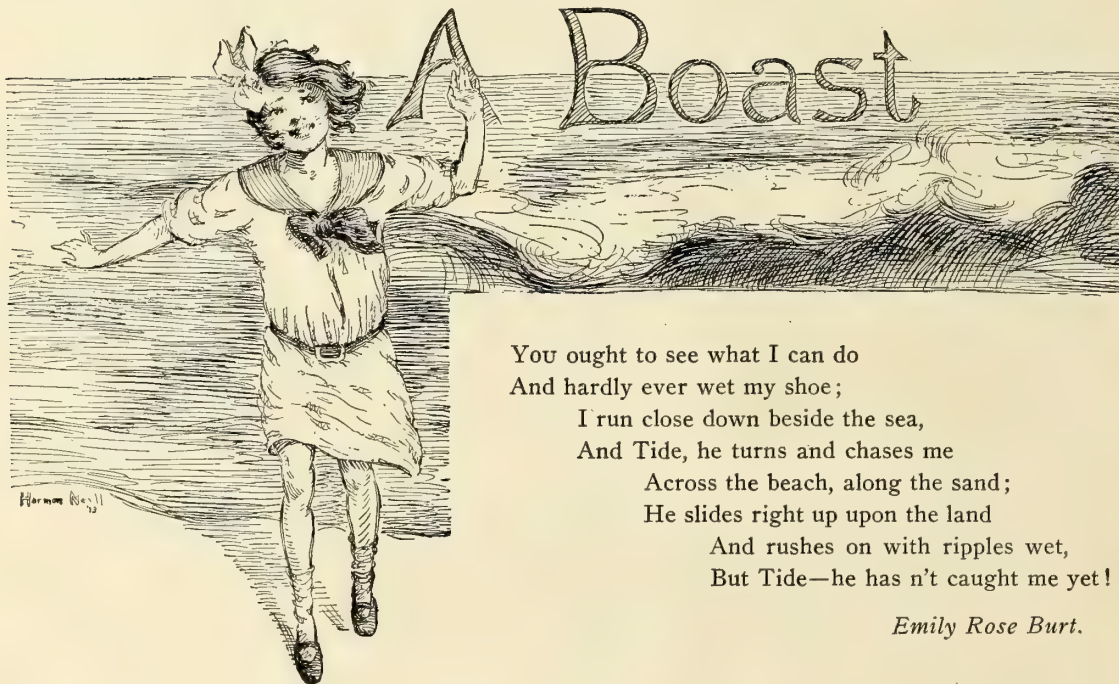
"Lee!" ejaculated Mr. Dodd.

"Lee!" cried Nate, starting from his chair.

"Lee!" gasped Pelham.

Why had n't he guessed it?

(To be continued.)



You ought to see what I can do

And hardly ever wet my shoe;

I run close down beside the sea,

And Tide, he turns and chases me

Across the beach, along the sand;

He slides right up upon the land

And rushes on with ripples wet,

But Tide—he has n't caught me yet!

Emily Rose Burt.

WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER XI

TRAPPED IN A FLOODED TUNNEL

THE work on the land end of the East River tubes, where Mr. Squires was in charge, was complicated because they ran partly through rock and partly through earth. The first step was to run a lower heading through the solid rock, only one half of the height of the tunnel. While one set of men was pushing on with this heading, others at different points along the way broke up through the rock into the soft earth above, and dug out an upper heading. This was done without a shield and compressed air by carefully timbering the work as is shown below in Figure 1. For, because the earth was of a clayey nature, it was not so necessary to guard against being swamped with water. However, at one point, during the early part of the work, some water had been encountered in one of the tunnels, and it became necessary to use compressed air; so a couple of concrete bulkheads were built across the

which could not very well be done during the week-days. However, a couple of watchmen were supposed to take turns patrolling the work to see that everything went well. It was a lonesome job for the old men at night, particularly during the small hours, when the whole city was asleep. As night after night went by with nothing happening, they became rather lax, and spent much time chatting, or even napping, when they should have been going their rounds.

Late one Sunday night (it happened to be the day before we saw the launching of the Harlem River tunnel), these two old watchmen had climbed into one of the upper headings to smoke and swap yarns. They must have been there for hours, when suddenly, about two o'clock in the morning, the lights began to flicker strangely. Then they awoke to their responsibilities, and hastened down from their pleasant retreat to see what was up. To their horror, they found a torrent of evil-smelling water pouring through the lower heading. It was running so swiftly, and was so deep, that they were afraid of being swept off their feet if they attempted to wade through it. In another moment, the lights went out and left them in darkness. Of course they carried lanterns, so the darkness was not absolute; but they knew that the water must have risen high enough somewhere to short-circuit the wires, or else that they had been torn apart by a cave-in, which was not any more reassuring. All they could do was to withdraw into the upper heading and watch the water grow deeper and deeper, until it completely flooded the lower heading and began to rise up the inclined passage leading to their retreat. There was no escape, and with increasing terror they saw the water creep toward them, inch by inch. With cruel deliberation it rose until it had climbed to the floor of their heading; then it halted, but whether this was a temporary pause, or whether its attack was spent, they had no way of telling. They were trapped—there was no mistaking that; and a small chance they had of ever getting out alive, with forty feet of earth between them and the surface, and the whole city fast asleep. The foul odor of the water was sickening, and it lay there within a few feet of them, black and motionless, as if gloating over the prey it was soon to devour.

Presently, one of the lanterns began to grow dim. A new terror beset them. Extravagantly,

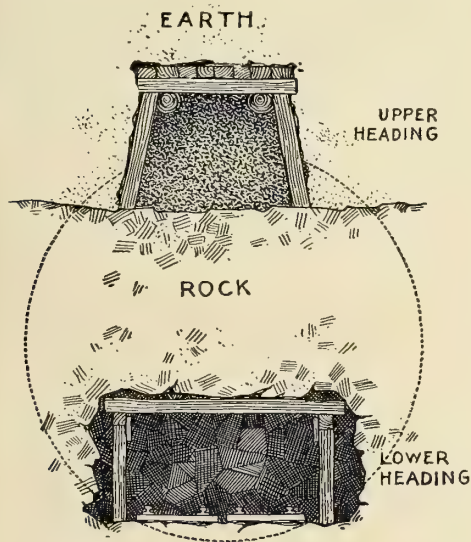


FIGURE 1. CUTTING THROUGH ROCK AND EARTH.

tunnels to form an air-lock. After the danger had been passed, the doors of the air-lock were removed, but the concrete bulkheads were left in place for use again, if needed.

On Sundays no work was done at the tunnels, except possibly some repairs to the machinery

they had been burning two lanterns, instead of saving one until the other was exhausted. Disgusted at their thoughtlessness, they extinguished the good light until the poor one flickered and died. Then, with shaking hands, they relighted the good lantern, turning the wick low so as to preserve the oil as long as possible. In about an hour's time it, too, began to flicker. In the meantime, one of the men had found the stump of a candle in his pocket, which kept them going a little longer. While the light lasted they made one last desperate search, to see if some way of escape might not suggest itself.

Up through the center of the heading ran a pipe. What it was for or where it led to, they had not the slightest idea, but with the vague hope that it might reach help of some kind, they began to hammer upon it. There was no response. Nevertheless, they kept on hammering more and more desperately as the candle burned lower and lower. That wavering little flame seemed the most precious thing in the world to those poor old men, and they nursed it as best they could, building a little wall of clay about it to keep the liquid paraffin from running away. But a candle cannot keep burning forever, and eventually it, too, died. In the blackness that ensued, the terrified men clung to the pipe as their last refuge, and beat frantically upon it. Then one of them hacked a few splinters from the timbering of the heading and lighted a fire. But that was a most foolish thing to do, because there was no way for the smoke to escape. For a short while, they endured the choking fumes, and then kicked the fire into the hissing water. That glimmer of light had cost them three matches, and now they had only six left to give them a peep at their miserable surroundings when the darkness became unbearable. They were being severely punished for their laxity—those two old men down there in that underground trap.

About six o'clock in the morning, a man who was walking to work through the railroad yards over the tunnel was surprised to hear some mysterious rappings, which seemed to come from nowhere in particular. He stopped and listened. Most men would never have noticed the noise, but he was of an inquisitive turn of mind, and his curiosity was aroused. Presently, he noticed a pipe sticking up through the ground; he remembered that it had been sunk by the surveyors to locate the center of the tunnel. Getting down upon his knees, he listened intently at the open end of the pipe, and, sure enough, he heard ham-

mering upon it. Picking up a stone, he rapped back. At once the signal was answered, and he thought he heard a faint call for help. He yelled back a word of encouragement, and ran as fast as he could to the shaft, which was twelve or fifteen hundred feet away. There he found the trouble. Just beyond the shaft, where a large trunk sewer crossed the line of the tunnels, there was a great cavity in the ground. A glance down the shaft showed it to be nearly full of sewage. Evidently the sewer-main had burst.

What was to be done? The tunnel workmen began to arrive, and as each one learned that

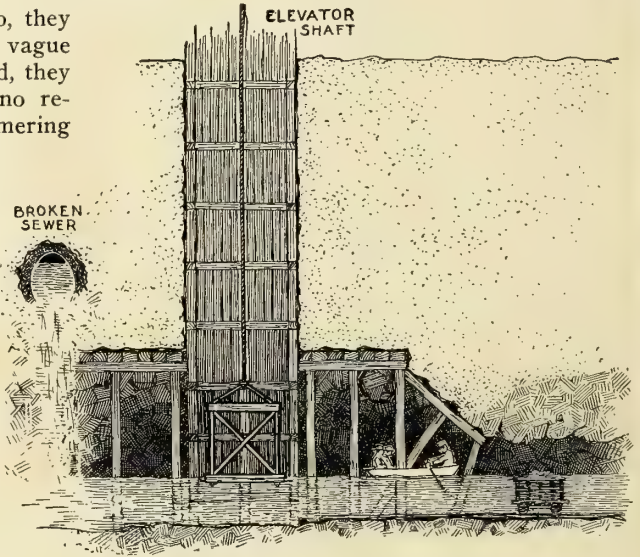


FIGURE 2. WHERE THE SEWER BROKE INTO

some one was trapped in the tunnel, the excitement grew to a high pitch. But no one knew what to do until the foreman appeared. He immediately telephoned the superintendent, and steps were taken to rescue the unfortunate watchmen.

We knew nothing of these events as we made our way over to see Mr. Squires and his tunnel, about half-past four that afternoon. Before we reached the shaft, we noticed a large crowd of men out in the railroad yards.

"Hello, that looks like trouble!" exclaimed Mr. Hotchkiss.

We ran over, expecting to see a railroad accident of some sort.

"What 's the matter?" I asked, as we came up to the crowd.

"Sewer 's bu'sted. Tunnel flooded, and a couple of watchmen are caught down there," was the laconic reply.

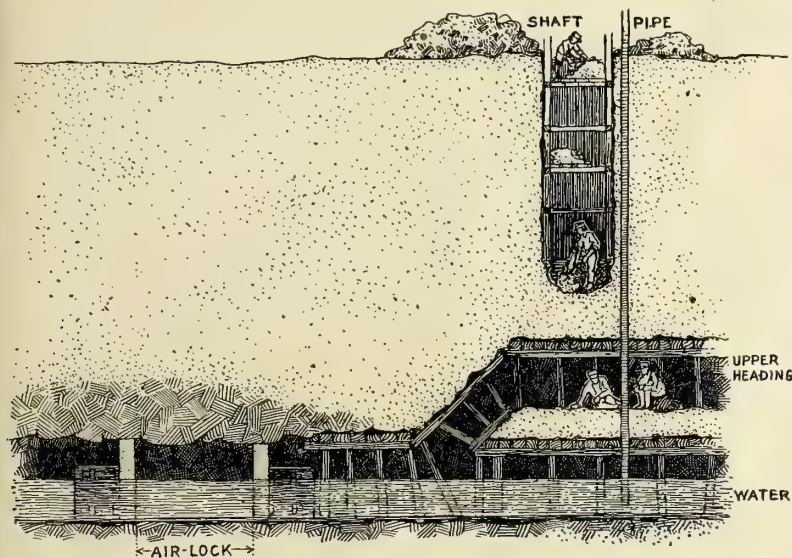
"Where is Mr. Squires?" demanded Mr. Hotchkiss.

"Over there," pointing to the thick of the crowd.

We elbowed our way through to him.

"Well, Squires, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, hello, Hotchkiss! I'm in a peck of trouble. The tunnel is flooded, and a couple of our men are trapped down there. Been trying to get to them since early this morning. Looks as though we might not be able to unwater the tunnel for some time, so we have started to dig down to them."



THE TUNNEL, AND WHERE THE WATCHMEN WERE TRAPPED.

"What is the matter with your pumps? Won't they work?"

"Pumps! Why, I have five of them going full tilt. But it's hopeless to try to pump against the whole ocean. That broken sewer-main runs into the East River below tide-level just beyond here, and ever since we started this morning, the tide has been running in faster than we could pump it out. Fortunately, the tide is falling now, and we are getting the upper hand. The company is sending over a giant 'sinker' (pump), and if we can get that to work in time, we may get the men out at low tide this evening. In the meantime, we are not going to stop digging until we are sure that the pumps will do the trick. The men are trapped right under this spot."

"How in the world did you locate them?" we asked.

Then he told us all about the pipe and the knocking that had been heard. "They are caught

in one of the upper headings. The air bottled in there must have kept the water from drowning them like rats. We have succeeded in pumping the water down below the level of their heading, so there will be no danger of their being overwhelmed when we dig down and break into their air-chamber. I have sent for a boat, and as soon as the water is low enough, we are going to send a rescue expedition into the tunnel. They must be in pretty sore straits, poor chaps, without a light and nothing to eat or drink all day. I have stationed a man over there at the 'location' pipe, just to rap on the pipe and keep their courage up with the knowledge that we are standing by them."

We watched the men dig for a while. It was hard work, because the shaft had to be timbered as they went down, and then it was only four feet square, so that only one man at a time could do the actual digging. But the work was done very energetically, because there were always plenty of volunteers ready to jump in as soon as a man grew tired.

"I'll have to be going back now," said Mr. Squires, "to see if there is any word from that big pump."

We followed him over to the main shaft, but we had n't gone far when we were halted by a cheer from the

crowd around the "location" pipe. A man ran up to Mr. Squires with the information that the prisoners had broken a hole in the pipe, and were using it as a speaking-tube.

Mr. Squires was all action at once. He sent for one of his electricians and had him drop an electric light down the pipe. Then he despatched another man to the nearest restaurant for some sandwiches. The sandwiches were slit in two to make them narrow enough to enter the pipe. Then they were tied to strings and lowered to the half-famished victims. At last, the poor old men had plenty of food and light, but, best of all, they could talk with the outside world, and learn what was being done for their rescue.

"Suppose the water should get the best of your pumps now," queried Will, "would n't the men drown with that pipe open to let the air out?"

"We could soon fix that by plugging up the top of the pipe," answered Mr. Squires, "or, if

necessary, we could pump some air down to them on a few minutes' notice. I do wonder what has happened to that giant 'sinker.' If it does n't come soon, we 'll have to wait until morning. The tide is low at eight-thirty to-night."

We hung around a long time, watching the workers and waiting for the big pump to arrive, but there was no sign of it, and finally we went off to supper. Mr. Hotchkiss left us and went home, but we were determined to see the thing through, and returned as soon as we had had a bite to eat. When we got back, whom should we meet but Danny Roach, the hero of the caisson fire.

"Well, well, b'ys!" he exclaimed, "Oi 'm glad to see yez ag'in. Ye 're always' around whin there 's throuble, ain't ye? But we 're goin' to have thim watchmin out, prisintly, Oi 'm thinkin'. Oi guess nixt toime they 'll watch, eh?"

"Has the big pump arrived?" we asked.

"Not yit, but the other pumps is doin' foine, and we 're goin' to have a boatin' party soon."

"Oh, could we go with you?"

"Sure and Oi could n't ask for betther company. If Oi had the say av it, ye 'd go; but Oi have n't. The boss has made me chief navigator av the expedition, but he has picked the crew for me. They 'll be three av us in the boat, and if we was to take you along too, there would n't be any room for the watchmin."

We sought out Mr. Squires and pleaded with him to let at least one of us go with the boat, but he would not listen to the proposition.

About nine o'clock, the water had sunk so low in the shaft that it was thought possible to reach the watchmen. The boat was loaded upon the elevator, and Danny Roach with two other men went down into the shaft. We all hung around and waited for an interminable period. Little was said, and seldom was a sound heard other than the steady chug-chug of the pumps. Digging over the spot where the men were trapped had stopped. All had gathered around the elevator-shaft.

"Danny Roach will get there if it is humanly possible!" declared Mr. Squires.

But along toward ten o'clock, when we had about decided that something serious had happened, the boat returned with no watchmen in it.

"It 's no use," said Danny Roach, as he stepped off the elevator. "Ye 've got to get the wather lower!"

"Why, what 's the matter, Danny?" cried Mr. Squires. "You 're all wet!"

"Oh, it 's nothin'. Oi got a bit splashed up."

"He fell overboard, I guess," remarked one of the men.

Danny Roach ignored the interruption. "You know thim concrete bulkheads down there? Well, we got along all right, at first, though we did have some bother bumpin' into the muck cars and timberin'. But whin we come to the first bulkhead, we met throuble face to face. The wather was wan fut from the top of the door. We had to push the boat down and jam it through, be main force. Afther we got into the air-lock, we was stuck for sure, because the door in the other bulkhead was all kivered up. We saw we could n't get no farther, and so we turned about while we had a chance to git the boat back."

"But you have n't told us yet how you happened to get so wet," I said.

"It was a foolish act, but Oi might as well tell ye what happened. It seemed too bad to go back whin we was so near the min, so Oi thought Oi 'd dive under and swim to thim."

"What!" I cried, "under the bulkhead in that sewage?"

"Sure Oi niver thought av it, thin! But whin Oi come up on the other soide, Oi knowed what a fool Oi was. There was n't a speck of light nowheres, and in a minute Oi was so turned about Oi could n't tell which way Oi was headin'. It was none too pleasant splashin' about in that wather ayther. But Oi felt around, and, afther a whoile, Oi found the bulkhead and the door in it. Thin Oi doived back through it, and climbed back into the boat. 'T is an unlucky day this! Whin Oi got back and was scramblin' aboard, wan av our lanterns fell overboard, and, say, Oi 'd like to know the feller what filled the other one. We was n't half-way back whin the blame thing sputtered and wint out; and there we was with niver a match betwane us. Oh, it was some skilful navigatin' we done thin, bumpin' around there in the dark ag'in' the muck cars and other things. Half the toime we did n't know if we was comin' or goin'. Yez kin bet yer swate loife we was glad to ketch a glimmer av the loights in the shaft. Nixt toime we go in, Oi 'll fill the lanterns mesilf, and thin Oi 'll nail thim to the boat. And say, Misther Squires, if ye 'll give me the loan av that pocket search-loight av yours, Oi 'll go right back and rescue thim watchmin now."

"That would be foolish," answered Mr. Squires. "What would be the use of swimming to the watchmen; you could n't hire them to dive under the bulkhead with you. It will be low tide at about nine o'clock to-morrow morning, so you had better go home now if you want to lead the next rescue expedition."

As there did not seem to be anything else to do, Will and I went home too. Unfortunately,

we would have to go to work the following morning, and could n't be around to see the next rescue expedition start off.

Sometime during the night, the big pump arrived, and by half-past nine Tuesday morning, the water was so low that Danny Roach had no difficulty in navigating his boat through the two

through referring to our "youthful incompetency." This is how it all came about:

Uncle Edward was interested in a factory over in Hoboken. It happened that the smoke-stack of the factory was badly rusted through and needed replacing. Another crying need of the factory was a good ventilating system. At first



DANNY ROACH'S EXPLOIT—"THIN OI CLIMBED BACK INTO THE BOAT."

bulkheads to the two watchmen. Mr. Squires told us all about it the next time we saw him.

"I suppose the watchmen were 'fired' for neglecting their duties," I remarked.

"Fired!" he exclaimed. "Well, I guess not! They are the most vigilant watchmen in New York. Thirty-two hours in that tunnel gave them a lesson they will not soon forget."

CHAPTER XII

SEALED IN A CHIMNEY FLUE

It really was n't our fault, but the laugh was on us all the same, and Dr. McGregor never got

it was proposed that a big fan be installed, but Uncle Edward had a better idea. A fan would require an engine or a motor to drive it, and would be using up power. Uncle Edward was going to let the smoke-stack do the pumping at practically no cost.

Figure 3 shows how he planned to do it. The ventilating flues had already been installed in the factory building, running to all the different rooms. They terminated in a single main where originally it had been planned to install the fan. According to Uncle Edward's plan, when the smoke-stack was put up, a second stack would be erected around it. The inner stack was to be

about thirty inches in diameter, and the outer one fifty-two inches, leaving a clear space of eleven inches all around.

We caught on at once, when Uncle Edward showed us his plan. The air in the space between the two stacks would be heated by the hot furnace gases passing up through the inner stack, and would expand and rise, so that the outer stack would "draw" like the inner one. Then it was merely necessary to connect the ventilating system of the factory with this outer stack. The ventilating main was to be a big flue, six feet high by two feet wide.

Of course the plant would have to be shut down while the work was being done. It happened that Decoration Day came on Monday, and so the men were given a holiday from Friday night until Tuesday morning, and in that brief time, the old chimney was to be taken down, the new one put

Things did not go along as smoothly as had been planned. The work was to have been finished by five o'clock Monday, but at six there was still a good deal to be done to the ventilating flue. However, only two men were needed for this work. The sections of the flue were joined by riveting their overlapping ends. One man had to go inside with a "dolly" which he held against the rivet head while the man outside battered down the projecting shank of the rivet.

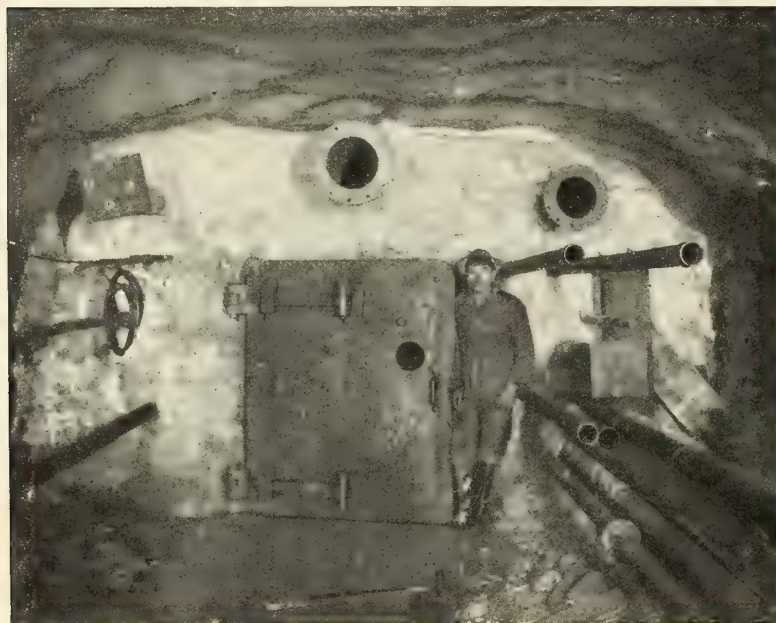
After the two men had had their supper, we went out for ours. Not anticipating any trouble, we stayed out until after eight, expecting that the work would be about done by that time. When we returned, we found that a problem had arisen, and the men had proceeded to solve it themselves. By some mistake, the flue sections were made a little too long. However, this was not discovered until the last one was riveted in place. The

last joint was intended to be a butt-joint, that is, the ends of the section were faced with angle-iron, and the rivets were to be run through the flanges of the angle-iron, as shown in Figure 3. When they found that the last section was too long, the thing to do was to rip off the angle-iron and set it back the proper distance, and then cut off the surplus material. But this would have taken much time, so, instead, they cut both sections just back of the angle-iron, and still had material enough to make a slip joint in place of the butt-joint.

The two sections were joined, and they were just beginning to rivet them when we returned. The man inside had an electric light that was run in through a small door in the outer stack.

It struck me as rather decent of these men to try to save time for which they were getting double pay.

At last, at a quarter to ten, the last rivet was battered down, and we congratulated ourselves on finishing up the work in plenty of time. Then a new difficulty presented itself that was of so serious a nature that we all held a council of war, and finally decided we must call up Dr. McGregor for help. Will said he had n't the nerve. I did n't like the job myself, but something had to be done at once, so I did it.



THE AIR-LOCK THAT IMPEDED THE RESCUING PARTY. (SEE PAGE 896.)

up, the outer casing built around it, and the big flue set up from that casing to the terminals of the ventilating pipes in the building.

The job was a little out of the ordinary for our office. Will and I had had a good deal to do with the specifications and the drawings, so Uncle Edward asked us to oversee the work while he took a week-end holiday. He wished to have some one on the spot thoroughly familiar with the plans, who could settle any questions that might arise, without loss of time; for time was very precious.

"Hello, is this Dr. McGregor?" I called.

"Yes; who 's calling?"

"Why, this is Jim."

"Yes, yes; what do you want?"

"I called up to say that we have finished that job."

"You have, eh?"

"Yes, it is all riveted up good and tight."

"Well, that 's good—"

I heard the telephone click. "Hold on," I cried. "That is n't all—" But he had already hung up his receiver. I rattled the hook violently.

"Ring him up again," I shouted to Central.

"Well, who is it?" came the response after a few minutes.

"It 's Jim; I was n't through."

"I thought you said the job was finished."

"Yes, I did, but—"

"But what?"

"Well, you know the space between the casing and the stack is only eleven inches."

"Yes."

"And the door in the casing is only twelve inches square."

"Yes, yes!"

"And at the other end the largest pipe that connects with the flue measures only eight by twelve inches."

"What are you getting at?"

"Well, a man could never crawl through any such openings."

"I should say not."

"Well, there is a man in the flue now, and we cannot figure how to get him out."

"A man! What man?"

"Why, one of the workmen—the fellow that held the dolly against the rivet heads," I explained.

There was a violent explosion at the other end of the line. I was glad that three miles of telephone wire separated us.

"This is about the most stupid thing I ever heard of," shouted Dr. McGregor. "We provided a butt-joint for that very purpose—so that the last joint could be riveted from the outside."

"But," I protested, "the last section was too long, and had to be cut down, and we thought it would save time to cut off the angle-iron and make a slip joint of it. In fact, it was the men who suggested it, and we thought they knew what they were about."

"Look here, Jim; what do you suppose we sent

you down there for if it was not for just such an emergency? The workmen were sent to use their hands, but we sent you along to use your heads. There is not a moment to spare. Get a piece of paper at once and jot down these orders.—Ready? —Go as fast as the cars will carry you to No. —Halsey Street, Brooklyn, and wake up John Kruger. Tell him to go to his shop, and get that

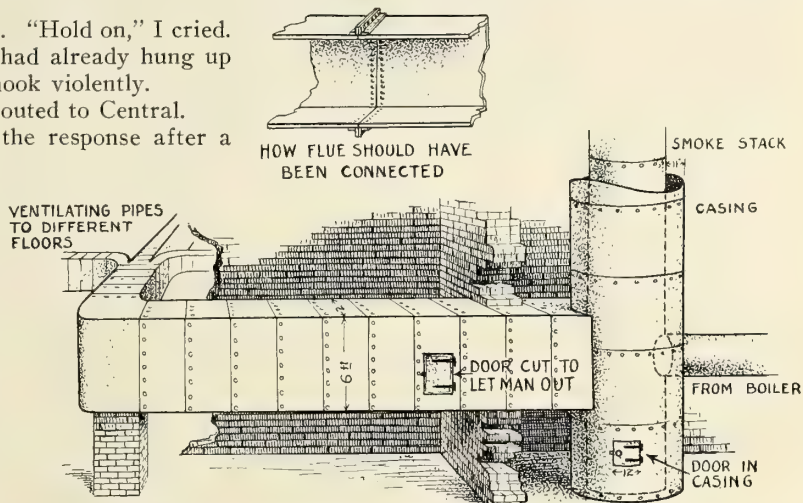


FIGURE 3. HOW THE SMOKE-STACK SERVED AS AN AIR-PUMP.

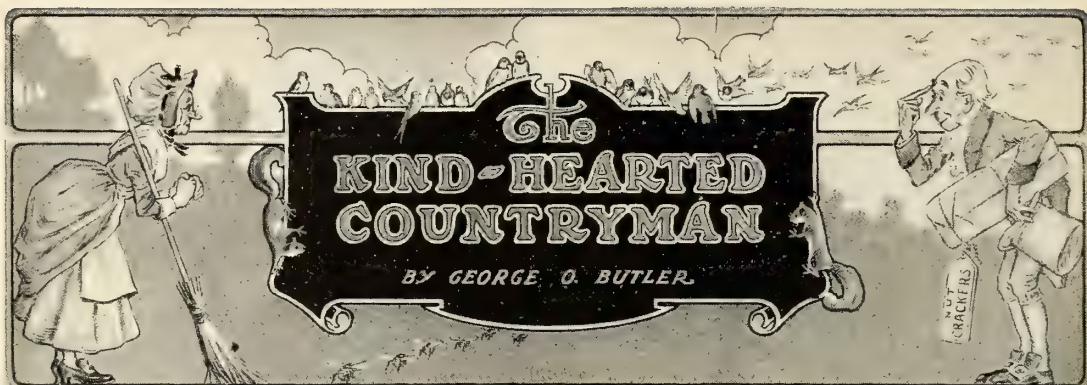
two by three door that he was making for the Mansville people last week, and sell it to us on pain of death. We 'll pay him double price for it. Tell him you must have it at once, and that he must help you carry it over to Hoboken, or he 'll never get another job from me. Now call Will here! I want to talk to him while you are gone."

"Come, Will, and take yours." I was only too glad to abdicate in his favor. Grabbing my hat, I ran out of the building and jumped aboard a passing car.

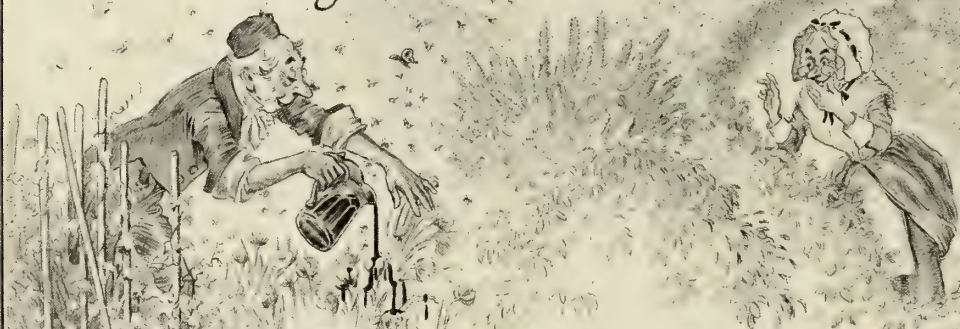
It is a long ride from Hoboken to Brooklyn at that time of night. By the time I had routed out my man and he had gone to his shop for the door, it was far past midnight.

When we reached the factory with the door, I found that Will had carried out his directions. A hole had been cut in the flue just large enough for the door, which let the imprisoned man out. Quick work was made of riveting the door in place, but the east was taking on a rosy hue before the last rivet was battered down. At any rate, the job was completed before the firemen arrived to start the furnaces. But more than one person has wondered why a door was put in the big flue.

(To be continued.)



A simple old countryman dwelt with his wife
At the edge of a beautiful wood,
And one of the principal joys of his life
Lay in being as kind as he could.

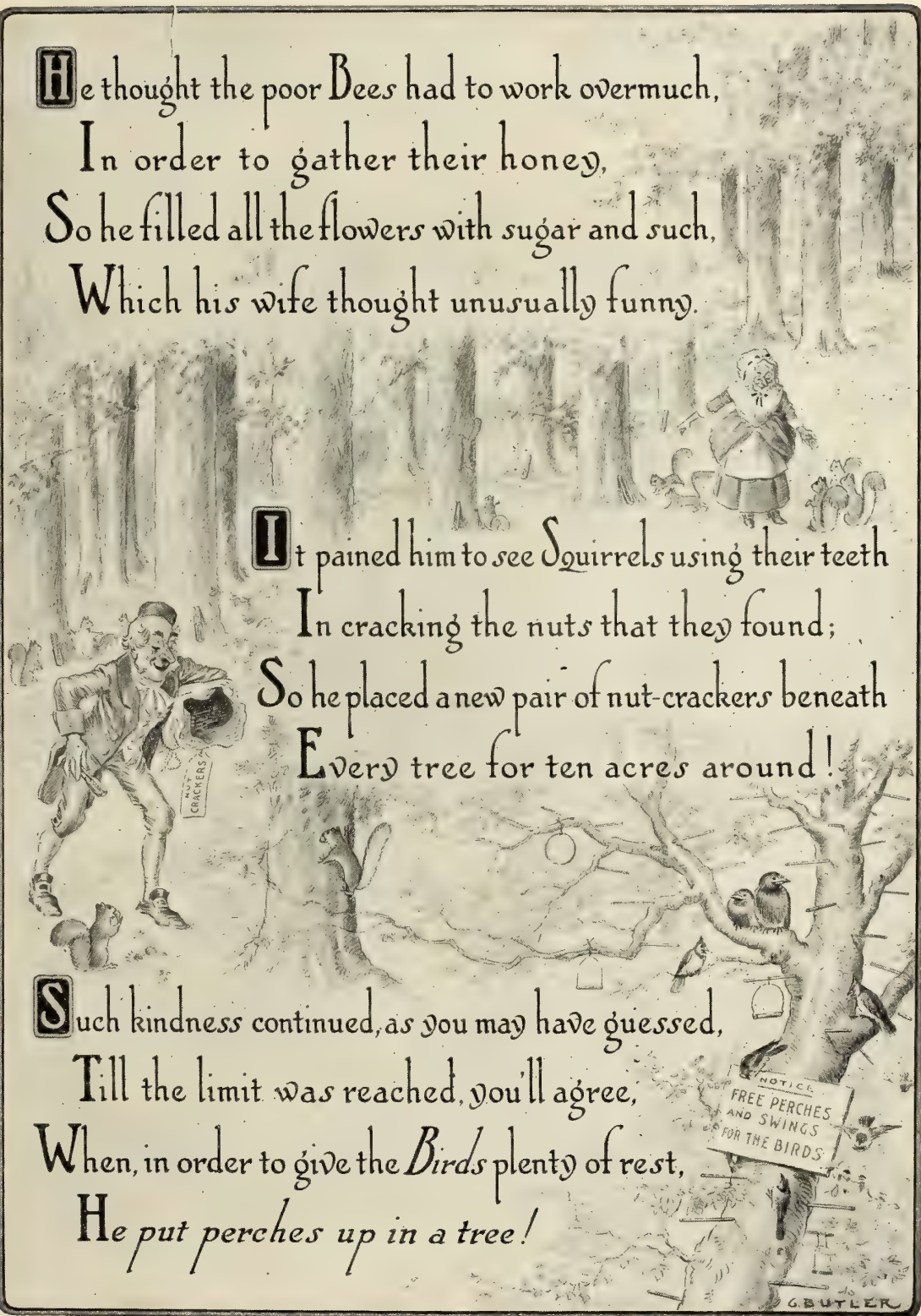


His kindness to animal, insect, and bird—
I've mentioned that he was most kind—
Often bordered decidedly on the absurd,
As doubtless you'll presently find.

He thought the poor Bees had to work overmuch,
 In order to gather their honey,
 So he filled all the flowers with sugar and such,
 Which his wife thought unusually funny.

It pained him to see Squirrels using their teeth
 In cracking the nuts that they found;
 So he placed a new pair of nut-crackers beneath
 Every tree for ten acres around!

Such kindness continued, as you may have guessed,
 Till the limit was reached, you'll agree,
 When, in order to give the *Birds* plenty of rest,
 He put perches up in a tree!

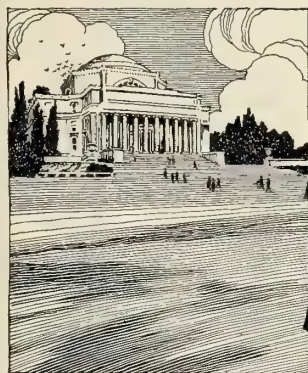




A SUMMER SHOWER.—DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN.

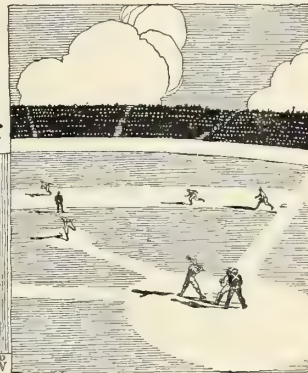
BASE-BALL THE GAME AND ITS PLAYERS

by Billy Evans
Umpire in the American League



5

The Collegian in Base-Ball
The major leagues have opened
up a profitable occupation
for the College Athlete



CRACK AMERICAN LEAGUE TEAM, COMPOSED OF COLLEGIANS

POSITION	PLAYER	TEAM	COLLEGE
Catcher	Henry	Washington	Amherst
Catcher	Carrigan	Boston	Holy Cross
Pitcher	Blanding	Cleveland	University of Michigan
Pitcher	Collins	Boston	University of Vermont
Pitcher	Plank	Athletics	Gettysburg College
Pitcher	Dubuc	Detroit	Notre Dame
Pitcher	Coombs	Athletics	Colby College
Pitcher	Mitchell	Cleveland	University of Mississippi
First base	Wood	Cleveland	University of Arkansas
Second base	Collins	Athletics	Columbia University
Short-stop	Barry	Athletics	Holy Cross
Third base	Gardner	Boston	University of Vermont
	Lord	Chicago	Bates College
Left field	Pratt	St. Louis	Georgia
Center field	Birmingham	Cleveland	Cornell
Right field	Murphy	Athletics	Villa Nova College

SUBSTITUTES: Some fifty other collegians, many of whom are players of equal worth

SEVERAL years ago, I was assigned by President B. B. Johnson, of the American League, to umpire one of the very important college games. It was between two of the larger institutions of learning, and a very bitter rivalry existed in all things pertaining to athletics. I arrived several hours before the game was scheduled to begin, and to kill a little time took a stroll over the college campus. Accompanying the visiting college nine was a big following that came to cheer its players on to victory. It happened that two chaps, one from each of the schools, met on the campus in front of the law-school building. After a hand-shake, the visiting collegian inquired:

"What course are you taking, Jack? I presume either engineering or medicine."

"Neither," replied the other. "I'm studying law, but really specializing in base-ball."

It did not take long after the game began to discover that the chap who was specializing in base-ball was a real workman, when it came to the national pastime. He was the sensation of the game. As a matter of fact, at that very time he was under contract with a Major League team at a big salary, and had received from the club in question a check for \$500 for consenting to sign with them rather than with one of the other five or six teams which were angling for his ser-

vices. That chap is a Big League star to-day. I do not believe he pays much attention to the practice of law, for base-ball yields him far too princely a salary.

Of late years, a new field has been opened up

than the supply, although many collegians are given a thorough trial every year. A dozen years ago, the college player was rarely seen in the Major Leagues. To-day there are scores of them in both of the Major organizations. Also



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DANNY MURPHY, FORMERLY OF
THE ATHLETICS.



JACK COOMBS, ONE OF MACK'S
STAR PITCHERS.



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JIMMY COLLINS, PITCHER,
BOSTON "RED SOX."

for the college graduate. It is a course in base-ball. All colleges, large and small, make a special feature of this branch of sport and study. Staid professors refer to the record of their college base-ball nine with much pride, and point to it as one strong reason why all athletically inclined young men should attend their institution.

To the athletically, as well as the intellectually, inclined, it becomes a problem quite difficult to settle—whether it is wiser to devote all the time to book-learning, or to give a few hours each day to base-ball. In the olden days, fond parents would have gasped with horror at the thought of their children spending valuable time in batting a ball, or chasing long flies or sizzling grounders. But many parents of to-day look on the situation in a different light. There are any number of fond fathers who would be very proud to have their sons develop into leading pitchers or batters of the national game. To be a good student and also a star ball player is, of course, a condition much to be desired.

There is a big demand in the Major Leagues for college ball players; a demand far greater

than the Minor Leagues carry their full quota of "ex-Rah Rah" boys" each year.

The average collegian, when he has completed his course and begins to look upon the stern realities of business life, finds out what a really difficult matter it is to secure a post that will pay a salary worth while. I have known any number of brilliant fellows who, upon having been graduated, were very glad to get jobs worth from seventy-five dollars to one hundred dollars a month. The fellow who has a purely classical education must face even greater odds than the chap who has specialized. The collegian has plenty of theory, but practice and experience are just as essential, and possibly more so.

Under these conditions, it is not at all strange that base-ball appeals strongly to some collegians. A job in any Minor League, even, will pay at least one hundred dollars a month. If the player's ability merits a trial in the Majors, he need not expect to be offered less than three hundred dollars a month, and undoubtedly most of the bids for his services would be considerably above that amount. Even the youth who prefers medi-

cine or law to base-ball can find no better medium by which to get a financial start in life than by playing professional ball. Many young men play base-ball until they begin to show signs of slowing up, and then quit the game in favor of the profession they prepared for at college. Others play base-ball during the summer and practise their profession during the winter.

No better illustration of this could be cited than the experience of Johnny Lavan, who last year played short-stop on the University of Michigan team. At that time, Branch Rickey, now manager of the St. Louis "Browns," was coaching the varsity nine at Michigan, and incidentally acting as scout among the colleges for the Browns. Rickey believed Lavan had the making of a Big League star, and strongly recommended him to Owner Hedges of the St. Louis club.

Among the college players, Lavan was a star, both at the bat and in the field. He joined the St. Louis club in June, at the close of the college season, and was put into the game almost immediately. He made his debut in Chicago, and at once gave signs of being a wonderful fielder. In fact, he put up a very brilliant exhibition in his opening game. At the bat he appeared very feeble. He was used in about forty games by George Stovall, who was then managing the Browns, but was finally taken out of the line-up because of his inability to hit the ball safely. His batting average for these forty games was a very slender one. Stovall had made up his mind that Lavan would not do, and had influenced Owner Hedges in reaching the same opinion. Waivers were asked on the youngster, and all the clubs waived excepting Philadelphia. At that time, Jack Barry, the Athletics' great short-stop, was injured. It was reported that Mack had signed Lavan merely to use him until Barry recovered. Later developments proved that that report was an incorrect one. After getting Lavan, Mack continued to use Oldring, an outfielder, at short, because the team continued to win with him at that position, and it is against Mack's policy to break up a winning combination. Barry recovered from his injury sooner than was expected, and Lavan never got a chance to break into the line-up until the last week of the season.

On good authority, Lavan is reported to have signed for a salary of \$2400. It was a fortunate bit of luck, indeed, for him to be sold by a tailender to a team that won the World's Championship, because he received a full share of the receipts of the World's Series, or about \$3300. Add to this about \$300 picked up in exhibition games, and it will be seen that Lavan, for spending his summer playing ball, received something

like \$6000. No wonder the college athletes who can play ball look with favor upon taking up the game as a livelihood.

Lavan is taking a course in medicine at the University of Michigan, and immediately after the close of the World's Series, he hurried to Ann Arbor to resume his studies. He is a very clever man, and no doubt has a brilliant future in the practice of medicine. His ability as a ball player is making it possible for him to continue

his studies in the most advantageous manner. I understand that it is his intention, after leaving Michigan, to live abroad for several winters, and thus enjoy unusual opportunities for the study of medicine; Connie Mack, unfortunately, is merely a professor of "base-ball-ogy."



LARRY GARDNER, THIRD BASE-MAN OF THE BOSTON "RED SOX."

Mack is a great admirer of the collegian in base-ball. He was the first manager

of prominence to pay any attention to the stars of the college world. For a time, his efforts in signing collegians were ridiculed by other managers, but his great success with his college athletes caused other managers to give them much consideration. Now every Major League manager is willing, and anxious, to bid for the college stars.

On the World's Championship team this year, there were a number of players who were taken direct from college nines by Mack. Eddie Collins, conceded to be one of the greatest second basemen in the history of the game, received his base-ball start on the campus of Columbia University. Jack Barry, the brilliant short-stop, was a star at Holy Cross when Mack got his signature to a Big League contract. Eddie Plank was pitching at Gettysburg College when the tall leader decided the young left-hander had Big League qualifications. Pitcher Wyckoff, who, Chief Bender says, is going to be a wonderful twirler, was pitching at Bucknell when Mack engaged him. At many of the colleges, Mack has some personal friend who keeps him advised of the boys who show promise of making good in fast company.

Jack Coombs was a star at Colby College when he was lured into the Athletics, and few knew such a pitcher existed until Mack sprung him on the base-ball public. It is said that Mack had the signature of Coombs to an option on his services

while the latter was still a sophomore—nearly three years prior to his graduation.

At the present time, Coombs is convalescing from an attack of typhoid-fever that kept him out of the game during the entire summer of last year. His case goes to show that base-ball is not such a poor business. Though not able to pitch a single game after the opening contest, which he started, Coombs has received his salary for the entire season of 1913, just as if he had worked in forty or fifty games. Also he received his share of the World's Series money, about \$3300, just as he would have had he played a prominent part in winning that big event.

Thus, although ill all season, Coombs was paid close to \$10,000 simply because of his connection with the Philadelphia base-ball club, and it is hardly a poor occupation that pays a man \$10,000 a year when he was unable to be of any service whatever.

Coombs has had a unique career as a Big Leaguer. Although he has enough records to his credit to satisfy the most critical veteran, he is still a young man, and he hopes to come back and pile up more records, despite his very serious illness of last summer. In his first year as a Big Leaguer, he established a Major League pitching record that is liable to stand for a long time. He worked an entire twenty-four-inning game against the Boston club, and won it by a score of 4 to 1. In 1910, he pitched a sixteen-inning scoreless game against Chicago, being opposed by Ed Walsh, and he struck out eighteen men. He has also twirled fifty-three consecutive innings without being scored on, and in one season managed to win thirty victories for his club. He has never tasted defeat in a World's Series. In 1910, he established a record for pitching three games against the Chicago "Cubs," for base-ball's highest honors, and winning all of them. He also has the distinction of being the first pitcher to lower the colors of Christy Mathewson in a World's Series battle.

One reason why Connie Mack looks on the collegian with great favor is because he has never had any professional training, and it is therefore not necessary to change his habits or style when developing him for the Philadelphia team. No two professional managers handle their men in just the same way, and often it is necessary for Mack to start all over again with some promising youngster, simply because the style he has been practising is directly contrary to the one regarded with favor by Mack.

The collegian gets careful training in the elementary principles of base-ball. Usually some professional of repute acts as instructor, and it

is surprising the pride these coaches take in the development of their protégés. The insight into the finer points of the game gained from the professional coaches is of great value when the college player gets his chance to shine in the Big League. As a rule, college players are bright chaps, apt in learning, and quick to drop their faults after they have been pointed out. Most of them also have a pretty good idea of the playing rules, something a majority of the players do not possess.

The graduate of the sand-lot school has not been superseded by the college player, but the latter is fast coming to the front in base-ball. He has made remarkably rapid strides in the past five years. Not so many years ago, the signing of a college player was regarded by base-ball patrons as more or less of a joke. But the success of the collegian has caused an entire change of feeling on the part of the lovers of the game. Now the signing of a college star is looked upon as a good piece of work on the part of the home management.

The high-class base-ball that is being played by the smaller, as well as the larger, colleges, is furnishing some surprises. The names of Harvard, Princeton, and Yale hold no such terror in base-ball as they do on the gridiron. Some of the smaller colleges turn out base-ball teams that are wonders.

One thing that greatly helps the collegian when he gets to the Big League is the fact that he has been tried out under fire. The big college games, with crowds of 20,000 looking on, are of as much importance to the collegian as the World's Series is to the professional. No Major League pitcher ever worked harder than do the twirlers in the final games of the season between Princeton, Harvard, and Yale. The cheering at those big games is enough to put the strongest set of nerves to a severe test.

Harmony is the key-note of success in base-ball, as well as in any other business. The spirit of harmony is constantly drilled into the college player. The spirit of team loyalty is developed at any cost. The man who has learned to play for his team and not the grand stand, has been taught a decidedly valuable lesson. This is a lesson that most college men learn, and it serves them to good purpose when they enter fast company. The star who is simply an individual player is not nearly as valuable to his team as the good player who sacrifices personal glory to aid his team in gaining a victory. The Philadelphia club of the American League is more like a college team than a professional club. The players gather around Connie Mack, and look up to him, in

much the same manner that the college players look upon the coach.

Every Major League club has its scouts, who are looking out for future stars. Ten years ago, the college field was never considered as a good spot from which to gather future stars. Now,

every college game of any importance would have half a dozen or more scouts in attendance. All of which goes to show why many young men are asking whether the opportunity offered in base-ball is not more inviting than many others, —especially from a financial standpoint.

(To be continued.)

BASE-BALL PROBLEMS FOR ST. NICHOLAS READERS

PROBLEM NO. 3

IN one of the big college games several years ago, a play somewhat similar to the Havana dispute described in Problem No. 2 came up, yet in reality there was considerable difference.

When the home collegians went to bat in the last half of the ninth, they were one run to the bad, the score being five to four against them. After two were out, the batter doubled and went to third, when the fielder made a poor return of the ball. With three balls and two strikes on the batter, the pitcher sent up a low spit ball, at which the batter struck and missed. The ball took such a deceptive break, however, that it got away from the catcher, and rolled a considerable distance. The coach at first, noticing this, urged the batter to try for second. The catcher, on recovering the ball, made a hurried throw to second, which was high, and went to center field. The runner continued to third. The throw to get the man at third got away from the third sacker, and the runner dashed for the plate, beating the throw home by a scant margin.

At this stage of the game, the first baseman, who had been yelling like mad, managed to get the catcher's attention, and called for the ball. It was thrown to him, and he touched first base, the runner having missed it by nearly a foot as he dashed for second. In the meantime, the home rooters had crowded on the field to celebrate the victory, which seemed won. The umpire had seen the runner cut first and called him out.

What was the score at the close of the ninth?

PROBLEM NO. 4

HARRY NILES and a recruit first baseman figured in a funny play at Washington, several years ago. Niles

at the time was a member of the Boston "Red Sox." He has since drifted out of the Big League. The first baseman was a tall athlete secured by the Boston club for a tryout from one of the Coast League teams. I seriously doubt if a like play will ever happen again in any league, the Big League in particular.

With Boston at the bat, the recruit first baseman had reached first because of a dropped fly ball. Niles, the next batter, hit a long fly to right field. "Doc" Gessler was playing right field for Washington. As Niles tore madly for first base, he made up his mind that Gessler would not be able to make the catch. He decided that the hit ought to be good for three bases, and, possibly, for a home run.

The base-runner was not so sure that Gessler would not make the catch, so he "played safe," standing midway between first and second to await developments, and ready to run for either base.

Meanwhile, Niles, who was dead certain that the ball would not be caught, passed the base-runner between first and second, not even knowing that he had done so, for he always ran with his head high in the air!

Gessler did not make the catch, and as Niles slid across the plate, the man originally on first reached second. Jim Delehanty was playing second for Washington, and to complicate things all the more, he informed the recruit that he was out. The recruit, believing him, walked off the bag, whereupon Delehanty, getting the ball, tried to touch him out. He failed, and after much running up and down, the recruit managed to slide back into first without being touched. Later, while standing on the bag, he was touched by "Bob" Unglaub. One was out at the time.

What would you have ruled on the two plays had you been in charge of the game?

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS IN THE JULY NUMBER

ANSWER TO PROBLEM NO. 1

THE umpire in charge of the game very properly did not allow the run, although a big majority of the crowd were positive it counted. Those who believed the run counted based their contention on the fact that Ainsmith had crossed the plate before the ball left the pitcher's hands. The umpire, however, ruled that the start of the play was at the moment the pitcher started to wind up, and that since the third out was made on that ball when finally delivered, the run did not count, even though the runner had crossed the plate long before the out was made. This play is covered by Rule 59, which in part says: "Provided, however, that the runner reach home on or during a play in which the third man be forced out, or be put out before reaching first base, the run shall not count." On this play, the batter being retired on a fly ball, never reached first base. The play, of course, is based on the fact that the play began the moment the pitcher started to wind up, not when he actually delivered the ball.

ANSWER TO PROBLEM NO. 2

THE play caused so much argument in Cuba that it was put up to both Major League presidents, as well as a number of umpires, for decision.

All these expert judges of the two Major Leagues ruled that the run should count. It was pointed out that it was impossible to make a force third out of the play at first base, because the base on balls legally entitles the batter to that base, and it was impossible to force him out at a base that the rules gave him. One president put it that the runner scored on the wild pitch.

Common sense would cause the umpire to allow this run.

Since the batter was able to go to second without being retired, naturally there was never a chance to get the man coming home from third.

Common sense also tells one that it is impossible to put a man out on a force play when he is legally entitled to that base.



by
Ethel M.
Kelley

WHEN Robert chooses what to play,
It's always "Table Round,"
And there are "jousts and tourneys" gay,
And "victors to be crowned."
And he is *Lancelot* again,
James is *Sir Kay*, of course,
And Charlotte likes to be *Elaine*,
But I,—I'm just a horse!

"Japan" 's what Charlotte likes to do,
So she can be the queen
And dress all up in pink and blue—
The "emper-ess," I mean.
The other boys are "samurai,"
Whenever it's "*Japan*";
And they have lots of fun, but I,—
I'm just the rickshaw man!



"BUT I,—I'M JUST A HORSE!"



"I 'M JUST THE RICKSHAW MAN!"

In Jimmie's turn, he always begs
 To wear his cow-boy suit,
 With fur upon his trouser legs,
 And a big spur on his boot.
 He says he loves that game the best,
 If we had just as lief.
 And the *others* like to play "The West,"—
 But *I* 'm a cattle-thief!

I 'm only six and seven months,
 And Robert 's ten in May,
 But I 'd just like to show them once
 I 'm most as big as they.
 I 'm tired of doing what I 'm told,
 And being made to hop,—
 And they can storm, and they can scold,
 But I,—I 'm going to stop!



"BUT I 'M A CATTLE-THIEF!"



IN THE GARDEN

BY CAROLINE HOFMAN

In the garden there's a spot
Where the sun is never hot,
Where there runs a little stream
And the little minnows gleam
And it all belongs to me
Nest of bird and hive of bee

There are daisies as you pass
Dipping, bowing, in the grass.
And companies of Iris tread
Like soldiers by the river-bed
And sometimes there's a shadow-trace
Along the wall like mother's face

But best of all, we have our tea
On pleasant days, at half-past three,
When mother comes to visit me.



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"EARLY TO BED" BEFORE A MATCH GAME

EATING, drinking, and sleeping doubtless play an important part in golf, more particularly competitive golf. And when I speak of drinking, I do not mean in the alcoholic sense. It would be presumptuous in a person of my years to make so bold as to present a regular formula on the correct hour for retiring the night before a match, the amount and character of food to be consumed, and how many swallows of water should be taken at meals or between meals. But without attempting to dictate to any one else, I can say this much from my own experiences: that there is nothing more truly beneficial than the early-to-bed habit just before and during a tournament in which the golfer wishes to do well. Although I never have made a scientific study of the matter, I am perfectly willing to accept as thoroughly reliable the theory that every hour of sleep before midnight is worth two after it.

No doubt the sleep problem is one which differs according to different ages and temperaments. I realize that there are golfers, both young and old, of nervous, excitable dispositions who would find it impossible to retire early the night before an important golf match and to be speedily wrapped in slumber. Possibly there are individual cases in which early retirement would mean just a constant turning and tossing due to abnormal mental activities in thinking about the match of the forthcoming day. In such instances, it might be better for the golfer to be up late and at some occupation so physically tiring that the demands of the body would lull the activities of the mind.

Hence, when I preach the early-to-bed doctrine, I do so for the rank and file of golfers, especially the younger players, who, in the first place, ought to try to school themselves not to feel that success in a match is the do-all and end-all of life. If the game is played for its own sake, rather than for the pleasure derived from winning matches or prizes, the sleep problem ought not to be particularly bothersome.

And a good night's sleep is an undeniable asset in a hard match. It not only rests the body and stores up vigor, but it clears the eye and makes the ball look just that much larger and easier to hit. I have not the least doubt that that was one of the factors which played an important part in my victory over Vardon and Ray at Brookline in the national open championship a year ago. Many of my friends asked me, that morning of the play-off, how I had slept. I answered them truthfully that I had had a good night's sleep. No doubt some of them thought I was saying that as a matter of course, while they inwardly doubted the veracity of my answer. Frequently since that play-off, friends have put the same question, and they have seemed surprised to think that I could sleep at all soundly when realizing that so much was at stake.

THOSE GAMES A YEAR AGO

PERHAPS I am more than ordinarily blessed with phlegmatic tendencies; at the same time, I am inclined to think that one reason why I managed to get in a good night's sleep was that, from the moment of tying with Vardon and Ray for the championship, I made up my mind that in the play-off I was going out simply with the determination to play my own game to the best of my ability; that there was nothing more I could do, and that was all there was to it. If I won, I won; and if I lost, I lost. No one could do more, so why lose sleep over it?

The night before the play-off I remember well. I retired at nine o'clock, as I had been doing all through the championship week. My sister was playing the piano down-stairs, and some member of the family, fearing that I would be disturbed, shut the door of the room where it was. I am extremely fond of music, and just then the thought of not hearing it was more in my mind than what would happen on the links the next day, so I went softly down-stairs to open the door again. How long I listened to the music after that, I have not the least idea, for in the

midst of it I went to sleep. Perhaps somebody will be inclined to remark sarcastically, "He must be fond of music, when it puts him to sleep!" But it must be remembered that I had had a

but why I could not fathom. Finally, after playing about fourteen holes in a fashion which must have caused the spectators to wonder how I ever could have won a championship, or even qualified, it struck me that the trouble must be with my eyes. I began to think that perhaps the two were not in proper focus. At any rate, I tried the experiment of hitting at a spot a little beyond the point where I would normally, and then I had better success.

Since then, I have given the matter occasional thought, and have wondered if it is not possible that there are times when one eye may be tired and the other not, so that they do not work in unison. It also has struck me that there may be a great many golfers who play with ill success for no other reason than that they have some little defect of vision which may not affect them in ordinary work, but which is just enough to handicap them in golf. People have glasses for close work and for distance, but may it not be possible that neither is exactly suited for getting

the best results in hitting at a little ball which is neither near nor far from their center of vision? Some oculist-golfer may be able to give the answer. I put the question entirely from a layman's unscientific viewpoint.

EAT SPARINGLY BEFORE PLAYING

IN the matter of eating, a great deal of discretion may be used. As a general principle, I would advise against hearty meals just before playing, and especially at luncheon between morning and afternoon rounds. It may readily be imagined that a man is apt to develop a vigorous appetite during the course of a morning round on a long and exacting course, despite the impression among those who do not play the game that it is a lazy sort of pastime, anyway, just hitting the ball and walking after it. I can assure them that, in my own case, a round of golf is a sterling appetizer. To satisfy this hunger completely is to invite defeat, for it is apt to bring on a logy, indolent state, or to mitigate against the player getting "down to the ball" on his shots. I could cite specific instances in which I am convinced the better golfer lost a match mainly because of the ill-advised indulgence of his appetite.



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HARRY VARDON.

FRANCIS OUMET.

EDWARD RAY.

"THOSE GAMES OF A YEAR AGO."

rather strenuous thirty-six holes of golf, with an exciting wind-up, and I was well ready for sleep anyhow.

It is logical, to say the least, to assume that a clear eye and a well-rested body are assets in golf. That there are men who play winning golf after a night of little sleep and other factors hardly conducive to clear vision is undeniable, yet the other doctrine is the one I would preach. For myself, I know by experience that my golf suffers when my eyes are not feeling right. One day last fall, sometime after the national open championship, I visited the Merrimac Valley Country Club, near Lawrence, Massachusetts, after having attended, the previous night, the annual meeting and dinner of the Woodland Golf Club, of which I am a member. As the evening advanced, the room became thick with cigar and cigarette smoke, and, as it was such a delightful occasion, the hour of departure was late. The consequence was that it was after midnight before I retired.

My eyes felt heavy the next morning, and remained so when I played at Merrimac Valley, with the result that, while I felt all right physically, there is no doubt in my mind that my eyes were not doing their work properly. Almost invariably I was hitting too far in back of the ball,

On this particular point I can look back with a great deal of amusement to a match which I played last year in the Massachusetts amateur championship. My prospective opponent and I, after having won our morning matches, went into the club-house dining-room to get our luncheons, and, as it so happened, we sat opposite each other. This, of course, meant that each could see what the other ate. Evidently he felt as hungry as I did, and we both sat down to some extra-generous portions of lamb-chops, together with potatoes and one or two other side-dishes. I can just remember that the combination served that day was hearty, to say the least. After having finished the regular course, I asked for a glass of milk, while my opponent of the afternoon inquired what there was for dessert. He was informed that there were strawberry shortcake and apple-pie.

I could see that that strawberry shortcake was a temptation to him; it was to me, though probably in lesser degree. At the same time, I could see that, much as he wanted a piece of it, he could not quite make up his mind that it would be the part of wisdom to eat it. Finally, I sang out: "Go ahead and get a piece of it; if you eat it, I will, too." He ordered his piece of strawberry shortcake, and so did I, and we both ate it with a great deal of relish. The consequence of our indulgence, however, was that we both went out for our afternoon match with our stomachs rebelling at such vigorous exercise after such a feast, and it took us about eight or nine holes to really get going. Fortunately for each of us, the superabundance of food was about an equal handicap. The thing does not always turn out that way, however, so it is a good point to keep a proper curb on the appetite between rounds.

While on the subject of food, I might mention that I have known of instances where golfers have had their play and food-stuffs intermingled entirely without their previous knowledge or consent. There was the case of a man playing at Kendall Green, Weston, Massachusetts, who hit a ball which entered the pantry window of a building and was found lodged in a custard-pie. I never ascertained whether the owner of the ball played the shot from where the ball lay, or whether he discontinued his game temporarily, long enough to eat the pie. The other incident I have in mind was when I was playing off a gross score tie with Mr. P. W. Whittemore, at The Country Club, Brookline, Massachusetts, and Mr. Whittemore hooked his tee shot to the tenth hole to a spot which interfered seriously with a family of bees. Whether Mr. Whittemore

likes honey, I do not know; but I do know that for a while he was the center of attraction for the entire colony of honey-makers, and that, before the end of the round, one of his wrists was nearly double its normal size.

A DRINK OF WATER AT THE WRONG TIME MIGHT CAUSE THE LOSS OF A GAME

Now as to drinking, meaning the drinking of such a temperate beverage as water. It may sound almost silly to say that a drink of water during the course of a round might be the cause of losing a match. Yet I am willing to go on record as making the statement. The thought might never have occurred to me were it not for an incident in my match with Mr. Travers in the National Amateur championship at Garden City last year. Just before driving from the sixth tee in that match, I went to the water fountain adjoining and took a refreshing drink. The next thing that happened was that I made an inglorious top of my drive. Mr. Gilman Tiffany, who was acting as caddy for Mr. Travers, in true sportsmanlike spirit volunteered me the information then and there that it was not wise to drink just before driving, for the reason that it had a temporary bad effect upon one of the nerves. At the same time, there flashed into my mind, curiously enough, an experience exactly similar which I had had in a previous interscholastic match at the Woodland Golf Club. Since then I have heard the same opinion expressed by one or two other golfers who not only play the game well, but who do so with an analytical mind for causes and effects.

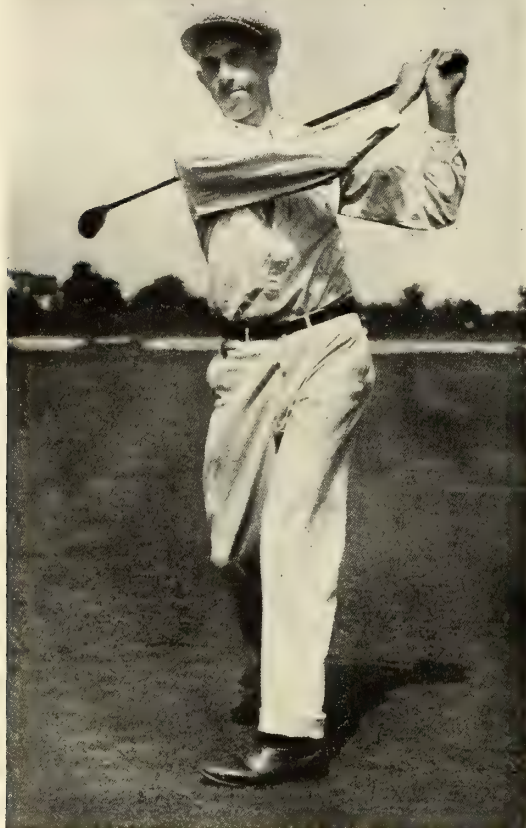
"A TREMENDOUS PHYSICAL STRAIN" IN GOING THROUGH A NATIONAL AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

PHYSICAL condition is not generally looked upon as so important a factor in golf as in a great many other games, but a majority of those who take such a viewpoint do not really know how much it does amount to. There is a tremendous physical strain, as well as the mental, in going through a National Amateur championship, for example, for it means thirty-six holes of golf a day for six successive days, and that coming after the practice. To swing a golf-club once or twice is not much of a task, and to walk around a golf course once is not much of a strain, but when it comes to walking around seven to eight miles over a golf course each day, and to playing under all sorts of conditions, not only of the course but of the weather, to putting forth the effort that it requires to get a ball out of the long grass or out

of a bunker, the average competitor finds that at the end of several such days he is glad enough of a rest. Hence there can be shown wisdom not only in the matter of food but in exercise.

Championships sometimes are decided as much on physical condition and stamina as they are on

had been playing wonderful golf. On the day before the final round, I think it was, he ate a piece of apple-pie that made him really quite ill. He had not recovered on the morning of the final, when he had to play a championship match. That he went out and gave Mr. Gardner a hard tussle for the title spoke well for his courage and fortitude. Perhaps he would not have won the title in any event, for Mr. Gardner played a fine game that day, but from the quality of Mr. Egan's game earlier in the week, it is a moral certainty that had he been in tiptop physical shape, he would have made the finish closer than it was, Mr. Gardner winning by 4 and 3.



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"IN THE MATTER OF APPAREL, THE MAIN THING IS TO BE COMFORTABLE."

skill. There are golfers who, in their advancing years, can still play their shots with the same skill as in their younger days, but when it comes to several successive rounds of competitive play, they tire; the shots do not come off in the same old way, because there is not the same vigor in the stroke, and the timing begins to suffer. The National Amateur championship of 1909, played at the Chicago Golf Club, Wheaton, Illinois, was decided largely upon the physical condition of one of the contestants in the final round, or such was the opinion of many who watched the play all that week. In the final round were Mr. H. Chandler Egan, a former national title-holder, and Mr. Robert A. Gardner, then a young student. All through the earlier rounds, Mr. Egan

AS TO WEARING APPAREL

I HAVE spoken of the task of walking so many times around a golf course and conditions of wind and weather. Along with these topics there may appropriately be said something about the wearing apparel. In the amateur championship at Chicago in 1912, Mr. Norman F. Hunter of England had to drop out of the play in his match against Mr. Warren K. Wood, being overcome by the heat. He wore a coat, as is the English golfer's custom. As to whether golfers should wear coats on the links, I have no opinion, except that I believe in being comfortable. Some golfers like to play in a coat, jersey, or sweater, because they like to have something snug to keep their shoulders in place, while others like to discard them for just the opposite reason,—that they like to get a free stroke. These are points which the golfer works out to his own satisfaction. In the matter of apparel, the main thing, as I have said, is to be comfortable.

The question of footwear is another on which individuals differ. Some prefer always to play in leather shoes with hobnails on the soles, whereas many prefer sneakers, and some the rubber-soled leather shoes. I like the sneakers, when conditions are normal, for I find the walking easier, and the sneakers seem to give more freedom. At the same time, it is an unwise thing to play an important match without having a pair of hobnail shoes handy in case of rain. When the ground is wet and slippery, the sneakers or rubber-soled shoes give precarious footing. I remember playing at The Country Club, Brookline, one time, when a thunder-shower came up, and I was playing in sneakers. At the long ninth hole, my ball rested on a piece of ground well bestrewn with clover leaves. These are particularly slippery after a rain, and when I made my swing, I swung myself completely off my feet, and went down flat.



A GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE RACE ON THE OLD MILL-POND.

DRAWN BY HARRISON CADY.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE!

BY RUTH McENERY STUART



TWINKLE, twinkle, little star!
No wonder we wonder what you are!
For you're even higher than Daddy has been,
And he goes 'way up in his flying-machine.

But we've found out about you, little star,
And what you really, truly are;
A great long name with "solar" in it,
Big Sister told us, just this minute.
(She's been through kin-der-gar-ten-ing,
And says hard words like anything!)

She says you're in "as-tron-o-my,"
A thin book, most as tall as we;
I asked her why they put you in,
And she said, "To study you out again."

She's twelve, an', of course, she ought to know,
But Buddie just sighed, "Well, maybe so."
(He's "going on three," but he's harder to fool
Than some big boys in the Sunday-school.)

But he laughed when I said what you seem, *for*
true:
"A hole that lets God's love shine through;
The big one that they call the sun,
That's wide, wide love for every one;
But each little star in the blue up there,
Seems like some little child's own share."

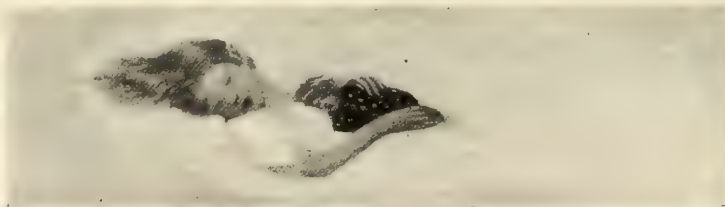
So, Buddie and I know what we'll do,
We'll take our little shares through you,
And love you, dear, whatever you are,
Oh, darling little twinkling star!

MOTHERING DOLLY—FOR POLLY

CLOSE your eyes, dolly, lie quietly there;
Even your mother could use no more care!
Here are your blankets, so cover up tight,
Warm in the cradle, and safe for the night.
Polly neglected to put you to bed—
"Promise me, Mother, you'll do it," she said;
"Tuck her in safely to sleep till it's day,—
Mother, how could I forget her that way!"

Here are your clothes, dolly, folded and neat,
Petticoats, stockings, and shoes for your feet.
Polly is very decided, you know,
Just where your dresses and things ought to go.
Close your eyes, dolly, you're really no care,
Perfectly placid when put anywhere;
Yet I have seen your mama quite severe.—
Don't you care, dolly, we love you, my dear.

Constance Johnson.





"CLOSE YOUR EYES, DOLLY, LIE QUIETLY THERE."



STORIES OF FRIENDLY GIANTS

BY EUNICE FULLER

III. THE GIANT AND THE HERDBOY

Ivan, Ivan, mind thy sheep,
In the moonlit midnight vastness;
Wail of wolves that vigil keep
Echoes from the forest fastness.

Ivan, Ivan, naught can shake,
Though the cruel cries alarm thee;
Magic pathways bravely take,
Where the giant folk shall charm thee.

Seymour Barnard.

IVAN, the herdboy, lay on the hillside watching the king's sheep. It was growing dark, but he did not start for home. For in all the world, he had no home to go to. There was no one who belonged to him, neither father, nor mother, nor brother, nor sister, nor grandfather, nor grandmother, nor so much as a stepmother. Even his best friends, the sheep, belonged to the king.

Ivan took good care of them nevertheless; and got his black bread and white cheese to eat in return. Day and night he stayed with his flock out in the open field; and only when the storm beat down very wet did he crawl into the little hut he had built at the edge of the forest. It was not so very lonely, after all. For there were ninety-nine sheep to keep out of bogs and briers. And, besides, there were ever so many good games he could play by himself, vaulting over the bushes with his crook, and playing little tunes on a reed.

It was only at the dead of night, when he woke up to hear the wolves howling, howling in the dark, and the icy shivers began to chase each other along his back, that he could not help wishing for a warm bed at home, with a stout father

sleeping near by. But the queer part was that, whenever he thought what kind of father he should like to have, he could think of nobody but the king himself, mounted on his charger. And as for a mother, who could be better than the queen, with her kind, motherly ways that made happy the little princess Anastasia? When it came to a sister, Ivan could imagine no one more satisfactory than the princess herself, with her whisking curls and her blue eyes that were roguish and friendly both at the same time. But that, of course, was out of the question. So he contented himself with naming the softest, whitest, curliest lamb Anastasia, and let it go at that.

But to-night, as he lay on the hillside, he could not help thinking what fun it would be if the lamb Anastasia were really the princess, and all the other sheep were boys and girls, so that they could play hide-and-seek together among the rocks and bushes in the moonlight. But the sheep had long since nestled down on the hill, and there was nothing for Ivan but to watch the moon as it came up and up behind the black mountain across the valley. His eyes began to blink, and he felt himself slipping, slipping off to sleep.

A cry broke through the quiet pasture. Ivan started up. "Wolves!" said his heart. "Wolves! Wolves again!" But it was not a fierce sound, after all. Again it came, loud like a roar of temper wailing off into a moan.

Ivan listened. "No sheep could bleat like that," thought he. Nevertheless he looked. There in the moonlight the nine-and-ninety woolly shapes shone dimly, huddled safely against the hill.

Once more the sound came, fairly bursting through the air. Ivan held his breath. It was not the cry of animals, but of men, of several men perhaps, shouting together. "A party of hunters," thought Ivan, "lost in the forest!" And he breathed again.

Picking up his crook, he dashed off up the hill, along the edge of the wood. "I'm coming!" he shouted. "Coming!" But the hunters did not seem to hear. The same cry kept ringing through the trees ahead, louder at every step he ran. It seemed directly opposite him now, somewhere in the forest. He turned in, feeling his way with his crook among the black shadows of the branches.

There was a crashing and stirring. The trees before him trembled. Ivan stopped and looked up. Full in the moonlight, half-way to the tree-tops, gleamed the gigantic shoulder of a man. His head was bent, and he seemed to be sitting down, gazing intently at something near the ground. As he moved his arm, the trees swayed and creaked.

Ivan crept nearer. Through an opening between the trees he could see the giant's great hands fumbling over his foot. With a piece of fur he was trying to stop a great stream of blood that was bursting out from it. Every now and then, in his clumsy efforts, he seemed to hurt himself more, for he would throw back his head and give the same deafening howl Ivan had heard before.

Ivan shivered. In all his life, he had never seen a giant; and, terrified as he was, he felt he must have a good look at this one. Crouching, he stole through the shadow to a little thicket at the giant's side, and parting the twigs, leaned eagerly forward. But he had reckoned too much on the bushes. Under his weight they cracked and bent, and snapped altogether. His foot slipped, and losing his balance, he

crashed through the brush at the giant's very elbow.

With a swoop the giant grasped at him. But Ivan was too quick. He dodged just out of reach, and ran as he had never run before.

"Little creature! Little creature!" called the giant, "don't run away. I won't hurt you. Come back; do come back and help me! If you will



"THE GIANTS DANCED AND PLAYED GIANT GAMES." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

bind up my foot for me, I will give you a reward."

Ivan's heart thumped. The giant could crush him in one of his great hands. But he was in pain, and he had a kindly face. It would be cruel to leave him there alone.

"Oh, little creature," moaned the giant again, "don't leave me. I promise I won't hurt you."

Ivan turned. Bravely he walked over to the giant's foot, and running his hand gently along the sole, picked a sharp rock and some pebbles out of the great gash.

The giant sighed with relief. "Thank you!" he said. "I hurt it rooting up an oak-tree, and then I walked on it."

Ivan pulled off his blouse and tore it into long pieces. Knotting them together, he made a strip five or six yards long. He laid it against the wound, and the giant drew it over the top of the foot where it was hard for him to reach. Between them they made a neat, firm bandage of it, with all the knots on top.

The giant beamed. "That feels better!" he said. "And now, little herdboy, I will show you how a giant keeps his word. If you are not afraid to sit upon my shoulder, I will take you where no little creature has ever been: to see a giants' merrymaking. We are holding a wedding-feast now, and there will be plenty of fun, you may be sure. Come, I will take good care of you."

Ivan picked up his crook. This would be more fun than hide-and-seek on the hill. He was not in the least afraid, and he felt on good terms with the giant already. "I'd like to go," he said.

"Good! Good!" cried the giant, chuckling with the noise of a happy waterfall. "Up with you, then. Lean against my neck, and take tight hold of my long hair." And with that, he picked Ivan gently up and tucked him snugly just below his right ear.

"Why, you're too light! I can't feel you at all!" he gurgled, as if it were the best joke in the world. "And I must fix it so that my brothers can't see you. Here is a belt for you. Put it on, and you will be quite invisible."

So he handed Ivan a long piece of gray gauze, so fine that in the moonlight he could hardly see it at all. Ivan tied it about his waist. And then, although he pinched himself and knew quite well that he was all there, he could n't so much as see his own toes.

As for the giant, now that he could neither see Ivan nor feel his weight, he began to be a little nervous. "Once in a while," he said, "I wish you'd stand up and shout my name, Costan, into my ear, so that I'll know you have n't tumbled off. And now, are you ready? Hold tight, and we'll go on."

Costan raised himself, and strode off with a long, limping step through the forest. To Ivan it was like being on a great ship at sea, going up a long wave, and down. He felt that he might fall asleep if it were not such fun sitting there on Costan's shoulder and watching the tree-tops glide past the moon.

The trees grew fewer and fewer. Ivan swung around and peered ahead, clinging to Costan's hair. They were coming to a great open space in the midst of the forest, a meadow thronged with giants and giantesses. There seemed to be hundreds of them, dressed not like Costan, in skins, but in wonderful shimmering garments that blew about their shoulders like clouds of mist in the moonlight. In the center of them all was a huge fountain that shot up in a silver torrent far above their heads.

One of the giants came running to meet Costan. "Oh, here you are!" he cried. "We were afraid you were n't coming." And with that, he gave him a friendly pat on the shoulder that nearly sent Ivan spinning off a hundred feet or more to the ground.

Costan explained about his hurt foot. "I'll just sit and look on for to-night," he said, and chuckled to himself, thinking of Ivan.

And so Ivan, safely nestled on Costan's shoulder, watched till his eyes stood out, as the giants danced and played giant games, chasing each other through the fountain, with a shower of spray like a whirling rain-storm. They wrestled, they leaped, they sang till all the trees trembled.

Just as the fun was at its liveliest, there was a mighty gurgle, and the fountain, which had been casting itself so high into the air, sank suddenly into the earth. Then a beautiful giantess gathered her great fluttering robes about her, and, striding to the edge of the forest, pulled up a fir-tree with one wrench of her wrist.

"Midnight!" whispered Costan.

Silently the giants crowded about the uprooted tree.

"*Este tenues!*" cried the giantess.

Instantly, the giants seemed to flatten out. Their backs seemed to come forward, and their fronts to shrink back. Their noses sank into their faces. Their arms, their legs, their heads, their bodies grew thin as cardboard. They stood there like great paper-dolls, taller than the trees. One by one, they stepped into the hole where the tree had been, and cut their way down into the ground like huge knives.

Costan bent his ear. "Are you there, little herdboy?" he whispered.

"Yes, Costan!" cried Ivan.

"Keep tight hold, then," cautioned Costan, "and don't be afraid. I'm going to take you with me underground."

As the last giant vanished, Costan got up slowly and walked toward the hole. With every step, Ivan could feel him shrinking, until his shoulder was nothing but a long, thin edge.

There was a quick moment of darkness, and

suddenly they were in a hall shining from floor to ceiling with gold, and so vast that Ivan could not see to the end of it. Down the center, around a long table, sat the giants, all in their natural shapes again.

Costan slipped into the huge seat that was left for him, and the banquet went merrily on. To Ivan, who never in all his life had had anything but bread and cheese, with a little fruit sometimes and a sugar cake at Christmas, it seemed an impossible dream. There were grapes as big as the oranges above-ground, pheasants the size of eagles, and cakes and tarts and puddings as big around as the towers of the king's palace.

But Costan sat silent and uneasy. Then Ivan realized what was the matter: *Costan was not sure that Ivan was there.* Steadying himself with his crook, Ivan scrambled up. Standing on tip-toe, he could almost reach the giant's ear.

"Costan!" he whispered, as loud as he dared, "I 'm here, all safe."

Costan beamed with relief, and fell to joking and eating with the rest. But every now and then he would poise a tiny piece of cake or meat carelessly above his right shoulder, where Ivan

show that the banquet had come to an end. Amid all the jollity and confusion, Costan leaned over



"THEY CUT THEIR WAY DOWN INTO THE GROUND
LIKE HUGE KNIVES."



"A GIANTESS PULLED UP A FIR-TREE WITH ONE
WRENCH OF HER WRIST."

would make it disappear as completely as he had himself.

At last, the oldest giantess rose in her place, to

and took from the table a giant roll, as big to Ivan as a whole loaf of bread.

"Here!" he whispered, below the scraping of the giant chairs, "tuck this in your bag, little herdbo, as a reminder of a giant's promise. And don't forget Costan in the world up above."

As he spoke, everything was suddenly lost in a whirl of darkness—the giants, the hall, and the feast, even Costan himself. The shouts and laughter of the huge banqueters grew fainter and fainter till they faded away into silence.

A sudden bleat made Ivan open his eyes. He was lying on the hillside near his sheep, and the mountain across the valley glowed red in the sunrise.

"And so," thought Ivan, sadly, "it was a dream, after all, the giants, the fountain, the banquet, and dear Costan as well."

He reached for his crook, and started back in amazement. For though he could feel the handle tightly grasped in his fingers, it seemed to his startled eyes that the crook suddenly rose up of itself and stood clearly outlined against the morning sky. As he stepped back, the crook sprang after him. When he walked forward, the crook bobbed along by his side. He could feel his hand upon it, but when he looked, he could see plainly that there was no hand there.

Ivan rubbed his eyes. Was he still dreaming then? But no, everything was just as usual, the sheep, the hillside, and the morning sky. Was it he or the crook that was bewitched? He looked

down at himself in alarm, and saw nothing but the stones and grass of the pasture. *There was no Ivan to be seen:* no arms, nor hands, nor legs, nor feet.

A sudden thought came over him. He felt of his waist. Sure enough! It was tied about with gauze.

"The invisible belt!" he cried; and pulled it off.

In a twinkling there he was, arms, legs, hands, feet, just the same as ever. He folded up the long, wispy sash and stuck it into his bag. Inside, his hand hit something hard and bulgy. It was the giants' roll, the great loaf Costan had given him!

It was past Ivan's breakfast-time, and the sight of the tempting white bread made him hungry. He tried to break off a piece, but the great roll would not so much as bend. He drew out his knife, but the harder he cut, the firmer and sounder the loaf seemed to be. He could not even dent it.

Provoked and impatient, he tried with his teeth. At the first bite, the hard crust yielded. Something cold and slippery struck his tongue and rolled out clinking on the ground.

Ivan stooped and stared. There at his feet lay a great, round gold piece as big as a peppermint-drop. In amazement he looked at the loaf in his hand. There was not a break anywhere. It was as smooth and whole as before. He bit again and again. Another gold piece, and another, fell at his feet, as round and shining as the first. But the loaf remained unbroken.

Ivan's eyes almost started from his head. In all his life he had never seen a gold piece before; and whatever he should do with so many, he had not the least idea. He might, of course, build a palace and live like a lord. But that would take him away from the sheep, and the king and queen and Anastasia. On the whole, he decided he was much better as he was. At least, he could roll the gold pieces down the hill and race after them to the bottom.

Then a splendid idea struck him. To-morrow was the princess's birthday. For a long time, he had been wondering what he could give her. Here was just the thing. What could be better than a heap of the pretty gold pieces to play with? He sat down at once, and bit and bit at the loaf till he had enough of them to fill his bag to overflowing. Bag, loaf, belt, and all, he hid in his hut at the edge of the forest. Then he ate his black bread and cheese, and went back to his sheep, bounding over the boulders for sheer happiness.

As soon as the sheep were settled for the night, he ran to the hut again. Tying the magic belt

about his waist, he took up the bag of gold pieces and trudged off with them across the fields.

In the moonlight the palace towers rose straight and shining. Every window gleamed, darkly outlined. Ivan did not hesitate. He knew quite well which one he wanted. It was the window of the Birthday Room, where once every year all the servants and the shepherds were allowed to come to see Anastasia's presents. To-morrow, he thought, with a catch of his breath, would be the day.

The bulky form of a guard broke the bright wall of the palace ahead. For an instant Ivan shrank back. Then with a smothered laugh he dashed across the grass, underneath the man's very nose. The guard turned sharply. But there was no one to be seen. Palace and park lay bright and still in the moonlight.

Ivan had gained the palace wall. Just as he had remembered, a stout vine with the trunk of a small tree ran up the side to the very window of the Birthday Room. He tried it with his foot. It would have held a man, and it easily bore Ivan, even with a bag of gold. Breathless he climbed, so fast that the vine had barely time to tremble before he was at the top. At his shoulder the casement of the Birthday Room stood ajar. With one tug he swung it open, and leaned across the sill.

Ivan gazed. On broad chests all about the room glimmered jewels and toys for the princess; and in the doorway stood a guard, erect and silent, watching over them. Underneath the window, deep in shadow, was a low, cushioned seat.

Something jangled on the floor, and the guard stooped to pick up a knife fallen from his belt. Instantly, Ivan saw his chance. Holding his bag, bottom up, on the window-seat, he loosened the strings, letting the gold fall in a heap in the black shadow. By the time the guard had adjusted his belt again, Ivan was out of the window, climbing down the vine—but invisible.

Next morning, everything was a-buzz at the palace. The servants and shepherds, filing around the Birthday Room, barely glanced at the gorgeous jewels. Every eye was fixed on a glittering pile of gold pieces in a glass case. They were worth a small fortune, people said. The princess could buy with them anything in the world her heart desired—gorgeous coaches, jewels, or gowns. And the mystery of it was, no one knew who had sent them. They had suddenly appeared in the middle of the night. The whole court was alive with conjectures.

Ivan, filing by with the others, said never a word; but his heart thumped with pride and happiness. Through a half-open door he could see

Anastasia herself, using four of the great, round gold pieces as dishes for her dolls. Ivan beamed. To-morrow, he decided, the princess should have a birthday as well as to-day.

As soon as it was dark, he hurried to his hut, drew out the magic loaf from its hiding-place, and bit and bit till he had a bagful of gold pieces again. Then he put on his invisible belt and ran

swung open; and a bag, jumping unaided from the sill, had emptied itself on the seat below, disappearing through the window again as magically as it had come. At last the king, tired of the mystery, declared that he would keep watch himself.

The eighth night was dark and rainy, and Ivan slipped over the soggy ground. When he

got to the entrance of the park, he realized with a dreadful sinking of his heart that he had forgotten to put on the magic belt. He turned to go back, but the thought of the dismal, stormy walk made him suddenly bold. The palace guards, he reflected, would be keeping close to shelter, a night like this. He could easily escape them and crawl up the vine unsuspected. Once at the window, he had only to watch his chance, pop in the gold, and fly back in the darkness to his sheep.

So Ivan kept on, stealing softly by the guard-house where the lazy soldier lounged half asleep, and crept stealthily up the dripping vine. The window swung open with a creak, and Ivan, frightened, crouched breathless beneath the sill. Two minutes passed. There was a stir behind one of the great curtains. The guard there, whoever he was, was moving. Now perhaps would be the best time.

Ivan reached over and began emptying his bag. A heavy hand seized his collar and dragged him bodily into

the room. By the light of a flickering lantern Ivan found himself face to face with—the king! “Ivan!” exclaimed the king.

There was a pause, Ivan blushing like a culprit with the empty bag trembling in his hands.

The king frowned. “To think that you,” he cried, “my best herdboy, whom I have trusted, should come to steal the gold which a good fairy brings the princess! Well, you have given me good service before this, and I will not treat you harshly now. But go, go at once, and never let me see your face again.”

And with that, he led him down a staircase and thrust him out into the dark.



"IN THE MOONLIGHT THE PALACE TOWERS ROSE STRAIGHT AND SHINING."

to the palace. Everything happened almost as before; and he got away, down the vine, and back to his sheep before any one was the wiser.

On the window-seat next morning, the princess found the shining heap. And if the court had been excited before, now they were in an uproar of astonishment. Hereafter, the king ordered, two guards should stand hidden beside the window to discover who it was that brought the gold.

So, night after night for a week, Ivan left the gold pieces. And morning after morning, the guards reported to the king that no one had been there. The window, they said, had suddenly

Choking and wretched, Ivan ran back to his hut. Gathering up his loaf and belt, he crammed them into his bag, and started off into the world.

"Good-by, my sheep!" he cried; and stooped to fondle the little lamb Anastasia.

"I suppose now," he reflected miserably, "I shall have to be a great lord, after all."

By the time he got to the town, day was breaking. The rain had stopped, and rosy clouds floated across the eastern sky. A sunbeam slanted over the roof tops and shone in Ivan's face. He felt happier all of a sudden; and taking his loaf, he bit a dozen great gold pieces out of it. Then wrapping it up in the magic belt so that no one could see it, he knocked at a cottage door. Inside, he found a warm breakfast, and dried himself off by the fire.

A dazzling scheme slowly unfolded in his mind. As soon as breakfast was done, he went to the coachmaker and ordered a great gold coach; to the tailor and ordered a golden suit; to the hatter for a hat with golden plumes. And when the tradespeople heard the clink of his gold pieces, they were very glad to serve him. Only, the coachmaker added: "A gold coach is nothing without a coat of arms on the door."

"But I have n't any," said Ivan.

"Never mind!" replied the coachmaker, "I will make you one. How did your good luck begin?"

"From a loaf of bread," said Ivan, "and a giant."

So the coachmaker painted and painted on the coach door. When he had finished, there was as fine a coat of arms as you would wish to see—a loaf of bread against a background of gold pieces, and a giant standing up above.

Then six white horses with gold trappings were harnessed to the coach; and six servants in golden livery took their places, two riding ahead, two riding behind, and two sitting up very straight on the box. Ivan stepped inside, all dressed in his golden suit and the hat with the golden plumes. Underneath his arm he carried the giants' loaf wrapped up in the magic belt. (But of course nobody could see that.)

"Drive to the king's palace!" cried Ivan.

So they drove; and all the people along the way were so amazed at the magnificence of the coach, that they ran and told the king that some great prince was coming to visit him. The king dashed to put on his crown; and just as the coach drew up at the palace gate, he was seated on his throne with all his court about him.

Ivan walked up the great hall and bowed low. And all the courtiers bowed in return to the splendid young prince. And then, Ivan threw back his head and told the story of the gold pieces from beginning to end.

For a moment, the king was dumb with astonishment and remorse. Then he spoke. "Ivan," said he, "I have done you a great wrong. If there is anything I can do to make it right, you have only to tell me."

Ivan beamed. "There is only one thing in all the world I want!" he cried, "and that is to have Your Majesty for my father, Her Majesty, the queen, for my mother, and the princess Anastasia for my sister!"

"Where is your real father?" asked the king.

"And where is your mother?" asked the queen.

"Where is your real sister?" cried Anastasia.

But to all these questions the herdboy replied: "I have no father, nor mother, nor sister."

"Very well, then," cried the king, "you are *adopted*! I will be your father, the queen shall be your mother, Anastasia shall be your sister. What is more, in five years and a day, when you are grown-up, you shall marry the princess!"

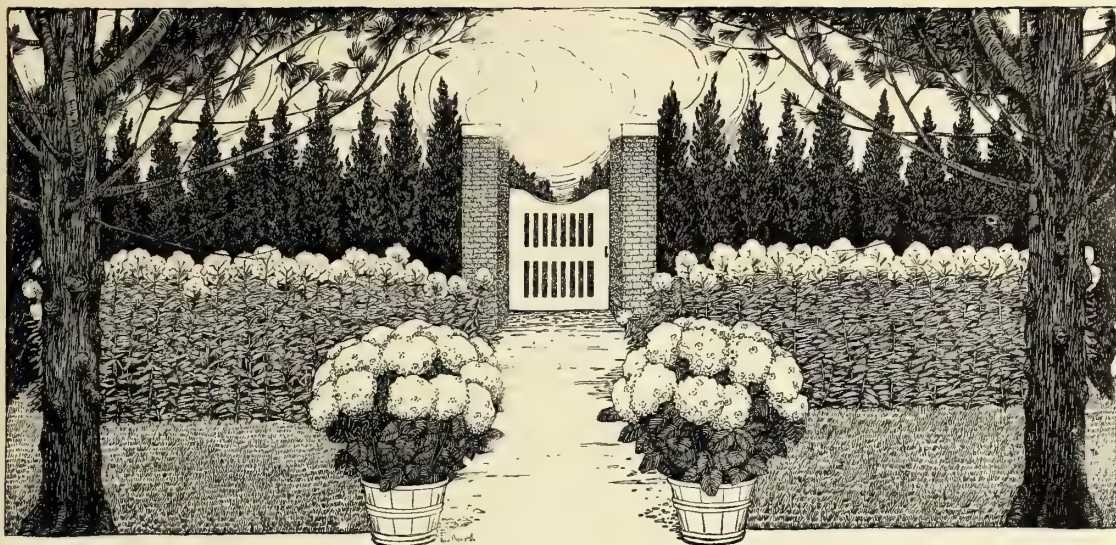
But by the time he got to that part, Ivan and Anastasia were too much excited to hear. The minute he finished, they bowed and curtsied as well-mannered children should, and ran into the courtyard to play tiddledywinks with the gold pieces, over the bread.

Nevertheless, it turned out as the king had said, and in five years and a day, when they were quite grown-up, Ivan and the princess were married. And ever after, in the palace treasury, instead of heaps of gold pieces for robbers to steal, there was nothing but a single loaf of bread.

*Adapted from a
Hungarian folk-tale.*



IVAN IN HIS GOLDEN COACH DRIVING TO THE KING'S PALACE.



GARDEN-MAKING AND SOME OF THE GARDEN'S STORIES

THE STORY OF THE SENTINELS

BY GRACE TABOR

"HALT! Who goes there?"

"Only a small company of zephyrs traveling for pleasure, sir."

"How do I know you are traveling for pleasure? How do I know you are telling the truth?"

"Why, see how small and sweet we are! We could do no harm, if we tried."

"Mmhuh! Perhaps you could not, alone. But how do I know who your associates may be—who may come following after? And what a legion of you might do?"

Really, he was very gruff and threatening, this battle-scarred old veteran; and the zephyrs were just about discouraged, especially as he waved his arms and wagged his head in a most terribly menacing manner. But their leader spoke up once more, after they had urged it, earnestly, for they very much wanted to go on.

"We do not know who may come following after," said he, "for the lanes and highways of the air are free, and who wishes may travel there. But our associates are of the gentlest, we do affirm upon our honor; and the land of our nativity is a land of warmth and friendship."

"Ho-ho-ho!" said the veteran sentinel, bending a bit as he laughed; "ho-ho-ho, ha-ha! Of course

it is!—and of course I know it, my gentle little friends! Otherwise, I 'd have pulled you to pieces a dozen seconds ago!"

They shrank back at that, and no small wonder.

"But now you may come ahead—gently—gently! Not too fast! Not all together, but by ones and twos, and now and then threes, if you are very discreet about it. There—there!—this way for you,—and that way for you—and here, you—go through up there. *That's* the way. You see, I just had to have my fun with you, great travelers that you are! As if I did n't know you, from the first! There you are, now—skedaddle!"

Which was rather hard on their dignity, but they did not stop to complain about that, being altogether too glad of being allowed to proceed. "Whew!" said one, as they resumed their way, "he really could tear us to bits, if he wanted to!"

But, of course, it is never the gentle zephyrs of summer-time, such as these were, that merit being torn to bits. It is only the boisterous, threatening, bullying winds of winter that deserve such destruction, the great, rushing, roaring destroyers that seek to force their way where they are not wanted. These are the enemies whom the sentinels slay, rending them asunder.

So it would seem that they are very good sentinels to post, wherever these wicked winds can do harm, and that is just what every one who has tried them has found them to be. The small gardener we have been hearing about, for example, has the happiest and strongest and most beautiful flowers that ever grew anywhere, because every plant in his garden lives in the joy of peace and security maintained by General Pine-tree and his troops, who have been watching over the place where this garden is, ever since years before the gardener was big enough to have a garden.

The "watchfulness" of all kinds of evergreens is one of the things that the really great gardener—the gardener who is gifted with a special insight and talent for gardening—turns to his own and his garden's advantage; whereas the make-believe gardener, paying no attention to it, goes along never getting so much as a hint from it, and consequently losing all the advantage. For evergreens will help so much, if we give them the chance by simply planting them; help to make the garden snug and secure, to bring spring early, and to hold summer late; and help to make all the plants in the garden stronger and lustier by making their conditions of life so generally favorable.

Because this is the time now to plant evergreens, if you decide to give them the guardianship of your garden, I want to tell you something about them, and about the ones you will like the best, and about the ones that will serve you best, and make the best soldier-sentinels. Suppose we begin with the great General White-pine-tree himself, that fine old warrior who keeps watch and ward over the garden of the small sage, and on how many, many other gardens besides, all over the length and breadth of our land. What is he like? And is his service good?

Very many, I am sure, know already what he is like, how beautiful and straight and regular his growth is, until he is, oh! perhaps half a century old. Then he changes considerably; but how fine and rugged and picturesque he grows to be, when he leaves his youth and careful dandyism behind. Whatever his age indeed, he is a handsome fellow, belonging to a handsome family. Indeed, he is the handsomest member of it, to my way of thinking. And of that we are very glad, of course, for he is a true American, and it is very nice to use our own American trees and shrubs generally, when we can.

Pines are all very distinctly needle trees; and the needles of white pines are grouped in fives. As they are long and not stiff, the tree has a very light, soft look always, in spite of its branches being rugged and sometimes twisted. You will

very readily see that this density of needle-leaf, that sifts and divides and rips apart the fiercest blasts of wind, makes the white pine an especially good sentinel tree to guard the garden or anything one may wish to protect.

But because it is the habit of a pine-tree to shed the lower branches when the change of maturity comes, you will see with equal readiness that where continuous protection near the ground is the end aimed at, some other kind of sentinel must be chosen, some kind of a tree that will always be dense and thick and impenetrable from the ground up. Or else something of this kind must be planted in front of the pines, to fill in at their feet when they shall have lost their lower branches.

So instead of General Pine-tree and his troops, it may be well to call on the even more military-seeming arbor-vitæ—sturdy little "trees of life" indeed, in their vivid green uniforms,—alert, smart, and dependable. Arbor-vitæ always remain dense and thick right down to the ground, and where it is just a small garden that you wish to shelter, there are really no better guardians for it than they. We seldom see them more than fifteen feet high, usually much less; and we may safely count on their growing no higher than this in a garden, although they grow in the forests, sometimes, much taller.

There is a third kind of sentinel tree that you must know about, for possibly neither of these two may suit the soil or the location where you may want to post a few such guardians. This is the hemlock—airy and graceful in its waving branches, but strong and reliable, and growing up toward the sky quite a hundred feet in its natural forests or "stands." Botanists have named the hemlock trees "Tsuga," which is what the Japanese have always called them, and which is pronounced, by the way, exactly as it looks. You could not say it wrong if you tried, unless you made the G soft, which I am sure you would not think of doing.

Tall and stately tree that it is, it is still one of the very finest things to plant where a low-growing screen is needed, for the reason that it can be trimmed and sheared without hurting it a bit. And when it is trained in this way, it makes a hedge so thick and warm and snug that even a gentle, perfectly well-behaved zephyr will hardly work its way through it. And what a warm, safe refuge such a growth makes for storm-driven little birds in winter, besides being the garden's faithful protector!

Hedges are sometimes made of the white pine too, and often of arbor-vitæ, and of several other evergreens; but of them all, hemlock is my

choice, because it forms a more even surface when sheared. Pine, being of a more open growth naturally, does not fill up so well at the surface; and there are consequently openings, or "pits," that break up its smoothness, even though it is dense and thick. Arbor-vitæ fills nicely and gives an even surface, but this grows so close and snug when not sheared at all, that I much prefer it left to go its own way, even when the plants are set as close as hedge-plants—which means one foot apart, if they are small evergreens. And of course only small ones should be used in planting a hedge, because they must grow up together, and "lock arms" all the way along as they grow. Plants that are already pretty well up and *out* at the sides, will not do this even if they are planted close. Instead, they will just crowd each other, and, in time, kill off, each on the other, those branches that do the crowding. So choose plants not a bit more than fifteen inches across at their widest part, to set in a hedge-row at the distance of one foot apart. And then, from this, extend the idea farther, into a rule to be applied to all kinds of planting—flowers, shrubs, and both deciduous and evergreen trees. Here it is: Never set plants nearer together than just to touch at their widest part, *at the time of planting*.

In order to do this, you will see at once that you must always choose plants *small* enough to fit together and only just touch, when they are planted as close as you have planned to have them. For example, if you were going to "forest" a space anywhere with a number of trees which you wish to have stand from four to six feet apart at their maturity—near enough together, in other words, to make a natural woods—it would be necessary to select young trees that were small enough around in their tops to stand only four feet apart without more than touching. Then as they grew they would naturally and comfortably adjust themselves to each other; whereas larger trees that crowded at the time of planting would elbow and shove, and the strongest would overbear the weak, and the planting would never look natural and harmonious.

Of arbor-vitæ, however, which grow naturally slender and like tall pyramids, it is possible to make a fine, dense screen without any delay, by using them quite tall, say four feet, and still planting them only from twenty to thirty inches apart. Their slimness makes this close massing possible, where with either the pine or the hemlock, a much lower and therefore smaller tree would have to be used, if they were to go into the ground only thirty inches apart.

Now as to the kind of place that each of these three kinds of militia prefer, there is first of all

this to be said: they are not, any one of them, *over* particular. General Pine-tree and his battalions troop over great areas and form pure forests where the soil is sandy and, therefore, well drained. In soil that is perhaps not quite so meager, they mingle in small groups with the deciduous forests; and they scatter here and there on the banks of streams sometimes, but, with the exception of one or two varieties, almost never where the *soil itself* is moist. So it is poverty rather than riches that they prefer, evidently; and a light soil rather than a clay. But they are accommodating; and within reasonable limits, the white pine especially will take up its work in almost any situation, and live and thrive and adapt itself to it.

Arbor-vitæ go to the other extreme, taking possession completely of swampy grounds, and forming themselves into pure forests there, or scattering along rocky banks of streams, where there is plenty of moisture. So in a very light, sandy soil, it would hardly do to expect them to grow; but in any ordinary loam, or even in a poor clay, which, of course, retains moisture as a sandy soil cannot, they will grow nicely, even though not as luxuriously as in their native swamps and moist places.

Hemlocks climb the steep slopes of narrow gorges where deep rivers flow, and take as complete possession of such impossible places as the arbor-vitæ do of the swamps, or the pines of the sandy places; and they scatter themselves through forests on hillsides or mountains, yet they like moisture always in the soil about them. So you may be sure that it is not generally sandy soil they are growing in—of course not!—for such locations never are sandy. But any soil at all will serve a hemlock, indeed, save a sandy one, and this only because it does not contain moisture. It is not, in other words, rich earth that these seek, but cool, moist root support.

These are the preferences, but in any garden soil where flowers and vegetables will grow, pines and arbor-vitæ and hemlocks all will grow too. Only the pines will be better if it tends toward light and dry, the hemlocks if it is heavy.

From early in August to the middle of September is generally the best time for planting these trees, for by August they have stopped growing at the top, and are yet enough awake to form new roots and settle themselves into their new quarters nicely before winter sets in. But the planting is a serious matter; and you must know just how to do it, and have everything quite ready when you start, if you are to do it successfully and without hurting the young trees.

You will remember that anything that is

transplanted from where it is growing to some other spot where you want it to grow, must be put into the earth, when you move it, just as nearly as possible exactly as it came out of the earth—just as deep down, and with the roots taking the same directions that they originally took when they branched off; and all packed into the earth just as tight as they had packed themselves when they worked their way through it. Well, evergreens are just the same as all other plants in this respect—only more so! Indeed, their roots must not even be uncovered at all in the transplanting, which seems a well-nigh impossible thing to accomplish, and would be quite impossible if the scheme of digging up a great ball of earth large enough to contain the roots had not been hit upon by the people who raise these trees to sell.

Never buy evergreens that you do not *know* are to have this root-ball of earth shipped to you with the tree, held securely in place by being covered with a burlap case or bag, sewed up around it. For there is absolutely no other way of packing evergreens that will sufficiently protect their roots, no matter what any one may say. This is because the roots of evergreens, being resinous, must never be allowed to dry the *least bit* in the world; for once dry even a little, the resin in them makes them harden hopelessly, and they die—and so does the tree. It is to keep this from happening more than to avoid disturbing the roots, that the earth-ball must be kept intact; and must not, even as they are planted, be allowed to fall away from them.

So the first thing to do, when you are ready to begin setting out a pine or an arbor-vitæ, or any of the great tribe of conifers—that is, trees that produce cones—is to dig and prepare the hole where the specimen is to go. Make it as deep as the root-ball—which you are to leave sewed up in its burlap, remember, until you are quite ready to put the tree in place—and a little bit larger around. Loosen the earth all over the bottom of it for three or four inches farther down, and level it nicely. Then bring the tree which is to be planted here, close up alongside the hole, with the earth-ball partly over the hole and resting on its edge so that it will slip down into it when the tree is raised upright.

Now cut the strings that hold the burlap in place on top of the ball, slip it down and around under the earth-ball, and bring it close up against the edge of the hole where the earth-ball rests; slowly and carefully lift the tree upright, letting its ball of roots rest against the edge of the hole for a fulcrum all the time, and supporting it

carefully so it will not slip—and when it is at last erect, the earth-ball and roots will be in the midst of the hole just where they ought to be, the burlap can be pulled out very easily from between the roots and the side of the hole, and all that remains to be done is the filling in.

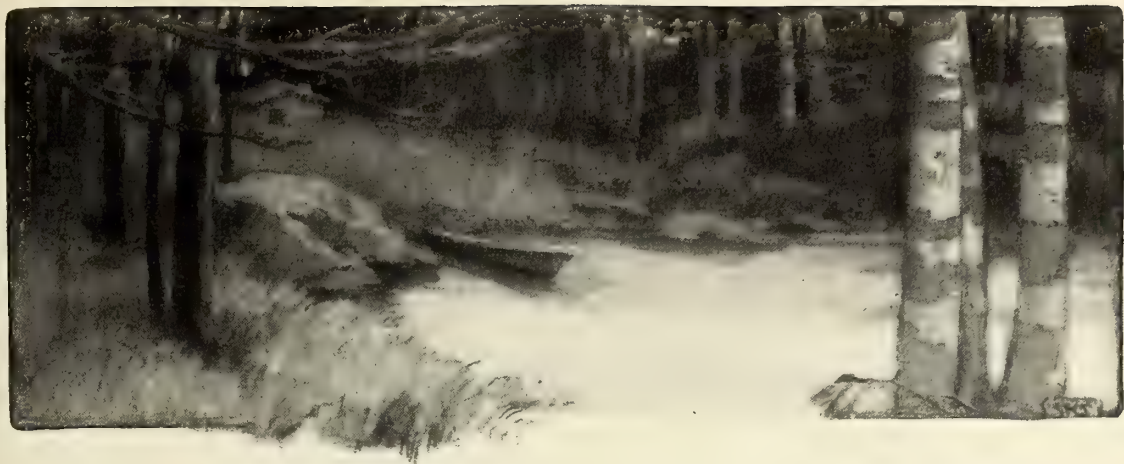
This must be done very thoroughly, for unless it is, the tree will not be firm, and will tip over. Use nice, fine earth, and tamp it down with a round-headed stick, from away down at the bottom of the hole up, taking plenty of time and working slowly, to be sure of doing it well. When this entire ring is filled to within two inches of the top, pour a painful of water into it slowly and gently, at one side. Wait until this has settled entirely out of sight, then fill in the rest of the earth until the ground is quite level—and the work is done. But a light mulch of grass clippings or hay must go on the ground over the roots, to prevent the sun from baking these, for the rest of the summer; and a thick mulch in the fall, after the ground has frozen, to keep it from thawing out.

Just about now, you will find the seedlings of maple and beeches and elms, or whatever trees may be in the neighborhood, grown into quite sturdy little plants. These you may often transplant without hurting them at all, and if there is any you particularly want, I should advise trying it—a little later. Mark them now so you may know where they are, and dig around them to loosen the earth so they will grow fibrous rooted. Then when the leaves are shed in the fall, dig them up with all the earth you can, and set them out where you want them.

If there are evergreen seedlings that you want to move, wait until midwinter and the ground is frozen. Then chop out the block of earth in which they grow with a hatchet, making it a little larger across than the width of the tree, and *deep* as one third the tree's height, or one half, if it is a small tree. Then fit this block of earth into a hole chopped out for it, and it is quite possible your little tree will never know it has changed residence when it wakes up in the springtime.

Of course it is along the north side of the garden usually that protective planting should be placed; but sometimes the lay of the land is such that better protection will be afforded by putting it somewhere else. This you must decide about yourself. And if there is not room right next to your garden to plant them, even at some distance away they will be effective, for anywhere between it and the rough blasts of winter they will pull these to pieces and sift them, and thus temper and rob them of their destructive power.

(To be concluded.)



THE HOUSEKEEPING ADVENTURES OF THE JUNIOR BLAIRS

BY CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON

Author of "A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl," "Margaret's Saturday Mornings," etc.

GOOD THINGS BOYS CAN COOK IN CAMP

"I 've a nice long vacation ahead of me," announced Father Blair at breakfast, one hot summer morning, "and I 've set my heart on going to Maine on a camping trip. I don't want any guide to take care of me, yet I do need some one who will help me cook. I had thought of asking you to go, Jack, but as 'boys don't cook'—of course—"

"Oh, but they do camp cooking!" Jack exclaimed enthusiastically; "all sorts of things—bacon, and fried eggs, and corn-bread—"

"But, you see, you can't make any of those, and my digestion being delicate, I don't feel that I can be experimented upon," said his father, with a twinkle in his eye. "Now if only you had taken lessons all these months as the girls have, I might consider taking you."

"I 'll learn right off, honestly I will! I 'll begin this very day. And I can make cheese dreams, and—and boil eggs, now."

"How long do you boil them, Jack?"

"Till they 're done!" said Jack, triumphantly.

Father Blair went off laughing, and said he was afraid he would n't be able to stand his son's cooking.

Jack spent a nervous day. Would his father really take him to Maine, to the camp in the woods he had always heard about, where his father and his men friends went nearly every year? Or would he be left at home merely because he

did not know how to cook? At last he consulted his mother.

"I think Father will surely take you," she said comfortingly; "and he is just pretending about the cooking; he can do all kinds of camp cookery beautifully, and up there he will teach you himself how to make things."

So, sure enough, in just a week, Jack and his father were off for the woods of Maine, to a lake where the fishing was wonderful. They had a little log-cabin to sleep in, with a lean-to for their stores and cooking things, and there was a circle of stones, all blackened from other fires, where they could cook out of doors. The trees ran right down to the water's edge, and it was so still, and cool, and lovely that, if they had not been so hungry, they could have sat and looked out at the lake for hours. As it was, as soon as they were settled and the guide had paddled off, they decided to have supper at once.

The first thing was to make a fire, and Jack brought an armful of twigs and began to lay them in the stone fireplace.

"No, that 's not the way," said his father. "There are several kinds of camp-fires, and the one we want to-night is the quick one. You must get two green sticks, about three feet long, with crotches at the top, and stick them well into the ground so they will cross at the top; then you can fill the kettle with water and hang it up, two feet from the fire, and under it you arrange loosely some very dry small twigs; have some

larger ones at hand to put on as they burn up; that makes a hot, quick fire; some campers call it a 'wigwam' fire, because they build it up in that pointed shape. To-night, however, the first thing to do is to start the coffee; this is the way to make it:

While the coffee was making, they cut a large slice of ham from the whole one they had brought with them, and after the frying-pan was heated on the coals, they put this in it to cook. Then Jack got out four eggs to have them ready, while Father Blair gave him this simple rule:

HAM AND EGGS

Cut off the rind; when the pan is hot, put the meat in; turn often; season with pepper. Take up, put on a hot dish, and cover; break the eggs into the hot fat, and when they are set, turn each one carefully over and brown it.

"You cook bacon exactly in this way, too; only you must be careful not to cook it too long; you take it up when it is still transparent and before it turns to dry chips. Now, if you will get out the cups and sugar and condensed milk, and the bread and butter, supper will be ready."

They slept that night rolled up in their blankets in the bunks built in the cabin walls, and very early in the morning they were singing and their little lungs. When they had had a dip in the lake and the fire was burning brightly and the kettle was on, Jack said he wanted more ham and eggs for breakfast.

"Not a bit of it!" said his father. "We are too far from civilization to have eggs every day; remember, the guide will not be back for a week with any more, and we must be saving of these. This morning we will have bacon—lots of it—and corn-cakes; by dinner-time, if we have any sort of luck, we shall have some fish to fry."

As they had two frying-pans, Jack used the smaller one on one side of the fire for the bacon, while his father, after mixing the cakes, baked them in the larger one. As the strips of bacon grew a little brown and curly, Jack took them up one by one and kept them hot till the cakes and coffee were ready too.



THE FIRST SUPPER IN CAMP.

CAMP COFFEE

- 1 pint of cold water.
- 3 heaping table-spoonfuls of ground coffee.

As soon as the water bubbles, and before it really boils, take the kettle off and let it stand for ten minutes where it is hot. Pour a table-spoonful of cold water down the spout to settle it."



"'JACK, WHILE WE ARE EATING, I 'LL TELL YOU A TRUE STORY.'" (SEE PAGE 932.)

"Put the bacon fat from the pan and save it, Father, as Jack finished the last piece. "It's the best thing in the world to cook in in camp, for it flavors everything just as you want it. We'll need all we can get of it. And here's your recipe for the cakes."

CORN-CAKES

- ½ pint of corn-meal.
- ¼ pint of flour.
- 1 rounded teaspoonful of baking-powder.
- 1 rounded teaspoonful of sugar.
- ½ teaspoonful of salt.

Mix all together, and then gently add cold water and stir till you have a thick batter. Have ready a hot frying-pan, well greased, and put the batter in in spoonfuls; they will run together as they bake, but you can cut them apart; turn them over and brown on the under side.

After breakfast, they heated some water and washed up all the dishes, made their beds, and picked everything up around the cabin. Jack hated to waste time doing this, he was in such a hurry to go fishing, but his father would not leave till it was all done. "Campers often let things go," he said, "and soon the whole place is

full of empty tin cans, and half-burned sticks, and all sorts of rubbish, and it's a horrid place to live in. You'll find it pays to keep everything about a camp in decent shape. But now we will get off."

The lake was full of bass, and long before noon they had several fine ones, enough for two meals. "Some day soon we will go into the deep woods and fish for trout," said Father Blair. "This is too easy; trout-fishing is the real sport for us."

Then Jack had his first lesson in scaling and cleaning a fish, and found it no joke; however, after a time it went more easily, and then his father left him, to make a new kind of fire.

"This is what I call a lasting fire," he said. "The quick kind we made first goes out too soon to leave a bed of coals which we need to bake with. This is the way I do: I make a little pile of twigs just as before, but close up to a rock; then I stand several large sticks up in front and lean them back so they rest on the rock—so; then, as they burn, they fall down into the twig-fire and make coals. By adding wood from time to time I could keep this for hours. Now for my oven!"

He dug a hole about eight inches deep and a foot long right under the edge of the fire, and

was soon able to fill it with hot coals. "When that is hot, say in ten minutes, I shall take the coals out and put my potatoes in."

BAKED POTATOES

Wash potatoes of even size; put them in the oven under the fire, cover with ashes, and put coals on top; new potatoes will cook in half an hour, old ones in forty minutes.

"Now how is your fish getting on? Luckily you don't have to scale all our fish; some you can skin, and some, like trout, you simply clean and cook just as they are. This is the way you do a good-sized fish:

BROILED FISH

Scale or skin, clean, and wipe dry. Spread open the broiler and rub the wires with bacon rind or pork; cut the head off and split the fish open down the back, and lay it in; hold the broiler over the coals and turn it often; sprinkle with salt and pepper."

It was only a moment before the fish began to sizzle deliciously, and by the time it was done, the potatoes were done too, and white as snow after their black coats had been taken off. Together they made a wonderful meal, and there was enough fish left for supper.

WARMED-OVER FISH

- I pint of fish.
- I pint of hot mashed potato.
- I beaten egg.
- Salt and pepper.

Use any kind of cooked fish, removing the skin and bones. Mix the ingredients, make into little cakes, and fry brown in a little hot fat.

BOILED POTATOES

Choose those which are the same size, so they will all be done at once. Peel them, dropping each one in cold water till all are done, and then put them in a pot of boiling, salted water, and cook gently half an hour. When soft, pour off the water, stand the pot, uncovered, close to the fire, and let them get dry. Eat them with salt and butter as they are, or mash them in the kettle, adding the same seasoning.

Jack cooked these, and mixed the cakes and got them all ready to brown. "What else are we going to have, Father Blair?" he asked anxiously. "I don't think these will be half enough."

"I think I feel just like pancakes," said his father, throwing down the book he had been reading. "I hope there's plenty of that prepared flour, Jack. I think I shall want about six cakes; how many will you need?"

Jack said he thought he could manage with eight, if they were pretty good-sized.

PANCAKES

Take two cups of prepared flour and mix with water (or use half water and half condensed milk) until it makes a batter like thick cream. Have ready a hot, greased frying-pan; pour in the batter from a small pitcher.

"Sometimes I have these instead of bread to eat with meat, and then we have gravy on them. Then sometimes we have maple-syrup, and call them dessert."

"Syrup for me!" said Jack, struggling to turn his fish-cakes without breaking them. "But I didn't know you were so much of a cook, Father."

"Jack, while we are eating, I'll tell you a true story, one of the dark secrets of my eventful life; that will explain to you why I believe a man should know how to cook."

So when the pancakes were finished and Jack had time to listen, his father told him the story of how, when they were first married, the Blairs had taken a trip across the prairie, and had camped a long way from a town; how Mother Blair had been taken ill and could not do the cooking, and poor Father Blair had to do everything for her and himself too, and did not know how to cook an egg, or make a cup of tea, or a bit of toast; and what a time it was! "I tell you, Jack, after that was over, I went to work and learned how to do a few things; and now, as you say," he added complacently, "I'm quite a cook. And the sooner you learn to cook, the better, for some day you'll need to know how; all men do."

"S'pose so," Jack murmured thoughtfully.

The next day was perfect for trout-fishing, so they started early with some lunch, and went back into the deep woods where there was a brown stream all full of little rocks and hollows, and there Jack took his first lesson in fly-fishing, and at night he was the proudest of boys when they looked at their basket of speckled beauties, four of which he had caught. It was great fun to cook them too, when they got back to camp.

SMALL FISH, BROILED

Clean the fish; put them on a green stick, passing it through their gills; put a slice of bacon or salt pork between each two fish; have a hot bed of coals, and hold them over this till done, turning often.

Several of the larger ones they strung on a string and put away in a dark, cool place among the rocks, and kept them till the next day, when they cooked them in a different way, and had

PANNED FISH

Clean the fish; cut off the heads and break the spines, to keep them from curling as they cook. Put three slices of bacon or pork into a frying-pan, and, when this is done, take it out and put in the fish; cook quickly and turn often.

One day a rain-storm came on, so they could not go fishing, but had to stay in and play games and read and write letters. At noon, they went to a sheltered corner of the rocks and made a quick fire, where the rain could not reach it, and cooked their dinner; they had

CORNEED-BEEF HASH

- 1 can of corneed beef.
- 1 onion.
- 2 large cups of cold boiled potato.
- Pepper and dry mustard.

Cook the onion, after slicing it fine, in a little fat. Chop the potatoes and beef and add these, with the seasoning; when the under side is brown, turn it like an omelet.

For supper they had to go to their stores again; this time they had

STEAMED SALMON

Turn the salmon into a dish; take out the bones and fat, and pour away the juice; season with salt and pepper; put in a covered can and stand in a kettle of boiling water till very hot.

"We 'll have fried potatoes with the salmon, Jack. Can you make those all alone?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Jack, who by this time could do a great many things.

FRIED POTATOES

Slice cooked or raw potatoes; heat a frying-pan, put in enough fat to cover the bottom when melted, and cook the potatoes till brown; scrape them up from the bottom often, so they will not burn.

The potatoes and salmon made a very good supper, but Jack was not sorry to hear that, when

the guide made his weekly visit the next day, he would bring eggs and milk and vegetables.

"And I 'm going to send for a little light sheet-iron stove made especially for campers," said Mr. Blair. "Then we 'll have real corn-bread, and



"THE NEXT DAY WAS PERFECT FOR FISHING."

baked fish, and biscuits. Don't you want to learn to make biscuits like Mildred's, Jack?"

Jack grew red all through his tan as he looked at his father's teasing face.

"Well," he said doubtfully, "I suppose biscuits are all right, and I 'll learn to make them if you say so. But, Father, you won't want me ever to make cake or desserts, will you? I draw the line there!"

"We 'll see!" laughed his father. "Perhaps you 'll change your mind about that, some day."

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

ANDREW LANG—COLLECTOR
OF FAIRY TALES

"A FAIRY in our midst, the wonderful, incorporeal, tricky fay of letters," that is the way one of his oldest friends, Edmund Gosse, spoke of Andrew Lang, who gathered so many fairy tales into his rainbow group of books, beginning with "The Blue Fairy Tale Book." Rainbows were his special line, too, for in another place Gosse speaks of his "building his house on a rainbow," by which he probably means that the wonderful Scot was inclined to a romantic, brilliant, and airy feeling about life and this world, and that he much preferred the shimmer of lovely fantasy to the sober browns and grays of what most people call real life.

Lang was born in 1844, at Selkirk, one of the old border towns of Scotland, lying on Ettrick Water, some miles above that stream's junction with the Tweed. In the old days of border warfare, Selkirk suffered desperate losses, and though it dates from far back in the earliest part of the twelfth century, it has no ancient buildings left to it, fire and destruction having swept castle and fortress away long since. Many a wild troop of Highlanders rode through its streets, clashing with the hated English, and its old market-place has seen bloody massacres. Now it is a fair and peaceful burg, stretched along its shining water, with hills rising around it. Most of the inhabitants are now busy with the very Scotch business of making plaids and tartans, its oldest occupation, shoe-making, having died out.

Andrew was a great lover of books, and even as a boy had usually some volume of poetry or romance in his hands, in which he was like Sir Walter Scott. After his school-days were over, he continued his education, first at the Edinburgh Academy, then at St. Andrews University, and later he became a student at Balliol College, Oxford. But it was always St. Andrews that he loved, the little gray town on the North Sea, given up to college and golf, a simple, picturesque place under the brooding ruins of the fine cathedral and old castle. In the shadow of this cathedral Lang is buried; and, as many of you know, St. Andrews is the original home of golf,—of all games the one that he loved best.

Among Lang's not so distant ancestors were gipsies, and no doubt something of their fervid

and wandering spirit endured in their descendant. He has written a poem to these gipsy forebears, and perhaps you 'd like to read it here:

Ye wanderers that were my sires,
Who read men's fortunes in their hand,
Who voyaged with your smithy fires
From waste to waste across the land,
Why did you leave for garth and town
Your life by heath and river's brink,
Why lay your gipsy freedom down,
And doom your child to Pen and Ink?

There is no doubt that there was too much "pen and ink" in Lang's life. He died, "jaded by the toil of writing many things." Indeed, if you look over a list of his books and stories, his prefaces to other people's books, his poems on a thousand topics, his special articles and essays, it will seem to you that there was nothing he did n't, somehow or other, write about.

Lang was a man good to look upon, tall, slender, active of build, with a fine, rather small head topped with a quantity of hair that began early to turn gray, and was white long before his death. His face was dominated by a pair of singularly brilliant eyes, dark and large; he wore a dark mustache, and there was something keen and vivid to all his features, as well as a flicker of humor. That humor was uncertain and freakish, impelling him constantly to the saying of sharp, witty things. He was, as some one once said of him, like a Persian cat, who looked all softness and purring amiability, inviting caresses, and then suddenly flashed out claws, while his eyes snapped. He simply could n't help giving a scratch if the opportunity presented, but usually half in play. For, under this tricky humor, there was a charm and a warmth which kept his friends loving him through it all; as for himself, he was incapable of bearing malice, so quick to forgive, so ready to smile, he seemed but the more adorable for an occasional pin-prick of temper.

G. K. Chesterton, another friend, said that Andrew was the one man who could be in five places at once, and surely that was like a fairy. He liked so many things, and liked each so intensely, that it was almost a case of transformation. There was Lang the fisherman. None so keen as he, none so wise as to hook and fly and pool, none so clever at catching the shining prey, or so enthusiastic in discussing the art. He was known by most of the wild streams of Scotland,

and probably many a quiet-eyed old man who had never left his native village knew him only as an angler, and a master at the sport.

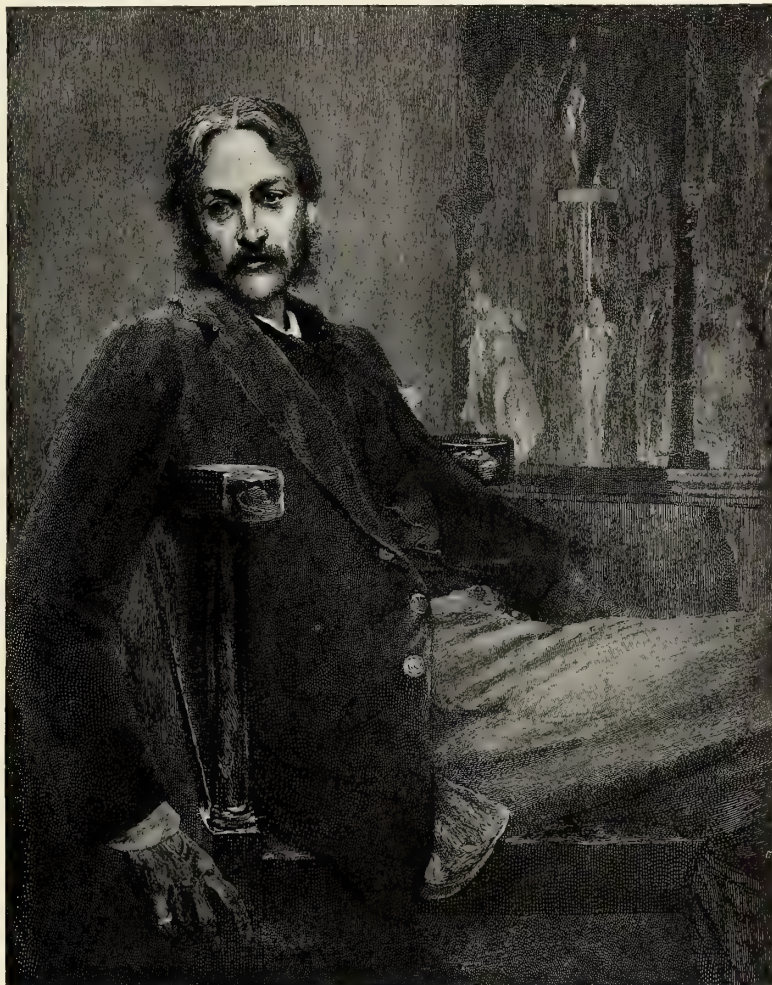
And as to golf—why, golf was the main business of life, when it came to that. So at least you would have thought to see him off for the links, with those luminous eyes shining through the Scotch mist that veiled the rolling greens, while he matched his skill against the finest players of the land. And yet, how about cricket? Could any one love that game better, or play it with such happy fervor?

Was n't he in five places at once? And these are but the beginning of the long list of his interests. There was his passion for collecting blue china, almost as absorbing as his love for fairy tales. And no one knew his Homer better than the scholarly Scot. Then, he was a great mythologist, a member (and later president) of the London Folk-Lore Society, many of whose staid members he used to startle by his humorous and graphic views on the beginnings of history and the habits of savages. Jack of all trades, this fantastic Andrew; but as it appeared, master of all trades, too!

Surely the prince of men to collect fairy tales! That elfish, adventurous spirit of his was kin to the "little people," who must have been present when he was born, to wish him all the good fairy wishes. Perhaps the bad fairy was there too, but the worst she seems able to have done is to have kept him from being quite human. For more than one of his friends complained that something or other, what it might be no one was positive, but something essentially belonging to mortal man, had been left out of Andrew Lang.

He would never listen to anything disagreeable, nor talk about any one he did n't like. If such a topic or person were mentioned, he would cry, "I never heard of it" (or of him), and that was all there was to be got out of him. There

was a sort of serious writing which Lang never cared for. What he looked for in books was romance and adventure, some hint of fairy doing, be it by man, or woman, or fay. He would make all kinds of fun of writers on grave subjects, and many people got quite vexed with him because he did n't like authors they thought ought



ANDREW LANG.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HOLLYER.

to be liked, particularly by a literary man. But Lang would go right on making jokes, for he loved to tease, and not bothering himself in the least if he were n't approved of.

He was fond of dogs, especially of the noble Airedale, and he liked to have beautiful things about him, though he could rough it in true Highland fashion when necessary. There never was a harder worker, as the immense amount he wrote shows plainly, especially when you re-

member that he did so much else besides write. Volumes fell from him as leaves fall from a tree, and whatever he did was well done.

His first journey into fairy-land was with a book of his own, the story of the "Princess Nobody." Those of you who have read it, and I hope most of you have, know what a delectable tale it is, how adorable a little princess was the heroine, and how filled with fairy charm the whole story.

Lang knew he was a good deal like a fairy, and once he wrote the following little stanza to Robert Louis Stevenson. It was written when he was n't very well, when he was more tired than usual, and it was said of him that he "was always shy, and almost always tired." Here is the poem:

Faith, they might steal me, wi' my will,
And, ken'd I ony Fairy hill,
I'd lay me down there, snod and still,
Their land to win;
For, man, I've maistly had my fill
O' this world's din.

You know the old belief, that if any one wandered on a fairy hill and lay down there to sleep, the fairies would take him prisoner and lead him away to their own land. One is half tempted to fancy that this shy, proud, romance-loving Scot, with the fantastic humor, the hatred of mortal

sadness and wrong, and the playful mischief that marked him, must at least have dozed a moment on such a hill, and become a sort of prisoner at large to the little people. That would really explain him, who was often said to be quite unexplainable, even by such as knew him best and longest and loved him most.

He began as a poet, and had high ambitions of becoming a true ballad writer. But his age was not given to song, so that gradually, as his poetry failed to meet with any enthusiastic welcome, he dropped it, though he wrote graceful verse all his life. But for you who are young he was simply the teller of fairy tales, tales that had been told in all the corners of the world and in all ages. He never grew weary of hunting these stories down, and of seeking the oldest and truest versions. It can be truly said that he angled for a fairy story quite as patiently and energetically as ever he did for a trout or a salmon, and that 's saying a lot.

Many a lost story he brought back for our delight, many a story that was hidden away in some foreign tongue. You cannot do better than take one of his enchanting books home with you the next time you go to the library, and to remember that the man who put it there in print for your pleasure was as close kin to fairy folk as the world is apt to see.

THE HIDDEN TRAIL

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THERE 's a little trail to happiness, and, lad, we two have found it,
It is overgrown with brambles; there are wee wild flowers around it.
It 's a little trail, and hidden, far from all the trodden places.
If you set out, two in springtime, you are sure to find its traces.

There are no trees blazed on the little trail to happiness;
There is no sign raised; no footsteps can be seen.
No guide is there to tell how to find the trail you 're seeking;
But you 're apt to stumble on it, when the woods 'are green.

When the woods are wet with April, and the sap is pushing, singing,
When your feet are wild with waiting, and the new green vines are clinging,
If you set out, two together, and your hearts are light with laughter,
You will find the little trail that all the world is seeking after.

There are no trees blazed, on the little trail to happiness,—
The wild, sweet trail, where the wood-vines twist and cling;
There are no blazed trees; and there is no guide to show it;
But by two and two we find it, when the woods are gay with spring.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

THE ADVENTURES OF ARABELLA

I. THE ADVENTURE OF THE BIG WAVE

BY HELEN PECK

ARABELLA was in-de-struct-i-ble. That means that the lovely pink of her cheeks would not wash off, that her hair was safe to brush, that her arms and legs might be waved about without any fear of their coming apart. And when you have heard all the wonderful things which happened to her, you will agree with me that it was a very good thing she was so well made.

Arabella came to live with the Means family on the day that Martha was six years old; and her little mother loved her dearly in just two minutes. She never stopped loving her, either. Mothers never do.

Arabella looked very much like Martha. Her dresses were just like Martha's, too, cunning gingham and dimities, with a lovely white organdie for parties. She had a coat for traveling, and two hats, and black, white, and tan shoes and stockings. So, you see, she was ready for all sorts of things to happen.

The very next day after she came, her little mother and her aunty were planning a trip to the beach, for all day.

"Oh! Now, my dear Arabella may go too, may n't she, Aunty?" exclaimed Martha. "Oh, goody! Arabella, my darling, you are going to see the ocean for the very first time in your whole life! I shall be so in-ter-est-ed to know



"HER LITTLE MOTHER LOVED HER DEARLY."

what you think about it! Come now, love, and let Mother put on your pretty shade hat with the pink rose. There, is n't that just lovely with the checkered gingham, Aunty?"

Aunty said "Yes, indeed!" and Arabella seemed quite glad that she was pleas-



"Dear me Arabella!" said Martha's Mother

ing them, on her very first day. They went in the cars for a long ride, and then Arabella in her mother's arms was taken down to the shining beach, and right out close to the ocean.

It stretched far, far off, just little waves with sunshine dancing on them as far as one could see. Some great boats were sailing slowly along over near the edge of things. The air was fresh and salty. Hundreds of people were splashing in the waves near shore. Dozens of children were digging and romping on the sandy beach or wading in the curly edges of the waves.

"Now, Arabella dearest," said Martha, "the first thing I'll do is to make you a beautiful place here in the sand where you can sit and be per-fect-ly comfy and watch everything."

So she took her little shovel and dug a hole in the sand. Then she gathered smooth, shiny shells, and made a border all around so it would look like a pretty park. And soon Arabella was seated there in state to watch the fun on the beach, and looking almost as happy as Martha herself.

That was all very well for a while. But you know when the tide comes in, the waves grow bigger and bigger. And all of a sudden came Arabella's adventure. Up sailed a wave much higher than any other, right over poor Arabella's head!

And that is not all. It filled the hollowed place where she sat, and as it rolled back again, out sailed Arabella, too!

Up she bounced and down she sank. Like a cork she bobbed on top of the waves. Farther and farther from shore she sailed. It had all happened so quickly that she had no time to feel afraid.

Fortunately, Martha's aunty chanced to look that way, and spied her. At the same instant, Martha saw what had happened, and screamed: "Oh! OH! My darling! My Arabella!"

A gentleman near by in his bathing suit jumped up, and spied the little figure sailing out to sea. He plunged into the waves and swam swiftly after her, and in a very few moments Arabella was safe in her little mother's arms again.



"OH, THANK YOU! WE'RE BOTH SO HAPPY!"

All her things had to be spread in the sun to dry, but that did not take long. And when the gentleman came back, half an hour later, and asked Martha how Arabella was, she said: "Oh, thank you! We're both so happy!" If you had seen her when they left the beach to go home, you would never have guessed that Arabella had been out to sea in all her daytime clothes.

"Dear me, Arabella!" said Martha's mother that night. "I wonder what will happen to you next?"

Arabella just smiled, as much as to say, "I'm sure I don't know, but I am prepared for anything!"

(To be continued.)

Nature and Science For Young Folks

RARE AND CURIOUS PHILIPPINE BUTTERFLIES

THE readers of ST. NICHOLAS are probably familiar with the collections of butterflies from South America, Africa, Asia, and our own country which are to be found in the museums of our



THE UPPER BUTTERFLY IS VALUED AT \$75. THE LOWER, EVEN WITH BROKEN WINGS, IS WORTH \$250.

principal cities; but few know the difficulty of obtaining these specimens, or of the care necessary to keep them in good condition. They must be guarded against dampness, mold, insects, and other pests, and also against damage in transit from the wilds of tropical countries or of snow-bound regions to the protection of the museum. Packages containing rare specimens must be transported by pack-animals, by native porters, or in small boats or canoes, and must be so prepared as to withstand a heavy shower-bath in rainy weather, or a plunge-bath when the craft is upset in a river torrent, or when a pack-animal or a porter is swept off his feet while fording a dangerous stream.

It is not to be wondered at that many of these

rare and beautiful creatures bring almost fabulous prices in the butterfly-markets of the world, or from some zealous collector who wishes to possess a specimen of which no one else can boast.

The Philippine Islands form a link in a chain of islands in which some of the rarest and most beautiful butterflies of the world are to be found. A branch of this island chain extends to Celebes, New Guinea, and the Flores group, where the beautiful paradise-butterflies vie with birds-of-paradise in color and in peculiarity of form.

The Philippines have many creatures peculiar to themselves. Among these are some of the *Ornithoptera*, or bird-wing butterflies. The very rare *Ornithoptera trojana*, or Trojan bird-wing



BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLIES OF GOLD, VELVET, AND CORAL. VALUE \$90 EACH.

butterfly, has been taken only on the island of Palawan, and of all the known specimens in the museums of the world, there are only two females, one in the Rothschild Museum at Tring,

England, and the other in the collection of the Bureau of Science at Manila.

Figure 1 shows the male butterfly, a beautiful insect, velvety black, with arrow-head marks of

To get an idea of the beautiful sheen of this butterfly's wing, ask a chemist to give you a tiny pinch of fluorescein powder, one of the coal-tar products. Fill a glass vessel with water, and sprinkle the powder sparingly over the surface. Look at the surface through the side of the glass from below, with the light striking it at different angles, and you will get an excellent idea of the iridescence of this remarkable butterfly's hind-wings.

While nearly the entire surface of the hind-wing of the male (Fig. 3) is covered by a golden area, the female, a much larger insect (Fig. 4), has a very small gold area at the base of the wing, with little gold crescents around the black, velvety margin. Both sexes have a narrow collar of the color of coral beads, and both sell for ninety dollars each.

Several other "bird-wings" are common in the Philippines, and may frequently be seen on sunny afternoons chasing one another through our quiet Manila gardens, or lazily hovering over one of the big carmine flowers of a Chinese rose or hibiscus that bloom there.



SIMILAR IN APPEARANCE, BUT OF DIFFERENT FAMILIES.
VALUE OF FIG. 5, \$1; OF FIG. 6, \$30.

emerald green on the fore-wings, ultramarine and green lines and areas on the hind-wings, and a carmine collar. The photograph shows the fore-wings speckled with white. These specks are, in reality, blue scales. The female (Fig. 2), a sadly broken specimen, has dull brown fore-wings, with white streaks in the parts near the dark brown veins, and a sprinkling of emerald green near the hinder margins. The hind-wings are purplish blue at their bases, followed by bright, metallic green patches, and white near the margins. Below there is a blue streak on each fore-wing, and the entire breast is pale carmine. The abdomen is dull brown, the collar pale yellow. The male is priced at seventy-five dollars, and the female at two hundred and fifty dollars, on account of their rarity and of the hardships which a collector must encounter in his efforts to find them.

Of almost equal rarity is Magellan's bird-wing butterfly, *Ornithoptera magellanus*, named for the discoverer of the Philippines, and found on Mindanao, Polillo, Babuyan, and Mindoro.



THESE BUTTERFLIES ARE PLEASINGLY PERFUMED.

It is said by those who have hunted the "Trojan bird-wing," that they fly among the trees and vines at the top of narrow gorges, and that they

rarely come down into the bottom, within reach of the collector's nets. Their caterpillars have never been seen.

At the first glance, one might suppose that the butterflies shown by Figures 5 and 6 are the male and the female of the same species; but they belong to two entirely different families. *Hestia leuconoë* (Fig. 5) is a big, slow-flying

collecting all kinds of natural-history specimens, but especially moths and butterflies. These were described by his friends in Europe, and his brother, a busy merchant, found time to write two large volumes on the subject.

Figure 9 shows an insect that looks no larger than some of the Prometheus moths in America, but from tip to tip of the fore-wings is a distance of nine and one half inches, making the Atlas moth, or *Attacus atlas*, variety *lorquini*, the largest moth in the world.

Its fine buff color and splendid markings, especially the windows in its wings, cannot be described. They should be seen.

Any boy or girl might be proud to own an Atlas moth. If you lived in Manila, you would have little trouble in raising them, for at times their caterpillars are abundant on the leaves of the common ylang-ylang tree, from the flowers of which the well-known perfume of that name is derived.

CHARLES S. BANKS,
Bureau of Science, Manila.

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THE LARGEST MOTH—NINE AND ONE HALF INCHES
"FROM TIP TO TIP."

member of the Nymphalidæ, to which belongs the milkweed butterfly. All the members of this family have an odor that is distasteful to birds. They are, therefore, not molested. The rare and magnificent *Papilio idaeoides* (Fig. 6) is a swift flyer, and capable of escaping the most agile collector's net, even when he thinks he has it safely captured.

Both these butterflies are snow-white and jet-black, but *Hestia* has some yellow washed on the wings at their bases, while *Idaeoides* has only a little yellow fringe on the hind-wings, and a faint trace on the fore-wings.

Idaeoides is worth thirty dollars, while *Hestia* brings only one dollar, owing to its abundance and the ease with which it may be caught.

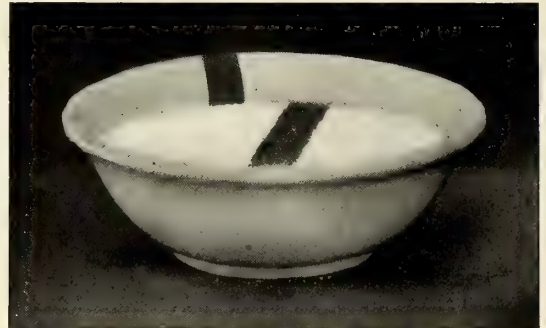
In Figures 7 and 8, we have two butterflies of the same species but of different sexes. The male of *Papilio semperi* (Fig. 7) is black and carmine, with yellow-lined pockets on the hind margins of the hind-wings. These pockets can be opened and closed at the will of the insect, and carry hairs that give out a pleasant odor. The female is only half as common as the male, for she sells at fifteen dollars, while he brings only six dollars.

This beautiful *Papilio semperi* was named for a man that spent many years in the Philippines,

MEASURING THE EARTH'S MOVEMENT

How would you go about proving in your own home that the earth actually turns around in the course of a day? There are, of course, complicated instruments in the laboratories which indicate the earth's motion, and there is, of course, the evidence of the sun's path; but the thing may be proved much more simply. The only scientific instruments required will be an ordinary bowl of water, a little powdered resin, and a good deal of patience.

Select a good-sized bowl, a foot or more in



THE LINES AS THEY APPEAR AFTER THE
LAPSE OF SEVERAL HOURS.

diameter and fairly deep, and place it on the floor of some quiet room. It is important that the floor be entirely free from vibration, and that the bowl shall stand absolutely undisturbed for



THE ANCIENT CYPRESS-TREE AT SANTA MARIA DEL TULE, MEXICO.

several hours. Sprinkle over the surface of the water a thin layer of fine resin or lycopodium. Some other powder will answer, only it must be a substance which will not dissolve in water after hours of contact. Now draw upon this surface a straight line extending from the center to the circumference, and then up and over the edge of the bowl. A little powdered coal will answer. Make the line broad enough to be clearly visible, say about one inch in width.

This done, you must await developments. The movement of the earth is so slow, of course, when recorded in this way, that you will grow tired if you stay to watch it. When you examine the bowl some hours later, however, the lines will have changed their position, and no longer meet. You will find that the black line on the surface of the water has swept around from east to west. The explanation, after all, is very simple. The water in the bowl has stood still throughout the time, while the bowl has been carried around by the motion of the earth from west to east. In other words, the earth has swung around through a considerable arc from west to east, leaving the water stationary.

FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS.

THE OLDEST LIVING THING IN THE WORLD

RECENT despatches from Mexico City, telling of heavy artillery battles in the vicinity of the intendency of Oaxaca, have aroused more than ordinary interest in scientific circles in this country.

The reason for this is that, in the churchyard of the village of Santa Maria del Tule, a few miles from Oaxaca, and in danger from cannon-fire and musketry, stands a famous cypress-tree, declared by scientists to be the oldest living thing in the world.

Experts, judging by the gigantic bole of this tree and the slow growth of the species, have estimated its age to be between 5000 and 6000 years. Taking the lowest computation, when the seed from which the tree sprang fell upon the earth, King Menes was holding the first reign in Egypt of which we have historic knowledge—3000 years before the birth of Christ. Professor Asa Gray, under one computation, estimated it might be 5124 years old, and named it the "Nestor of the whole vegetable kingdom."

The tree was discovered by Humboldt while on his famous tour of equatorial America, one

hundred years ago. He nailed to it a wooden tablet, which is now half covered by the subsequent growth of the tree. Upon it, however, is still legible the autograph of the famous German naturalist.

The last scientific measurement of the tree showed its trunk, four feet from the ground, to have the astounding girth of 126 feet.

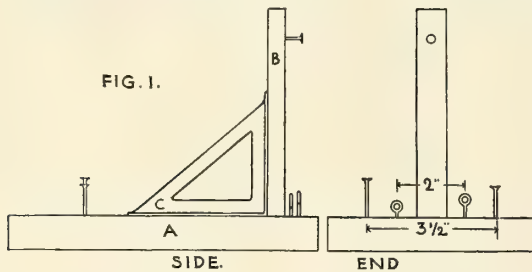
ROBERT H. MOULTON.

MAKING A SEMAPHORE MODEL

ONE of the most important details of a scout's education is the study of signaling, even though he may not be attached to a regular signal-corps. Time and time again, the occasion arises when the knowledge of "wig-wag" is of great convenience; often the success of an enterprise may depend upon it.

A business man, by the use of the telephone or telegraph, may, in a minute, make a move that will earn a great deal of money or perhaps save him from ruin. Imagine what might be lost if he were forced to travel, first to this man and then to that, before settling a business deal.

So it is with a scout. A lone scout, far from his companions, often wishes to communicate with them on important matters. Knowing the



"semaphore code," he can, with his arms, talk to his friends as satisfactorily as if they were at his side. Without some method of signaling, or, as the Indians say, "without sign-tongue," he is quite unable to express his message.

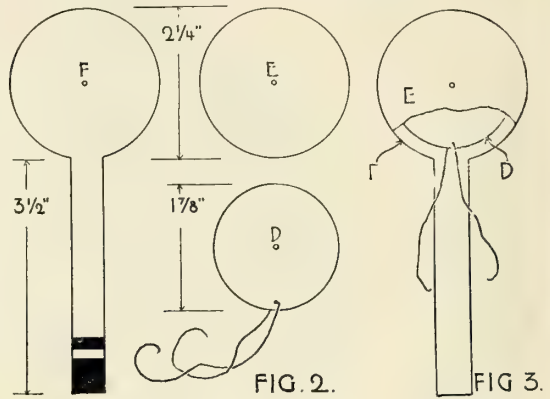
Many of the Boy Scouts already appreciate this fact, but do not find sufficient opportunity to practise the code. It is for this reason that the semaphore model reproduced here was designed. Not only can it be used for practice work, but it can be put to actual use by boys whose windows are within a reasonable distance of one another.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A SEMAPHORE

To make a semaphore, you need the following materials:

Base-board "A." Dimensions: $6 \times 9 \times \frac{7}{8}$ inches (A, Fig. 1).

Upright "B." $6 \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{7}{8}$ inches (B, Fig. 1).
Bracket "C." 3×4 inches (C, Fig. 1).



A piece of cardboard about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick, large enough to make four disks like "D," Figure 2.

Another piece of lighter-weight cardboard, large enough to make six pieces like "E" and two arms like "F" (Fig. 2). (If you can't get the heavy-weight card, you can make it by glueing together two or three layers of the lighter.)

Two small screw-eyes.

Three one-inch wire nails with flat heads.

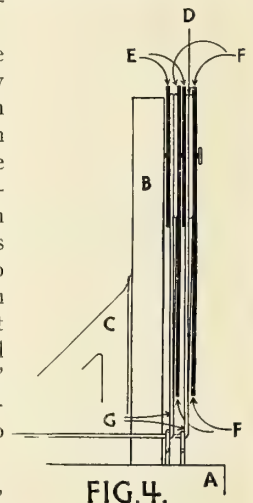
Two collar-buttons.

About ten feet of soft cotton string. (Hard, waxy string will not run easily, and thread would cut down into the cardboard wheels.)

First cut four disks like D (Fig. 2) from the heavy card, running a six-inch piece of thread through each as indicated. The use of this thread will be explained later. Then from the light card cut six disks like E (Fig. 2), and two arms like F (Fig. 2). From these twelve pieces must now be made four grooved wheels, two "controllers" for operating the "semaphore arms," and two semaphore arms.

To make a controller, glue one D between two E's. To make an arm, glue one D between one E and one F. When the arms are complete, the "thread ends" must be in the position shown in Figure 3.

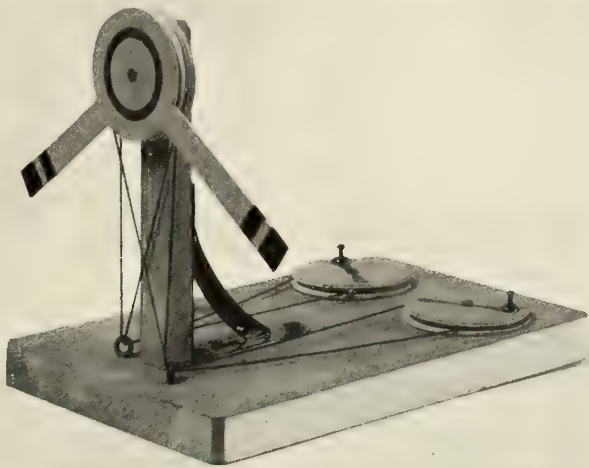
All wheels must be well glued together, so that there will be no cracks between the pieces into which the controlling strings can slip.



While these are "setting" in a vise or under weights, you may be constructing the support shown in Figure 1. The upright, B, should be kept about one inch back from the front of the base-board, A, and each of the screw-eyes must be so placed as to be in a direct line with the groove in the arm which it helps control. The strings then appear vertical when viewed from the side, as at G (Fig. 4), and will offer no obstruction to the rotating arms. The semaphore is now ready for assembling and adjusting.

First mount the two arms, F, on the upright, B, as shown in Figure 4. Pointing one arm upward, lay the middle of a five-foot length of string in the groove at the base of the arm, and tie it tightly into place with the "thread ends." This tying is necessary to prevent the string from slipping out of adjustment in operating the finished machine. Then, pointing the arm downward, bring the ends of the controlling string up each side of the wheel, passing them across the top, and carrying them down the sides again and through one of the screw-eyes. Repeat the operation with the other arm.

Now tack the controllers temporarily in place at about six or seven inches from the front edge of the base-board, toward which their "thread



THE COMPLETED MODEL, SET AT N.



ends" must point. Take the ends of the controlling string, pass them around each side of the controller, crossing them at the rear and bringing them through the front of the wheel-grooves, where they must be tied and the ends clipped. Now fasten the controlling string securely with the "thread ends," as you did on the arm. The controlling strings *must not* be crossed at the screw-eye. That is, the end which comes down from the right-hand side of the arm must go directly to the right-hand side of the controller, and that from the left of the arm to the left of the controller.

Now move the controllers back until any slack in the string is taken up, but not far enough back to make the wheels turn hard. Then drive in the nails.

Nothing remains but to put on the handles. First make sure that both arms are dropped vertically, and that the controllers are so turned that the "thread ends" are toward the front of the machine. Then glue the collar-buttons securely at the rear end of the controllers. Your semaphore is now complete.

If you have followed directions carefully, you will find that turning the buttons to any point corresponding to the positions of flags in the formation of any "wig-wag" letter will make the arms assume the same positions.

For those who are unfamiliar with the semaphore code, the signs are here shown, these "flag positions" being indicated as they appear to an operator sitting behind the machine, or using the


THE SEMAPHORE-CODE.

A or 1	↘	I or 9	<	Q	↘	
B	2	—	J	┐	R	—
C	3	/	K or ZERO	↖	S	↖
D	4	!	L	↘	T	↘
E	5	↘	M	—	U	↘
F	6	—	N	^	V	↘
G	7	/	O	△	W	↘
H	8	↖	P	L	X	↘
		Y	↘	Z	7	
↘ Numeral-sign.		↘ Break.				

TO CALL A STATION, SEND "J" UNTIL IT IS ACKNOWLEDGED TO ACKNOWLEDGE A CALL, SEND "R" "I-I-I" MEANS "END OF MESSAGE"

THE "BREAK" FROM THE SENDER, MEANS "HAVE MADE MISTAKE, WILL GO BACK ONE WORD" AND FROM THE RECEIVER MEANS, "HAVE LOST TRACK, GO BACK A WORD OR TWO"

THE "NUMERAL-SIGN" MEANS "NUMERALS TO FOLLOW" WHEN FINISHING NUMERALS SEND "J", MEANING, "LETTERS TO FOLLOW"



actual hand flags. Of course, they appear reversed to any one receiving the message.

It is not necessary to follow the exact measurements given, but these produce a machine of convenient size for home practice and which is still large enough to be read at quite a distance. A bar or two of color at the ends of the arms will give the semaphore a more "professional" appearance.

JO. L. G. McMAHON.

FISH THAT CLIMB TREES

WOULD you believe that there was a place where the sea beach is alive and moving, and where the fish come out of the ocean to climb the trees of the jungle along the shore? Well, there is



THE TREE-CLIMBING FISH OF CERAM.

such a place, and it is called Ceram. It is an island in the far-off eastern seas, and is one of the Molucca, or Spice, Islands.

The photograph herewith was taken by David G. Fairchild, of the United States Agricultural Department, upon landing in this strange place, a few months ago. It is a species of fig-tree whose roots start out of its trunk at a distance of about ten feet above the ground, and then grow downward to meet the marshy soil in the form of a queer sprawling animal. The trees are fifty to sixty feet in height; their leaves are polished like those of a rubber-plant, and their juice is sweet and milky.

"This tree," says Mr. Fairchild, "grows so near the sea-shore that a species of climbing fish crawls up the roots, sometimes to a distance of thirty or forty feet. When we landed on the island, there were hundreds of these fish jumping around on the sand and climbing the roots of such trees as this, hunting for insects."

But this was by no means all. A greater marvel was still to come. Mr. Fairchild writes:

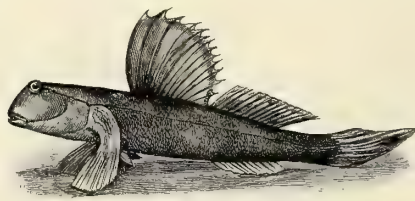
"As we set foot on this beach of wonderland, I could scarcely believe my eyes. The sea beach was running away! When I looked more closely, I found that the sands were alive with hermit-crabs. There were thousands upon thousands of them, crawling up and down the blades of grass, and swarming over the trunks of trees along the edge of the jungle. Their shells ranged in size from a pin's head to that of a chestnut, they were about as numerous as the sands, and pretty much the same color.

"The moving sands, the queer trees whose roots were all above-ground, and which were covered with fish scrambling up and down them, made me feel that, at last, I had found the Wonderful Land of Dreams."

As for the fish in question, it bears the long, scientific name of *Periophthalmus*, from two Greek words meaning "around" and "eye," as the eyes, placed at the top of the head, are capable of looking around. It is one of the greatest curiosities of nature, with its expanded ventral fins which serve the purpose of feet, enabling the creatures to walk, with the help of highly developed pectoral fins, the latter being used as arms. The fish, of course, lives in the water, but its gill openings are so small as to conserve the supply of moisture, the gills being kept wet, and the animal is thus enabled to stay for quite a while out of its native element.

The creatures are of a dull, ugly slate-color, about nine inches long when full grown, and remarkably active, walking on land with short, quick jumps. This feat they manage by bending the hinder third of the body sharply around to the left, then straightening it out suddenly, and, at the same time, lifting the front half of the body clear of the ground by means of the front fins, which act like the flippers of a sea-lion, and are very much like arms in structure and use, the bones being of great length.

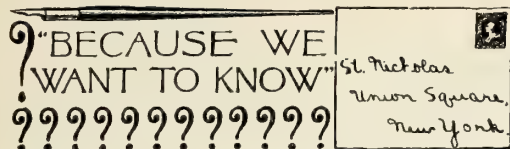
These fish live in burrows, which are simply mud-holes, going straight down to a depth of



A CLOSER VIEW OF THE PERIOPHTHALMUS.

three or four feet, but large enough to admit a man's arm easily, and of course full of water.

ROSE L. HONEYMAN.



NOTE: So many questions are received that we can undertake to answer in these pages only those of unusual or general interest. Other letters, containing return postage, will be answered personally.—EDITOR.

TIN-FOIL

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me how tin-foil is made?

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH ROBERTS.

The melted metal is poured into molds making thin plates. These plates are then passed through rollers, first singly, and then, as they grow thinner, several are run through together, until, finally, as many as three hundred sheets pass under the rollers at once, which reduces each sheet to a thickness of one tenth of a millimeter. Then it is still further beaten out by hand with wooden mallets.

The metal is often alloyed with one or two per cent. of copper, while for the cheaper kinds, such as is used for wrapping tea, tobacco, and candy, lead is used as the alloy.

WHAT CAUSES HOT SPRINGS

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly tell me what causes hot springs? I would like to know very much.

Very respectfully yours,

SALVATORE MAMMARO (age 13).

There are several varieties of thermal, or hot, springs, which may have any temperature up to boiling, and of which the water may have been heated either by coming from great depths or by contact with volcanic rocks; hence thermal springs are phenomena very characteristic of volcanic and geologically disturbed or faulted regions, and those hot springs which are of the geyser type are most interesting from the scenic point of view.

The Century Dictionary, under the words "geyser" and "boiling spring," gives the following interesting information:

The true theory of the action of the Great Geyser of Iceland, and hence of geysers in general, was first established by Bunsen. The ejection of the water is caused by explosive action, due to the heating of the water, under pressure, in the lower part of the geyser-tube, to considerably above the boiling-point. The heated water acquires after a time elastic force sufficient to overcome the weight of the superincumbent water; and the relief from compression during the ascent is so great that steam is generated rapidly, and

to such an amount as to eject violently from the tube a great quantity of the water.

The most remarkable boiling springs are the geysers, which throw up columns of water and steam; but there are many others in various parts of the world, often associated with geysers, characterized only by ebullition and emission of steam. Some of the latter, as in California and New Zealand, are strongly impregnated with mineral matters and variously colored, while others are charged with liquid mud.

UNUSUAL TREE-GROWTH

NORWICH TOWN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a picture of two trees that are growing right together. One is a black birch, and the other is a chestnut-tree.

Your loving reader,
EMILY LATHAM.

This is an unusually interesting example of one of the strange happenings of forest life, showing, as it does, the intergrowth of two trees of a different species.



VALUES OF OLD COINS

HIAWATHA, KANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me the value in United States money of the following coins: moidore, doubloon, ducat, Spanish pillar dollar, and sequin?

WALKER MEANS.

The moidore was a gold coin formerly current in Portugal (value about \$6.50), while the doubloon, a gold coin of Spain, was also used in the Spanish-American states (value from \$8.24 to \$7.87). It was originally double the value of the pistole, from which fact it took its name.

The ducat was also of gold, and was formerly in use in several European countries, being equal to about \$2.30 of our money.

The pillar dollar was of silver, and coined by Spain for use in her American colonies. It was stamped with the Pillars of Hercules, whence its name, and was also known as a piece of eight, being equivalent in value to eight reals, or a trifle over a dollar in our coinage.

The louis d'or (the golden louis) was first coined in France during the reign of Louis XIII, and was in circulation there until 1795 (value from \$4 to \$4.60), while the sequin was a gold coin of the Venetian Republic (value \$2.18), first used in 1280, and in circulation until the republic itself ceased to exist.



PICTORIALLY, this August instalment of the League makes a fine display. There is not a drawing or a photograph in these opening pages that is not excellent in itself, as a picture, and at the same time a capital illustration of its subject. And, in addition, a half-dozen fine specimens of Wild Creature photography are shown on page 952.

The young artists have fairly excelled themselves, also. Note especially the variety in design and the skill in drawing shown in the Headings for August. All are admirably

drawn, and ingeniously appropriate to the month "when midsummer suns sail high."

As for the prose-writers, the subject "A Story of the Garden" brought us a truly bountiful harvest of charming little incidents, both of fact and fancy, many revealing the true love of the garden that dwells in every girl's heart, and one at least (on page 953) showing the eminently practical but unsentimental use to which a boy-lover of base-ball put his grandmother's garden!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 174

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Julia E. Lancaster** (age 17), Massachusetts; **Elsie L. Lustig** (age 15), Rhode Island. Silver badges, **Dorothy Johnson** (age 15), New York; **Carol Lee Johnson** (age 11), Connecticut; **Gladys Taggart** (age 12), Iowa; **Edith Petty Shearn** (age 14), New York; **Agnes Nolan** (age 14), Vermont; **Bliss A. Seymour** (age 13), Illinois.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Helen F. Smith** (age 11), New Jersey; **Ruth M. Cole** (age 14), New York; **Mary Dendy** (age 16), England; **Ruth Aird** (age 15), Canada.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **John B. Matthews** (age 17), California; **M. Betty Watt** (age 15), Massachusetts. Silver badges, **Elizabeth Thompson** (age 15), Canada; **Alma Kehoe** (age 13), Indiana.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Marjorie E. M. Grant** (age 12), California; **Corina C. Ely** (age 16), Massachusetts. Silver badges, **Emily McE. Crabbe** (age 16), New Jersey; **Elizabeth Kimball** (age 13), Massachusetts; **John P. Vose** (age 14), Maine; **Nellie Todd** (age 15), Wisconsin.

WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY. Class "C" prizes, **Arthur H. Rowe** (age 16), New Jersey; **Helen Simpson** (age 17), Illinois.

Class "D" prizes, **Horton H. Honsaker** (age 14), California; **Wilfred G. Humphrey** (age 14), Colorado; **Chesley N. Wood** (age 15), Texas.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **John Foster Chapman** (age 17), Ohio; **Henrietta M. Archer** (age 15), New York.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badges, **Max Stolz** (age 14), New York; **Ruth A. Austin** (age 17), Ohio.

Silver badges, **Edith Billings Farnsworth** (age 15), Colorado; **Darthea Phemister** (age 14), Rhode Island; **Geraldine Mallette** (age 13), Connecticut.



BY MARJORIE E. M. GRANT, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON OCT., 1913.)



BY MARGARET COHN, AGE 16.

THE ECHO

BY HELEN F. SMITH (AGE 11)
(Silver Badge)

TWILIGHT 's falling over meadow,
Forest dark, and grassy hill;
Hear that solitary calling,
And the echo: "Whippoorwill!"

In the broad and open daylight,
When soft sings the rippling rill,
Still that solitary calling,
And the echo: "Whippoorwill!"

Many, many decades later
'T is, but in the twilight still
Comes that solitary calling,
And the echo: "Whippoorwill!"



"THE RACE." BY CORINA C. ELY, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.
SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1914.)

THE STORY OF A GARDEN

BY JULIA E. LANCASTER (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October, 1910)

MIETJE'S usually round and placid face was very excited as she trudged home along the dusty dike. An American artist had offered a prize of fifty guilders for the most beautiful house-boat to pass by his garden in review, on August fourth.

"What chance could the father's little boat have against the stately craft from the city, all shining brass and flags?" thought Mietje. "The American loves flowers. I can plant flowers everywhere, and they will hide the shabby paint."

Each time she returned from market, it was with a few seeds or a cutting, for her helpful fingers were well known, and the good flower-women gladly gave her a bit of advice or a slip, to help Mietje's garden grow. When the seeds sprouted too thickly in Mynheer Groot's garden, a great pile of seedlings was thrown out on the river-bank, whence Mietje obtained some rarer specimens than any her kind friends could offer. She worked in her strange garden every spare moment. Boxes were fitted along the railings, and trailing vines hung to the water's edge, while the flat roof was transformed into beds of glowing color. The homely little house-boat was transfigured into a bower of blossoms.

When the day of the review arrived, Mietje was as excited a little Dutch maiden as might be found in the kingdom. Her heart sank a little at sight of the big house-boats, gorgeous in the gay stripes of salmon and green and blue, so dear to Dutch hearts. After all had passed the garden, Mietje was called to the artist's tea-

house to receive the chinking purse. Proudly she accompanied him all over her garden, from which he took some tulip bulbs for his far-away American home.

THE STORY OF A GARDEN

BY ELSIE L. LUSTIG (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1911)

It was a hot day in a bare, overcrowded district with its one oasis—Mrs. Delaine's garden. A tall fence surrounded this, but the usually latched gate stood ajar to-day.

Through this opening, a little old lady could be seen, trimming off unruly pink ramblers which climbed up the moss-covered sun-dial.

While her hands were busy, her eyes wandered over her beloved garden. By the gate was her pride and joy, the wild-flower garden, and thither the little old lady now went, noticing with pleasure how the plants flourished, and thinking of the afternoons pleasantly spent with basket and trowel scouring the country for wild flowers to transplant.

Her roses grew profusely, making a pink cloud almost rivaling the sunset glow. Ferns and forget-me-nots thrived in the shade. Bright buttercups and sunny dandelions sprang up close together, as if in defiance of the red, white, and blue of cardinal-flowers, corn-flowers, and daisies.

Again to-day, as often before while kneeling among her wild flowers, Mrs. Delaine felt her pleasure would be complete if there were only some one to love and admire them with her.

Suddenly, she was startled out of her reverie by the exclamation, "Gee, ain't them dandies!" Turning, she saw a little street gamin staring at her flowers. His merry, freckled face was in one broad grin.

"What do you want, little boy?"

"Nothin'."

"Why did you come in here?"

"I seen them beauty flowers!"

"Would you like some?"

"Oh, yes 'm. I'll give 'em to my lame sister Jessie. She ain't never seen no flowers!"

While Mrs. Delaine picked her choicest blossoms for



"THE RACE." BY EMILY MCE. CRABBE, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

the boy, he volunteered more information, which made her realize how little she knew of the life around her.

This began the friendship of the "Lady of the Garden" and the little boy, through whom she distributed dozens of bunches of flowers to many other sick and lame children of the neighborhood!

THE ECHO

BY RUTH M. COLE (AGE 14)
(Silver Badge)

CLEAR at eve is the bugle,
Thrilling o'er valley and lea;
And sweetly from the mountain,
The echoes come back to me.



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY JOHN B. MATTHEWS, AGE 17.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1911.)

'T is slowly sinking to silence,
And now it has passed away;
For the sweetest strains of music
Must die with the dying day.

But a noble deed of valor
Will live for years to come,
And echo along the ages,
Like the roll of a distant drum.

THE STORY OF THE GARDEN

BY DOROTHY JOHNSON (AGE 15)
(Silver Badge)

I AM the spirit of this garden. I came to life centuries ago, under the care of Luccia, a little Roman girl, during her stay in England. While I grew strong and beautiful with the garden, I learned to love her. Our one cross, hers and mine, was a scarlet pimpernel growing from year to year despite our efforts to pluck this bit of the wilderness from among our cultivated flowers.

When Luccia left, the garden died, and I was frightened, thinking I had to perish with it according to the law. I was surprised to find that, though all else seemed dead, I lived, till, looking down, I saw the scarlet pimpernel at my feet. For hundreds of years, the scarlet pimpernel kept me alive, and I woke when she woke, slept when she slept, while the forest grew up around us.

One spring, I woke to find myself the spirit of a new garden far more beautiful than Luccia's. But the scarlet pimpernel was gone!

I shocked the well-bred flowers by my lamentations, till the wind, in pity, brought me a scarlet pimpernel seed. For a long time, innumerable years, I tended it, paying little heed to the others. The nature of the

place changed; a city grew up around us; the garden was inclosed by a wall, no care was given to it. I became weak, but I still guarded the scarlet pimpernel.

To-day a little girl slipped in through the gate. She did not see the garden as it was, but wondered as to what it had been, and I told of its past glory. She seemed so kind, so gentle, that I led her toward my flower.

"Oh," she cried, "a scarlet pimpernel," and plucked it. I shall die with the setting sun.

A STORY OF THE GARDEN

BY CAROL LEE JOHNSON (AGE 11)
(Silver Badge)

It was a June morning, and the garden was resplendent with its colors, each flower vying with the other to be the more beautiful, and the night's dew bringing out the fragrance of new-born buds. Among the honeysuckles were many bees, stripping the sweetness from the pollen, and taking it to their hive; and a humming-bird was almost covered with the petals of a beautiful white lily.

Suddenly, a little fairy emerged from a fresh-blown rose, and, with dress of tinsel and cap of gold, looked wonderingly about; it held a magic wand in its hand, and as the rays of the rising sun touched the staff, shafts of light radiated about the garden, and each sleeping bud, hanging heavy with the dewdrops, blossomed forth into a beautiful flower, and with each flower sprang a fairy, until the garden was filled with their awakening. They flitted about and were full of joy, and their cheer awoke others, until the garden became one bower of gorgeous color and song. So the day passed in merrymaking and dancing, and, at dusk,



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY M. BETTY WATT, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JAN., 1914.)

they each jumped into a jack-in-the-pulpit, and gave thanks for the sweetness of the flowers and the joys they bring. As the sun went down, each sought refuge somewhere, in a little flower perhaps, but no one knows, for it is beauty and light that bring them, and they shrink and hide when the shadows fall.



BY KENNETH D. SMITH, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)



BY ANNA BURNETT, AGE 15.



BY ELIZABETH KIMBALL, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY JOHN P. VOSE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARY L. HOLWAY, AGE 13.



BY EUNICE UNDERWOOD, AGE 14.



BY NELLIE TODD, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ALICE L. WALTER, AGE 11.



BY VIRGINIA MOWBRAY, AGE 13.

"THE RACE."

THE ECHO

BY MARY DENDY (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

LONG, long ago, a poor but honest youth
Set out into the world in search of truth.
Unto a rocky vale at last he came,
Whose echoes were of world-renowned fame.

He lifted up his voice and cried aloud:
"My life to searching for the truth is vowed.
Echo, what doth man meet in earthly life?"
Stern from the hills came back the answer, "Strife."

No whit cast down, the youth once more inquired:
"O Echo, when the soul of man is tired,
Where 's rest for him who 's long been forced to
roam?"
Sweetly and softly came the answer, "Home."

"And yet once more, O Echo," cried the boy,
"What is the highest, fullest, richest joy?
What binds us to th' immortal gods above?"
Replied the echo, slow, mysterious, "Love."

A STORY OF THE GARDEN

BY GLADYS TAGGART (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

WHAT kind of a garden? A flower garden, you will say. No, not a flower garden, but a sunshine garden.

In this garden, there are no flowers growing, but children. The sunshine garden is on a farm. There is a lady who takes care of the children.

The children, the plants in this sunshine garden, are little girls and boys, brought from the crowded city streets, and allowed to grow strong in the summer air of the country.

A big field takes the place of a dusty pavement as a playground. The children play all day in the sunshine, in the field, where the shade-trees and the pump offer refreshment after the romp.

A new child is coming. The children in the field are waiting for the horse and wagon to appear when "Uncle Robin," the farmer, will bring little Benny.

The boys sit astride the fence, and the girls gather under the trees to talk over the arrival.

Soon the wagon is seen. As it draws closer, the children run to the gate. Two of the largest boys open it, and the wagon comes in. But where is Benny? Down in the bottom of the wagon, fast asleep. He is tired from the ride on the train.

Uncle Robin has a talk with his wife.

"They said he would n't live two weeks, but we 'll show them," he says.

His wife nods, and goes off to see to Benny.

In the two weeks, Benny is much improved, but in a month his own mother, had he had any, would not have recognized him.

The tiny, thin boy, that would have been taken for a six-year-old, was a strong boy of ten.

This is only one of many such cases that summer, and the sunshine garden was a success.



ROBIN. BY ARTHUR H. ROWE, AGE 16.
(PRIZE, CLASS "C.")



DOWNY WOODPECKER. BY ARMAND R. TIBBITTS, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)



RUSSET-BACKED THRUSH. BY HORTON H. HONSAKER, AGE 14. (PRIZE, CLASS "D.")



DEER. BY HELEN SIMPSON, AGE 17.
(PRIZE, CLASS "C.")



COTTONTAIL. BY WILFRED G. HUMPHREY, AGE 14. (PRIZE, CLASS "D.")



ELK. BY CHESLEY N. WOOD, AGE 15.
(PRIZE, CLASS "D.")

WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE ECHO

BY RUTH AIRD (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THROUGH the lonely, eery twilight,
O'er the hills, and vales, and pastures,
Lingering on the scented breezes,
Came an echo softly stealing.
Flutelike, haunting, rippling, sighing,
From a shepherd's pipe it floated,
Sometimes laughing with the pixies,



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY FRANCES M. E. PATTEN, AGE 14.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Sometimes sobbing, wailing, moaning;
Through the air it swayed and quivered,
Calling to the wind-swept hilltops,
Calling to the golden crescent
Gliding through the starlit heavens.

Then softer sang the magic music,
Fainter died the echoing strain,
Till at last it sank to silence,
Never to return again.

A STORY OF THE GARDEN

BY EDITH PETTY SHEARN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

FAR into the distance stretched the blue-green hills. In golden glory the long rays of the sun glinted on the distant sea, and the tree-tops were haloed with light. The wind blew gently through the strands of the grasses, and the gurgle of a brook resounded near by.

A great power had awakened. It was the springtime. With its gentle fingers it had touched the garden, and a wave of life had passed over it. A mist of green was enshrouding the hitherto apparently dead trees, and the great mystery of life was making itself known to the warm black earth and tiny green shoots.

Cerulean blue was the sky, the clouds were tinted by the warm blush of life, and the little birds were caroling the glad story from the depths of their blithesome hearts.

Oh, what was this great joyous feeling that swept over the earth and through the gardens? What was this glad story that echoed and reëchoed in the hearts of the very buds on the trees?

The mists of green, the tender plantlets, and the trilling birds answer in one glad note:

"It is the springtime, the great mystery of Nature, when the flowers burst into bloom, the birds return, the sun pours his radiance upon the world, and every living thing is surging with it—the great, bubbling, joyous, throbbing story of life!"

A STORY OF THE GARDEN

BY J. FREDERIC WIESE (AGE 15)

JACK JERVIS was a well-built boy of seventeen. He was in the fifth form at a preparatory school in Pennsylvania, and stood fourth in his class. Jack took a great interest in all athletics. He had been a clever forward on the basket-ball team, and was out for the center-fielder's position on the base-ball team when the Easter vacation arrived.

As his parents were in Florida, he went to the "Birches," the country home of his grandmother. A large barn with a long sloping roof helped form the fence around the big garden.

He had instinctively dropped a ball and glove into his suitcase when packing. Although he was excellent at batting and at getting under fly balls, he always had trouble holding them. As soon as Jack saw this barn, he got his glove and ball, and by throwing the ball up on the roof from an unused bed in the garden, he found that it rolled off like a fly ball. At first he was bothered by his old trouble of dropping the ball, but the more he threw the ball up, the oftener he caught it. Soon he began to throw it up at angles which made it roll off in unexpected places. And as he could not see the surface of the roof, he had to start quick and sprint to get under it. He did this every morning of his vacation, and took long walks in the afternoons.

When he went back to school, he found that the walks had improved his wind. This, with his old trouble overcome and his good batting, easily gave him his position on the school team. So Jack had found that his grandmother's garden was good for more than gardening.



"THE MESSENGER." BY ELIZABETH THOMPSON, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE ECHO

BY ELIZABETH LE BARON CHASE (AGE 10)

Up from the ford in the forest

Came the sound of a hunting-horn,
Clearly and sweetly it sounded

Out, in the dewy young morn;
And as clearly and sweetly, but fainter,
More bell-like, and purer, and quainter,
Came the elfin echo-horn.

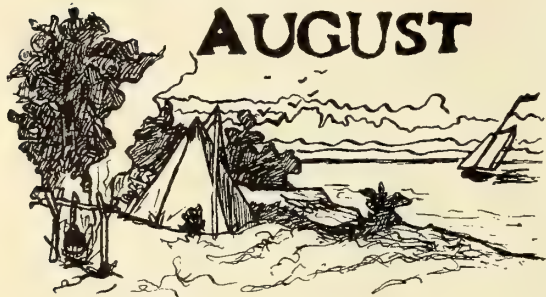
THE ECHO

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

THE frocks that little winsome maids
Wore many years ago,
When Grandmama was young and fair,
Were just the thing, you know.

With panniers full, and ruffles quaint,
Of flowered silks so fine;
The dainty maid of long ago
Within them was divine.



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY HELEN LOWE, AGE 14.

And so they 've worn their clinging skirts,
Without a frill or puff,
Until Dame Fashion shook her head,
And cried, "Of these, enough."

So now we have an echo of
The frocks of bygone days;
With ruffles quaint, skirts full and wide,
My love herself arrays.

And though the girls that wore them then
Were charming as could be,
They could not have been quite so fair
As my love seems to me.

IN A GARDEN

BY AGNES NOLAN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

GOSSIPY Mrs. Wallflower looked around with piercing eyes. You know that wallflowers have many chances for observation, and this particular Mrs. Wallflower was not in the habit of letting any such opportunity pass her by.

"Look at that bedizened Painted Daisy, smiling and nodding with all the audacity in the world at Sweet Sultan. Some day, when some one cuts her, she will realize that she is not among the aristocracy.

"Did you know that Black-eyed Susan offered to sew on the Bachelor's Button? And what do you suppose she found in his pocket?—A Bluebottle and a Dutchman's-pipe! Was n't that shocking? And he has been posing as a perfect young man!

"I have felt especially sad about the conclusion of Marigold's pretty little love-affair. I had observed it from the very beginning, when Sweet-William presented her with a box of Candytuft. He had dug his Larkspurs into his horse, and ridden past a Snapdragon and a Tiger-lily to present it to her. The next present was a pair of Lady's-slippers. He courted her by the light of the Moon-flower and in the Morning-glory.

The engagement ring was set with a Diamond Flower. They were married at Four-o'clock by a Kohlrabi, amid waving Flags and chiming Bluebells. Chinese Lantern Plants cast a Golden Glow over the festive scene. They were so happy that it seemed sinful that he should die so soon—after one short week of happy married life. His last words were, 'Forget-me-not.' Now poor Marigold is a Mourning-bride, and naught can heal her Bleeding-heart."

A STORY OF THE GARDEN

BY BLISS A. SEYMOUR (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

It is only a tiny square of ground back of a deserted cottage. The weeds have grown up where the pansies and hollyhocks used to bloom; the two remaining rose-bushes are decidedly the worse for the weather, ragged, scrubbed, old. On one of the bushes a fading flower withers, a last reminder of the summer that is dead.

But it was not always so. Once the cottage windows shone out into the night; footfalls sounded through the halls, and children's voices rang through the house.

Ah! those were happy days for the little garden. Then it bloomed profusely with all of the dear old-fashioned flowers which the little girl loved, and which she delighted to care for. How she would dig and work in it! What secrets she would whisper to it!

"You must never tell my thoughts," she said one day. "No one must know but you."

Under the little girl's tender care, the garden grew more beautiful, more fragrant, more happy. But one day she came to it with tears in her eyes.

"I am going away, dear garden," she sighed. "Far away where there will be no one to hear my secrets."

When the sad parting day came, the little girl, with her hands full of creamy roses, dropped softly to her knees, and kissed the cool earth.

"Good-by," she murmured huskily. "Oh, dear garden, please don't forget my secrets!"

Ah! the wind may blow, the ice may chill, the winter may destroy, but the garden's heart is warm. For in its memories the little girl still bends over it, whispering her sweet confidences.



"THE MESSENGER." BY EDWIN M. GILL, AGE 14.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Dorothy V. Fuller
Dorothy Von Olker
Maria B. Platt
Katharine Ward
Catherine C. Robie
Frances Kestenbaum
Elmaza Fletcher
Sarah Graham
Josephine S. Wilson

Mildred Fish
Louise A. Child
Adelaide H. Noll
Mamie Levy
Virginia Hartwell
Channen Burdick
Jeanette C. Sperry
Mary Porter
Dorothy M. Munro
Eliza A. Peterson
Alex R. Fleet

Julian L. Ross
Miriam R. Oettinger
Dorothy J. Church
Marjorie Wilson
Elizabeth Nason
Ruth Strassburger
Marie Brown
Gertrude Green
Fsther J. Lowell
Margaret Matthews
Mildred G. Wheeler

PROSE, 2

Maria D. Walker
Florence M. Wood
Elizabeth P. Hall
Rosalie L. Smith
Evelyn Howard
Lawton Filer
Jane Morgenthau
Mary E. Close
Eleanor Bowman

DRAWINGS, 1

Lucy F. Rogers
Edna Fischman
E. Theodore Nelson
Helen D. Brown
Ralph G. Demaree
Nora Seemann
Dorothy Walter
Mac M. Bradford
H. B. Estrada

Winifred H. Clark
Stark Weatherall
Helen E. Ney
Margaret Pratt
Henry M. Justi, Jr.
Betty Lowe
Marion Clark
Lowry A. Biggers
Rachel F. Reaney
Elizabeth Wood
Minnie Goding
Irvin Epstein
Elizabeth C. Carter
Frederic W. Taylor
Frances Riker
Theodore Roberts
Elizabeth P. Phillips
Horton H. Honsaker
Nancy E. Ely
Margaret Speer

PUZZLES, 2

Helen L. Files
G. D. Hurlburt
Edward Icely
Mary MacNaughton
Francis Bitter
Lydia Barton Sheehan
L. Bradford Snow

Fred Floyd, Jr.
Buela Doolittle
Elizabeth Bennick
John Perez
Marion Barnett
Emily Pendleton
Rosalind Orr English
Margaret Louise Spear
Robert G. Hooker, Jr.

Reba Gray
Paul Parcels
Evelyn Brady
John R. Bates
Eleanor Hepburn
Beulah Lloyd
Dorothy Gladding
Eleanor Cook
Eleanor Wohl



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY
ALMA KEHOE, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Carlyn Gichner
John Irwin, Jr.
Louise B. Brooks
Eleanora M. Bell
Salvatore Mammano
Martha Lewis
Isabel Torey
Gladys Miller
Elsie Daubert
Reba Goldstine
Harriet Miller
Florence Train

Paul Sullivan
Paulyne F. May
Elizabeth Thompson
Orion W. Fifer, Jr.
Frederick W. Agnew
Miriam Newcorn
Frank Gilkie
Katharine E. Smith
Margaret J. Harper
Chester W. Slack
John Gleason

VERSE, 1

Martha Williams
Elizabeth Land
Florence W. Towle
Adeline R. Eveleth
Dorothy D. Mosier
Helen Phillips
Amalie Smith
Ann Hamilton
Margaret White
Mary Noble
Eleanor Raw
Mary C. Sherman
Frances Vinciguerra
Dorothy Levy
Winifred M. Jackson
Louise Irwin
Anna K. Bowinonville
Dorothy F. Robinson
Sarah F. Borock
Katharine Van Bibben
Lucile H. Quarry
Arthur D. Lionberger
Adelaide G. Hewitt
Mabel Ferry
Vernie V. Peacock
Bernice M. Phillipy
Peggy Norris

DRAWINGS, 2

Ruth Putnam
George Gordon
Pauline Brackett
Cornell Trowbridge
Elizabeth Lapham
Constance Grave
Clarence de W. Rogers

PUZZLES, 1

Henry S. Johnson
Anne Barton Townsend
Isadore Helfand
Edith Mabel Smith
Elizabeth G. Jones
Margaret Laughlin
Duncan Scarborough
Margaret Spaulding
Dorothy Emily Urick
Katharine M. Wickett
Frances K. Marlatt
Elsie De Witt
Alexander L. Abbott
Geraldine Mallette
Elizabeth B. White
Joe Earnest
Margaret Billingham



"THE MESSENGER." BY LOUISE
M. GRAHAM, AGE 15. (HONOR
MEMBER.)

VERSE, 2

Ilse Backer
Helen Stoney
Lillian Rhodes
Berrell Ries
Mary L. D. West
Mary E. James
Valerie de Milhau
Margaret Ingerson
Margaret Fliegler
Mary E. Mumford
Charles Schley
Ruth Ure
Alice Wetmore
Katherine Hunn
Elizabeth L. Young
Florence Swallow
Max Konecky

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

William P. Howe, Jr.
William L. Payson
Eva P. Jamison
Margaret M. Benny

Glady Pitschman
Oscar S. Conrad
Bernice E. Griswold
Natalie Bloch
Dorothy A. Smith
James Sargent, Jr.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 178

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 178 will close August 24 (for foreign members August 30). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for December.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Bells," or "The Story of the Bells."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Family Affair."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Along the Way."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Christmas Surprise," or a Heading for December.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

MONTREUX, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Several years have passed since I had the pleasure of receiving my first number of you. Last year it was very hard for me, as I was not allowed to read you, lest I might neglect my French studies, which I came to Switzerland to learn. I am not alone, for my mother is with me. My cousin and I are in school, and what a sad sight my St. NICHOLAS is after it has passed through the eager hands of the English-speaking girls here, there being quite a number. For three weeks during our Easter vacation, my mother, cousin, and myself took a trip to Rome and Florence. On our return, I immediately wrote the competition number of "A Story of the Garden." It was the history and description of the garden of the Villa d'Este, at Tivoli. But I did not send it, there being two complications: first of all, the competition closed for foreign members the thirtieth, and I only finished it the twenty-eighth, even though I had written quickly; secondly, in the years I have taken you, I have never become a member of the League. I would like to be one now.

It would be very difficult to say which of your interesting stories I like best, but "More Than Conquerors" and "With Men Who Do Things" are to me the most interesting and instructive, and I am sure many of the boys and girls who have read those splendid stories must agree with me. But all your stories give me great delight, and I think with pleasure of the joy you have given to more than one generation, and I hope you may do so for many more.

One of your most devoted and interested readers,
VIRGINIA MARKEL.

SALUDA, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For ten years we have read the most interesting and helpful magazine for the *whole family*—St. NICHOLAS. I especially like the stories "The Land of Mystery," "Beatrice of Denewood," "The World's Series," "The Runaway," "Black-on-Blue," and lots of others. I always look forward with eagerness for the first of the month for St. NICHOLAS to come.

Your loving reader,
RUSSELL LOCKE (age 11).

KENWOOD, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Have you ever heard of a school where the teachers serve ripe, ice-cold watermelon to the pupils? I think you have not, but our teachers do. Every year, regularly, when they are ripe, a certain farmer around here treats us to about sixteen juicy red and yellow-fleshed watermelons. *My!* They certainly are good! Our school is not a very large one—only a few more than a hundred pupils—so sixteen melons are ample. The red-fleshed ones are ever so good, but I do not think they begin to compare with the yellow ones.

Your devoted reader,
ADELE NOYES.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, and so this year I thought I would send you to "The Children's Hospital." I have ordered it already. The hospital is large and white. It is situated in East Hollywood; I have been there several times, and I am an annual member. I have spoken to and seen the child who dug the first spadeful of earth for the building of

the hospital; her name is Angeline. One of the children wrote the letter to President Wilson asking him to publicly open the doors; he answered her, and he sat in his office and pushed a button just the way he did for the Panama Canal.

It is very interesting to go around and chat with the children.

I sent the St. NICHOLAS to help pass their time away. I am not going to have it bound because, by the time the children have read it, it would be quite worn, so they are going to take the pictures to make scrap-books for the little ones. I paid for St. NICHOLAS with my own allowance. I think the children will enjoy it as much as I do.

Your interested reader,
HILDA BARNARD (age 12).

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am thirteen years old, and have just started taking your interesting magazine. I really cannot tell you which story I enjoy reading the best, because they are all so interesting that it is hard to say.



The picture which I inclose I took last summer in New London, Connecticut. It is called a flying-boat. It was a very pretty sight to see it start in the water and then go up in the air.

Your most interested reader,
GERTRUDE OWSLEY.

WORCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I set the table for Mama sometimes. And I help her wash the dishes too. I am just beginning to take the St. NICHOLAS, and I like it very much.

Yours sincerely,
PHILIP MALCOLM POST (age 7).

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have had you for a long time, I have never yet written to you. This year you were given to me as a Christmas gift by my mother. When you come, my fingers fairly ache to get hold of you.

I am very fond of Miss Alcott's books, and when I spied her letter in the January magazine, I was just overflowing with happiness, and I was very much interested in what the "Little Women" were doing. I love to get the old numbers of the St. NICHOLAS down from the attic on rainy days, and I have read some of

the stories over and over again. I have always enjoyed your serial stories immensely, especially "The Wizard of Morocco," which appeared sometime ago; but I read every word of you, and I am very much interested in the Letter-box.

Your affectionate, constant, and interested reader,
EDELIN E. RODEN (age 13).

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, seven years old. A friend gave you to me for Christmas, and I love you very much.

I have learned two or three of your poems.

I have three brothers and one sister. We are going to England this summer to see my grandmother, who lives there.

I have crossed the ocean six times already. Good-by.

Your loving reader,
ALAN DOUGLAS STODDART.

YORK, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old. I have been taking you for eight months. I love to read your magazines. It is my best magazine. I am always waiting for you.

I have a little sister named Anna, and she loves to have me read all the little pieces of poetry. She is too little to read herself.

Your interested reader,
ELIZABETH LEE SMALL.

PUEBLO, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been coming to our house for several years, and my brothers and sister and I have enjoyed the stories which tell how other boys and girls find sport and amusement in other parts of this country.

So many boys and girls, and grown folks too, came to see our tree-house last summer, that I thought some of your readers might like to see this picture of it. The house is built between two pine-trees of medium size, and is about fifteen feet from the ground. We made a number of trips to a sawmill to get native lumber for it, and playing in the big pile of sawdust there was great fun. The house sways with the wind, but as it is securely fastened, the rocking motion is great sport.

I almost forgot to tell you that this tree-house was built in the Greenhorn range of mountains, at Beulah, a little summer resort about twenty-eight miles southwest of Pueblo, where we go every summer when school closes; we stay there until it opens again the following September. Our place is called "Wildwood," and we live beneath big cliffs which form the sides of Middle Creek Cañon, through which flows a pretty mountain stream which is a branch of the San Carlos (St. Charles).

Nobody lives between us and the San Isabel Forest Reserve, and many people come up our cañon on their picnic excursions. Some of these had heard about our tree-house, and asked to see it. So we would cross the stream and lead them up a winding path through a beautiful grove to the pine ridge. Even then, they would want to climb up to inspect it. One visitor was a school-teacher, who asked us to send her a picture of it, as she wished to show it to her scholars.

At different times, Father and Mother slept up there with one of us children, but that was n't because we were afraid—not very much afraid, anyway. And Sister had a chum who came to see her, and those two girls made up their minds to camp out up there. So

they took some matches, and bread, and canned goods, and sure enough they stayed up there for three days. At night, they could hear coyotes barking away up in the rocks near by, too. I think they were braver than some boys are. One night, we boys started out to scare the girls. We crept up softly, but gave ourselves away when we got near the tree-house by whistling to each other. It was dark, and we had to whistle to locate the other fellow. It helps to keep up your courage, whistling does.

On a starry night, it was fine to lie up there and look up at the heavens, and to listen to the sighing of



THE TREE-HOUSE AT BEULAH, COLORADO.

the breezes among the pine-needles. The stream below seemed to send different sounds up there, too. Then, in the morning, a saucy jay-bird would light in a tree close by and scold us, and he seemed to tell us that we did not belong to Birdville. I wish you might enjoy looking out upon the waving branches of the pines from that level. It was easy to imagine that you were on a green sea of dancing waves, with the tree trunks looking like the spars of many ships.

Very truly yours,
MORRIS D. TOWNSEND (age 14).

EAST AUBURN, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I recently had my sixteenth birthday, and I am dreading the time, two years from now, when I shall have passed the age limit for competing in the League.

I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for a great many years and grow fonder of it with each number.

I am dreadfully excited over "The Runaway"—it stops in such terrible places. I think it is one of the best stories you ever printed.

California is a very interesting place to live in. I

wish that more of your League members might have my luck. From my home we can see the Sierra Nevadas and the American River on one side, and the great expanse of the Sacramento River Valley on the other.

Auburn was once a little mining settlement, and there are still some queer old buildings standing in the older part of the city. It is not far from the spot where gold was first discovered in 1848.

I hope to enter the University of California at Berkeley in 1915.

Your ever faithful reader,
DOROTHY DEMING.

LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written to you, but I always have wanted to.

I am in a school at Lausanne, where I have been for the last five years, and I love it very much. There are



only two other American girls, and when the St. NICHOLAS comes, there is always a great excitement.

Just before Christmas we had an entertainment, and for one of the plays we had "Everygirl," out of the St. NICHOLAS. We translated it into French, as it is a French school, and made our costumes all ourselves. It was very nice, and came off beautifully. Inclosed is a snap-shot I took just before the performance. I am *Science*, at the back. We are all in it except *Work*, who was down-stairs working, and as it was a dark and windy day, the photograph came out pretty well.

I simply adore the St. NICHOLAS, and when it comes, I always feel as if a bit of the U. S. A. were brought with it.

Your loving reader,
RUTH E. PRAGER (age 14).

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about our gold-fish. We have four, one being smaller than the rest. I like to feed them after the water has been changed. We have them in a glass bowl, with grass on the top and a little castle that the fish can swim through or lie in its shade. A few weeks ago, I saw the smallest one swim around the castle several times, rising a little each time until he reached the top. Then he would dive down and repeat the performance. They are very amusing, and I often watch them.

I have taken you for four years, and am sure that I could not get along without you. I and many of my friends have been much interested in "The Lucky Six-

pence," "Beatrice of Denewood," and "The Land of Mystery." I have followed *Beatrice* since the day she got the sixpence until the day she and *John* were married. Followed her from England to America, back to England, and back again to America, and it was with great joy and pride that I found she chose to dwell under the Stars and Stripes.

My only criticism of the stories is that they do not run in 1914, for I think that they are entirely too short.

While going to the dentist, I noticed that most of his patients were children, yet he had older people's magazines. I asked why he did not have St. NICHOLAS, and he acted upon my suggestion.

There is something in St. NICHOLAS for every one, from my little brother, four years old, to my father. I hope that St. NICHOLAS will always have as many and more loyal readers than it already has, and that it may never give place to another magazine.

Your very sincere reader and admirer,
KATHARINE LEWIS WATSON (age 11).

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I love you and your stories. I read them all, from "More Than Conquerors" to "For Very Little Folk." But my favorite is "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman."

I am ten years old, but, though I have been a member of the League for three years, I have only written once.

Mother took you before me, and I hope she loved you as much as your loving

BARBARA LING.

QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking your magazine for a year now, and always look forward to its arrival every month.

I am fourteen years old, and live on a big sheep-station in western Queensland. I have two brothers and one sister, all younger than myself.

I have six ponies, all called after nursery rhymes. I also have two canaries and a cat.

We shear in August. The shed holds twenty-five stands, and it is great fun watching the sheep.

I remain,

Your affectionate reader,
GRACE BELL.

CHESTNUT HILL, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the silver badge awarded to me for solving the puzzles, a few days ago. I think it is perfectly beautiful, and I am going to try hard to win a gold one.

I have taken you for seven years, and every year I like you better. My favorite story this year is "The Runaway," and I am anxious to know who *Rodman* turns out to be. The fairy operetta in the March number is very pretty, and I think I will, very likely, give it this summer. I have not seen many letters from Chestnut Hill in the Letter-box. I am telling all my friends what a good magazine St. NICHOLAS is, and I hope you will get their subscriptions very soon.

A little poem which I composed I thought you would be interested to read:

In winter, summer, spring, and fall,
When flowers bloom and flowers rest,
St. NICHOLAS is the best of all—
The very, very best.

Thanking you for the lovely badge, I am,
Your loving reader,
GAVIN WATSON (age 14).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL. London. Cross-words: 1. Ladoga. 2. Norway. 3. Danube. 4. Lindau. 5. Boston. 6. Oregon.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Sheridan; third row, Farragut. Cross-words: 1. Safe. 2. Hear. 3. Ears. 4. Rare. 5. Iran. 6. Dogs. 7. Ague. 8. Note.

A GRECIAN PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Alexander the Great. Cross-words: 1. Apollo. 2. Lesbos. 3. Epirus. 4. Xerxes. 5. Arbela. 6. Ne-mean. 7. Delphi. 8. Euclid. 9. Rhodes. 10. Thebes. 11. Hesiod. 12. Eubœa. 13. Greece. 14. Romans. 15. Euxine. 16. Athens. 17. Thales.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Bab. 2. Age. 3. Bed. II. 1. Cab. 2. Ace. 3. Beg. III. 1. Dab. 2. Ada. 3. Bag. IV. 1. Gab. 2. Abe. 3. Bee.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Brevity is the soul of wit." Hamlet, ii, 2.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Farragut. 1. Falcon. 2. Abacus. 3. Rabbit. 4. Rudder. 5. August. 6. Guitar. 7. Ungula. 8. Tailor. Numerical Enigma: "Even in war, moral power is to physical as three parts out of four."—CHARADE. Moon-light.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 24 from Max Stolz—Ruth A. Austin—Gladys S. Conrad—Edith B. Farnsworth—Geraldine Mallette—Darthea Phemister—Caroline Jamison—Eleanor Manning—Harry C. Bailey—"Chums"—Margaret Anderson—Victor Edwin—Webb Bird—Evelyn Hillman—Mary L. Ingles—"Allil and Adi"—Florence Noble.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 24 from Claire A. Hepner, 8—Frances K. Marlatt, 8—Ruth Spicer, 8—Marshall A. Best, 7—Phyllis Young, 7—Lothrop Bartlett, 7—Elizabeth Cope, 7—Arthur Poulin, 6—Douglass Robinson, 6—Janet B. Fine, 6—Dorothy Berrall, 6—"David and Robert," 6—C. Whitney Davison, 6—Helen L. Files, 5—Isabel Conklin, 5—Henry Seidenburg, 5—Julian L. Ross, 5—Mary L. Willard, 2—Virginia Stockburger, 2—Grace McK. Potter, 1—Gaylord A. Wood, 1—Edith C. McCullough, 1—Francis Bethell, 1—Ned Willard, 1.

DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper, left-hand letter, will spell the surname of a famous writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A Persian monk. 2. Compassionate. 3. Engine. 4. Doglike animals of Asia and Africa. 5. Most expensive. 6. Occurs. 7. Children without parents.

JESSIE WEISS (age 15), *League Member.*

SOME CURIOUS BIRDS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1. THERE 's a bird whose name tells if he flies fast or slow;
2. And one that boys use when with long strides they go;
3. There 's one that tells tales, though he never can sing;
4. And one who flies high, but is held by a string.
5. By one a high rank in the army is held;
6. There 's another whose name with one letter is spelled;
7. There is one that a flogger might readily use;
8. And one you could easily fool if you choose;

9. What bird, as dessert, is so useful to hold?
10. And which, in the chimney-place, oft hung of old?
11. Which bird wears a bit of the sky in its dress?
12. Which one always stands in the corner, at chess?
13. Which bird built a church, of London the pride?
14. We have this when we talk with a friend by our side;
15. What bird with its bill would be useful at tea?
16. And which would its tail use to steer with at sea?
17. Which proudly a musical instrument wears?
18. And which the same name as a small island bears?
19. Which bird is called foolish and stupid and silly?
20. And which one is wanting to punish poor Billy?
21. Which bird is a toiler who works at his trade?
22. And which is the stuff of which banners are made?
23. One, we 're told by a poet, at heaven's gate sings;
24. And there 's one which, in Holland, to chimney-top wings;
25. What bird have we with us in eating and drinking?
26. One is used for a fence—you can guess without thinking;
27. What bird is a scoffer, a scorner, a jest?
28. What bird is too lazy to build her own nest?
29. From a high wind at evening one name is inferred;
30. Guess these, and you 're wise as Minerva's own bird.

JOHN FOSTER CHAPMAN (age 17).



POEMS IN PICTURES

EACH of the eleven little pictures in the above illustration represents the name of a poem. Who is the author, and what are the names of his eleven poems?

A ROMAN ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

* 21	11	.	.	CROSS-WORDS: 1. Unites. 2. Custom.
* 13	29	.	15	plant. 3. An Egyptian aquatic
* .	18	5	10	plant. 4. A river of India. 5.
* 16	25	12	27	A sore. 6. An Indian trophy.
* .	31	.	2	7. A small bit. 8. A church at-
* 7	17	.	.	tached to a monastery or con-
* 30	3	28	.	vent. 9. Vacant. 10. In India,
* 1	.	26	.	a title of respect. 11. A flower
* 22	.	4	.	that blooms in the early fall. 12.
* 8	32	24	.	Flowers that bloom in the early
* 14	.	19	20	summer.
* .	6	23	9	When the foregoing words

* * 6 23 9 When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters, indicated by stars, will spell a famous Roman; the letters from 1 to 6 and from 7 to 13 each name another famous Roman; from 14 to 19 name a Roman council; from 20 to 23, an imperial city; from 24 to 27, certain days in the Roman calendar; and from 28 to 32, a month famous in Roman history.

HENRIETTA M. ARCHER (age 15).

WORD-SQUARE

1. A FEMININE name. 2. To worship with profound reverence. 3. A plant on which the cochineal-insect feeds. 4. A spasm of the muscles. 5. Barks shrilly.

ELEANOR W. BOWKER (age 13), *League Member.*

NOVEL LITERARY ZIGZAG

57	50	1	09	42	30	CROSS-WORDS: 1. A common,
44	58	21	40	71	28	edible root. 2. To enlist. 3.
11	60	66	14	63	4	Beginning. 4. The eighth
15	10	29	65	51	16	tone in the musical scale. 5.
22	68	31	38	2	52	A New Englander. 6. A portion
39	19	47	17	7	35	of a circle. 7. Followers
6	32	36	59	43	9	of one branch of Moham-
26	55	56	67	49	3	medism. 8. An instrument
70	54	13	18	27	48	of combat. 9. Deadly. 10.
62	5	37	33	41	64	A place for instruction by lec-
34	46	25	20	24	53	tures. 11. To pay back. 12.
23	45	8	61	72	12	A permanent ruler.

By taking the first letter of the first and second cross-words, the second letter of the third and fourth, the first letter of the fifth and

sixth, and so on, the name of a famous poet may be spelled. Similarly, by beginning at the last letter of the first and second words, the fifth letter of the third and fourth, the last of the fifth and sixth, and so on, the name of a beloved essayist may be spelled.

In the above diagram, the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 8, from 9 to 13, from 14 to 19, from 20 to 25, from 26 to 31, from 32 to 38, and from 39 to 45 each spell the name of a famous writer who was born in August.

My 13-18-46 47-48-49-41-23 is the name of a poem written by the author named in the primal zigzag. My 50-51-52-53 12-18-54 1-55-56-37-41-57-39 is the title of the last book written by the author named in the final zigzag. My 44-58-40-37-43 59-60-20-16-4 is a poem by the author named from 1 to 8. My 42-18-19 13-61-62-63-6-64-65-25 is a novel by the author named from 9 to 13. My 66-67-32-36-14-2-8-63-68 is a poem by the author named from 14 to 19. My 29-43-24 64-52-20-69-70 is a poem by the author named from 20 to 25. My 17-32-55 10-30-64-57-71-33-27-12 61-3-14-28-54-35 is a delightful book by the author named from 26 to 31. My 18-24-9-67-16-34-36-20-2-72 is a poem by the author named from 32 to 38. My 64-69-23-11-47 is a poem by the author named from 39 to 45.

RUTH KATHRYN GAYLORD (age 15), *Honor Member*.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE

IN solving, follow the above diagram, though the puzzle contains many more cross-words.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In land.
2. Fortune. 3. A rover. 4.
Implied. 5. A couch. 6. A
small candle. 7. A stair-
post. 8. To allude. 9. A

monkey-like animal. 10. Report. 11. Pertaining to a wheel. 12. A coast city of Morocco. 13. A marked slip. 14. General purport. 15. A kind of water-lily. 16. An East Indian coin. 17. A portable chair. 18. Ardent. 19. At no time. 20. To oppose by argument. 21. Rustic. 22. To strike lightly. 23. In land.

DUNCAN SCARBOROUGH (age 17), *Honor Member.*

MIXED WORD-SQUARE

D E E E E E I N N O O P P R R

REARRANGE the above sixteen letters into four words that will form a word-square.

KATHARINE BEARD (age 9), *League Member.*



"These soups instil such force and skill
That when I hit and go
Daubert and Cobb give up the job
And Baker's cake is dough."

It gives "driving-power"

No matter whether you are up to "bang them over the fence" or up against a hard job in your every-day occupation, the driving-power you need both in arms and brain comes mostly from what you eat and how you digest it.

This is why Campbell's Tomato Soup is such a good wholesome food for you to eat often and a plenty.

It is nourishing and easy to digest and it helps to make other food easy to digest; so that all you eat makes better blood and flesh and muscle; and makes them quicker, too.

Better get some of that driving-force today.

21 kinds

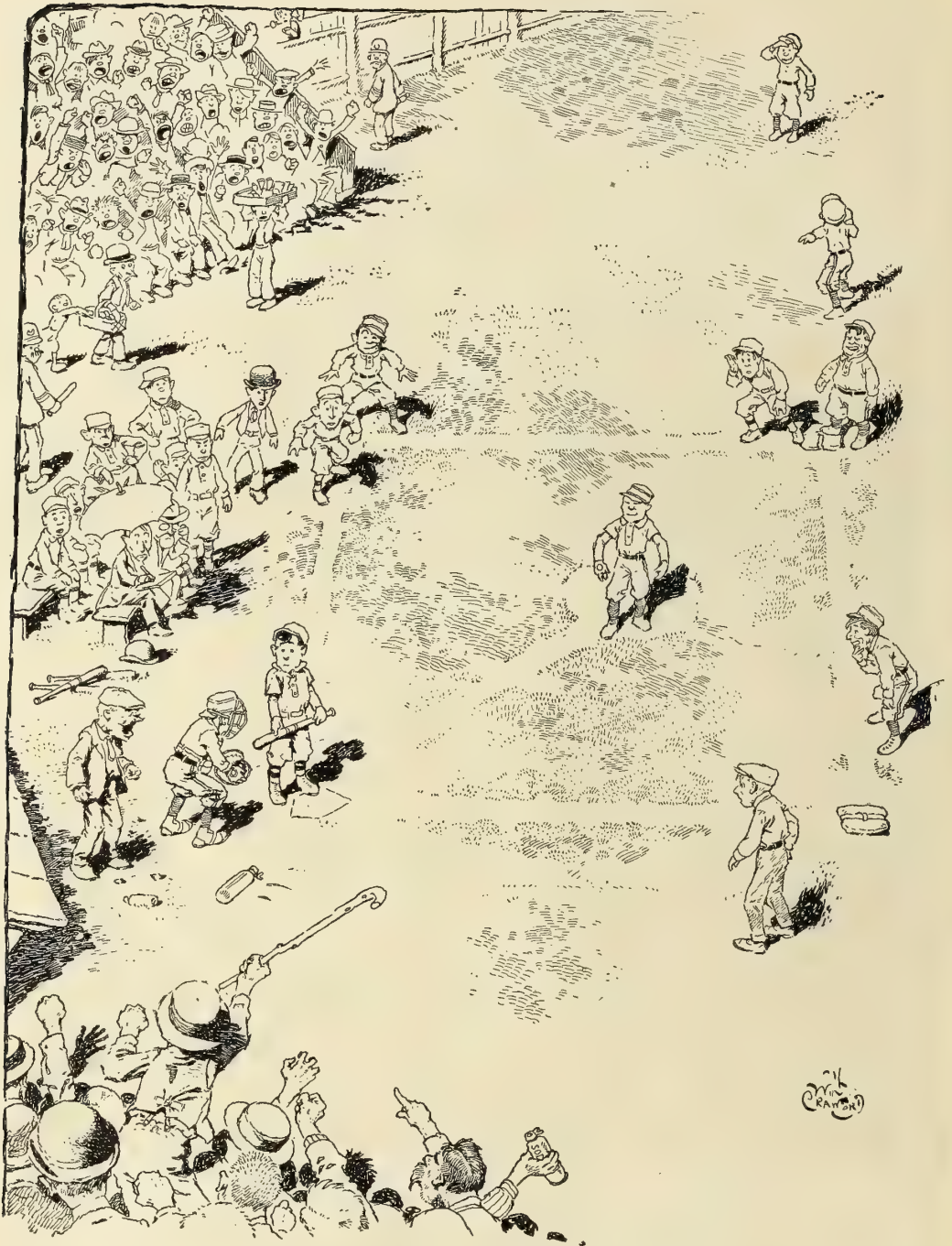
10c a can



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

ST. NICHOLAS ADVERTISEMENTS



Drawn by Will Crawford

THE CLIMAX OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY

"But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire yelled, 'STRIKE TWO!'"

This is one of the contributions to the comic section, called "In Lighter Vein", of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for August.



A Brownie Camera will double his summer fun.
Works on the simple Kodak plan. Brownies,
\$1.00 to \$12.00.

Kodak and Brownie catalogue free at your Kodak dealers, or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

POLLY and PETER PONDS



(A Continued Story)

You will find one part of this story in last month's St. Nicholas and another next month



AS Peter said to Polly after it was all over: "You never can tell what's going to happen until it does happen." "Well," replied Polly, "even then you can't tell what's going to happen, because what *was* going to happen, already has happened and can't happen—"

"Help!" cried Peter. "I know what you mean. You think I'm one of those Irish bulls. Anyway, about the only thing you can count on for sure is

POND'S EXTRACT"

It was this way. Peter was up at a boy's camp in Maine for July and August. The name of the camp was Nishiwinnemacossset, which is Bangor Indian for "We never have any mosquitoes here." As Polly

said, "I always thought that Indians never told a lie, but now I know they were human beings."

But I'm forgetting. It was just luck, but Polly was at a girl's camp only five miles away with Molly Conley, Bill's sister, on Lake Pemaquidnuncatucket. (We'll give one bottle of Pond's Extract Vanishing Cream, free, to the boy or girl who tells us what that really means.) Bill, you know, was at Nishiwinne—etc. Lots of the boys from Peter's school were there.

To get back to our story, one fine cool day, Sam Evans came bursting into camp, late for supper as usual.

"Gee," he cried, "that bacon and fried trout smell like something good. But say, boys, there's going to be a canoe race over at 'Quidnunc,' and the girls want a couple of you to start on scratch, so as to make them really work hard. Who's in for it?"

"Say, Sam," cried Bill Conley, "what's the attraction over there? Seems to me you spend most of the time—"

"Shucks, Bill," broke in Peter, "you've chaffed him enough. Those girls are better sports than some boys I could name."

"All right, I'll shut up, and we'll see to-morrow who's the best hand at a paddle," replied Bill, scowling at Peter. (Bill had n't yet forgiven Peter for accusing him, of putting the tack on the tennis-court bench last month, and Peter felt unfriendly to Bill because he felt sure he was guilty, but could n't prove it.)

The boys were going over on their bicycles the next morning, so Peter, who always took good care of his machine, went over it from top to bottom with his wrench and oil-can, for he knew that the first one over would get the best canoe.

Well, the next morning, just the minute that flapjacks and maple syrup were down, and his bunk made up according to the rules, Peter hopped on his wheel. But what should he see disappearing around the pine-clump at the bend of the road but Bill Conley's well-known back.

"Whew!" said Peter to himself, "he's surely got a good start. I'll bet his bunk has wrinkles in it." And he began to "hump himself."

That road was a good one, carpeted with pine-needles and winding through the forest and over the rocky hills,



but it seemed an awfully long five miles before Peter caught up with Bill's rear wheel. Bill was pumping hard and swayed a little to each side as his foot went down. Just then they rounded the last turn and saw the girl's camp below them on its little silver lake and, just ahead, Polly and Molly who had come up to meet them.

"Now I've got him," said Peter to himself, and put on the extra power he had been saving up. But just that minute round went his front wheel, there was a cloud of dust, a bang, and over the handle-bars went Peter, right on his face in the road. In two seconds, Bill Conley flashed by with his coaster-brake on. "So long, Peter," he cried, "better luck next time," and was gone down the hill.

By this time Polly and Molly had run over to Peter.

"Oh, Peter, are you hurt?" cried Polly. "No-o-o," said Peter doubtfully, picking himself up. "I'm all right except this thumb which feels a bit funny. What I want to know is, how those handle-bars came loose. I specially remember tightening that nut last night. If that Bill Conley—" "Sh!" said Polly, "let me fix that thumb. I've got that sample bottle of

"Well," replied Peter, "that's all right then. The only thing I was worrying about was my thumb and now that I've got Pond's Extract on it right away, it won't bother me at all. There's nothing like Pond's Extract for a sprain. Here we go, and may the best lady or gentleman win!" But when he started to walk he found his knee was bruised pretty badly. They stopped and put Pond's Extract on that. Right away it felt much better, but it still looked very black and blue.

(In the next number you will find out who won the canoe race and what happened on the water. You can be sure it was exciting. But Pond's Extract made it much less serious than it might otherwise have been.)

POND'S EXTRACT

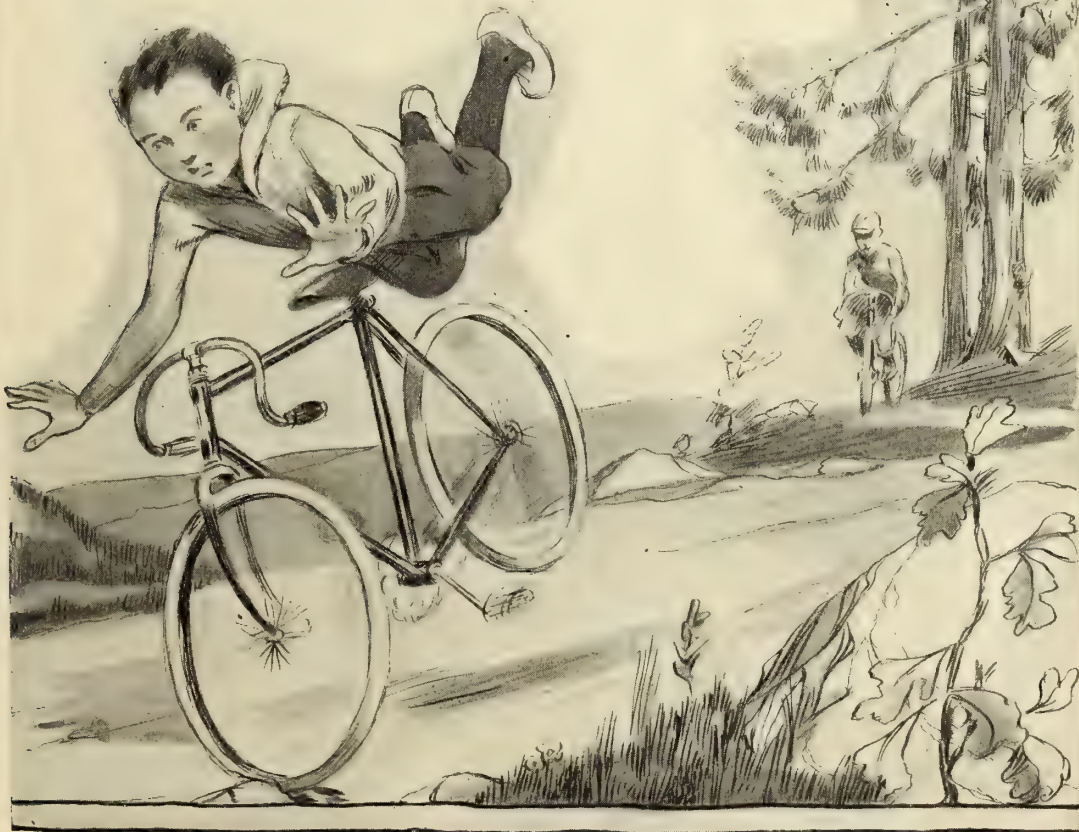
in my pocket, and we'll just tie it up in your handkerchief."

"Peter," said Molly, "I would n't wonder a bit if that rascally brother of mine loosened the nut, but don't you worry, they can't start the canoe race till I get there, because I'm the starter, and we have to draw lots for the canoes."

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S
Vanishing Cream—Cold Cream
—Toilet Soap—Pond's
Extract

POND'S EXTRACT
COMPANY

131 Hudson Street
New York



Schools



Educate Your Child in Your Own Home

The mother is the natural teacher of her children. She knows their peculiarities, their temperaments, their weaknesses—and how best to deal with each one.

But, untrained as a teacher, the time comes when she feels her inability alone to carry them further. Possibly not within reach of really an efficient school, she reluctantly gives them up to be taught with other children.

There has grown up in the City of Baltimore, as a department of a great private day school, an institution the high object and purpose of which is to educate children in their own home no matter where located.

Its course covers the years from kindergarten to the twelfth year. Its work is the same as followed in the Calvert School classes, directed by regular Calvert School teachers, each a specialist in child education.

Under the Calvert system the precocious child is not restrained, the backward child is not hurried.

This system is not an experiment; it has been used many years with remarkable success. One

mother writes: "The system seems to me almost magical in its results." Another, previously perplexed by the educational problem, voices her relief in these words: "A regular Godsend."

If interested, write, stating age of child, for a booklet outlining the plan and courses of instruction, which will be mailed free. Address

V.M. HILLYER, A.B. (Harvard), Headmaster
14 W. Chase Street,
Baltimore, Md.



National Park Seminary

For Girls Washington, D. C. (Suburbs).

A junior college with preparatory department and high school extension courses, composing a model park village, devoted to progressive methods and ideals of education. Prepares girls for the real business of life. Easily accessible by electric cars or rail. All the advantages of the capital open to students. Preparatory and collegiate studies; complete facilities for Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science, Arts and Crafts, Secretarial work, Library Economy, Business Law, Hygiene, Modern Gymnasium, Bowling Alleys, Swimming Pool, Riding. Descriptive illustrated volume mailed on request. Address

Registrar, National Park Seminary, Box 178,
Forest Glen, Maryland.



Thompson - Baldasseroni School of Travel. For Girls. 14th Year. Eight months' travel and study abroad. Usual courses. American home comforts. October sailing.

Mrs. W. W. Scott, Sec'y, Dover, N. H.



Upper School

Ossining School

For Girls Ossining-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Preparatory and vocational courses. Music, art, Home making. Gardening and horticulture. 47th year. Separate house for younger girls. Send for Illustrated Year Book. Address

CLARA C. FULLER, Principal
MARTHA J. NARAMORE, Associate Principal



Lower School

Boys! Girls! Speak a Foreign Language!

Learn on your own talking machine, at home, during spare moments—French, German, Spanish, Italian—easily, quickly. No tiresome rules. Just listen to the native professor's voice pronounce each word and phrase until you know it. Make your school work easy by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD

combined with

ROSENTHAL'S PRACTICAL LINGUISTRY

Let us send you our free "Treatise on Language Study," and particulars. Write to-day.

THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD, 978 Putnam Bldg., 2 W. 45th St., New York





Say to Father
to-night:-

"Dad—did you ever hear of the Corona Portable Typewriter?"

If he says, "No," then tell him about it and ask him if he won't buy you one.

Tell him that the Corona is first of all—a standard typewriter; but that a wonderful invention has enabled the makers to bring down

its size (when folded) to 3¼" x 10½" x 9" and its weight to 6 lbs. Tell him that the

CORONA

Folding Typewriter

has all the improvements found on the more cumbersome machines. A few of its features being, visible writing, two-color ribbon, back spacer and stencil cutting device.

Tell him how much you would like to own one and the good it would do not only you but also him, as he could write his letters on it too.

But perhaps—it would be better if you first wrote for our booklet No. 6, for as you will then have a lot of information to surprise him with. Just send us a post card with your name and address thereon, and we'll see that you receive the book. Do this now before you forget.

Corona Typewriter Co., Inc.
Croton, N. Y.

(Formerly Standard Typewriter Company)

141 W. 42d St., at Broadway, New York City
Agencies in Principal Cities of the World



Bonbons Chocolates

The "Superiority" of Maillard

Bonbons

Chocolates

French
Pastries

Ice Creams

MAILLARD'S Bonbons and Chocolates are the purest and choicest you can buy: the daintiest you can give to your friends: the most delicious you can eat yourself. Their purity, flavor and superiority have won for them a signal preference in the opinion of all who appreciate the qualities of "fine candies."

Maillard Candies packed in French Bonbonnières (Exclusive Importation) or Fancy Boxes to order, and when requested made ready for safe delivery to all parts of the world.

Maillard

FIFTH AVE., AT 35TH ST., NEW YORK



The Treasure Box of Goodies

Every box of *Nuyler's* Chocolates is full of new and wonderful delights. Melting creams, toothsome caramels, crisp molasses chips, dainty fruit jellies, nuts and fudge and many more, each coated with *Nuyler's* delicious chocolate—all the treasures of taste are there.

Nuyler's Bonbons Chocolates

Besides *Nuyler's* bonbons and chocolates there are nearly fifty other kinds to suit every candy taste.

They include the famous old-fashioned molasses candy and many other favorites for children.

Nuyler's candies are sold by *Nuyler's* sales agents (leading druggists everywhere) in United States and Canada. If there should be no sales agent near you, please write us.

Nuyler's 64 Irving Place
New York



Helpful Suggestions

ON this page are suggestions where most ideal pets may be found. Dolls can't play with you, games sometimes grow tiresome, and toys wear out, but a loving little pet will bring a new companionship and happiness into the home, growing stronger with passing years, oftentimes aiding in health and character building and frequently proving a staunch protector and friend. We are always ready to assist in the selection of a pet and like to help when possible. We try to carry only the most reliable advertisements and believe you can count on courteous and reliable service from the dealers shown below. ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT



Your Pony at Home

Which one of these devoted little comrades are you going to choose?

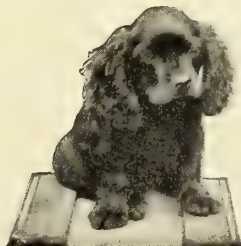
I have what I believe to be the best lot of fancy colored Shetlands in America—Spotted Ones—Blue and White—Bay and White—Black and White—Chestnut and White, also solid colors—including a number of snow-white ponies which are very rare; also a number of mares and colts. Prices range from \$110 for well broken geldings to \$250 for fancy mares. Of course colts are much lower in price. I also make a specialty of

Large Ponies for Riding and Driving

Most people think of ponies as expensive toys. They are mistaken in both views. Write and ask me why. Let me help you choose your new friend.

H. T. MORGAN, Glen Ellyn, Illinois

Have you ever heard of "Dog Days"?



THE hot summer weather is hard for all of us—our dog friends not excepted. It is so much wiser to keep a dog in good condition than to wait until he gets sick and then try to cure him.

VERMILAX

is the preventive your dog needs. It is a purely vegetable tonic. It will improve his appearance and keep him sweet-tempered and spirited.

Nine out of ten dogs have intestinal trouble. Watch your dog closely. If he vomits, froths at the mouth, has fits, twitches or drags along on his hind quarters, give him Vermilax at once, and it will make him better over night.

If your druggist does n't sell Vermilax we will send it to you by Parcels Post. Prices 50 cents and \$1.00

VERMILAX CO., INC.

Dept. 40-A, 220 West 42d Street, New York City



Dodson Bird Houses

Attract Bluebirds, Wrens, Martins, Tree Swallows, etc., to live in your gardens. **Dodson Sparrow Trap** catches from 100 to 200 English Sparrows a day. Price, \$5.00 f.o.b. Chicago. Write for **The Dodson Book About Birds**—sent free on request.

JOSEPH H. DODSON
707 Security Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

USE

Spratt's Dog Cakes & Puppy Biscuits

THEY ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD

Send 2-cent stamp for "Dog Culture"

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, NEWARK, N. J.



Don't We Look Happy?

We are—all three of us. We have such fun playing outdoors during the long vacation days. Both my dear little puppies are learning lots of tricks. It is easy to teach them from my fine book on dog training. If you want a puppy or a dog book, write today to

MR. F. R. CLARKE
Sunnybrae Collie Kennels, Bloomington, Ill.

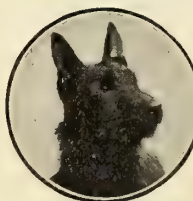
BABY SHETLANDS

and full-grown ponies. Registered, of champion stock.

Our ponies are exceptionally gentle and well broken. Not afraid of automobiles.

Buy a colt and let it grow up with your child. Write:

SUNSET HILL FARM, Portsmouth, N. H.



Scottish Terriers

Offered as companions. Not given to fighting or roaming. Best for children's pets.

NEWCASTLE KENNELS
Brookline, Mass.

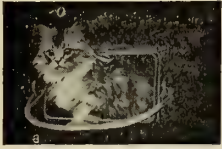


Pony Hints

Ponies always bring abundant health, dependable usefulness and unequalled pleasure, but your pony—the one best suited for your special needs—must be chosen with knowledge and care. Write me just what you want, and the price. This season's foals especially desirable. Choose now for Christmas. Your future playmate is waiting for you.

SHADY NOOK FARM, No. Ferrisburg, Vermont

St. Nicholas Pet Department—Continued



SPECIAL NOTICE

We must reduce our stock of CATS, DOGS, KITTENS and PUPPIES to make room for our boarders. Many of our best will go at sacrifice prices to first comers.

Make boarding reservations now for your dog or cat's vacation. Catalogue and rates upon request.

BLACK SHORT HAired CATTERY, Oradell, N. J.
N. Y. Office, 112 Carnegie Hall Tel., 3691 Columbus



The most unique and acceptable gift to your sweetheart or child.

The ideal house pets and companions.

BOSTON TERRIERS AND FRENCH BULLDOGS

Send Stamp for Catalog

SQUANTUM KENNELS
Established 1877 Atlantic, Mass.



A SHETLAND PONY

is an unceasing source of pleasure. A safe and ideal playmate. Makes the child strong and of robust health. Highest type—complete outfits—here. Inexpensive. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for illustrated catalog.

BELLE MEADE FARM
Dept. 9 Markham, Va.

Coming Into Man's Estate

REAL boys read ST. NICHOLAS, real men read Forest and Stream. Between the age of boy and man is the time when the male human needs attention. Forest and Stream shows the youth how to become a real honest injun sportsman, and allows a special price to ST. NICHOLAS boys. Twenty-five cents for a three months' trial.

FOREST AND STREAM

For more than 40 years the recognized sportsman's authority
22 Thames St., New York

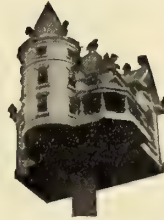


Voltamp Motors
"Little Dickie" Prepaid \$1.10

Special Offer, 30 Days

This perfect Motor with Switch and "Motor Hints" mailed anywhere in U. S. or Canada on receipt of \$1.10. Every boy and grown-up should have the new VOLTAMP Catalog—just the book for the experimenter. Wireless, Telegraphs, Telephones, Motors, Dynamos, Transformers, Rectifiers, Miniature Railways and Parts, Raw Materials and hundreds of others. Sent only for 6c in stamps or coin. Largest Electric Mail Order House in U. S.

VOLTAMP ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
Nichol Bldg. Baltimore, Md.



FIRST IN AMERICA
BEST IN THE WORLD

ARE

JACOBS BIRD-HOUSES

Over 31 years continuous indorsement by the birds

Eleven beautiful designs for Purple Martins, \$6.50 up.

Single-room houses, the best for Wrens, Bluebirds, Chickadees, Flickers, Tree Swallows, Titmice, Crested Flycatcher, etc., \$1.00 each; one dozen \$10.00. Small lots by parcels post, postage extra.

Jacobs Food Shelter for birds, most successful in existence, outwits the Sparrows and feeds desirable birds. Large size, 36 x 36 x 30 inches, artistic finish, \$12.00 each; two for \$21.00.

Genuine Government Sparrow Trap, U. S. Dep't Agriculture regulation size, 36 x 18 x 12 inches, \$4.00.

Jacobs Reinforced Cement Bird-bath, with or without water-pipe fixtures and pedestal, four designs.

All prices F.O.B. Waynesburg, Pa.

Send ten cents for our beautifully illustrated booklet of bird-houses

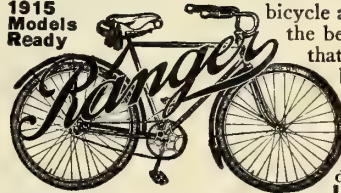
JACOBS BIRD-HOUSE CO.

404 South Washington Street,

Waynesburg, Pa.

Ride a "RANGER"

1915
Models
Ready



bicycle and *know* you have the best. Buy a machine that you can *prove* before accepting.

Delivered FREE on approval and 30 days' trial.

No expense to you if, after trial you do not wish to keep it.

LOW FACTORY

COST, marvelous improvements and values never before equalled will be found in our new 1915 offers.

WRITE for our big catalog showing the complete line of 1915 Bicycles, TIRES and Sundries and learn the wonderful new offers and terms we will give you. You cannot afford to buy until you know what we can do for you.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. C-272, CHICAGO

HARTSHORN

SHADE
ROLLERS
Original and unequalled.
Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine:
Stewart Hartshorn

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 152

Did you ever win a prize?

We showed this competition to several of our young friends before printing it.

Some of them laughed "Ho! Ho!" and "Ha! Ha!" meaning, "Oh, that is *too* easy!"

But you try it and see. It *may* not be as easy as it looks. Five of the aforementioned young friends tried it—and sent in five different answers. They thought it so easy they were careless.

Here is the competition:

How many advertisements are there in the *July* ST. NICHOLAS (including Stamp and Pet Advertisements) which contain the word "in"?

That is *all* there is to Competition No. 152.

But—after solving it write us a letter of not more than fifty words telling how many advertisements you found containing "in" and why Sapolio should be advertised in ST. NICHOLAS.

As usual there will be one first prize of \$5.00 to the sender of the most interesting letter mentioning the correct number of times "in" is used.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each, to the next two in merit.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each, to the next three.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each, to the next ten.

NOTE: Prize-winners who are not subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered. There is no age limit, and no indorsement of originality is required.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your letter give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (152).

3. Submit answers by August 20, 1914.

4. Use one side of your paper only, but be sure your name and address is on each paper, also that where there is more than one sheet they are fastened together.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win a prize.

6. Address answer: Advertising Competition No. 152, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, Union Square, New York.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 150

Competition No. 150 was not the easiest we have ever seen, and the Judges themselves had some difficulty in deciding just what the right answers were; but after thoroughly going over the matter they finally decided on the following list:

1. Pears' Soap
2. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream
3. Pennsylvania Oilproof Vacuum Cup Tires
4. Pond's Extract
5. King Air Rifles
6. Victrola (or Victor)
7. Ivory Soap
8. Fairy Soap
9. Huyler's Bonbons Chocolates
10. Necco Wafers Hub Wafers
11. 3-in-One
12. Northern Pacific Railway
13. The \$50 Corona Typewriter
14. Jell-O
15. Holeproof Hosiery (or Silk Gloves)
16. Velvet Grip Hose Supporter (not wrong to omit "Rubber Button")

(Continued on page 22.)



Baby

frets and is unhappy when his clothing is wet and nasty.

To positively *protect* the clothing and keep him dry and comfortable —

Put over the diaper —

Kleinert's



Single Texture, 25c

Waterproof

BABY PANTS



Double Texture, 50c

AYVAD'S WATER-WINGS

Learn to Swim by *One Trial* For Sale Everywhere
Plain, 25c.
Fancy, 35c.



AYVAD MAN'G CO., Hoboken, N. J.

Mothers!

Get the **Rubens** shirt for baby. That is the shirt without buttons, without open laps — the shirt which fits snugly and which never gets tight. The warm shirt that's needed in winter and summer — the shirt that's double-thick in front.

Sizes for any age from birth. Made in cotton, wool and silk. Also in merino (half wool). Also in silk and wool. Prices 25 cents up.

Sold by dry-goods stores, or sold direct where dealers can't supply. Ask us for pictures, sizes and prices.
Rubens & Marble, Inc.
354 W. Madison St.
Chicago



Get this Label

ESKAY'S FOOD

Saved This Boy



All Mothers should read this remarkable letter.

"When our baby was born he weighed only 5 lbs. He was so puny that people doubted our raising him, and for a couple of

months, during which time we were feeding him * * * Food, he gained only a few pounds. We also had a great deal of trouble with the milk souring, as, in making the food, the milk is not sterilized as in preparing Eskay's Food. We then tried * * * Food, but that did not agree with him at all.

"We were beginning to get discouraged when we secured a sample of Eskay's Food, and he began to improve, and when six months old weighed 23 lbs. Ever since using Eskay's Food he has been well, happy and healthy."

(Signed) Mrs. CHARLES L. CRAIN,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

TEN FEEDINGS FREE

Smith, Kline & French Co., 462 Arch St., Philadelphia
Gentlemen:—Please send me free 10 feedings of Eskay's Food and your helpful book for mothers, "How to Care for the Baby."

Name _____

Street and Number _____

City and State _____

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

OUR HUNGARIAN CONTEST

THE answers to our competition are now all in hand. We have been pleased at the number of readers who entered the lists. It was also interesting to note the wide geographical range covered by the array of competitors. It has been interesting also to read the many answers. These have varied so widely in their handling of the subject that it has been difficult to determine which were the best and most worthy of the rewards offered. Some were excellent material, but in length far exceeded the limit of three hundred words.

We were surprised to note how many of our readers thought the bird was a dove, typifying Peace. Usually a stamp-collector is noted for his sharp eyes; he is keen to detect differences, and this bird, with his long, sharp-pointed wings, his hooked beak and talons, hardly suggests a dove. Perhaps these differences were not so marked in the picture as they are in the stamp itself. Many wrote very intelligently about the crown, giving descriptions and historical legends concerning it. Quite a few commented upon its crooked top, and again many keen eyes discovered in the background of the stamp the "Crow nest" wells, and the road whence came the Magyars. But those who noticed all of these things were few; from those few, the choice of a best was difficult. We finally decided that the first prize should go to Herman Baer, of Waterbury, Connecticut. In arriving at this decision, we took into consideration not only the subject-matter, but also the correctness of spelling and the general neatness of his manuscript. We publish his excellent article:

STAMPS OF HUNGARY

BY HERMAN BAER (AGE 16)

(First Prize)

THE first separate series of Hungarian postage-stamps appeared in 1871, after the emperor had been crowned King of Hungary and the financial affairs of Austria and Hungary were divided. Two journal-tax stamps, however, had been issued in 1868. The design of the 1871 set showed a profile of the king, with the arms of Hungary beneath, surmounted by the crown of St. Stephen. This crown, which appears on all the later issues and also forms part of the water-mark introduced in 1898, was, according to the generally received legend, sent in 1001 to Duke Stephen of Hungary by Pope Sylvester II, who gave him the title of king. It is sometimes erroneously described as the "Iron Crown of Hungary," but the "Iron Crown" no longer exists, having disappeared, it is said, in Italy.

The cross which surmounts the crown of St. Stephen slopes to the left; the reason for this being that the bolt and nut which held it in its place have worn away in the course of centuries. The Hungarians have the deepest respect for this crown, which has its own castle and guards and is the object of imposing ceremonies on the occasions of its exhibition to the public gaze.

In 1900, a new issue of stamps appeared, with values in "filler" and "korona." The background of the design for the "filler" values represents the immense lowland plain of Hungary, and on it, to the

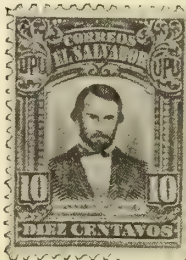
left of the crown, is one of the "crows' wells," as the wells are called which are scattered sparingly about the plain. On the right is the road by which the Magyars first entered Hungary. Above the crown is the "Turul," the mystical bird of the Magyars, which, according to the legend, served as a messenger between them and their god, Isten, and descended from heaven on the proclamation of Arpad as the first king and settled on his forehead.

The second prize we award to George W. Hoeck, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Our first competition has been so successful that we shall soon have another.

NEW ISSUES

THIS month we illustrate three of the new issues of stamps. The first is a War Charity stamp of Greece, representing a Sister of Mercy rendering help to the wife and child of a soldier killed in the war with Turkey. The second is a new issue from Salvador. Of this we have seen but two values, the ten- and twenty-five-cent. In these two values the central portraits are of different individuals. Whether there is an entire series we do not know, but it is to be presumed that there is. Salvador is usually generous in its issues. The portrait is in black, and the surrounding frame in color. The entire surface of the paper upon which the stamps are printed is covered with minute colored dots. The third illustration is the new "Map" series of Cuba. As its name implies, it represents a map of Cuba and adjacent territory, showing by dotted lines its marine connections with different ports of neighboring countries.



ANSWERS TO QUERIES

THE Stamp Page is always glad to be of assistance to young collectors in every way possible. The space allotted is limited, however, and many of the queries submitted would not be of great importance to our readers generally.

Again, the printing and issue of a magazine like ST. NICHOLAS require considerable time, and all subject-matter must be ready some weeks in advance of publication. Often two or three months must elapse before a reply could appear in these columns, and that is a long time even for grown folks to wait. So every query should be accompanied by your full name and address, or, better still, a self-addressed envelop. This will enable the editor to send a personal reply to your questions.

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REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 150 (Continued.)

There were 400 answers to this competition. The Judges were surprised to find what a large percentage of our readers use the articles advertised in our pages. One fact clearly brought out was that while many of you do not write the manufacturer direct, you do insist upon buying the particular brand advertised through your local dealer.

The letters that counted most were those that were natural. For instance, one young man under 11 years of age says, "I always used to wear Velvet Grip Hose Supporters, but I am so big now that I wear suspenders." And above all, be truthful. It is not quite honest to imagine circumstances which you think we would like to hear about and then tell them as facts. The truth, even though less complimentary, is preferable to delightful but highly imaginative statements. In fact, here as elsewhere, "Honesty is the best policy."

Here are the successful ones. The Judges congratulate them:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Edna R. Hamburger, age 14, New York

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Paul M. Williams, age 13, Pennsylvania

Cornelia F. Kirtland, age 11, New Hampshire

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Harry C. Bailey, age 15, Pennsylvania

Samuel S. Cadwell, age 10, Connecticut

Marion B. Cook, age 16, New York

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Clara B. McMillen, age 15, Indiana

Morris W. Wood, age 15, Pennsylvania

Mary E. Broderick, age 15, New York

Jean Palmer, age 14, New Jersey

Eugenia Towle, age 18, Minnesota

Nellie Hagan, age 20, Ohio

Rebecca T. Farnham, age 11, Massachusetts

Helen A. Morgan, age 15, South Carolina

Hope Satterthwaite, age 14, Massachusetts

Celia Carr, age 17, Iowa

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The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

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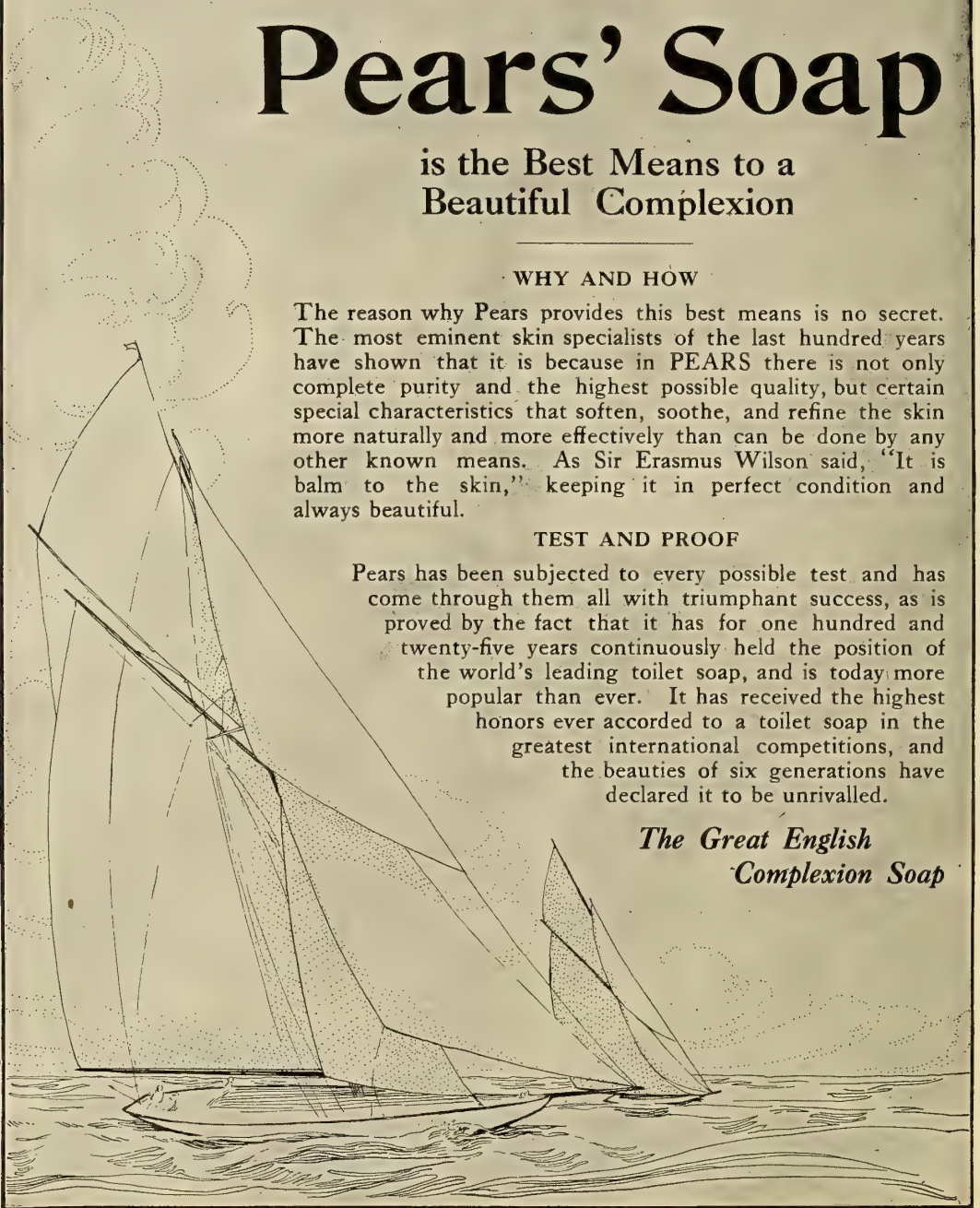
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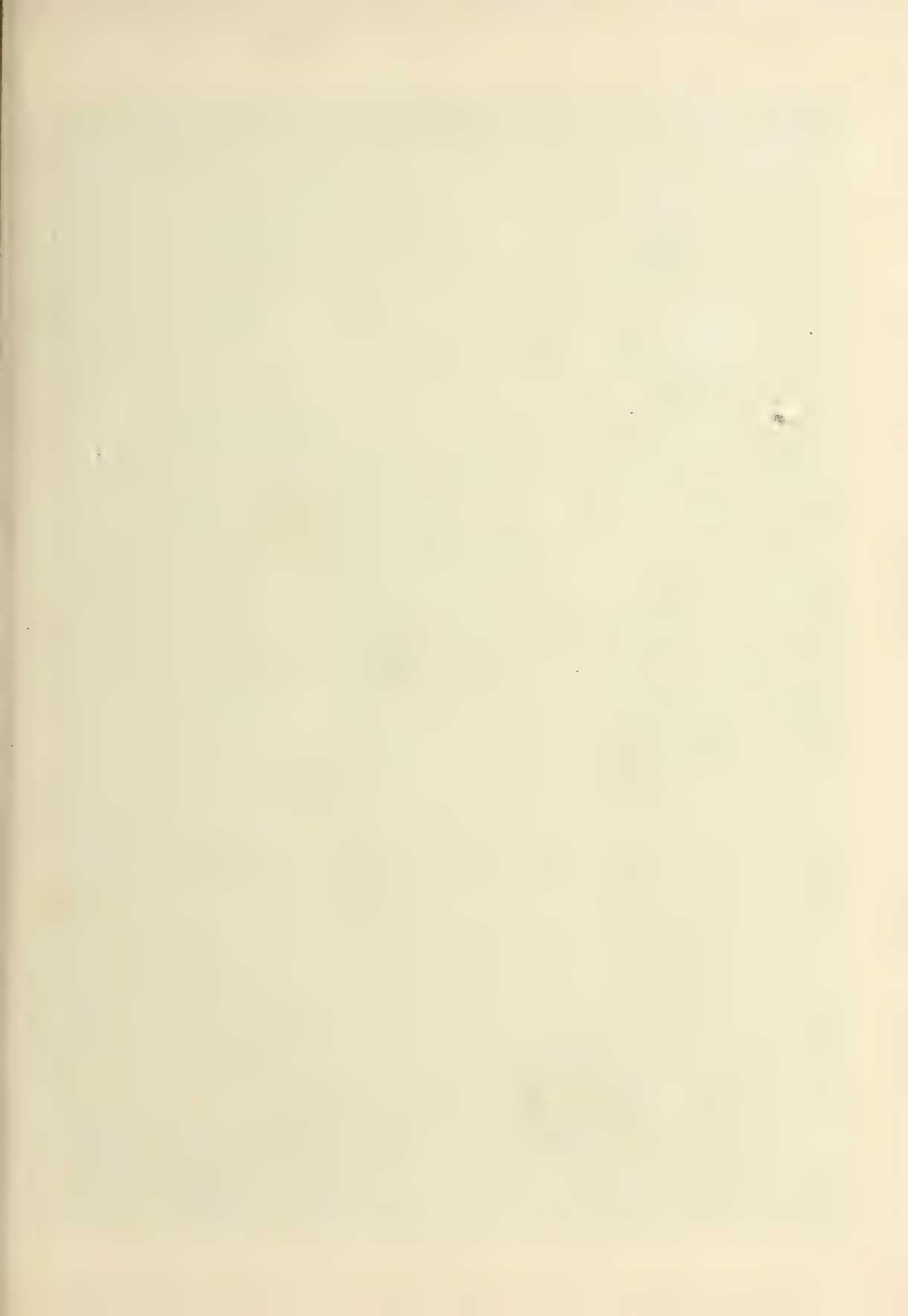
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A LITTLE MAID OF HOLLAND.



ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLI

SEPTEMBER, 1914


No. 11

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THE AVIATOR

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH




He sails above a flowery sea
With curving dip and rise,
And like a sunbeam glints and darts
Through scented meadow skies.

The wings of his bright aëroplane
Are made of silver gauze;
When he 's in flight, his motor hums
A tune without a pause.

He flickers swiftly here and there,
And does not seem to fear
A sudden tumble to the earth
Or injury severe.

He speeds above a sea of bloom,
His motor hums in tune,
And from the flowers he bears away
The honey wealth of June.

And now you guess just who he is
Who sails the summer sea
In aëroplane with silver wings—
The busy honey-bee!



HOW QUEELA HUNTED THE HAWK'S-BILL

BY PERI LUPIA

WHEN Massoc strode along the path from the beach to the Mosquito village under the cocoa-palms, his calico shirt, made into a sack for the moment, hung heavy from the paddle that rested on his bare, brown shoulder; for that shirt was full of eggs. As soon as they saw it, the villagers knew that the time had come again for feasting on fat turtle and on tough-skinned eggs.

Then Yoptic, his mother, told Queela that if he 'd bring her horse in a hurry from the pasture, he might go with her that night to hunt turtle and turtle eggs. She was soon seated astride the saddle that was only a thick mat of moss torn from the bottom of a lake. She had a net in which to bring home whatever they might find good to eat, and a machete with which to thump the ribs of her too steady nag. The boy trotted ahead, a bit of sugar-cane in one hand, and in the other a keen machete with which to shave the horny shell from a turtle joint.

When they came out of the black path through the bush, the stars dotted all the sky. From the smooth beach, a gleaming path stretched far across the dimpled sea to where the moon peered over the edge of the round world.

Hour after hour, the horse jogged along, while the lad frisked ahead, to see what he might discover; or lagged behind, to peer closely at some thing that by daylight might have seemed common enough, but in the pale light that came from moon and sea was strange enough to call for study. That was safe, even for a boy of a dozen years, so long as he kept well away from the black shadows of the bush, where dangers lurk by night to pounce on any unwary Waika.¹ Besides, his mother was near.

There was comfort, too, in the little, silvery waves that crept up the wet sands to catch at the brown feet of the lad, and curl, soft and warm, around his toes, then to run back as if with rippling laugh. Who would ever dream that they could be kin to the big, roaring fellows that, teased and driven by the northers, raged and pounded on these very sands?

Now and then, they passed a bunch of cattle or a band of horses lying on the dry sand, while over them the trade-wind breathed softly, yet strong enough to drive sand-fly and mosquito behind the low sand-dunes. That made the beach a pleasant and a safe place for horse and for

cow, for no vampire would follow into that open to sink fine teeth into a vein, and drink its fill of blood; no puma nor jaguar—the lion and the tiger of Spanish America—would pounce on calf or colt on that clear beach; for hoofs would hammer or horns would rip the life out of one before he could drag so heavy a meal away to where one might feast in peace and comfort.

Mother and boy came at last to a thatch of leaves of the palmetto, and tied the horse to a bush. They wrapped themselves in blankets beaten from the bark of the tuno-tree, and old bones and young lay down together and slept as if on down; for the sand was warm, and the roof kept from them the chill salt haze from the never quiet surf. Their lullaby was the soft cadence of the sea and the rattle of the palm-leaves that is like the patter of rain on a roof.

That boy had little need of such soothing. His eyes surely could have no more than fairly closed for forty winks before that mother of his shook him, over and over again, and cried out to him to "Wake up and come!"

Well, if he must hurry and waken, as she insisted, why, he would. But were whole sackfuls of tough-skinned eggs really worth all this? And why, after all, should people so wish to feast on green turtle, even if its fat is sweet, if one has to get out in the cold middle of the night to catch the turtle?

That was about first cockcrow. The moon was shrunken, with cold, no doubt, and pale and tired by her climb up that long, steep road among the stars; and so she was sinking to rest in her bed of white down piled high in the west. She smiled on the lad who was digging fists into eyes loaded with the dust of sleep; but her smile was not warm enough to stop his shivering. The breeze coming from the sides of the far-away mountains was cold to legs that stuck out too far below the thin shirt that was his only visible clothing.

Wise Mother Yoptic was already riding away toward home; and that shore was no place for a boy to be alone when the sun was not shining. What a boy should do was clear enough, so Queela ran after that horse as fast as legs could carry him; and in a few minutes he forgot that he had ever felt cold. He slashed with his machete at bush and log, and traced with its point wavy lines in the wet sand, as he pranced along.

¹ A member of the Toacas Indian tribe of Honduras.



"FROM THE SMOOTH BEACH, A GLEAMING PATH STRETCHED FAR ACROSS THE SEA."

Yoptic climbed down from her nag.

"Hurry, boy. Here are loggerhead eggs!"

Queela ran to the spot where his mother knelt, and with their bare hands the two soon scraped the hard-packed sand from over a peck or more of leather-skinned eggs, each as big as a golf ball.

They put the eggs into the netted bag, slung that across the horse, and Yoptic mounted again; for now Queela was ready enough to run ahead of that poky beast. He might at any moment show his mother that, when it came to finding eggs, he could do as well as any woman might hope to do. Besides, dawn was near, when none need be afraid.

Daring and dash do bring their rewards; so Queela, boldly going ahead, found leading from the edge of the sea to a low place between the dunes two lines of prints in the sand. They were four feet apart, and made by the claws of a turtle as heavy as four boys like Queela.

He was only a Waika lad of twelve, but he knew quite well that a big "hawk's-bill" turtle had just gone up from the sea to lay her eggs; that she was still behind the ridge, and that in a minute he might make sure of her, with a blow of his machete. Then, what a feast for his village, and what glory for a boy!

He rushed around that sandy hillock, and almost fell over a big, black thing that might have been taken for a flat boulder, if any such stone could have been found within fifty miles of that place. There he stood a moment, gloating over his prize.

A tremendous thump drove the breath from his body, his machete from his hand, and the senses from his head. After awhile, he began to notice things, and wondered what in the world could have hit him so heavily, yet hurt so little. He opened his eyes to see, and—then he *was* scared!

Over the lad stood a big beast, one of its paws laid on the boy's breast, to show how awfully heavy and strong it was. A handful of claws hooked in and out to tell the boy they were keen enough to rip to shreds any one who would disturb a gentleman at his breakfast.

Queela lay still and shut his eyes. He had no wish to look on while a great "tiger" of a jaguar, as big as a cow, made a meal of him.

After a long, long time—maybe ten seconds; possibly twenty—the jaguar returned to his turtle feast, growling threats as he went. That boy lay still and heard the crunching of the hawk's-bill's shell by sharp, strong teeth. How soon would that tiger tire of gnawing at turtle, that must be tough, and hard to dig out of its armor? How soon would he turn to boy, who was young and tender, and had no bony casing?

He thought of that mother of his. That beast would surely knock her down if she, too, came and threatened to rob him of his meal. The thought made the boy squirm, and his fingers encountered his machete. They gripped it by instinct. He drew in a long, long breath, and then let go a shrill yell, the loudest that ever came from a throat that had shouted as much as most.

That startled tiger jumped a rod. He turned to see what enemy had scared him so. Slowly his tail swept the loose sand, its end bending to and fro. His breast sank to his paws, his back bent to a bow; his ears lay flat against his head, and—

Queela had hardly time to draw his feet up under him. He had no time to jump and run. He had only time to grip his machete and, squatted on shaking heels, hold the machete pointed steadily, and wait for his fate.

None will ever tell what came then. A thun-

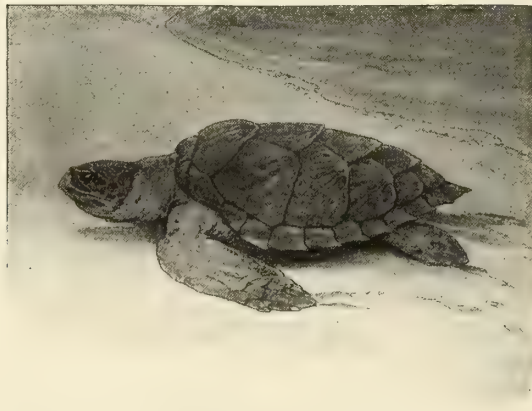
derbolt of fur and sand, a hurricane of claws and teeth, a whirlwind of yells and snarls, a tornado of boy and beast!

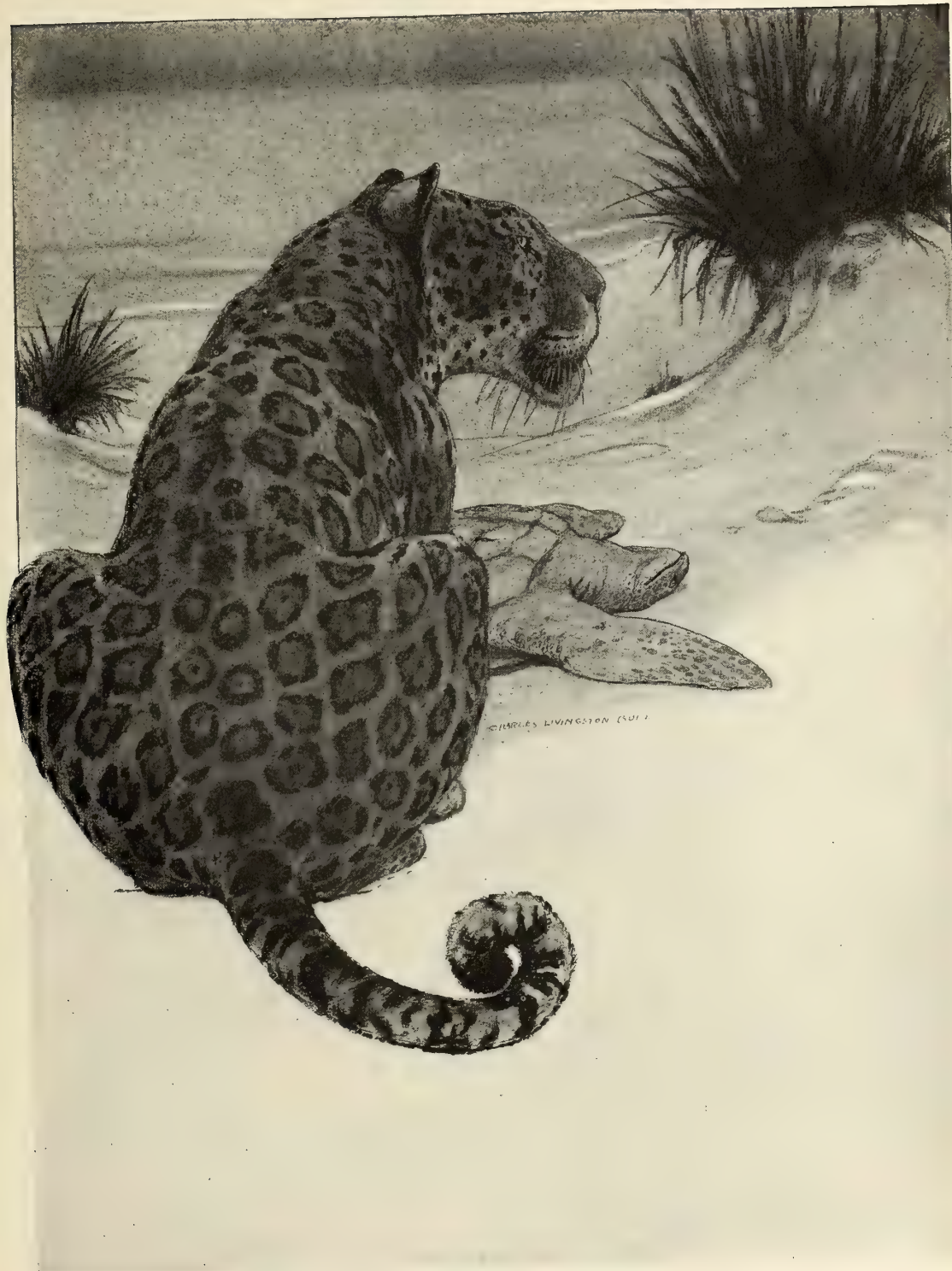
After the passing of the storm, a crazy woman madly kicked at a mass that was soft and warm, wet and sticky. It seemed to squeeze the breath out of the boy Queela, and yet was motionless. Somebody was screaming revilings of all the tiger family, and all its kin. Sinewy fingers were clutching that tiger's throat, and dragging at it until the beast's weight was lifted from that boy.

Queela lay dazed awhile, then scrambled to his feet. While blood trickled from a dozen cuts that might not be so deep as a well, but would surely leave plain scars, the boy yelled in delight. He yelled again when his mother dashed sea-water over him, for salt water smarts dreadfully, as any may learn by trying it on cuts; but a man who has just killed a big tiger, in single-handed fight, with nothing but a machete, is not the man to cry twice for a smart. Moreover, Yoptic would soon roast in the fire some leaves that, beaten to pulp and bound on the wounds, would stop all pain and make the healing sure.

In this wonderful world are many miracles. So it may be that some man somewhere has seen some trophy more glorious than the one which that old horse carried, that morning, to that village by the lagoon. But it is quite certain that no Mosquito youth can show more scars than those Queela exhibited to an admiring throng.

And what Waika lad ever had so proud a tale to tell? What mother's boy ever covered her family, her village, her whole tribe, with greater glory than Yoptic's boy had brought! For what Waika lad ever before, alone and unhelped, had plunged a machete to the very heart of a big and brave tiger?





"THE JAGUAR RETURNED TO HIS TURTLE FEAST, GROWLING THREATS AS HE WENT."

The Clever Artist and the Hungry Wave-

BY GEORGE W. BUTLER



An artist, a thin bamboo cane in his hand,
Strode gingerly down by the sea,
And there on the shore, the smooth glistening sand
Seemed to say: "Draw some pictures on me."



So he musingly traced with his cane on the beach
Some witches he'd seen in a play:
A tall hat was perched on the quaint head of each,
Two funny Sand Witches were they.



But ere they were finished, a big wave rolled in
And "swallowed them up" from the shore!—
The artist remarked, with a most knowing grin:
"Well, that's what *Sandwiches* are for!"



The Story of the STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

By J. L. Harbour



THE story of the stars and stripes should be known by every American boy and girl; and it was fully told some years ago in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS. It is the purpose of this article to tell of one of the stirring songs that have been written about our country's flag. It would take a large volume to contain all of the poetry inspired by the "flag of the free." The high patriotism of the most gifted poets has found noble expression in songs to the flag. There are thrilling tales back of some of these songs and poems. They are associated with deeds of valor. Heroism has never run higher than in defense of the flag. It has floated above many a battlefield, but it is never more beautiful than when it waves in the breeze in time of peace. Thousands of men and women are to-day working to bring about a time when the flags of all nations will wave over all nations at peace with themselves and the world. The flag will lose none of its significance when that happy day arrives and war shall be no more.

Of all the songs written to the flag, none has met with such high favor as "The Star-Spangled Banner." It is now a century-old song, for this year we are celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of its birth, and doing honor to Francis Scott Key, who wrote it.

If I were to ask all of the boys and girls who read this magazine when and where "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written, I suspect that there would not be any great show of hands. Perhaps there would not be any greater show of hands if I asked your fathers and mothers the same question. But the celebration of the centennial of this inspiring song will serve the good

purpose of making thousands familiar with its history. The city of Baltimore has planned to devote an entire week to the commemoration of the song.

This is because Baltimore is so closely associated with the history of "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was here that the song was written, and it was in this city that Francis Scott Key died, on the eleventh of January, in the year 1843. He was born in Maryland, near Baltimore, in the year 1780. The poem that made his name immortal grew out of a stirring event in our national history, the bombardment of Fort McHenry, on the thirteenth of September, in the year 1814. There was something more than mere poetic fancy back of the lines—there was true patriotism mixed with a great deal of indignation. Probably no more concise account of the circumstances under which "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written has ever appeared than the one that was published in the "Baltimore American" with the first printed appearance of the song. This was on the twenty-first day of September, in the year 1814, when the poem was a week old. The prefatory information given with the song was as follows:

This song was composed under the following circumstances: A gentleman left Baltimore under a flag of truce, for the purpose of having released from the British fleet a friend of his who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the mouth of the Patuxent, and was not permitted to return lest the intended attack upon Baltimore should be disclosed. He was therefore brought up the mouth of the bay to the mouth of the Patapsco, where his flag (of truce) vessel was kept under the guns of a frigate (the *Surprise*), and was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort McHenry, which the admiral had boasted he

(1) Day can you see ~~through~~ by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes & bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare the bomb bursting in air,
Can prove through the night that our flag was still there,
O say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave?

(2) The shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
And the land is that which the brave, o'er the towering sleep,
Of its fitfully blows half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory, reflect'd now shines on the stream,
The Star-spangled Banner — O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave!

(3) Where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That through havoc of war & the battle's confusion
Our Country should leave us no more?

Where their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution
No refuge could save the hireling & slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave.

(4) Thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home & the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry & peace may the heav'n rescued land
Raise the power that hath made & preserved us a nation
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto — "In God is our trust."
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave.

Owned by Mrs. Edward Shippen.

FACSIMILE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

would carry in a few hours. The American watched the flag at the fort through the whole day, with anxiety that can better be felt than described, until darkness prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bombshells, and at early dawn his eye was again greeted by the proudly waving flag of his country.

I am going in the morning to Baltimore, to proceed in a flag vessel to General Ross. Old Dr. Beanes, of Marlboro', is taken prisoner by the enemy, who threaten to carry him off. I hope to return in about eight or ten days, though it is uncertain, as I do not know where to find the fleet.



From the portrait owned by Mr. F. K. Pendleton.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

The person referred to in this brief account of the writing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was Francis Scott Key, and the "friend" whose release he had sought was Dr. Beanes, a physician of Marlborough. On the second day of September, Key had written this letter to his mother:

This interesting note is still in existence. Dr. Beanes had been allowed to go with Key on board the *Minden*, and he and Mr. Key were on deck nearly all night watching the bombardment of the fort, and wondering if they would see the stars and stripes when the morning dawned. It



FORT MCHENRY AS IT IS TO-DAY.

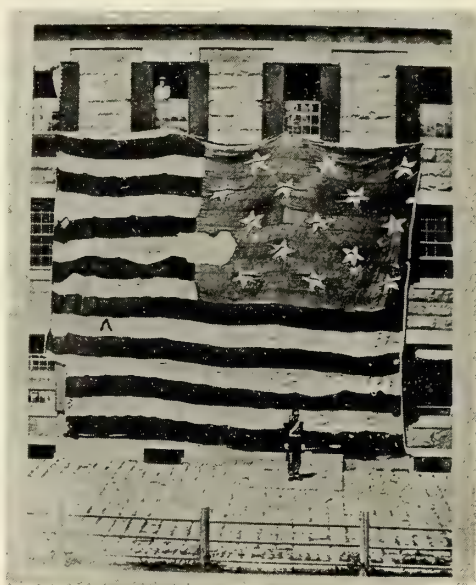
was this anxiety that caused Key to spend a sleepless night, and when daylight revealed the "flag of the free" still waving in the breeze, he drew forth an old letter from his pocket and wrote:

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
 gleaming?—
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the
 perilous fight
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
 streaming!
 And the rocket's red glare, the bomb bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
 there;
 O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

The song made an instant appeal to the people. It was printed in handbill form, and there was an eager demand for copies of it. We are told that it was sung for the very first time in a little frame building, a coffee-house, standing next to a theater and then much frequented by players. A man named Ferdinand Durang mounted an old rush-bottomed chair and sang the song to the tune of "Anacreon in Heaven." The others present joined lustily in the chorus, little thinking that what they were singing would be one of the nation's most popular patriotic melodies a hundred years thereafter. The first time it was sung on any stage was at the Holiday Street Theater, in Baltimore, by Ferdinand Durang and his brother, Charles; and it has gone on singing its way into the hearts of the people from that day until this.

It is of interest to know that the star-spangled banner that inspired Francis Scott Key to write his immortal verses is still in existence and may be seen in the National Museum in Washington.

It will figure prominently on September 14 in the Baltimore centennial celebration. It will then be taken to Baltimore, and escorted to Fort McHenry by the President of the United States, the Vice-President, and other men of distinction. At the fort, a facsimile of the flag will be run up while a "human flag" composed of the school children of Baltimore will sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." It is planned also to form a



THE ORIGINAL "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."
 (Original dimensions, 40 by 32 feet.)

troop of one hundred picked men from the eighteen States which were in existence in the year 1814, to be assembled in a special regiment, and known as "The Star-Spangled Banner Legion."

The original star-spangled banner was about forty feet in length. For some years after the attack on Fort McHenry, it was used on special occasions. We are told that it adorned the war-tent of George Washington at Fort McHenry on

of patriotic feeling, gave \$150,000 toward a fund being raised for the building of a monument to Key in San Francisco. There is also in Baltimore a very beautiful monument to his memory. And on the Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal



THE MONUMENT IN BALTIMORE TO FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

the fourteenth of September, in the year 1824, when a great reception was given to General Lafayette.

The flag was made by Mrs. Mary Pickersgill, assisted by her daughter, who later became Mrs. Purdy. As it was so large that it could not very well be made in an ordinary house, Mrs. Pickersgill secured permission to spread the flag out on the floor in a neighboring malt-house while she worked on it.

The memory of Francis Scott Key has been honored in many ways. In the year 1874, James Lick, the California millionaire, moved by a wave

Church in that city is a tablet to Key, setting forth the fact that the church stands on the site of the house in which the poet died.

No doubt there will be a country-wide observance of the centennial of the writing of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the famous song will be sung by hundreds of thousands of people and by the school children all over the land. Thus it is that we will honor the memory of Francis Scott Key, who gave us the noble lines that have quickened patriotism in the generations that have come after him, and will continue to inspire it in generations yet unborn.



THE RIDER OF THE AQUAPLANE HAS RISEN TO HIS FEET.

AQUAPLANE RIDING

BY E. J. MORRIS, M.D.

THE youngsters at my summer home on Lake George, New York, have a sport called "aquaplane riding," which, in a manner, imitates the surf riding of the Hawaiians. A description of this I have thought might interest other St. NICHOLAS readers.

These Lake George young people, spending a great portion of their day on and in the lake, have become through environment more or less amphibious, just as

all other youngsters the ocean, and therefore the effect of the surf has to be imitated by towing the surf-board behind a motor-launch.

As used at Lake George, the aquaplane (which is only another and more high-sounding name for the surf-board of the Hawaiians) is about eight feet in length and eighteen inches wide, and is made from thin wooden strips, each about eight feet long and tongued and grooved, placed side by side until the desired width is gained, when they are held together by three battens, one at either end and one in the middle. Through the batten on one end are bored two holes, through which passes the rope by which it is towed. About eighteen feet of towing rope is used, one end being run through the holes and fastened in a long loop, the object being to have the towing rope as nearly on a line with the middle line of the board as possible. The long part of the loop is on the under side of the board, which gives the front end of the aquaplane a tendency to rise in rushing through the water. When finished, the board is covered with a strip of canvas, in order to afford the rider some sort of grip for the feet.

In practical use, the board is thrown into the water behind the launch, while lying to, and the



AN AQUAPLANE.

do who have similar opportunities. Of course there is no surf at Lake George; it gets quite rough there at times, but you could hardly compare the waves on an inland lake to the surf of

rider climbs on the board, lying flat upon it. The launch is started, and when it has attained its speed, the rider rises to his knees, and then to a standing position. It is a matter of balance to be able to stand upon the board, and any slight deviation to either side generally means that the rider goes splashing into the water and gets a good ducking.

When that event occurs (and it does occur frequently), the rope is cast loose from the launch, and the rider swims to the aquaplane and rests quietly upon it until the launch can turn back to pick him up. Therefore there is little danger in the sport, though I would say emphatically—and shall impress it upon you by repetition—that *a boy or girl must be an expert swimmer and thoroughly at home in the water before trying the game.* Those who do attempt it, moreover, should be old enough to “keep their wits about them.”

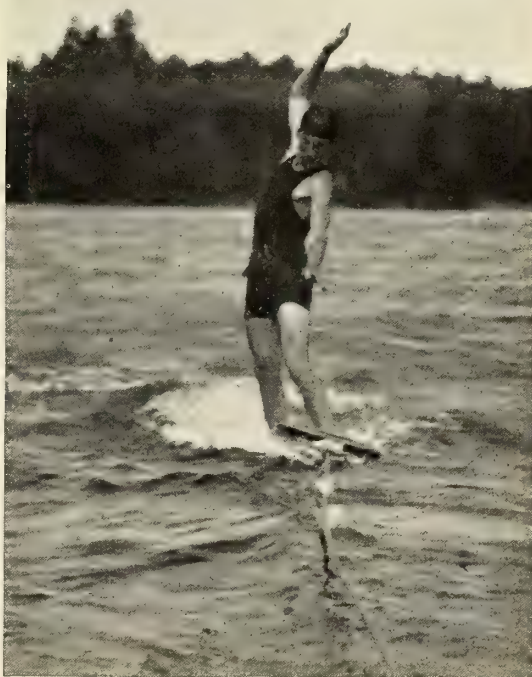
Of course there is a knack in doing the trick, but the knack seems to come easily, and would appear to consist in standing as nearly as possible on the middle line of the board with one foot in front of the other. I notice, too, that the riders stand a little behind the center of the board, so that the front end is raised a little out of the water; but, after all, it is a matter of maintaining one's equilibrium, just as in riding a bicycle.

One other point is that the launch used for towing should be fairly speedy, those used at Lake George having a speed of ten miles and upward an hour. The faster the launch goes, the easier it is to keep one's equilibrium, provided the launch does not exceed about fifteen miles an hour. At higher speeds the wash from the launch makes riding difficult.

Some of the riders become very expert, and one young man was particularly so. By throwing his weight in just the proper direction, he could make the board run from one side to the other of the wake of the launch, and it seemed almost impossible to dislodge him by making sharp turns or any other trick of steering. On one occasion he rode the board fully clothed, except for his shoes and stockings (as, of course, the water partly washes over the board, even at highest speed). Some one dared him to do it, and he did. The aquaplane was pulled in by its towing rope until it was close enough to the launch for him to step upon it, and after he reached his position, the towing rope was paid out from the launch until board and rider were at its end; having ridden as far as he wished, a distance of about a mile, the board was again pulled to the stern of the launch and the rider climbed aboard, nothing wet except his feet and ankles.

I have spoken of the boys as doing the riding, but, to be perfectly exact, I should tell you that the girls also are among the skilled riders. Altogether, it seems to be “great sport.”

The question naturally arises, especially in the minds of the “older boys and girls” (the parents of the riders), as to the danger of the sport, and I confess that I myself looked at it a little dubiously until I saw, with my own eyes, that nothing happened to any one, even when the attempt to ride was made in rough water. Spills



“IT IS A MATTER OF BALANCE.”

there were many, but they are part of the game. Still, there are precautions which ought to be taken in order to make the sport perfectly safe.

First, I would repeat, with emphasis, that *the boy or girl who attempts to ride an aquaplane should be an experienced swimmer and thoroughly at home in the water,* and should know how to handle himself, or herself, in case of the spill, which is sure to come sooner or later, especially until the rider becomes an expert. The boy who has to be cautious in a canoe, or who does not know what to do in case it is upset, is not a sufficiently expert swimmer, and *should by no means attempt the feat of riding the board.*

Secondly, the towing rope should be fastened by only a single turn around the stern cleat of



THROWING THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY TO ONE SIDE
AND MAKING THE AQUAPLANE RUN AT AN ANGLE
TO THE WAKE OF THE LAUNCH.

the launch, so that it can be immediately cast off when the rider falls; and one of the party on the launch should be stationed at the cleat, watching the rider, holding the free end of the rope in his hand, so that he can cast off the rope in the shortest possible time, immediately on seeing the

rider fall into the water. In this way the aquaplane comes to rest but a very short distance from the swimmer, and it is a matter of two or three strokes for him to gain the board, where he rests until the launch can turn and pick him up. If the towing rope were made fast to the stern cleat, so that it could not be readily cast off, the launch would take the aquaplane for some distance from the fallen rider, and the boy might have to make a swim of it before he could gain a place to rest; but by casting off the line as soon as the rider falls, there is only a very short distance to be covered before the rider can safely rest, *lying flat* on the aquaplane, which will support him in this position, *though it will not do so, remember, if he tries to sit or stand upon it.*

Thirdly, there must be a sufficient crew on the launch, in addition to the "man at the cleat," to manoeuvre it. This crew should attend strictly to the business on hand, and all skylarking is entirely out of place. (The best place for a skylarking crew is on shore, anyhow.) When the "man at the cleat" sings out that the rider has fallen, the helmsman puts the boat about and brings her to the aquaplane, the towing rope is taken aboard, and the game begins again, unless the rider is tired and some one else wishes to take his place, in which case the new rider goes overboard from the launch, swims to the aquaplane, climbs on it, the former rider is taken into the launch, and the sport is on once more. With these simple precautions, I have seen no danger in the game.

I understand that an aquaplane is manufactured by one of the sporting-goods houses, but any boy can easily make one for himself at very small cost. The ready-made aquaplanes differ slightly from the one I have described in the attachment for the towing rope. But the riders tell me that the board is not quite so easily managed.



THE END OF THE RIDE.

A RUSH ORDER FOR FANCY DRESS

BY JOSEPHINE STORY

SNUGLY ensconced in a secluded veranda corner of my Maine bungalow, I had reached a most thrilling moment in a story of adventure I was reading, when I was brought back to the rugged New England coast by a prolonged hail.

"Aunt Jo! Aunt Josephine! Aunt Jo-e-e!"

Two boys and two girls were soon beside me.

"Oh, Aunt Jo! are you reading?" apologized the elder lad, my brother's eighteen-year-old boy Billy. "But we are in a heap of trouble, so we came to you."

"Wise children," I exclaimed. "Tell me your problem. It's quite time I stopped reading."

They were an attractive group as they leaned against the rail: Billy, the spokesman, tall, with fine features and clear, gray eyes; his sixteen-year-old brother, Peter; and the two charming girls, their visiting cousins.

"Well, you see, it's this way," explained Billy; "the Campbells have just 'phoned us to come in costume to their barn-dance to-night. Had n't told us before," he grumbled, "because they wanted to see what the boys and girls could do in an emergency. No expenditure allowed, but we may have assistance from the grown-ups. We must start at eight o'clock. It's almost six now."

"Six! Then we must hurry! Billy, off to the book-shelf for an idea! Jessica, you shall go as a fortune-teller, and Suzanne—" I gazed speculatively at the pretty, modish girl—"I have it! A lady of fashion for you, Suzanne! Peter, my honey, what shall we do with you?"

My eyes wandered to the fields for inspiration. There, just below us among the corn hung a dejected-looking bunch of clothing. "Peter!" I exclaimed joyously, "you'll make a fine scarecrow! Run to the barn and get a bunch of straw! Now, Billy, what have you found?"

"Why can't I be a pirate like this chap in 'Treasure Island'?" eagerly.

"Um-m," I mused as he showed me the illustration. "Where could we get those bloomer arrangements? I know, my tramping togs! Quick, get to work, children," I continued. "Billy, cut some big buckles from a pasteboard box cover. Peter, where is that silver-foil you had?"

From the mysterious depths of his pocket Peter produced a ball of silver-foil. "Now, Billy, when the buckles are cut, cover them with the foil and fasten them to your shoes. You can wear a pair of red golf stockings, my blue bloomers for trousers, and a sash from this piece

of turkey-red, long enough to wind around your waist twice and with ends to hang. If you have time, decorate it with crescents cut from the silver-foil. Turn back the collar and roll up the sleeves of that spicky-span white outing-shirt you are wearing. Jessica, my paint-box, please."

With India ink I decorated Billy's chest with the gruesome skull and cross-bones of a dashing, reckless follower of the black flag. A bandana kerchief adorned his head as a turban, and two brass rings, purloined from the portière pole, were hung by loops of pink sewing silk from his ears, with a truly piratical effect. An old army pistol thrust into the red sash gave the last sinister touch to our desperado.

Next we arrayed Jessica as the fortune-teller. Around the hem of her yellow gown we sewed a border of playing-cards. The two red tens made buckles for her slippers; a small apron, hastily fashioned from black sateen, was also decorated with cards. The royal family, five of them, sewed to a broad red ribbon and bent to stand upright, made a most becoming head-dress. Her bodice had hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades as trimming, and in her sleeve she carried a pack of cards for telling fortunes.

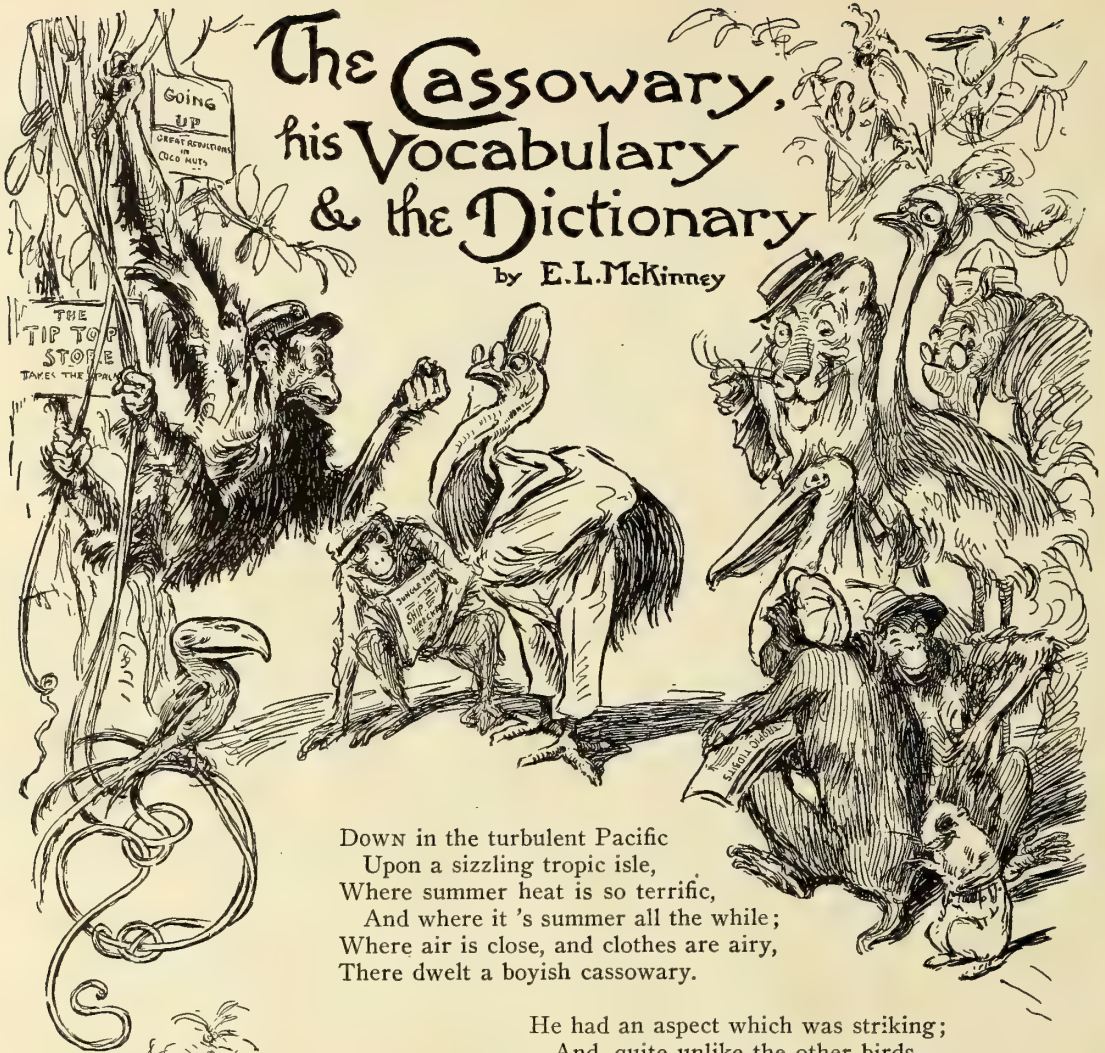
My large wicker lamp-shade, trimmed with ferns and lilies from the garden, made a wonderfully effective hat for our lady of fashion. Suzanne had that hat on at exactly the right angle before one could say Jack Robinson. With her pale blue gown, a lorgnon, a tiny black patch under her eye, and my best pink parasol, she looked as if she had stepped from a fashion-plate.

Last of all we arrayed Peter. We stuck straw through the bows of his pumps. He donned a pair of clean old overalls, into the seams of which in various places we inserted wisps of straw. Big white cotton gloves with straw oozing through slits in the fingers enveloped his hands, and an old blue reefer coat showed more of the straw bursting through its seams. A few swift strokes of the paint-brush robbed his face of intelligence, and we crowned our labors—and Peter—with a battered old hat.

As the clock struck eight, the motley company was ready. A fierce-looking pirate gallantly helped the lady of fashion into the carriage, and the man of straw gathered sufficient energy to assist the picturesque fortune-teller. Four hearty kisses were my reward, and a chorus of voices, crying, "Aunt Jo, you're a peach!"

The Cassowary, his Vocabulary & the Dictionary

by E.L. McKinney



Down in the turbulent Pacific
Upon a sizzling tropic isle,
Where summer heat is so terrific,
And where it 's summer all the while;
Where air is close, and clothes are airy,
There dwelt a boyish cassowary.

He had an aspect which was striking;
And, quite unlike the other birds,
He had a strange, uncommon liking
For long and unfamiliar words.
But none of these by endless labor
Could he secure from friend or neighbor.

The words they used were single-jointed,
And marked with elements of force;
Though what they said was often pointed,
They lacked refinement in discourse.
From them no earnest cassowary
Could gain a large vocabulary.



But one fine day, while he was trying
 To think of words he never knew,
 He found a dictionary lying
 Upon the beach, and quite wet through.
 "Three cheers!" exclaimed the cassowary,
 "I'll eat this shipwrecked dictionary."

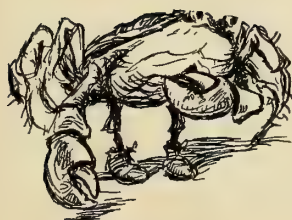
Without a word of kindly greeting
 He started on the covers wide;
 And had, when he had finished eating,
 One hundred thousand words inside.
 He had at least a hundred lunches
 Of words in alphabetic bunches.

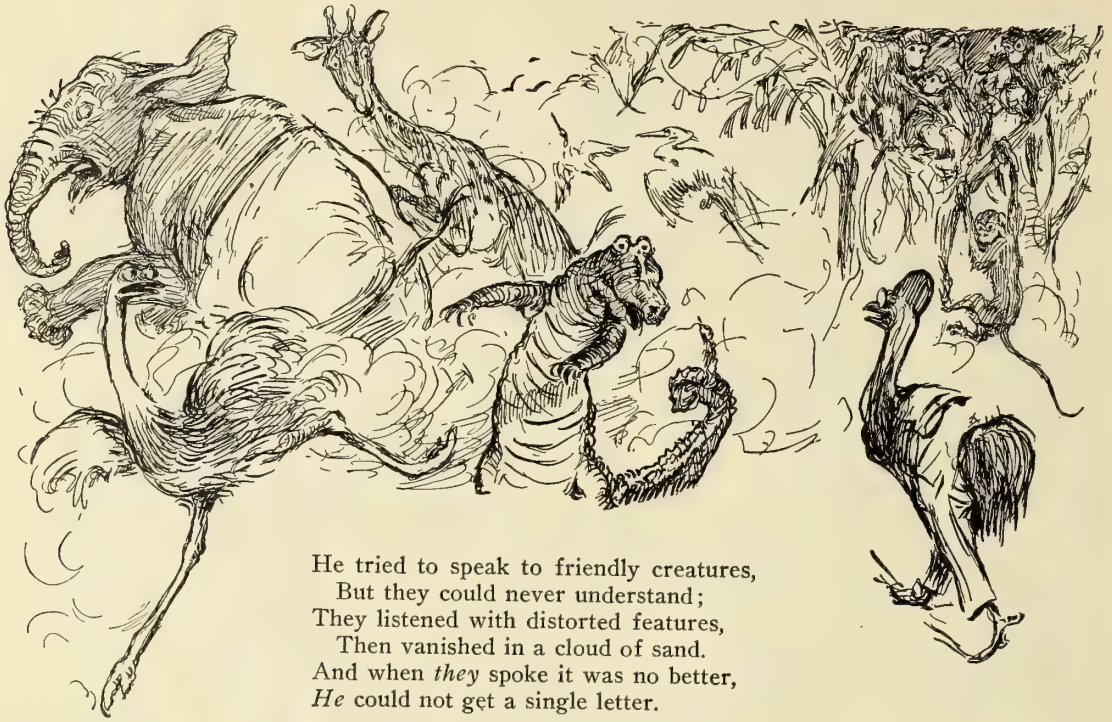
For all the words one ever heard of
 In A, B, C, D, E, F, G,
 He ate, as well as every word of
 I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P;
 Of H, R, S, T, U, V, Q;
 Of X, Y, Z, and W.



But how, alas, he was affected—
 He used the most peculiar terms;
 The elephants he once respected,
 But now he called them "pachyderms";
 One crab he called a "decapod,"
 Which made it feel extremely odd.

And when he mentioned "protoplasm"
 Or "parallelepipedon,"
 Each neighbor underwent a spasm,
 And hurried, panic-stricken, on.
 But while such words he murmured sweetly,
 The little ones were lost
 completely.

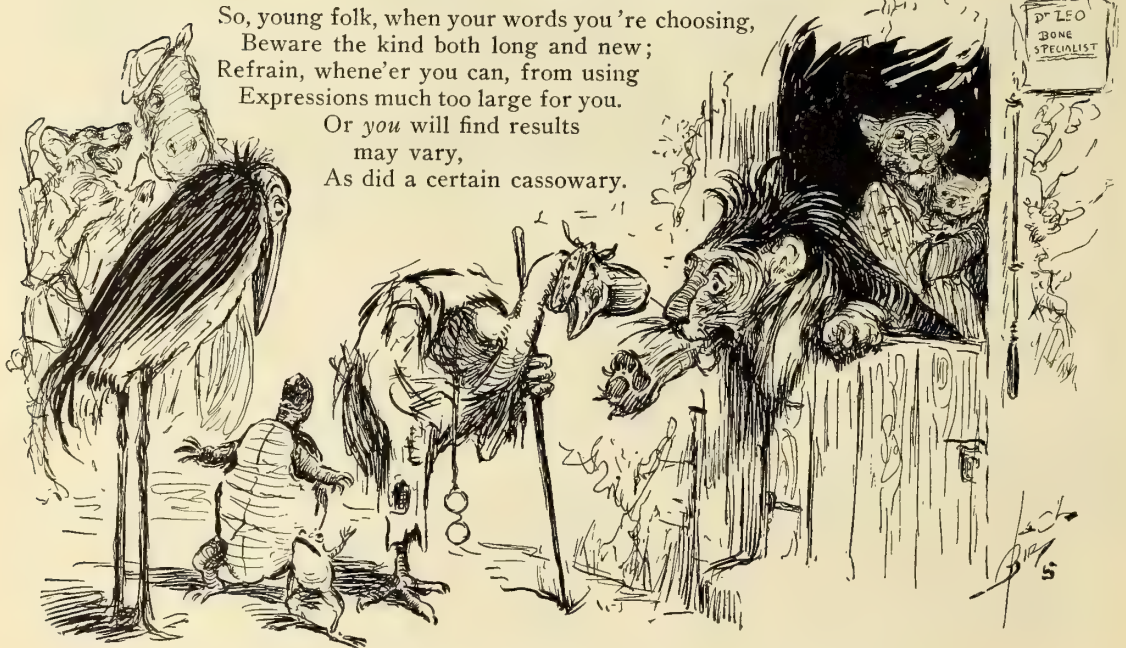




He tried to speak to friendly creatures,
 But they could never understand;
 They listened with distorted features,
 Then vanished in a cloud of sand.
 And when *they* spoke it was no better,
He could not get a single letter.

So, hungrily, throughout the season
 He begged for food from spot to spot;
 Some thought his words were full of reason,
 But most of them concluded not.
 "If you want *cheese*," they sternly stated,
 "Why ask for 'curds coagulated'?"

So, young folk, when your words you're choosing,
 Beware the kind both long and new;
 Refrain, whene'er you can, from using
 Expressions much too large for you.
 Or *you* will find results
 may vary,
 As did a certain cassowary.



THE RUNAWAY

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Author of "The Junior Cup," "Pelham and His Friend Tim," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV

RODMAN'S STORY

So Rodman's true name was Lee! Nate, Pelham, and Mr. Dodd all stared at him. They glimpsed a part of his secret, and it overcame them.

"I am James Rodman Lee," went on the boy, simply. "My brother is John Wilson Lee. He is out with Bob on the pond."

Mr. Dodd, rising, walked once up and down the room. Nate, with a long sigh, slowly sank back in his chair. Pelham, scarcely able to control himself, felt like snickering. But by the time Mr. Dodd had once more seated himself, they had all been able to master their surprise. "Go on," said Mr. Dodd, simply.

"My brother is twelve years older than I," said Rodman. "He took a pride in bringing me up. The more I think of it, Mr. Dodd, the more I admire him for it. He is naturally bold; he'd have gone west, to the mining camps, or to some such kind of work, if it had n't been for me. But he wanted to educate me. So he settled down into railroad work, which suited him best here in the east, and sent me to good boarding schools after I was eight years old. I had very good schooling, sir, until a couple of years ago."

"I knowed it," murmured Nate, half aloud.

For his part, Pelham was listening with all his ears. Rodman's story astonished him not merely for the tale itself, but for the manner in which it was told. This boy, Pelham realized, had had deep experiences, and in them he had learned to think.

"Then," went on Rodman, "my brother met with very bad treatment. The man above him in the railroad took a dislike to him. I think that he was afraid of him, for Wilson is very clever, and had been promoted very fast. This man managed to have him discharged."

Mr. Dodd sighed. "It's done every day. I have met with dozens of cases."

"It was just at the beginning of vacation," said Rodman. "He told me that I must work that summer—for he had no savings. He was always very confident and hopeful, and had never seen the use of saving. He got me a place in an office, sir, and tried for a new position himself. But he failed, sir. He could n't get a recommendation from the railroad company, for that man was very mean about it all. Wilson always felt that

he tried to prevent his employment in any railroad. And besides that, all that came to him were positions of the kind he would n't take.

"He is very proud, sir. He had at first succeeded so well that he expected always to succeed. We had a good many talks about it. I told him that if he'd begin again somewhere at the bottom, I knew he would succeed again. He would n't try it, Mr. Dodd. He had too much pride.

"And then, when it was too late for me to go back to school again, and when I'd been working in several employments, getting better places, and really able to support myself, he began to be prosperous again. But he had n't any work. I could n't understand it at first, even though he told me he was in a commission line of business. I suppose I was too young to understand, except that I knew from the way he would n't explain things to me that something was wrong. I think now he was gambling. He would like the risk of it; he was very cool, and nothing ever pleased him so much as a touch of danger. Gambling must be the same sort of thing to him as danger. So he kept on, and the second year he said I was to go back to school again. I told him unless he told me where he got his money I would n't go."

Pelham was amazed. That was the sort of thing that Rodman was capable of doing! He knew now why, by a sort of instinct, he had always respected the boy quite as much as he liked him.

"It hurt me terribly, Mr. Dodd," said Rodman, with a distressed face, "that he would n't tell me about himself any more. I knew he got his money wrongly. And I could n't bear to benefit by it. I asked him again to take any kind of work where I could work with him; I offered to go west with him. But he would n't go; he said he was hurt by my suspicion of him, and he was satisfied here.

"Then things went wrong again. He spent his money, and no more came in. He simply could n't save. And then, sir, I suppose he felt desperate, for he did an awful thing, and I saw him do it.

"This is how I happened to be there. Down in New York, sir, there is a bank, the Patroon. Its side door is on a little narrow alley. Right across the alley is another door, in a big office building; it is the office of a life-insurance agent, I think, sir. The Knickerbocker Agency is the name.—Did you speak, Mr. Dodd?"

For Mr. Dodd had exclaimed, and was leaning forward in his chair. "Never mind," said he. "Go on!"

"I was often sent from my office to the bank with messages, or checks to cash for small sums. I'm not very old, but they trusted me."

"Everybody trusts him," murmured Nate, with satisfaction.

"The shortest way was by the alley door, and so that morning I went there. I was perhaps twenty feet from the door when I saw my brother on the other side. I don't know now whether he had seen me or not, but he was looking in the most awfully intent way at the door of the bank. And what happened was as quick as a flash. A man—a big man—stepped out of the door, meaning to cross the alley and go into the Agency. Under his arm he had a leather bag, a small one. And, before I could say a word, my brother took it away from him."

"Wait," interrupted Mr. Dodd. "I want to ask a question or two. I know a good deal about that robbery. How could so small a man as your brother handle that bank-messenger so easily?"

"It is very simple," explained Rodman. "My brother is not only very strong, but a fine wrestler. When there was so much talk about the Japanese wrestling, the jiu-jutsu, he studied it. I have seen him practise his tricks. He taught me some of them. When Brian tried to take the wallet from me in the woods," and Rodman turned to Pelham, "it was one of my brother's wrestling tricks I used to throw him down with.—And so, Mr. Dodd, it was very easy for him to hold the man's arms and shake the bag out of them. Then he struck him in the throat, but lightly, or he might have injured him badly. The man simply leaned up against the wall and gasped; he could n't do anything else. My brother picked up the bag and walked away with it. I just ran."

"The messenger was from the Knickerbocker Agency," said Mr. Dodd. "He said afterward that there was a boy there, who seemed frightened. My brother is president of the Agency, and he advertised for the boy, but he never appeared. And the boy was you! Rodman, the loss of the stolen securities fell largely on my brother; that is why Brian is spending the summer here. What became of the things stolen?"

Rodman showed the wallet. "Until last night, sir, they were in this, and Harriet had hidden them for me somewhere in this house. I did n't know that they were your brother's, sir, not till this minute. If my brother had known, he would never have come here."

"Still rather mysterious," remarked Mr. Dodd. "Tell me it all as it happened."

"After the robbery I went to our room," said Rodman, "and I found my brother there. When I told him what I had seen he merely laughed at me and growled to himself; then he brought the bag and took out the securities. He sorted them into two kinds. One he said he would send back."

"Yes," remarked Mr. Dodd. "The non-negotiable securities came back the next day, but we could not trace the sender. I was in New York then, trying to help my brother."

"We went immediately away from New York," explained Rodman. "My brother took me to several places, and always he liked to read what was said in the newspapers about trying to find him. They were never near us. But, Mr. Dodd, I was always at him, trying to make him send back the rest of the papers. He got very cross with me at last, which is very unusual with him. He told me never to speak of it again. Then I said that, if he meant it, I should go away myself, and earn my own living. It frightened him a little; we have always been very fond of each other. If you knew how good and kind he has always been! He said he'd think it over, but I saw after a while that he just could n't send them back. We had two or three talks; I begged him again and again to start fresh, in the west, anywhere, so long as he was living honestly. But I could n't succeed with him, though I know that more than once I almost did it."

"Finally we had a real quarrel, sir. He was very harsh to me for a few hours, and took me on the train with him. We were in Worcester then, and he said he was going to take me to Canada. Then he began to gamble in the smoking-car with men that I knew were n't half so clever as he. It was dreadful, Mr. Dodd, to see him get the better of them, and I just could n't stand it. I was going to ask him to let me go away into the other car, and was leaning over him to whisper, when I saw the end of his wallet sticking out of his pocket. I slipped it out, Mr. Dodd; I robbed my own brother, and none of them saw me do it. Then I said I was going into the other car for fresh air, and he nodded over his shoulder. The train was slowed down, just then, and, as I was on the platform, I saw that I could step off. I did, sir; it was very easy, and I did n't even fall. I ran down the embankment, crossed the fence, and slipped into the woods. Then I wandered, and got into bogs, and slept in my wet clothes, until finally I came out on the road where Brian and Pelham found me. But it was n't Brian's wallet I had in my hand; it was my brother's. I was looking to see if it was all right, and to find where I could send the papers. I never saw Brian's wallet at all, sir."

Pelham could not restrain himself. "He never lost it," he said.

Mr. Dodd rose from his chair. "Are you full of mysteries, too?" he asked. Then he sat down again with an air of resignation. "Go on and tell me what you mean. I may as well have it all at once."

He listened attentively while Pelham told his story. "Rodman," he said at the end, "Brian has an apology to make to you. But I cannot see how this suspicion can ever be properly apologized for."

Nate was rubbing his hands. "Mistrusted the feller from the first," he said. "Jes' as I trusted Rodman. Right in both cases, by jing!"

"But, Rodman," said Mr. Dodd, "you must tell me a little more. You say the wallet has been in this house?"

"Harriet had it, sir," answered the boy. "When I had hurt myself in falling, and found myself alone with her, I knew that I was badly hurt. So I gave it to her to keep for me."

"An' she kep' it, an' said nothing!" cried Nate. "She's a winner!"

"When your brother found you had given him the slip," asked Mr. Dodd, "he gave the wrong name?"

Rodman nodded. "I think he realized that the newspapers might take the story up, and if the police were trying to find him, the name might betray him. And if you will remember, Mr. Dodd, your calling me Wilson surprised me, and helped me to look puzzled just when I needed to."

"I see," said Mr. Dodd. "And your brother finally traced you here?"

"No, sir," answered Rodman. "I have n't talked it over with him at all, but when he saw me he was quite surprised—"

"Hol' on!" interrupted Nate. "That night you tried to go away, was it because you had seen this brother o' yours?"

"Yes," replied Rodman. "I wanted to go away before he should see me, but Harriet stopped me."

"Explain, explain!" commanded Mr. Dodd, wearily. When Pelham had poured out an account of the moonlight expedition, he shook his head. "All these things going on under my roof and in my town, and I knowing nothing! Rodman, how did she make you stay?"

"She called me a coward, sir," answered Rodman, hanging his head. Nate chuckled.

"And besides, Mr. Dodd," went on Rodman, with less shame, "she told me that I owed it to you all to stay. And then I asked myself, why had my brother come here at all, if not to do mischief to you all?"

"What mischief could he do?" cried Mr. Dodd.

Rodman grew very pale. "I'll tell you, sir, because I think it's for his good. He could do only one thing, and that was to rob you of the men's money when it was being carried over from Winton."

"But Bob carries it!" exclaimed Mr. Dodd. "And Mr. Lee drove him yesterday. He made no attempt."

Pelham spoke quickly. "If he did n't, sir, it was because Rodman prevented him!" And once more he poured forth a tale of recent history. Nate sat with his eyes full of wonder, but Mr. Dodd listened with little change of expression. "I am beyond surprise," he said at the end. "But I never thought that things of this sort could happen in this quiet place and I not know it.—He meant to go away, leaving you?"

"I think," explained Rodman, "that he meant to take me with him. Failing to find the wallet, he may have decided simply to give up the search for the present and leave it behind."

Mr. Dodd nodded. "It is likely. Now as to these securities, Rodman, I have them safely. Your brother gave them to me."

"He told you about them?" cried the boy, his eyes bright with sudden hope.

Sadly, Mr. Dodd shook his head. "No, my boy. He is as you have shown him, clever but dishonest. He deceived me so completely that, if you had not come to me with this story, I should to-morrow have given him a good deal of money, which doubtless I should never get back again. So far as money goes, my boy, you have paid me back several times over."

But Rodman found no comfort in this. His downcast eyes were sad. "I kept the papers because I did not know just what to do with them. You will have them sent back?"

"They are my brother's," answered Mr. Dodd. "I will send for him to come and get them. I want to talk this over with him."

"But, Mr. Dodd," said Rodman, "my brother—I—I don't want him sent to prison."

"My dear boy," replied the other, "he saved my Harriet's life!"

"You will let him off?" cried Rodman, eagerly.

Mr. Dodd shook his head. "That is a very simple thing to do. I should like to do something more difficult than saving him from prison. I want to study out how to save him from himself."

Rodman rose from his seat and caught Mr. Dodd's hand. Through his tears his face was radiant. "Oh, sir," he cried brokenly. "Oh, Mr. Dodd!"

Pelham suddenly found that his own eyes were blurred.

CHAPTER XXV

ACTIONS AND REACTIONS

"WELL," said Bob, reluctantly, "it 's almost time for church. I 'll have to go ashore."

"Good boy!" applauded Lee. "To please the old folks, eh?"

"Why, no," answered Bob, sturdily. "I am sorry to leave this pleasant loafing, but I shall enjoy the service. You 'd better come along."

"Not I!" laughed the visitor. "I graduated from that long ago."

But after he had put Bob ashore and had spent some fifteen minutes in drifting idly along by the bank, he found that he had not yet a true answer to the question, Why not go to church? It might be amusing, he finally decided, to see how these simple people, in this simple place, conducted their worship. And so, paddling back to the landing, he pulled up the canoe on the grass and made his way to church.

He felt amused when an usher, in obviously uncomfortable clothes, tiptoed in front of him down the aisle. The odd stiff box-pews, the bare church, the self-conscious choir, and the village folk, many of them apparently mill-hands, awkward in their Sunday clothes, all made him wish to smile. Even the old minister in his ancient broadcloth was decidedly entertaining to the city man. But when he looked to one side and discovered the Dodds' pew to be just across the aisle and not far in front of him, he became sober.

For there between Pelham and Harriet sat Rodman. The boy was upright, with expectant eye fixed on the minister, and the brother, who loved him dearly, let his gaze rest with pleasure on the fine young head. His glance caressed the brown hair, the cheek still too pale, the earnest and attentive profile. Much of the service and the sermon passed unheard by Wilson Lee, yet his mind, suddenly open to influence by love and by regret, learned its lesson from his study of his brother.

When the service was over he slipped out at once; none of the Dodds knew that he had been at church. At dinner he learned that the family was to have a picnic supper in the woods, to which he, of course, was expected to go.

"Is there a road to the place?" he asked. "I could take some of you, and the food, in the machine. The engine 's not acting properly, but she 'll do for short trips."

It was finally arranged that he should take Mr. and Mrs. Dodd and Harriet in his car, with the food supply. The picnic ground was on Mr. Dodd's land, some three miles away, on the top of a little knoll in the woods where a spring bub-

bled up in a grove of pine. A rough road led to it by a roundabout way; Bob and the two boys were to go by a path that led more directly over the hills. There was a question whether clouds in the west might mean a shower; but Mr. Dodd shook his head.

"I 'll gladly be caught in a shower if only to break the drought," he said. "But those clouds are too light as yet."

In the middle of the afternoon they all started for the grove, each of the two parties promising to get there first. Bob led his two younger companions at a brisk pace into the woods, over a couple of ridges and down a long slope. He set a good pace; Pelham followed smartly, but Brian lagged. Bob, turning once to see how the others were getting along, discovered to his disgust that his cousin had lit a cigarette.

"Put it out, Brian," he growled. "Don't you know that you can't keep up if you are smoking?"

He strode on without waiting for reply, and Pelham never looked around. Brian read disapproval in both their backs, and for a few yards smoked on defiantly. Then, feeling the pace too much for him, and seeing the need of going faster, he threw the cigarette into the bushes and hurried on.

The three reached the rendezvous before the automobile. Mr. Lee laughed as they accused him of being slow. "The hills are bad and the road worse," he answered, not at all troubled. "Still, I think I should have beaten you if the engine was n't skipping."

They unpacked their load, and Mrs. Dodd looked over her supplies. "We have ever so much more than we can eat," she said. "Why did n't we invite others to come?"

"Oh," exclaimed Harriet, "we ought to have Rodman here!"

Brian scowled, but the others approved. "Tell you what," said Mr. Lee, "I 'll get him here in three quarters of an hour, long before you can get the potatoes cooked. Shall I?" Pelham and his father looked significantly at each other while they all, Brian excepted, uttered approval.

"And bring Nate," added Harriet. In another minute the noise of Mr. Lee's car was filling the distant woods.

He reached the highroad, skirted the town, and dashed up the road to Nate's. At the door of the house he found the owner and Rodman, apparently starting for an expedition, for they were equipped with baskets. Mr. Lee explained his errand, and the two looked at each other doubtfully.

"You go with him," decided Nate, after a moment's thought. "I 'll have to get some of that

stuff for to-morrow's work, but I can go quicker alone.—Tell 'em," he said to Mr. Lee, "that I 'll drop in on 'em about the time when the eatables are ready."

More slowly now Mr. Lee drove down the hill. From time to time he glanced at the boy at his side. Finally Rodman looked up in time to meet the glance and to smile. The older brother smiled at once. "Not afraid to go with me?"



RODMAN TELLS HIS STORY.

he asked. "I wonder Nate let you go without him—but you 're not afraid?" he repeated.

Rodman shook his head.

"Supposing I should carry you off?"

The boy smiled confidently. "What good would it do?" he asked simply.

Mr. Lee looked quickly at the road, and said no more. The car still ran slowly while he was lost in thought, and now in his turn Rodman stole glances at him. At last, with a long breath, Lee roused himself.

"Rodman," he said, "I am going away."

"Going away!" cried the boy. "When?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Where?"

"Anywhere!"

Rodman looked at him searchingly. "Wilson, what are you going to do?"

"I am going to do what you have so often asked me: begin all over again."

The boy's face lit up with joy. "And you 'll take me with you?"

"No," answered Lee. "Now don't be down-cast, Rodman. Listen while I explain it to you. Did you know that I was behind you in church this morning? Well, I was, and I did a lot of thinking. First I got to wondering at the good fortune that had thrown you among such kind people. I looked at them all—not that conceited Brian, but the rest. Mr. Dodd

is a fine man, Rodman. You can trust him in anything. Bob is all right, Pelham too—but, Rodman, that woman and that girl! If I had had a mother such as that, a sister such as that—!"

He paused for a long minute, then began again: "Well, they are n't mother and sister to you, but they are the best of friends. I want you to stay near them; I think you ought to stay here where you can have schooling, and a boy's natural good time, and—and *friends*, Rodman. I never made a friend; I thought I had them, but when I needed them they were afraid to help me. These will stand by you through thick and thin. Don't offer to come with me. You must stay here, and when I have made my way (and the

thought of you waiting for me will help me!) then I will come back and claim you."

Rodman made no protest; he saw that his brother's mind was made up. "I will wait for you, Wilson," was all he said. But his look told that often he would be lonesome.

"Stay with Nate," went on the elder brother. "He will treat you well. But in winter you must have schooling. I will send money for it—I shall have honest money by that time. I won't send any other kind, you may be sure."

"I know it!" responded the boy, happily.

"This car is stolen," said the man. "That is, I never meant to pay more than the first deposit on it. I shall send it back. To-morrow I shall simply slip out without saying good-by. As for those securities, Mr. Dodd has them. When you find him wondering where I am, you'd better tell him what you know of—of my stealing them. He will know what to do with them."

"Oh," cried Rodman, "I have told him already!"

Lee looked at him in amazement. "I got the wallet from Harriet last night," explained the boy. "I found that you had taken the papers. Wilson, I did n't see what else I could do than try to—save you from some other—" The boy paused.

"Crime!" finished the man. For a moment his expression was bitter, for another it was stern; but then his glance softened, and turned kindly to the boy. "Rodman, you did the right thing, and I'm not sorry for it. When are they to arrest me?"

"Oh, they won't do that!"

"Why not?" he demanded. "On your account?"

"On yours," answered Rodman, softly. At his brother's look of amazement he reminded him: "You saved Harriet, and Brian. Do you think that either Mr. Dodd or his brother would prosecute you?"

"And his brother?" asked Lee. Rodman explained, and the elder fell into a study. "See," he mused, "how one's most careless actions—Why, I was reckless when I saved those two. I was willing to go over the dam myself, and be drowned with the rest, so sick of myself was I. And now—!"

"Wilson," begged the boy, "won't you stay here, instead of going away? Where can you make a better start?"

The man quivered, and put the suggestion aside almost roughly. "A start?" he demanded. "Say a boost, Rodman. One man whom I robbed, and another whom I planned to rob, will give me a lift because I happened to save their children! Rodman, don't ask me that. I'd be ashamed to be so shameless. No, let me sneak away and hide myself till I have done something that I myself can take some credit in."

He quickened the speed of the car, and Rodman felt that his hope was vain. His brother's face was firmly set; the lad knew the look, and

that there was no changing his resolution. Yet, as a matter of fact, the resolution had been made with difficulty. More than once during the past week, after he had discovered the presence of Rodman, Lee had longed to go to Mr. Dodd and say: "Such and such are my faults and wrong-doings. Will you help me to live a new life?" Each time he had repressed the desire as a weakness, and now that he had done so much against the Dodds, in return for so much kindness to his brother, he felt the shamefulness of asking them to help him.

They were welcomed at the picnic ground, where the fire for the potato roasting had scarcely been started against many difficulties. Lee lolled by himself and watched the others for a while. It amazed him to consider that Mr. Dodd knew of his wrong-doing, must have understood his scheme to defraud, and yet had not at once clapped him into jail. He did not like to mingle longer with these people; he was ashamed that they treated him so kindly. "They are too good for me," he muttered. All his self-confidence was gone; only one fact was a consolation to him, that when he went away he could leave Rodman in the care of such friends. During the weeks when, believing the boy somewhere in New York, Lee had been searching for him, he had suffered great anxiety. Now he could go his way in peace.

As he thought thus, he remembered his car. There was time for him to tinker with it before they started for home. Uncomfortable as he was before Mr. Dodd's unchanging kindness, the thought occurred to Lee that that very evening he might quietly slip away, not to return until he should come with credit. So he went to the car, opened the hood, and disconnecting the spark-plugs began one by one to clean and test them. But he soon found that the difficulty was with the carbureter, a more serious matter.

In the meanwhile there had been among the others more or less wrinkling of delicate noses. Harriet and her mother, as naturally the more fastidious of the party, complained that they could not get out of the smoke. "The wind whiffles so," complained Mrs. Dodd. "I declare, I have moved half a dozen times, but the smoke always follows me."

Her husband looked upward. "I don't see why it should," he said. "The wind is steady from the west, and has been growing stronger all day. There is a very brisk breeze overhead. Unless there are eddies of the wind down here, I don't see how the smoke can bother you. See, it streams very steadily away from you. Do you smell it now?"

"No," admitted Mrs. Dodd. She and Harriet were silent on the subject for a while; indeed all forgot it but Brian, who as he listened to his aunt's complaints, and understood his uncle's explanation concerning the wind, had turned somewhat pale beneath his tan. While the others now forgetfully chatted, from time to time he turned an anxious gaze up the wind, along the path by which he himself had come to the grove. And every little while he sniffed furtively.

"What is it?" asked Bob of him finally. "Brian, what 's worrying you?"

"I thought," said Brian, "that I smelled smoke."

Now Bob too sniffed, and his face took on a look of surprise. He looked at the fire, whose smoke was steadily drifting down the wind, away from the group. He looked at the tree-tops, which were bending before a stiff breeze that amounted nearly to half a gale. Then, going to the very edge of the grove, he again tested the air that came through the woods. His surprise changed to serious certainty. He went to Mr. Lee and watched him for a moment.

"Connect up quickly," he said, in a low voice. "We may need the machine any minute."

Lee, with a single glance at his face, nodded and began to work briskly. Then, as Bob was walking to his father, every voice was suddenly stilled, every head was raised, and hands were lifted for silence.

"The fire-whistle!" breathed Harriet, startled.

"One!" counted Pelham.

"Two!" responded Bob the next moment.

They counted again, one-two, one-two. "Fire in the woods!"

"It 's nothing to worry about," said Bob, quietly. "We 've been smelling the smoke; it 's somewhere to windward of us. But since the smoke is n't very strong, it can't be near. We 'd better—"

"Listen!" cried Pelham.

They all stood silent. Some had heard a cry from the woods, and they waited for a second call. It came again, a loud halloo, and with it seemed to come a stronger whiff of smoke, in which was the heat of fire. For a third time came the shout.

"It 's Nate!" cried Rodman, alarmed.

In another moment they saw him hurrying up the path. But was it Nate, or had something changed him? His clothes were tattered, his face blackened, and he staggered as he came. Nate, so strong, so firm of stride, hung his head as he reeled along, and drew his breath in gasps that they could hear from a distance. The men started toward him, but before they could reach him he collapsed.

Then, when they stood over him, they understood. His clothes were badly burned, his hair was scorched, and his face was blackened by the soot of fire. He had come through the flames to reach them!

"Nate!" cried Mr. Dodd, bending over him and shaking him.

Nate raised his head. "Git out o' this!" he gasped. "The fire 's behind ye an' on both sides o' ye. I came through the swamp, but all the trees there are burnin' now. There 's only one way out. If ye ain't quick the fire 'll cut you off!"

They stared at each other and at the woods. Nate was right! The smell of smoke was stronger every minute, and now, through the hissing of the wind overhead, could be heard a distant crackling. And they so thoughtless there!

"No time to lose!" cried Nate.

Bob ran to Lee. "Are you ready?" he asked.

Lee shook his head. "The spark-plugs are connected," he said, "but I had the carbureter partly taken apart. Give me three minutes." He worked without stopping.

Bob frowned and looked at the road. "Shall I send the boys ahead?"

"No," answered Lee. "The car will carry them all, but I have n't fixed the trouble. Once she 's going, it won't be safe to stop to pick any one up."

And so they waited. There was one moment of dreadful doubt when Bob gave the news; then Mrs. Dodd, wise as she was, took command. "We might as well be saving what we can," she said. "Children, be packing the things together." All she wanted was to busy them; she knew that the baskets must be left behind.

They sprang to the work easily, all but Brian. Pelham felt reckless and half jubilant, Harriet nervous but not afraid, Rodman eager to serve; but Brian stood with fear on his face. It was not fear for himself. No, for the first time in weeks he thought first of others. What had he done!

Quietly Mr. and Mrs. Dodd watched Lee at work. Bob stood by his side, handing him tools as he asked for them, taking them as handed back, and asking no questions. It was plain that Lee knew what he was about, even though all the time he was shaking his head. "If I had but fifteen minutes more!" he murmured.

But at last he straightened himself. He threw his wrench into the open tool-box, and closed the hood. Bob cast in the other tools and shut the box. Then he stood ready, watching Lee, who sprang into the car and adjusted the throttle and the controller. He nodded at Bob.

"Crank her!"

Bob stepped to the front of the machine, adjusted the crank, and heaved the fly-wheel over. But no answering roar responded from the engine. Mr. Lee changed his adjustments. "Again!" he said.

Bob cranked again, but again a single puff from the cylinders was the only response. "Once more!" commanded Lee, but once more Bob failed. He looked up with ashy face.

"She won't start!"

"She will!" answered Lee, calmly, and stepped from the car. He motioned Bob to his place behind the wheel, and himself seized the crank. Once he heaved, twice he struggled, and each time came failure. Then twice, three times in succession he whirled the crank around. Failure would have meant a crippled arm, but he did not fail. The thunder of the engine suddenly filled the grove. Mr. Lee stepped back. The sweat was pouring down his face.

"Stay there!" he said to Bob, and hurried to Nate. "Aboard!" he shouted to the others. They flocked to the car, while he assisted the all but helpless dyer thither. But when he was by the side of the car, Nate found strength to resist.

"Leave me be!" he croaked hoarsely. All strength was gone from his dry throat, but his meaning was plain. "I 'm crowdin' ye—an' it makes no difference if I stay."

Lee, still supporting Nate, nodded Mr. Dodd to the seat beside Bob. "If you 'll hold Nate at your feet, sir—" Mr. Dodd prepared to take the dyer between his knees, but still he resisted.

"I mean it," Nate said.

"So do I," replied Lee, firmly. He raised Nate in his arms and settled him securely on the floor of the car. "No more of that, Nate. I 'm running this affair!"

He had indeed taken charge, and the others waited for his word. "Now, Mrs. Dodd, you and Harriet in the back seat; Pelham on the farther step; Rodman, here by Nate's feet. Brian—"

"Let me stay," offered Brian, suddenly.

He meant it. He felt that in that way he could pay for his starting of the fire—for that his cigarette had caused it he felt agonizingly sure. But Mr. Lee shook his head.

"Can't afford you the pleasure," he said gaily. His seriousness was vanishing, and his eyes were once more flashing with daring as the danger drew nearer and nearer. "I 'd put you on the hood, but the road is bad, and Bob must watch it.—Now, Brian, quickly, here beside your aunt." He saw the boy safely in place. "Now," he said, "I 'm on the springs behind. All right, Bob. Start her!"

And Bob started the car. It glided across the carpet of pine-needles, and sped down the slope beyond the knoll. Mr. Lee listened with critical ear. "I knew it!" he growled. "Skipping just as badly.—On the hill the second speed, Bob. Shift her easily."

Bob made the shift, and the machine labored up the hill. "Going well!" said Bob, satisfied.

"Look!" shrilled Pelham at the top.

There was a gasp from them all. They saw the fire! To right and to left it had been marching through the woods, deflected by the swamp behind the picnic knoll. Now it was encircling them, its two wings, like the flanks of an army, swinging to meet each other. The hollows roared with flame, and the heat struck upward in a blast. The narrow way of the road was still clear, but they heard the crashing of falling trees in the woods on either hand. And on both sides smoke was curling close to the road.

Harriet grasped her mother's hand. She shuddered, yet she—her real self—was not afraid. Race courage and family pride and personal fearlessness held her erect as she gazed wide-eyed at that valley of death.

"Not too fast, Bob," warned Lee, over her shoulder. "Very bad rocks in the road, as I remember." The car rushed down the slope, Bob steering with all the skill he had. It swayed and skidded, yet managed after all to keep to the ruts. The blast of heat was furious now, the snapping of the flames was loud, and the cracking of wood rose almost to a roar. The bottom was reached, and still no tree had fallen across the road. But the steepest hill of all lay in front, and the fire was within a few yards of it on either side.

"Second speed," called Lee, from his place. "Plenty of gas. Open the cut-out. Drive her!"

He watched the progress with the utmost care. The hill was steep, the surface sandy, and suddenly he groaned aloud. The wheels spun in the sand, and for a moment the speed was checked. Mr. Lee sighed, then he smiled, and stepped softly down into the road. He put his shoulder to the car, and pushed. Once more the wheels gripped the surface, and the car groaned onward. He made a snatch at the projecting mud-guard, intending to run behind, but at that instant he stumbled and fell. When he rose the car was hopelessly far ahead of him.

He smiled again, a little wistfully. He wished that he might catch but a glimpse of Rodman, but the bulk of the car concealed him. "Good-by, dear lad," he murmured, yet still he smiled as he labored up the road. He felt no fear of the fire. Perhaps this was the best way to end it all.

(To be concluded.)



"AT THAT INSTANT HE STUMBLED AND FELL."

LUCK—PLUCK

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

"I WISH you good luck," is no word to say;
"I wish you good pluck," is better.
For pluck means more in every way
Than just an additional letter.

It is good to believe in your luck, I know,
It is bad to be thought unlucky;
But the best of luck for us folk below
Is the habit of being plucky.

You can turn your luck,—if you have the pluck,—
You can conquer the ill that shakes it;
So I will not stop at a wish for luck,
But here 's to your pluck that makes it!

FINDING OUT AUNT HESTER

BY VIRGINIA WOODS MACKALL



HE twins were upset, to say the least. Louise, the first to recover, answered her father with her usual dignity.

"Father dear," she began hesitatingly, "of course we both understand how things are."

"Of course!" emphasized Harriet.

"Of course," agreed their father.

"At the same time," she went on, "we feel that, in spite of this rest being necessary for Mother, we might have been consulted and allowed to choose a chaperon for ourselves. Aunt Hester is hardly what we would call—congenial."

"And I say, Dad," broke in Harriet again, "what about the house-party? Does she have to chaperon that? If she does, we 'd just better give it up—that 's all there is to it!" She thrust her hands into the pockets of her sweater, and, blinking hard with disappointment, pretended to look out of the window.

"Come, now," Mr. Fields encouraged sympathetically, "it is n't as bad as that, you know. She may be an odd little Quaker lady, but she 's kind; and, to put it frankly, girls, she 's the only available member of the family whom your

mother felt satisfied to leave in charge of the place, and who was willing to undertake the responsibility. As to the house-party, if you feel by the first of August that you 'd rather not have it with Aunt Hester here, you can postpone it, and we 'll have it in September, when your mother and I return."

Harriet turned impulsively from the window and threw an arm around her father's neck. "Dad," she cried, "you *are* a dear, and we don't mean to be horrid,—do we, Louie? But she 's such a dried-up little— No, no, no!" putting her hand over her father's mouth, "I won't be disrespectful; I take it back! Truly we 'll be good, and if we find that all our virtue simply can't stand for it, why, we 'll do as you say, and put off the old house-party until September. Gracious, Louie, don't jump like that! What 's the matter?"

Louise, with great concern, was gazing down the drive. "Daddy!" she exclaimed, "who 's that coming up here in the hack? Can that be Aunt Hester? I thought she was n't coming until afternoon?"

The shaggy horse that pulled the one "station hack" came to a halt in front of the house, and a little figure in gray proceeded to alight. Mr. Fields was on the veranda before she had reached

the steps, and the twins, exchanging glances, followed at his heels.

Aunt Hester turned to the departing driver. "Don't thee forget my trunk!" she called, and composedly turned back to her nephew. "Good morning, Tom. How do, girls. Thee still has the same red hair thee had at five, Harriet. My! Tom, thee 's real fat! Ten years make changes."

She was like a little chirping sparrow, but a very severe little sparrow. Her eyes were as sharp as her little straight nose, and her mouth as set and regular as her abundant gray hair. As Louise politely led the way up-stairs, she wondered whether the second week in September, or, perhaps, the third—

Two weeks after their parents' departure, Harriet and Louise held a consultation down in the orchard. It was a quiet Sunday even for "Homewood." In the morning, they had driven with Aunt Hester to the village church, and had sat through a lengthy service, uneventful save during the prayer, when Aunt Hester had added several fervent and audible "Amens." After a silent dinner, she had retired to her room, where she sat by a shaded window reading her Bible. The twins, under their favorite low-limbed apple-tree, discussed the problem of Aunt Hester and the house-party.

"She 's a queer little duck," mused Harriet; "I can't quite make her out. What does she think of us, anyway? Is she interested and disapproving, or uninterested and bored? I must say she 's stiff—and," resentfully, "she 's always flinging some remark at my hair! Well, at any rate we 've behaved ourselves,—you *know* we have!" she ended righteously.

Louise gazed reflectively into distance. "Ye-es, we 've been pleasant and polite," she agreed, "if that 's what you mean. But you can't find people out that way. You know what I mean, Harry: you have to use more than manners if you 're going to get beneath other people's manners, and we simply have to *find out* Aunt Hester before we decide about the house-party."

"Well, my dear sister," laughed Harriet, with exasperating flippancy, "if you have found an instrument long enough and sharp enough to get under Aunt Hester's manners, lead me to it!"

"Do try to be serious, Harry," begged her sister, "and to oblige me, please don't be so slangy, particularly before Aunt Hester. It frightens her."

"*Frightens* her! Frightens *Aunt Hester*?" gasped Harriet.

"Yes, it does," declared Louise, seriously. "I really believe that back of her funny abrupt manner she 's afraid of us, and our pretty clothes,

and our music, and our harum-scarum out-of-door fun. Poor little Quaker!" she sighed; "underneath everything, I think she 's just a pious, timid old lady. If she ever had any sporting blood in her veins, it must have dried up long ago."

"That 's just the trouble, Louie! Whatever she is 'underneath,' she is n't a sport, and you know well enough that she 'd have a thousand fits if we had the house-party in August. She 'd be shocked or afraid of something every minute. Our tramps, our rides, our picnics, our dances,—everything would be spoiled. We 'd better decide to put off the whole business. Dad said we could." And Harriet kicked viciously at the tree-trunk beneath her foot.

Louise, chin in hand, her thoughtful brown eyes on Harriet's defiant blue ones, for two whole minutes considered the problem. Harriet moved impatiently. She knew well enough that the final decision would lie in her sister's next remark; for in her heart of hearts—which was quite as warm as her temper and the color of her hair—she realized that, despite her impulsive jumps at determined conclusions, Louise had only to lead the way, and she would follow her adored twin, loyal to the end.

Louise dropped lazily from her comfortable branch and stretched herself. "Harry dear," she began, smilingly, "we have one week before August. In spite of what Daddy said, we both know that he and Mummy would rather have the house-party over before they come home. Mummy 's not a bit strong, really. Now for one week I 'm going to *rush* Aunt Hester; we 're going to find out what she 's really like, and then,—well, then we can decide about our house-party. Come on, Harry," she ended gaily, "I 'll beat you to the stable. I 'm going to order the run-about and take Aunt Hester for a drive."

The next few days were full ones for Aunt Hester. She serenely accepted the invitations for walking, driving, and croquet that were showered upon her by her grandnieces. With an expression of great conscientiousness on her sharp little face, she would tie on her sober bonnet, draw on her black cotton gloves, don her rubbers, raise her somber umbrella, and dutifully start off, prepared alike for sun or rain. She played croquet with the look of a martyr. She drove and walked in reflective silence, broken only by an occasional short remark: "Can thee really drive, Harriet?" "Louise, thee is sun-burned." "I declare, Harriet, thy hair becomes redder and redder." To which the girls would reply, with waning enthusiasm, "Yes, indeed, Aunt Hester." To their excited descriptions she

would listen calmly, and comment, "Thee don't say! Well, in my time,—” And whether she shut her lips on an expression of disapproval, or stopped short of an anecdote, the twins were never sure.

Harriet laughed. "Slang," she explained. "She wonders if you feel equal to it," interposed Louise. "Would you care to go?" "I 'll go if thee likes. Any snakes?"

"We never saw any," answered Harriet. "Are you afraid of them?"

"I dislike them. Any fences?"

"Not if we go by the road. Why?"

"They are difficult," explained Aunt Hester, rising from the table. "When do we start?"

"Well," Louise hesitated, "let 's start at ten; that will give us plenty of time before lunch."

"As thee likes." And Aunt Hester vanished into the hall.

"Enthusiastic, is n't she?" sighed Harriet. "Oh, I say, Louie, would n't it be screamingly funny if we did find a snake,—or *something* scary!"

"Here 's hoping we don't!" Louise drank a fervent toast as she left the breakfast-table.

The trio started on their walk promptly at ten, Aunt Hester in her usual costume, and carrying her large umbrella. The two girls were bareheaded, and each swung a tin bucket for the "heaps of blackberries" that Harriet had predicted. It was a beautiful morning, and even Aunt Hester appeared interested and cheerful. Her eyes seemed brighter and her cheeks pinker as she neared the blackberry patch.

"Will you sit down under this tree, Aunt Hester, while we get the berries?" asked Louise, when they had reached the summit of Snake Hill. "I 'll put my sweater on this flat stone and make it comfortable for you. We 'll be in plain sight from here."

Harriet glanced around at the question, and wondered if her eyes were deceiving her, or if Aunt Hester really looked disappointed. With



AUNT HESTER ARRIVES.

On Thursday, the two girls were still bravely rushing Aunt Hester. At the breakfast-table, Louise suggested blackberries.

"There are heaps of them over on Snake Hill," put in Harriet, "and it 's only a mile and a half by the road. What do you say, Aunt Hester? Are you game?"

A tiny flush mounted to Aunt Hester's cheek. "Game?" she inquired briefly.

a sudden impulse, she turned and held out her tin bucket. "Sit down? Of course she does n't want to sit down," she cried. "She wants to help us pick blackberries,—don't you?" And she smiled coaxingly into her aunt's face.

Aunt Hester actually smiled back. "Why, yes, if thee likes," she answered, and taking the tin pail from Harriet's outstretched hand, she started toward the bushes.

They had been picking for some time when an exclamation from Louise caused both Harriet and Aunt Hester to look up. Louise was gazing ruefully on the ground, where her bucket was lying upturned and her blackberries were scattered in every direction.

"I was reaching for the berries on that beautiful bush beyond that rock," she explained, "and my foot slipped, and down I went. Just look!—I 've lost half of them!" As she stepped back to view the disaster, an expression of pain crossed her face. "Ouch! I must have twisted my ankle."

"Thee poor child!" cried Aunt Hester, running forward. "Is thee badly hurt?"

Louise tried another step. "Not really sprained, I think, but it's twisted, all right." She smiled uncertainly.

Aunt Hester led her over to the flat stone, pushed her down on it, and began deftly to take off her shoe and stocking, while Harriet hovered near with expressions of sympathy and dismay.

"It is n't swollen much as yet," commented Aunt Hester, as she examined the hurt ankle, "but we'd best hurry home before it gets worse. Or, I'll leave thee here with Harriet, and send the carriage back for thee," she suggested.

"Nonsense!" laughed Louise, "I'm not as lame as that. I can easily walk. We can take the short cut through the fields, and I can lean on Harriet's arm." She put back her shoe as she

spoke, and turned to Harriet, who had started to collect the scattered berries.

"I really think that would be better, Aunt Hester," agreed Harriet, "if you don't mind."

"Well, if Louise is sure." Aunt Hester gath-



"THE TWINS, UNDER THEIR FAVORITE APPLE-TREE, DISCUSSED THE PROBLEM."

ered up her umbrella and doubtfully followed Louise to the fence.

"You see," pointed out the latter, "this is a short cut; we have only three pastures to cross."

Aunt Hester, with her head on the side, like an inquisitive little bird, peered over the fence and caught sight of the house, nestled among its grove of trees, three pastures beyond the blackberry patch. "Any cows?" she queried.

"No indeed!" reassured Harriet, confidently. "The cows are all in the far pasture back of the stables,—and very mild cows at that," she laughed, jumping down from the top rail of the fence and helping the other two to scramble through the bars.

They walked slowly, Louise limping and leaning on Harriet's arm, and Aunt Hester carrying her pail of blackberries and the umbrella raised for protection from the sun. As they neared their second fence, the little old lady stopped short and gazed earnestly at a clump of trees in the next field. "Does thee see something move there, Harriet? Thee is sure there are no cows?" She looked suspiciously at the trees.

Harriet looked up impatiently. "Of course I'm sure! We never have cows in this field. That's just the wind moving the branches. Come on, Louie, I'll help you through. Does it hurt much?" And under her breath she giggled, "Poor soul, she's afraid of cows!"

Aunt Hester closed her umbrella, crawled through the fence, opened the umbrella again, and started across the field with her back to the offending trees. They were half-way to the next pasture before she turned her head, with a nervous backward look. Her face suddenly went several shades whiter. She slightly quickened her step, and spoke coolly to the girls. "Be steady, both of you!" she warned, "and walk in a straight line to the fence. There is a bull back there. He is watching us. I think he is moving toward us."

Louise turned whiter than her aunt—she was limping painfully by this time—but Harriet, with a gasp of alarm, hurried forward and looked back. Whether her sudden movement startled the bull, or whether he had already started toward them, she could never be sure; but as her horrified eyes fell on the huge creature at the far end of the field, he lowered his head and broke into a slow run.

With a low cry of terror, Harriet grasped her sister's arm and ran, dragging Louise toward the blessed fence that seemed so far ahead of them. "Aunt Hester," she screamed, "*run!* Run as fast as you can!"

Even as she called out, she realized how impossible it would be to reach the fence before the bull would be upon them. Fleet as she was, she could not hope to outrun the now enraged, snorting animal that was nearing so swiftly; she could hear his angry hoofs beating the turf behind her, and her head swam dizzily. Louise, panting, was running bravely, but more and more slowly, at her side.

The terrible hoof-beats came nearer and

nearer. Suddenly they stopped. Harriet gave another panic-stricken look in the direction of the bull, and her heart rose to her throat as though it would suffocate her. Aunt Hester! She would be killed! Why, oh, why could n't she have stayed with them, instead of running in an entirely different direction! Now *they* would be saved, and Aunt Hester tossed and trampled to death.

It was unbelievable, but the old lady had actually stopped running, and was wildly waving her open umbrella in one hand, while with the other she seemed to be fumbling with her skirt. The bull, with lashing tail and lowered head, had paused, undecided. But not for long; he started again, this time straight for the open umbrella.

"Run!" shouted Aunt Hester, commandingly. "Run for the fence!" And she threw the umbrella straight at the bull's head.

The girls needed no second urging. With redoubled speed, they fairly flew toward safety, but not before they had had a glimpse of Aunt Hester's final stratagem.

The infuriated beast, turned aside for a moment by the umbrella, renewed his pursuit of Aunt Hester, who had apparently picked up a bright red banner from the ground and was waving it behind her as she ran for the lower end of the fence. When he was almost upon her, they saw her suddenly dart aside, and fling the brilliant crimson thing directly over his lowered horns.

They saw no more until they toppled over the fence, and fell like limp rags into the next pasture. Harriet steadied herself by catching hold of a post, and drew herself up on trembling knees, afraid of the sight that might meet her eyes. Louise had fainted; that was the first thing she noticed. Then she saw, twenty feet away, a little figure in black climb nimbly to the top fence-rail, and drop in a heap on the safe side.

In her excitement, she shook Louise into sensibility. "Look!" she shouted, "look at the bull—and Aunt Hester!"

"Where?" asked Louise, weakly. "Where?" she sobbed, and covered her face with her hands.

"*There*, you silly!" and Harriet stumbled along in the direction of Aunt Hester, while she pointed to the field they had just left.

Louise crawled painfully to her feet and looked. In the middle of the field, the snorting bull was running in circles, madly trying to rid his horns and eyes of a flaring object that appeared to be a torn red silk petticoat. A little nearer, a battered umbrella flopped and tumbled in the wind. On the near side of the fence was Aunt Hester, sitting bolt upright and jerkily

tightening her bonnet-strings as she retied them into a stiff little bow.

"Oh!" breathed Louise, clinging to the fence-rail and moving toward her. "Oh, you darling, you—you *wonder!*" she whispered to herself, as the slow tears crept down her cheeks.

"WHY, Aunt Hester!" exclaimed Harriet, that afternoon, as she paused in the doorway, "what a cunning little blue dressing-sack!"

"Loved my hair! Oh, Aunt Hester! Was *that* why you were always talking about it?"

Aunt Hester nodded in surprise.

Harriet held up an accusing finger. "Aunt Hester, look at me! Was it because you did n't want us to see your red silk petticoat that you were afraid of fences this morning?"

Aunt Hester nodded again, guiltily this time.

"Aunt dear," Louise leaned over her with eyes that were suspiciously bright, "would you mind if



"AUNT HESTER WAS WILDLY WAVING THE OPEN UMBRELLA."

In spite of her aunt's protests, Harriet had calmly put her to bed, and insisted upon waiting on her with such energy that the little lady lay quite still, smiling in a daze at Louise, who, with her foot bandaged, sat at the bedside and held tight hold of her hand.

Aunt Hester looked up at Harriet's exclamation and blushed scarlet. "I dare say it 's wrong," she apologized, "for any one to love bright colors—at my age. But—I just wear them where no one sees. Thee saw the red petticoat," she added, overcome with shame, "so thee might as well see the blue dressing-sack. I do love pretty colors," she ended wistfully, and, with sudden shyness, "that 's why I always loved thy hair, Harriet."

we had a house-party while you 're here? You are the best chaperon I know of."

For once Aunt Hester became enthusiastic. "Mind a house-party? I 'd love it!"

Harriet gave a deep sigh of content. "It may be a dreadful pun, but do you know what I think? I think this is just '*bully*,' as Daddy sometimes says."

And that night, when she slipped into her sister's room for a good-night kiss, she whispered: "Louie, we were puzzling our brains out about Aunt Hester, wondering what there was *underneath*. We did n't know, did we, that it was a red silk petticoat and, as Daddy sometimes says, a 'dead-game sport'!"



It was the thirteenth of November, but the heavens were keeping the Fourth of July: they sent forth a fall of meteors,—a glorious star-shower more beautiful than a hundred sky-rockets. On a Maryland farm, about twenty-five miles from Baltimore, the negroes gathered outside their master's cabin, and, in awed voices, began to prophesy. No one was taking notes of what they said, so the exact words are only a guess; but they were talking of the new baby born that very night.

"Sho 's yo' lib, a rain o' stars like dat means some'n'!"

"Dis yeah baby 'll see ghosts, I tells yer. He 'll see ghosts!" Joe's massive, black face looked almost ashen as he spoke.

"No sech a thing! He 's gwine ter hab de hebenly guidance ob some lucky star," declared another old dorky, with convictions as strong as Joe's.

Meanwhile, the little baby, Edwin Booth, lay safe in his mother's arms, and never even opened his eyes to see the shower of stars. If he could have looked ahead, out of the peace of his baby-sleep, he would perhaps have cried. Life would have shown itself not all alight with stars, but full of gloom; and he might have shrunk from the long fight and hard-won conquest, not only of a great art, but of many sorrows. But, by the divine plan, his child eyes were closed both to the present and the future; and so he slept content.

The Booth farm was snuggled close to a dense forest, called the "big woods." At the end of a crooked lane, song-filled by mocking-birds and orioles, stood the whitewashed log-house, and close to that bubbled a clear spring of delicious

water. The cabin had been carried by negroes, horses, and oxen across several fields so as to be near this spring. Mr. Junius Brutus Booth, the father of the big family of eight, was very particular about his children's health, and he knew that pure water and pure food were important. For two reasons he did not believe in eating meat: first, because he thought it was less healthy than the fresh vegetables and juicy fruits which ripened in the sun, and, second, because he was so fond of animals that he hated to have them killed—his brothers "in air, and water, and the silent wood." As his daughter Asia put it, "Partridge, black snake, wild boar, all alike were sacred lives."

Because Mr. Booth was an actor and most of his time was spent among swarms of people, he loved to steal away to the quiet of his own farm: he liked to get out close to the earth and dig his own potatoes; he liked to hitch up the big horse, "Captain," and the little horse, "Peacock," and drive tandem to Richmond or Philadelphia; he liked to tramp round over his one hundred and fifty acres to discuss crops with Joe and give directions for planting; he liked to "rove through dense forests and think of wild nature." It bothered him very little that they were "three miles from Belair and almost as far from a store or house"; that the post-boy, who rode round on horseback with the mail, came only once a week to toss the letters over the fence; and that they had to "haul twenty-five miles to market." Though he loved his profession, and, on the stage, seemed far more as if he were *living* a part than *acting* one, he loved better to leave it all—the hundreds of upturned faces, the clapping, and the cheers—and be

where the birds and the squirrels did not know that he was great.

We can imagine how his children enjoyed the farm. They were intimate friends of the big green bullfrog that lived in their water spring. To little Asia, the forest, with its moss-carpeted and waving ferns, was a "fairy realm"; to the boys, it was the old home of the Indians. They sloshed round in the marshes and found arrow-heads and tomahawks. Three of these boys we must know by name, because we shall hear more about them: Junius Brutus, the oldest, his father's namesake; Edwin, the star-shower baby, but, in 1843, a dark-eyed, curly-haired, active boy; and John Wilkes. Joseph, the youngest child of all, is still living.

Whether Mr. Booth was at home or not, he expected to control his farm, his slaves, and his children. No trees were to be cut down; nothing that flew or ran was to be killed for food. "The robber of life can never give it back," he would say. This scrap from one of his letters to the children's white-haired grandfather is very characteristic:

"Tell Junius not to go opossum-hunting or setting rabbit-traps, but to let the poor creatures live." He carried apples in his pockets for any horses he might meet. When he was on a sea voyage and a storm-blown bird dropped fluttering to the deck, he fed it back to strength on corn-meal mush. Once, in an Ohio flood, he saw a horse fastened to a boat and struggling for its life. "I'll pay twenty dollars to any one who will go to that boat, cut the halter, and let that horse free!" was his prompt offer. And though the horse could not say thank you, Mr. Booth had the happiness of seeing the halter cut and the worn-out creature swim ashore. Kindness was his religion, though the applauding crowds who heard him take his passionate parts may have thought that he had no kindness.

They may have thought, too, that because *he* was a great actor, he wanted his children to be actors. On the contrary, much as Mr. Booth loved his profession, he did not want one of his children to follow it.

But his early plans for them failed. Not all his farm-training could cancel inherited genius. On the edge of that Maryland forest had been born a family of actors. Added to the power of inheritance was the power of example. Without taking this immense influence into account, however, Mr. Booth let little Edwin, when he was only five or six, go behind the scenes to wait till his father finished his part. Then the child would find himself passionately caught in a pair of eager arms, hugged, tossed into the air, and perhaps treated

to a song or a nursery-rhyme. Naturally, the bright-eyed little fellow began to long to act too. Were not the people applauding his father? But, with childish assurance, he stoutly declared that he would be "the villain or nobody"—no soft, loverish parts for him! Thus, as Mr. William Winter says, "The theater was Edwin Booth's school-room, the greatest living master of passion his tutor, and the actors his fellow-pupils."

"Did you bring your school-books?" was his father's first and only welcome, for he remembered that his wife had wanted Edwin left at school.



EDWIN BOOTH IN 1854.

The books were in the boy's trunk; but what fascination had readers or spellers compared with his father's play-books? As Edwin said, behind the scenes he learned the "words of all the parts of every play," and, since Mr. Booth acted chiefly Shakspeare, the words themselves were well worth learning. Of course, when the lad went back to Maryland, he and one of his friends gave "dramatic readings" to their country neighbors. Imagine a big barn and all its windows crowded with sun-browned faces. A sheet is the curtain; a dinner-bell announces the scene. Encouraged by success, the boys decided to give an entertainment in the Belair court-house.

Colored Joe, who was sent to post the bills, "walked for miles carrying a bucket and brush" and ringing a big bell.

"Oyez! oyez! oyez!" he shouted. "To-night, great tragedy!"



EDWIN BOOTH AS "RICHARD III."

But that evening when the actors rode in to their star performance, they saw, to their amused disappointment, that Joe had posted every bill upside down! Such an absurd advertisement, however, did not spoil the gravity of the audience. The people came in, as Asia said, "as if going to Quaker meeting—men on one side, women on the other." And after the performance the boys felt very rich. They had cleared thirty dollars.

When Edwin Booth finally left the farm for the theater, he left freedom for captivity. His stage life was very different from the care-free life of home. There, squatted outside the cabin, he used to strum away on his banjo. One of their musical negroes had taught him to play the banjo beautifully. He could also play the violin. The farm life, the forest walks, the abandon of

music—all were holiday delights. But when he left them, he took on his young shoulders a double responsibility. Stage life alone was exciting enough, with its late hours, its hurry, its nervousness; but, added to these, Edwin had the anxious care of his father. Mr. Booth not only had a "craze for drink" and was affected by a very little, but he had strange moods: he would wander away at any time, whether he had engagements or not, and without telling where he was going. The boy never felt safe when his father was out of his sight. In the far-away home his mother was trusting him, as Mr. Winter says, to be "the guide, companion, and friend of the most erratic genius that ever illumined the theater." Late at night, and sometimes far into the morning, he might have been seen following that restless father, like a shadow, on, on, from street to street, with the unwearied faithfulness of utter love.

When Edwin was sixteen, a year before the Belair court-house entertainment, he took a small part in the same play with his father; but first he had to pass a keen examination.

"Who was *Tressel*?" asked Mr. Booth.

"A messenger from the field of Tewkesbury."

"What was his mission?"

"To bear the news of the defeat of the king's party."

"How did he make the journey?"

"On horseback."

"Where are your spurs?"

Edwin looked down; he had forgotten that he needed spurs.

"Here, take mine."

The boy unbuckled them and fastened them to his own boots. When his part was over and he stepped from the blaze of light to the dinginess behind the scenes, he found his father sitting silent and thoughtful.

"Have you done well?"

"I think so," with daring frankness.

"Give me the spurs."

Cold as this dialogue seems, it is interesting. No parrot repetition concerned the father. Did his son, in trying to act, understand who he was? That was the point. Did he know what he was doing? The *words*—what were the *words* compared to that?

When the play was over, however, "he coddled me," Edwin said. He made him take gruel and wear a worsted nightcap. And so a mother's heart may be partner to a martinet's brain. The boy understood.

Yet, when some one asked Mr. Booth to let Edwin's name appear with his, the father answered quietly: "He 's a good banjo-player, and might be announced for a solo between the acts." Nevertheless, he knew that Edwin was much more than a banjo-player; and only two years later, with the briefest possible notice, he forced the boy to prove his power.

At the National Theater in New York, Mr. Booth was billed to play the part of *Richard III*. When the carriage was at the door, however, he suddenly declared that he would not go. Edwin's entreaties could not budge him.

"Go act it yourself," was the only answer.

The minutes were speeding on. There was only one thing to do: carry the unwelcome news.

"Well, there is no time to change the bill," blurted the manager, distractedly. "We must close the house—unless *you* will act the part."

And so, at seventeen, the slim fellow was hustled into a man's clothes, and, without a particle of preparation, undertook the star part, a villain, too, before a New York house. Nervous as any one would have been, Edwin could hardly be heard at first.

But at the end of the play, the youthful *Richard III* was applauded and applauded till he came before the curtain. It was a night of victory: as much courage as genius had been needed to act that difficult part.

Mr. Booth called those freaks of his "illness"; but whatever they were, they kept Edwin uncertain and bewildered; and yet, with all its anxiety, stage life had a decided fascination.

In 1852, father and son took a trip to California. They rode on mules across the Isthmus of Panama, and slept on wine-casks or barrels among familiar rats and armed natives. Often, instead of sleeping, Edwin lay awake on his blanket while around them vicious-looking men whispered in an unknown tongue and sharpened big knives.

Life was hard in California. There Edwin was left to shift for himself and "gain experience." To be absolutely without a cent, to sleep in mining-camps, to do his own cooking, washing, and mending, to be snow-bound on the mountain roads and wonder if that would mean starvation and snow-burial—all these things were his hard-won "experience." Harder still, one night after a long tramp through mud and slush, he was met by a friend with a letter and the sharply sudden

news of his father's death. It was an intense grief. There was no comfort in thinking that the years of strange watchfulness were over. Relief was swallowed up in yearning; his "care was loss of care"; most keenly he would miss the wandering father who had frayed out his youth with anxiety.

After his father's burial in Baltimore, Edwin returned to California to continue his hard apprenticeship. He who in childhood would be vil-



EDWIN BOOTH AS "HAMLET."

lain or nobody, now set foot on his pride, joined his eldest brother's company, and acted in a negro farce. Not that Edwin Booth chose drudgery and shallow comedy, but that up those steps rose the climb to his heart's desire. Once, in the part of *Jaffier*, he had sat down for a moment in a black velvet suit, and his father, glancing at the grave young face, had said, "You look like *Ham-*

let." Again and again, Edwin remembered those words, "You look like *Hamlet*." If he could patiently trudge through his apprenticeship; drop,



EDWIN BOOTH ON THE STAGE—AS "RICHELIEU"—

as he did, three times from "star parts to farce"; paste his own posters in Honolulu because the native boys ate the paste and then tossed away the playbills; journey on horseback over the western mountains with a company of strolling players, a wagon, a brass band, and a "show" wherever they could corral an audience—if he could bear all this, and still struggle on toward his mount of greatness, then, indeed, he was more

than conqueror. The sustained courage of years is harder than a sudden charge.

Furthermore, he had his own methods to invent, though he followed Garrick's example in studying manners, attitudes, and expressions wherever he went, and though, like Kean, he practised before a mirror and marked his different positions on the stage with chalk. Of every change in expression and tone he made a close study. Thus he harnessed genius with hard labor; neither could climb the heights of fame alone. Though he was not tall, he carried himself commandingly. His glowing, burning eyes were greatly in his favor; so was his voice—"clear as a bell and loud as a trumpet."

For a brief part of Booth's stern apprenticeship, he had the help of his wonderful young wife, herself a gifted actress and musician. "She delighted in my success, and encouraged me in all I did. . . . Her applause was all I valued. . . . Her criticism was the most severe and just."

The story of Edwin Booth's first marriage is as short as it is beautiful. Mary Devlin, whom he married in July, 1860, died early in 1863, leaving a year-old baby girl. At the news of her illness, Booth had started at once for their home in Dorchester, Massachusetts; but she died a few minutes after his train left New York. "Two little years have indeed taught me much," he wrote to Dr. Osgood. "I have touched in that brief space the extremes of earthly joy and grief. . . ."



AND AT HOME WITH HIS LITTLE GRANDCHILD.

For seven months after his wife's death, Booth did not, could not, act. He moved from Dorchester to New York, and tried to fill his loneliness

by making a home for his baby and his mother. Meanwhile, he completed that mastery over himself which his wife had helped him to win. At last, he got the control of his inherited taste for liquor. It was a wonderful and permanent conquest. Often, after a difficult part, he really needed a stimulant, but after his wife's death, he seldom touched it even for medicine. So his Mary still lived, in memory, in influence, and in her child. "The dear little baby is beautiful, and as full of life as her mother was," thought Booth, comfortingly; "full of her sweet mother's soul . . . her eyes, voice, manner, her ringing laugh, and her joyous fun."

We can best get acquainted with Booth's personal side from reading the "Recollections and Letters" by his daughter, now Mrs. Grossman. We can see him come home from the theater, very late, and finding his baby on the floor, lift her caressingly, and tuck her warmly back into her crib. She wakes just enough to know that he is there and she is safe: the great actor who is winning such loud and universal praise is just plain father and mother to her.

"What does little birdie say?" he recites to her—a simple poem enough, but he fills it with all its meaning so that it makes her cry. And then he is sorry. He never meant to make her cry. "I see little of my 'bird' except at meals," he says regretfully; but every night, before he goes away to act, they have a grand frolic, and the "bird" begs him not to go when it is done. "I don't want any bread and butter," she declares, when he explains his reason for acting. "All my hopes and aspirations now are clustering like a halo about my baby's head," he says. "She has grown passionately fond of her 'far-r-r-ther,' as she rolls me out of her sweet little mouth." So their companionship blossomed, in daily rides to the park, going to see "other little girls," and loving the big dolls.

But, like Livingstone's children, Edwina had to be sent to boarding-school: her father's life was too wandering for him to give her, or himself, a real home. On her eleventh birthday, he began her allowance—her "salary"—and sent her, besides, a ruby ring. Fond of animals, like his father, he wrote one letter from the dog Pip, and another from the bird ("her little brother St. Valentine"). When he found that she was too anxious to win in the "spelling-bee," he wrote: "We can't jump into glory with a skipping-rope."

Though his girl grew up and was married, had a home of her own and children, she never *grew away* from him. He adopted her babies and played with them as he had with her. He crept

round on the floor with them, and romped like a boy. To them it was great fun to play with Grandpa; he let them pull his hair mercilessly.

This was the renowned actor of Shaksperian tragedy, the man who knew so much real tragedy. His nervous, care-laden boyhood and his early griefs, the loss of his father and of his wife, were fit preparation for a heavy chain of anxieties: his darkest calamity in 1865; the burning of his theater in 1867; complete bankruptcy in 1874; a brooding sadness caused by his second wife's "mental disturbance," and, last, the fear of his own decline. Though with the burning of the Winter Garden Theater, Booth lost elaborate costumes, an immense amount of valuable scenery, and all his properties, including those that had been owned by Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, and Kean, these losses could not down his pluck. Though in the panic of 1873 and 1874 he failed completely, "giving up all his personal property to his creditors," this was not, as he said, "by any means the heaviest blow" his life had felt. "He paid his debts and earned another fortune."

In the meantime, let us go back to the gloomy night of April 14, 1865. Southern-born though Booth was, he had cast his first and only vote for Lincoln. With his whole warm heart he honored and loved the great, sad leader of this troubled nation. But in a swift moment of madness, his own brother had taken Lincoln's life! The national calamity broke on Edwin Booth, loaded with a hundred personal sorrows. There was his father's honorable name, dishonored; there was his poor, dazed mother, crushed. As he looked back over life, he had only kind things to remember of that younger brother—a good-hearted lad, perhaps the family favorite, "gentle, loving, and full of fun"; but a poor mad fellow on this one point. At many sacred times, John Wilkes had been one of few to stand by Edwin's side: at his first marriage, at his first wife's burial, as fellow-actor on the stage that night of glory when the three Booth brothers played *Brutus*, *Cassius*, and *Antony* in "Julius Cæsar." Edwin had always kept his brother's picture in his room.

With the terrible news of that terrible night, Booth left the stage expecting never to return. What American could applaud his brother's brother? At first, warned to be cautious, he kept himself "cooped up." Meanwhile, with characteristic tenderness, he put what heart of hope he could into his mother's broken life, though he himself was "living in a mist." As time wore on, his friends convinced him that he need not abandon his profession forever, and that his name might yet be "free." Then there was the thought of four-year-old Edwina. To support

her, he must do something, and acting was his only "trade." So at last he determined to abandon the "aching gloom of his little red room." On January 3, 1866, he returned to the stage through what he suspected were streets of threatening. That his entrance and first sentence would betray the spirit of his hearers, he could not fail to know. It did. Nine times they cheered him, with a glorious, full-hearted, American welcome. The great audience rose, waving hands, handkerchiefs, and hats. A rain of flowers fell around him, and the theater shook with thundering applause. Thank God for the forgivingness of justice! The name of Booth was "free."

From this time on, though he did not "jump into glory with a skipping-rope," he climbed there without much slipping back. Life's real tragedies must have increased his power to feel *play*-tragedies, and to make his hearers feel. For one hundred nights in succession, he gave his wonderful interpretation of *Hamlet*. In "*Othello*," he could alternate from *Iago's* icy scheming to *Othello's* consuming fire. After years of tedious labor, brilliant success was some satisfaction. He was the greatest American actor of his day, and he filled the theaters from one coast to the other. In Stratford-on-Avon, Shakspeare's birthplace, he was asked to write his name "*high up*" on the Actors' Pillar. But "the people would not let me ramble about as I liked," he said. "There were entertainments, and I was made a lion."

His reception in Germany, however, was most gratifying. If the darkies who had prophesied his greatness the night of the star-shower could have been there, how their eyes would have rolled with a positive belief in signs! Booth received four silver souvenirs from the casts in different German cities. In Berlin, they gave him, as "the greatest master of the art," a silver laurel-crown. As for his fellow-actors, they fairly mobbed him with delight, called him "Meister! Meister!" on all sides, and hugged and kissed him with German warmth.

In Chicago, a few years before, however, Booth had learned that his fame was as dangerous as flattering. On Shakspeare's birthday, in 1879, while he was acting the part of *Richard II*, a lunatic named Gray shot at him three times from the first balcony. Booth never "forgot he was a king." At the third report, he stepped coolly forward, and pointed Gray out to the audience. Then he asked permission to leave the stage for a moment to tell his wife that he was safe. One of the bullets, kept whimsically as a souvenir, made a unique watch-charm. It was set in a gold cartridge and engraved, "From Mark Gray to Edwin Booth, April 23, 1879."

During Booth's long life on the stage—over forty years—his high motive was to act not what the people wanted, but what the people ought to want. He called the drama "a holy art." Behind the curtain, as Joseph Jefferson said, he "conducted his theater like a church." To cultivate a taste for beauty, fine literature, and lofty morals; to make and keep the stage pure—this was his aim. There was no reason, he believed, why the pulpit and the stage should not go on "shoulder to shoulder" in the work for righteousness. As Booth once expressed it, "There is no door in my theater through which God cannot see."

If there are still any narrow-minded people who think that a man is bad just because he is an actor, they should search Booth's steady, plucky life with all its reverence for what is holy and all its faithfulness to what is good. Next to Booth's pluck, perhaps his most conspicuous trait was generosity. In the midst of success, he could not forget the cold and hunger of his California struggle, and that he, too, had once been poor. His desk was full of letters begging for large sums of money; how many large sums he sent, in a kind of stealthy charity, no one can ever know. If, as rarely happened, he spoke of them at all, it was in a simple, offhand way, such as calling a check for \$1000 "a little aid." His friend, Laurence Hutton, said Booth "gave lavishly with both hands," but "blushed like a girl" over the letters of thanks he received. He was equally generous professionally, with a big, open graciousness as unconscious as his beautiful smile. He praised Salvini, without bitterness; and when Henry Irving's star of genius rose and seemed almost to eclipse his own, he was just and sweet enough to praise its shining.

But let us see Booth on some happy occasion, such as the founding of The Players club—his cherished gift to the profession. On the last night of the old year, 1888, Booth presented the club with the title-deeds to the house at 16 Gramercy Park. According to him, everything went well that night except his speech. "I broke down toward the close." Little difference that made! His friends loved him all the more. That festive night, "even the log burned without smoking." "The clock, with deep, cathedral tones, tolled twelve" just as Barrett read aloud a letter from Booth's own Edwina, and presented the beautiful wreath she had sent for "*Hamlet*, King, Father." It is good to remember Booth that happy night and many other happy nights at The Players.

The third floor of the club-house Booth had reserved for his home. There he lived for two years after his quiet retirement from public life,

and there, June 7, 1893, he died. He had been ill the summer before at Edwina's home, and she had cared for him with the old-time lovingness. Taking her hand, he would say, "Daughter, you make me like to be ill."

If he realized, as he must have done, that his life was nearly over, he did not seem depressed, although his art could not live after him like an author's, a musician's, or a sculptor's. No fear came with approaching death. It would be pleasant to be welcomed across the "threshold of home" by those who had "never forgotten him, never ceased to love and care for him." His daughter Edwina has described his cheerfulness during his last illness:

"How are you, dear Grandpa?" her little boy called gently.

"How are you, yourself, old fellow?" came back the jovial answer. That was the last coherent thing Booth said. Like Beethoven, he passed calmly out during a wild electric storm. A glory seemed to rest on him in sleep. Regal as a crowned king he lay there, and yet placidly content, like a weary traveler who had crossed the "threshold of home." At sunset, June 9, 1893, with many of our other kings in greatness, he was buried in America's Westminster Abbey, the sun-steeped field of Mount Auburn:

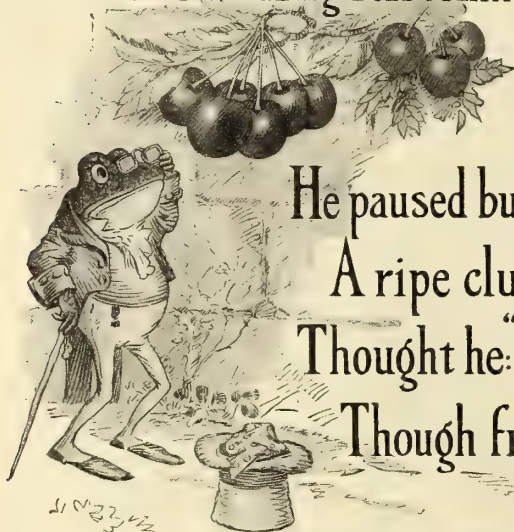
"A man who Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks."



"WHEN PRINCESS PRIMROSE TAKES THE AIR."



A Bull Frog was trudging along to the Fair
And, though he was dressed to a T,
He hadn't the price of a ticket when there,
He was wishing refreshments were free.



He paused but to *look* at some cherries, when lo!
A ripe cluster fell at his feet;
Thought he: "I'll just take them along as I go,
Though fruit's a thing I never eat."





He arrived at the gates of the Fair about one
(The day had become rather hot)
So he held up the cherries to keep off the sun,
Which attracted a crowd to the spot.



They thought Mr. Frog was the old Balloon man,
And they bought his Balloons then and there.
Imagine the joy of the Frog, if you can,
As he paid his way all through the Fair.



WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER XIII

THE GREATEST STEEL ARCH IN THE WORLD

ONE day in the middle of the summer, Will and I were at luncheon, when who should walk into the restaurant and sit down beside us but Mr. Hotchkiss.

"Why, hello, boys!" he cried. "Where have you been keeping yourselves? I have n't seen you since we visited Squire's tunnel."

"We are working pretty hard these days," I replied. "We have n't the easy time that we had last year. Dr. McGreggor believes in keeping our noses to the grindstone."

"But there are lots of interesting jobs to be seen. What does your Uncle Edward think about it?"

"He has been away so much of the time that we have been left almost entirely in Dr. McGreggor's care."

"But there are some things that you really must see. For instance, there is a railroad now under construction, only a few miles away, that is well worth investigating. More than a third of the line is a bridge."

"Oh, you mean an elevated railroad!" exclaimed Will.

"No I don't. It will be an elevated line, true enough, from twenty to a hundred and thirty-five feet high, but it is n't meant for city traffic. It is to be a regulation, four-track railroad for freight and through passenger-trains."

We were puzzled. "But why do they need so much bridge work?" I asked. "There is no great swamp around here, is there? Or does it run out over the ocean, like the Key West Railroad?"

"Wait a minute, now. You talk as though the bridge might be a hundred miles long, whereas the whole railroad has an extent of only ten miles. But what it misses in length, it will make up in traffic; for it is to connect two of the busiest railroads in the world. Did you ever stop to think how New York City blocks traffic? It has a wonderful harbor; deep water all around, right up to the shore. But that very harbor is an obstacle to transportation. You can travel by rail all the way up the coast, from the tip end of Florida, but when you strike New York, your journey is interrupted."

"But," I broke in, "there is an express that runs from Washington to Boston."

"Yes, but the train has to be ferried across from Jersey City, around the battery, and up the East River to Harlem, before it can proceed on its way to the New England States. Recently, a railroad has dodged under the obstructing North River, coming into New York by tunnel, and the tunnel has been extended under the East River to Long Island. Now a railroad is being built from Long Island back across the East River, to connect with a line running on up to New England. A few years hence, the New England traveler on his way to the South will enter New York on the surface level, climb far above the surrounding housetops, fly across the river to Long Island, using Ward's Island and Randall's Island as stepping-stones, and then he will dive underground, crossing the same river in a tunnel that will lead him through Manhattan, beneath the North River, and on to the other side of the Jersey heights. It will be a splendid ride over that bridge, three miles and a half of it, with a panoramic view of the whole city."

"Seems foolish to me," said Will, bluntly. "What is the use of crossing over the East River, only to cross back again?"

"Well, it is n't the most direct connection possible," admitted Mr. Hotchkiss. "But you must remember that valuable real estate may be a more serious obstacle than a river or two. By running the connecting railroad through a sparsely built section, the right of way could be purchased at comparatively little cost."

"But why cross the river on a bridge? Why not use a tunnel for both crossings?"

"Simply because it would take four tunnels to equal the capacity of this one bridge, and they would cost twice as much as the bridge. Then, too, it is much pleasanter riding out in the open than down in a stuffy tunnel. That span across Hell Gate will be a wonder. It will be the largest of its kind in the world. Quite different from the other East River bridges. Most of them, you know, are suspension-bridges; the Queensborough bridge is a cantilever, but this will be a steel arch with a span of a thousand feet! Oh, you will have to go up with me and see it."

Most emphatically we assured him that we would be only too glad to go, if he would plead our cause with Dr. McGreggor.

"Just you leave that with me," advised Mr. Hotchkiss.

We did; and as a result, the following Monday found us on our way to Astoria, the Long Island end of the bridge.

Long before we reached the bridge, we saw the tall white piers that were to constitute the legs of the viaduct leading to the great steel arch.

we saw was 234 feet high, as high as a twenty-story building.

Naturally, our chief interest was in the work on the towers for the great steel arch. A letter from Dr. McGreggor introduced us to the engineer in charge of the work.



GENERAL VIEW OF HELL GATE ARCH BRIDGE. THE SPAN OF THE ARCH WILL BE OVER 1000 FEET.

"It looks something like a suspension-bridge," I remarked, noting a couple of slender, lattice wood towers with a system of cables running out from them.

"Don't you know what that is?" asked Mr. Hotchkiss, in surprise. "It is the chute system of pouring the concrete into the molds."

It had not occurred to me, but of course there would be considerable difficulty in hauling the concrete up to the top of the piers, particularly when they were nearing their full height of well over a hundred feet, and there would be a great deal of concrete to pour. Mr. Hotchkiss said he had read somewhere that there would be seven hundred thousand barrels of cement in the whole bridge. "And that," he explained, "is enough to fill a freight-train thirty miles long, while the sand and stone to go with the cement would fill another train ninety miles long."

To save time in delivering such an enormous quantity of concrete, the chute system was used. A tower was erected near the site of one of the piers. Chutes led from the tower to that pier, and also to the pier at each side of it. The concrete was mixed on the ground, and then elevated to the top of the tower and delivered, as needed, to the different piers. As the piers grew, the chutes had to be raised higher and higher on the tower to give them the proper incline. This meant that the towers had to be very tall. One

"I see," remarked Mr. Hotchkiss, "that you have the tower on this side of the river well ahead of the one on Ward's Island."

"Oh, yes, far ahead," replied the engineer. "We have had no end of trouble over there. The rock on this side is sound enough, but over there, after we got down to bed-rock, we came across a deep fissure that ran square across the site of our foundation."

"But I thought they always took borings of the foundations before they decided where they were going to put them," said Will.

"That is very true, but after all it is blind work. The borings show rock here and there at certain depths, and then on your map you connect up the points and make up a probable profile of the rock. You have to take a chance on what lies between those borings. In this case, before the right of way was bought, borings were made that indicated rock quite near the surface. So the property was purchased, and then we were given the job of putting the bridge across. You know this place is called 'Hell Gate,' and it always was a treacherous spot. The channel here used to be obstructed with reefs that wrecked hundreds of vessels. Tides coming down the sound and up from New York Bay meet here in battle twice a day, and when the reefs were here to add to the swirling eddies and vicious currents, the navigator had all he could do to get through. Finally,

the rock was undermined with nearly four miles of tunnel, and then was blown up by a blast of three million pounds of nitroglycerin. That put an end to the treachery in the channel, but it fell to our lot to discover further treachery in the rocks under the shore. We knew quite a bit about the geology of this locality, and suspected that the rock was not quite so favorable for a foundation as the borings seemed to indicate; so we used core drills. They work something like an apple corer, you know, and cut out a core of earth and rock that enables you to see just what the drill has been through. The cores we got showed us that what had been thought solid bed-rock were merely boulders carried down by the glaciers."

"The glaciers!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; you know this whole region was covered with ice once, just as Greenland is now, and glaciers ground their way over the land, tearing away all obstructions, and carrying off masses of clay and rocks on their backs, exactly like the Greenland glaciers of to-day. Geologists can show you the worn-down mountain range in Can-

but it was very irregular. We suspected that there was a fissure somewhere around here, because one was found when the gas tunnel was bored under the river just above here, and it

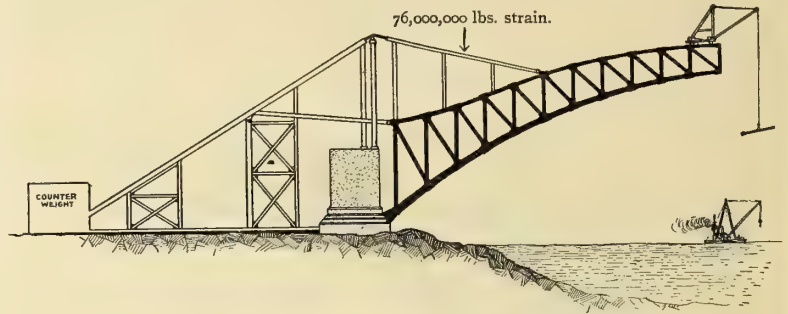


FIG. 2. THE METHOD OF ERECTING HELL GATE ARCH.

ada had a trend in this direction. But our drills did not happen to strike it, and we hoped that the foundation would avoid it. The foundation measures 125 feet by 140 feet. Because the rock was so irregular, we are sinking the foundation in twenty-one caissons instead of one big one. Where the direct thrust of the bridge trusses is to come, we shall have two solid walls of reinforced concrete built with rectangular caissons keyed together (see Fig. 1); while between these walls and at each side are rows of cylindrical caissons eighteen feet in diameter. Over all will be a slab of concrete eighteen feet thick. One of the cylindrical caissons struck the edge of the fissure, and so straight were the walls of this underground cañon, that we carried the caisson down with one side through rock and the other through clay to a depth of 109 feet without finding the bottom. Then we flared the bottom of the shaft, to give the column as broad a footing as possible, and let it go at that."

"You could n't do that under the trusses, though," remarked Mr. Hotchkiss.

"Oh, no," answered the engineer. "The fissure was so wide in one place that we could not find any rock at all under one of the middle caissons, so we built an arch across the chasm."

"An arch?"

"Yes; it does sound rather remarkable. It has never been done before, so far as I know; but we are building a forty-five-foot arch across that chasm, seventy-five feet underground. And under the next wall, where the fissure is narrower and comes at the joint between two caissons, we are bridging the gap with a cantilever."

"Do you mean you are putting a steel bridge across down there?" asked Will.

"Oh, no; a concrete cantilever. The concrete is built out from the rock like a shelf."

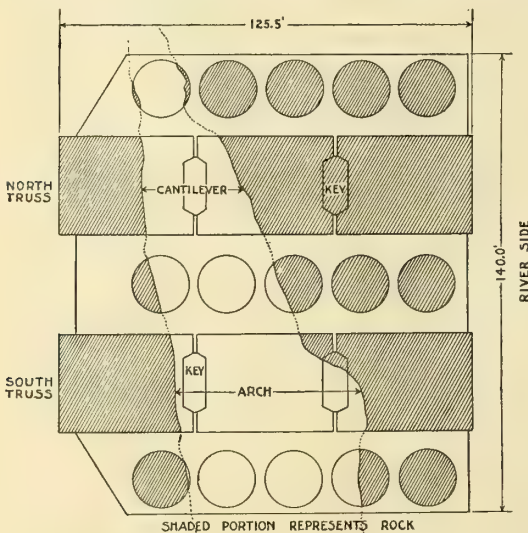
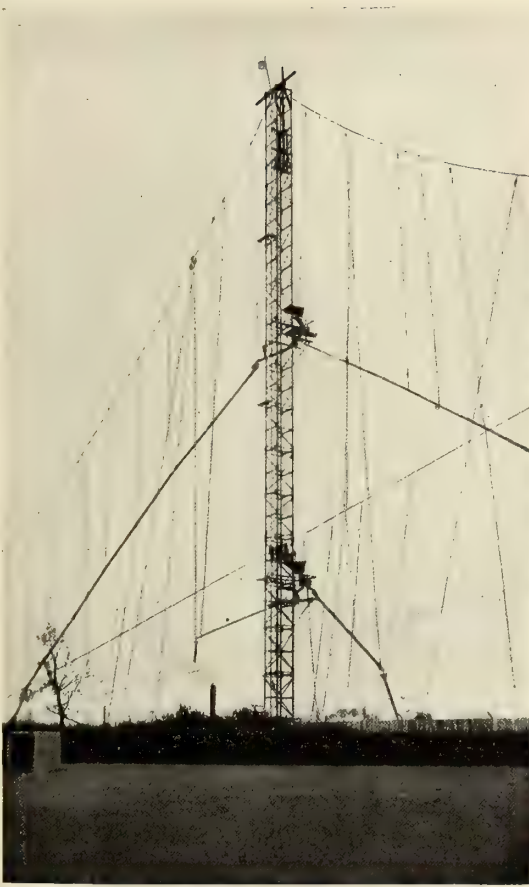


FIG. 1. DIAGRAM SHOWING FISSURE IN THE ROCK UNDER WARD'S ISLAND TOWER (FROM ABOVE).

ada from which the boulders around here were hauled by the ice.

"We found bed-rock," he continued, "from forty-four to seventy-six feet under the surface,



THE CHUTE SYSTEM OF POURING CONCRETE.

"Say, could we go down and see the work?" I begged.

The engineer laughed. "Do you know," he said, "I sent a green hand down the other day—a negro—and he was so scared that he fell upon his knees and began to pray."

"Why, what is there to be afraid of?" I asked.

"The air-pressure on the ears, the hollow noises, the uncanny sensation of being buried alive."

"But we have been all through that. We are old timers."

"That 's right," attested Mr. Hotchkiss; "they know all about pneumatic work. But," he added, teasingly, "their first experience in a caisson gave them a scare. They thought that their time had come, too,—fatal paralysis, you know,—when they found they could n't whistle."

"Yes," I said, "they played that practical joke on us. But can't we go down and see that underground bridge?"

"I am sorry to say that there is nothing for

you to see now," replied the engineer. "The arch is already laid, and we are filling in above it."

"It was lucky that you had clay to work in," remarked Mr. Hotchkiss.

"Yes," agreed the engineer; "if it had been quicksand, it would have been no simple matter to have laid the arch."

"Suppose you had struck quicksand," put in Will, "what would you have done?"

"I can't say offhand, but some way out of the difficulty would have been found. You know there are ways of going through quicksand without air-pressure. Have you ever heard of the deep coal-mines of Holland? No? Well, you know Holland is a very low country. Most of it lies below sea-level; and yet there is a great deal of excellent coal far underground, which cannot be reached without going through a very deep layer of quicksand, so deep that the ordinary caisson method of burrowing down to it is out of the question. So what did they do but make the quicksand solid."

"Solid!" we exclaimed, "how?"

"Why, by freezing it, of course. They drove a system of pipes into the ground, in a big circle, and pumped through them a freezing mixture, such as is used in ice-making plants. Then all they had to do was to hack away the frozen sand out of the shaft, and line the shaft with concrete or the like, to keep the water out when the ice thawed. After they had excavated to the full depth of the pipes, they drove them in farther and repeated the freezing operation. Thus the work progressed until they passed the layer of water-bearing sand and got down to the rock."

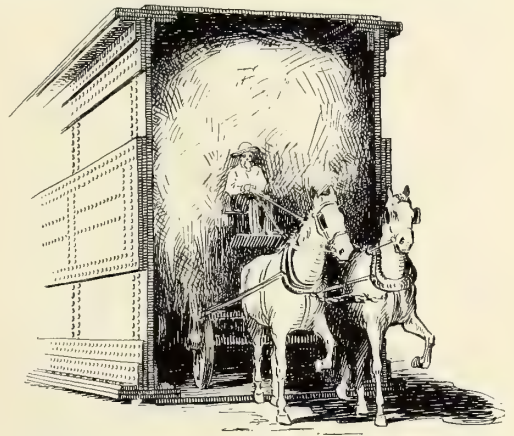


FIG. 3. SIZE OF LOWER CHORD OF MAIN TRUSSES.

"It seems to me," remarked Will, "that there is nothing impossible for an engineer."

"Well, hardly," was his answer; "but this I

will say,—that few things would be impossible if we did not have to consider cost."

Although this particular engineer was to have nothing to do with the steelwork, he knew all about it, and gave us a good idea of how the finished bridge was to look. The main towers of the bridge were to be enormous structures rising

"What I can't make out," said Will, "is how the arch is to be erected. Won't you have to build some sort of false work to support the trusses until the arch is completed?"

"This is to be an arch, of course," said the engineer, "when it is completed; but while it is being erected, it will be put up as a cantilever."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this: after the towers have been built up to the road level, work will begin on the steel arch. First a post will be set up a short distance back from the tower, and anchored down with steel members that will later be used in the viaduct. Ties will run from this post to the top chord of the arch. After the bridge has been built out so far that its overhang is liable to tear up the anchorage, a second post will be set up on the tower itself (see Fig. 2), and attachment will be made farther out on the trusses. This will suffice to keep the trusses



THE CONCRETE LEGS OF THE VIADUCT LEADING TO THE GREAT ARCH.

to a height of two hundred and forty-four feet above the river, and the four-track roadway was going to pass through them at a level of a hundred and thirty-five feet above mean high water, so that ships could safely pass under without lowering their topmasts.

"That steel arch," said the engineer, "will be the most wonderful structure of its kind in the world. The distance between the towers will be a thousand and seventeen feet. It is hard to get an adequate conception of its size. When you go back to your office this afternoon, you will pass the tallest building in the world. Imagine it fallen over on its side across Hell Gate, and then realize that it will not reach more than three quarters of the way across the span of this bridge. Then stand under the spire of Trinity Church, and remember that this arch will overtop that spire by twenty feet. In fact, there are many so-called sky-scrapers that cannot look over the top of this steel arch. It is going to be made up of the heaviest steel members ever used in bridge work. The trusses will be a hundred and forty feet deep at the towers, and will taper to forty feet at the crown, and the lower chords of those trusses will be so big that you could drive a loaded hay-wagon through them if they were cleared of web plates! The heaviest chord sections will weigh a hundred and eighty-two tons each."

from falling over into the river, until they meet at the center, when, of course, they cannot fall without pushing the towers apart."

"I should think there would be an awful strain on the 'ties,' as you call them," I remarked.

"Oh, yes; there will be a truly colossal strain. Something like 76,000,000 pounds. That is more than 1520 locomotives could pull. Double that for the two arch ribs together."

"I can understand," said Will, "how they can figure out straight work, like the columns and girders of a building, and punch out the rivet holes in the shop beforehand, but how in the world are they going to do it for a bridge that curves and tapers as this one must?"

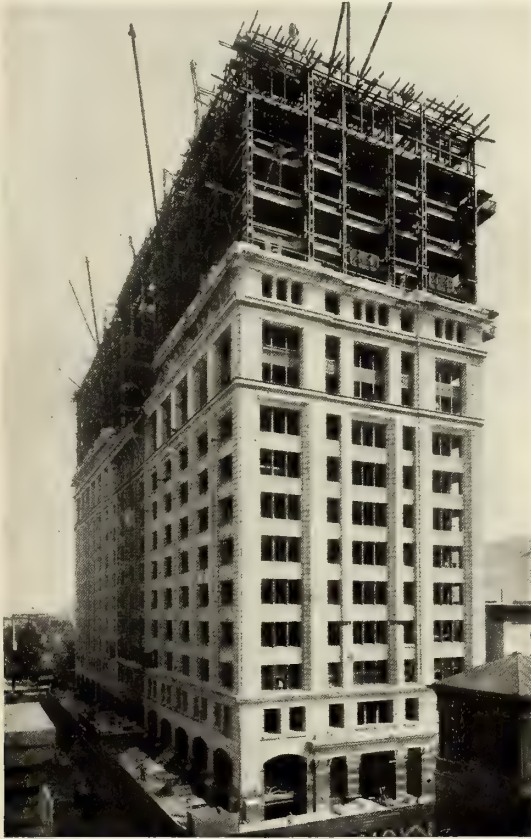
"Why, they are going to assemble the whole bridge at the factory, but it will be built on its side on the ground. It will be laid off to the exact curve, and the rivet holes will all be drilled so that the job of assembling it here will be simple. No fitting will have to be done here except at the crown after the two halves of the arch have come together. After the arch is completed, hangers will be let down from it to carry the floor of the bridge. This will be a steel trough ninety-three feet wide. The trough will be filled with stone ballast. On this ballast the tracks will be laid, just as they are on the solid ground."

Before leaving, we climbed 135 feet up one of the lattice wood towers, so as to get some idea of what passengers would see when crossing the bridge. The view was superb, and we realized what a magnificent approach to the great city this enormous viaduct and bridge would provide.

CHAPTER XIV

A HANGING OFFICE-BUILDING

"By the way," said Mr. Hotchkiss, as we were on our way back to the office, "I am working on



THE OLD BUILDING, BEFORE ITS WALLS WERE CLEANED, SHOWED CLEARLY BETWEEN THE EXTENSIONS.

an odd job just now; maybe you would like to stop off and look at it."

"Oh, certainly!" we both cried; "let 's see it."

"It 's a steel building—"

"A sky-scraper?" I interrupted.

"Well, a few years ago," replied Mr. Hotchkiss, "you would have thought it was pretty tall, but it is only nineteen stories high, and yet it is one of the queerest buildings ever put up, or maybe I should say put down."

Of course this whetted our curiosity.



THE BRIDGE OVER THE OLD BUILDING.
THE FIRST HANGER IN PLACE.



"IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL WHERE THE OLD BUILDING STOPPED AND THE NEW BEGAN."

"Now suppose you had this problem put up to you," continued Mr. Hotchkiss, "I wonder what you would do: a company erected a twelve-story steel structure alongside of an old building it had been occupying for years. Then it moved into its new quarters and tore down the old building with the idea of constructing on the site a twelve-story extension to the new building. Before the work on the extension was begun, the company bought a piece of property on the other side of the new building, and then decided it would like to have a nineteen-story structure over the whole of its property. But right in the middle of it was this brand-new building only twelve stories high. What was to be done with it? Its steelwork was designed for but twelve stories, and certainly could not support seven more; it would be a foolish waste of money to tear down a building that had been finished less than two years; and, finally, they needed the building for their offices, and could not afford to have their business upset by another moving. But all this did not worry the owners. They merely said: 'Build us a nineteen-story office-building over and around our twelve-story one, so that the two will match up perfectly, and look like a single structure, without any hint of patchwork, and you must n't disturb our business while you are doing it, either.' Now how would you young gentlemen have tackled such a problem as that?"

"Oh, I have it!" cried Will. "I would build a bridge right over the old building, and then run the seven stories up from that."

"Yes," answered Mr. Hotchkiss, "that was our first idea, but there were two serious objections. We figured out the size of the girders necessary to span the old building and support the seven stories above, and we found that they would have to be over eight feet deep. Architecturally it would have looked very bad if we had a band of blank wall-space across the front of the building just above the twelfth story, to cover the girders. We could not have avoided that patched-up appearance that was expressly prohibited. Besides that, it would have been very awkward to have such deep girders running across the building. The space would have to go to waste or the rooms on that floor would have to be formed like long narrow halls between the girders, with no chance for windows except high up near the ceiling."

"I have an idea, but it is rather daring."

"Let 's have it, Jim. Engineers love to deal with daring things."

"If you could n't bridge across, I suppose you might lift the building up and build the seven new stories under it."

"Well, well," laughed Mr. Hotchkiss, "I should say that was daring. A twelve-story steel building lifted seven stories in the air! But I did n't say we could n't bridge across."

"I have it this time," declared Will. "You need n't put just one bridge across, but have a bridge for each story."

"No, you have n't it yet. The span was so great that our girders, even for one story, would have to be too deep to harmonize with the architecture of the building already completed. You need not feel badly if you don't guess the solution right away. It took us a long time to solve it, or, rather, I should n't say 'us,' because the problem was all solved before I became connected with the work, and I can therefore say, without boasting, that the solution was a very clever one indeed. Instead of running the bridge across just above the twelfth story, it was placed above the nineteenth story, after the steelwork of the extensions at each side was carried up that far, and now we are building from that bridge down."

"Building down!"

"Yes; the whole seven-story section will be hung right over the old structure. It is the first hanging building I ever heard of. Not a bit of weight is going to be supported by the old building, and yet, when it is all completed, you will never know where the old building stopped and the new one began."

When we arrived at the queer building, we found that the bridge girders were all in place, and that they were just beginning to set the "hangers." Those girders were enormous things, sixty-two feet long by eight feet deep, and they weighed forty tons each. To lift them up into place they had a giant crane with a boom seventy-two feet long. Mr. Hotchkiss told us that it took twenty-three minutes to hoist a girder from the street 250 feet to the top of the building.

"Building upside down is very different from common construction work," he said. "Ordinarily, the columns grow lighter as we go up. At the bottom they are very heavy, because they have to support not only the floors there, but all the rest of the building above as well. Here things are reversed. Instead of columns we have hangers, and they start heavy and grow lighter as we go down, because they have less and less weight to support. In fact, they are lighter than columns because they are under a pulling instead of a compressing strain. They don't have to be braced to keep them from buckling, and so we have removed most of the side plates that are ordinarily put in a column to stiffen it."

(To be concluded)

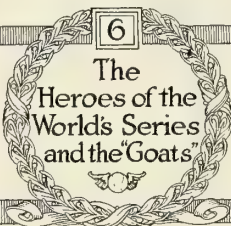


"PLEASE, MOTHER!—DID YOU SAY THE CANDY WAS IN THE *TOP* DRAWER?"

BASE-BALL THE GAME AND ITS PLAYERS

By Billy Evans

Umpire in the American League



It is great to be the hero. It is certainly grand to be lauded from one end of the country to the other. It is fine to see your name in big type in all the newspapers, from the small town weekly to the greatest metropolitan daily.

Christy Mathewson and Mordecai Brown, because of their phenomenal pitching, have enjoyed these head-line positions. Frank Baker, owing to his marvelous batting and his mighty home runs, has been the hero of the hour. Eddie Collins, Hans Wagner, "Babe" Adams, Eddie Plank, Chief Bender, Jack Barry, Charley Herzog, Joe Wood, Hugh Bedient, Jack Coombs, and a number of others have enjoyed the newspaper prominence because of meritorious work in the World's Series, the base-ball classic of each succeeding year. Yes, it is nice to be the hero.

But what about the luckless man who, in base-ball language, is known as "the goat"? Just as the World's Series has its hero or heroes, so does it have its "goat" or

"goats." It is not nearly so pleasant, for any man, to play this rôle. The things written and spoken about him are not nearly so complimentary as the notices the hero gets. No celebration is awaiting him at his arrival in the old home town. No brass band meets him at the depot. He is usually given a place in the "down-and-out" class, and the report is freely circulated that next year will see him back in the Minor Leagues.

Very often, players who are labeled the "goats" of the series are really high-class performers. The break in luck goes against them, a single misplay losing the series perhaps, and bringing on them universal condemnation. Some other player may make a half-dozen errors, yet escape unnoticed simply because his mistakes did not play a part in the scoring. Often the shortcomings of those who may lose one of the early games of the series are entirely forgotten for the unfortunate play of the "goat," which often takes place in the final innings of the last game, thereby



FRED SNODGRASS, THE MAN OF THE \$30,000 MUFF.

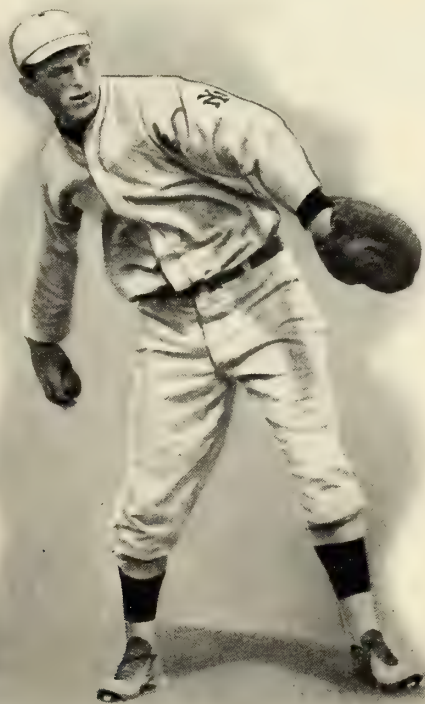
An unfortunate muff of a fly ball by Fred Snodgrass in the 1912 series paved the way to a Boston victory, when the "Giants" appeared to have the game and the series won. That muff, perhaps the costliest in base-ball, made a difference of \$30,000 in the share of the New York players' portion of the receipts—the most expensive "error" in base-ball history. And a moment later he made a phenomenal catch that came near retrieving the result of his muff.

deciding the outcome. To that one play is charged the loss of the series.

Perhaps no series better illustrates this fact than the clash of 1912 between the New York "Giants" and the Boston "Red Sox," and the censure that was heaped on Snodgrass, a New York outfielder, as the result of the mere dropping of a fly ball. Daily during the season, outfielders miss fly balls; sometimes they let several get away. Often little or no comment is made on such a performance. But because Snodgrass failed to catch a fly ball, in the last half of the tenth inning in the final game of the 1912 series, his team lost a victory in the big event.

Immediately after dropping the fly ball, which was hit by Engle, a substitute batter, Snodgrass made a most remarkable catch of a line-drive off the bat of Harry Hooper. I was umpiring in that series, and was in an excellent position to appreciate the catch from my place in the field. When

the ball started, it seemed to me that Snodgrass had no chance of capturing it, but by an almost superhuman effort, he made the play. A wonder-



FRED MERKLE, "THE ORIGINAL HOODOO MAN."

Perhaps no player in the records of base-ball has been treated more rudely by the "break in luck" than Fred Merkle, the first baseman of the New York "Giants," who is really a sterling player. In 1908, his failure to touch second in a game with the "Cubs" cost his team the pennant, each player about \$2500, and his club probably \$75,000. In 1912, he failed to get a little pop fly in the tenth inning of the final game that proved disastrous. In 1913, he slipped up on a play in the final game in an inning in which the Athletics scored two runs, their margin at the finish. A fine player, but repeatedly hoodooed.



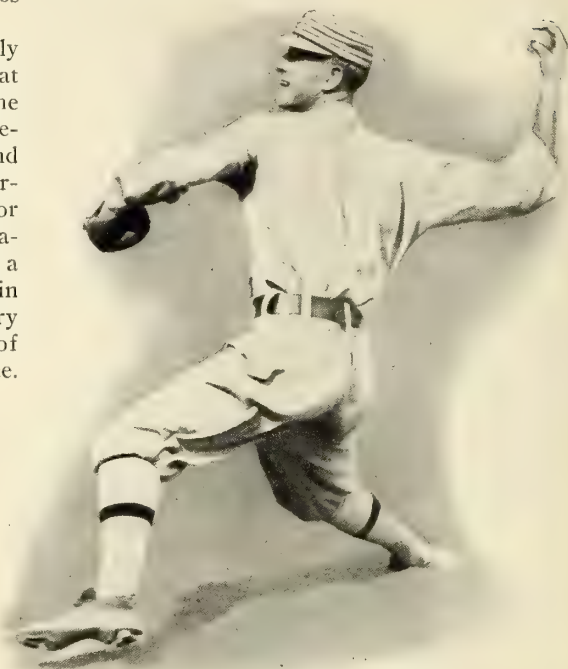
FRANK BAKER, "THE HOME-RUN HERO."

No player since the start of the World's Series has done as destructive work with his bat as Frank Baker of the Athletics. In three games he has broken up the proceedings with a home-run drive. He has been a thorn in the side of the New York "Giants," all his greatest base-hits occurring in games with that team. Oddly enough, in eleven games played at the Polo grounds during the regular season, Baker failed to hit a ball into the stands, yet in the first game against the "Giants" he accomplished the feat.

fully quick and accurate throw to second almost doubled up Engle, who had raced for third when the ball was hit, not believing the catch would be made. Engle was safe at second on a very close decision. If Engle had been doubled up, little mention would have been made of Snodgrass's previous muff, which since has been the main topic of conversation at many a gathering in city and hamlet. Great stress would have been laid on the remarkable catch of Hooper's line-hit, and the equally wonderful throw to second, which doubled up Engle and ended the game. It would have been referred to many times as a most remarkable bit of fielding on the part of Snodgrass. That muff, however, made it possible for Boston to win the game and the World's Championship. Naturally, its costliness far overshadowed what

took place later. From a "near hero," Snodgrass became one of the much abused "goats."

Incidentally, Mr. Merkle, who was roundly abused for his failure to touch second in that famous game of 1908 which cost the Giants the pennant, could n't keep out of the m  le. Likewise in the 1913 contest between the Giants and the Athletics, Merkle again was a victim of circumstances which caused him to be blamed for the loss of the series by the Giants. It is probable that, under the same conditions, many a player would have done just as Merkle did in 1908, when he failed to touch second in that very important game. I have seen any number of players commit even more serious offenses since. Merkle was again a victim of circumstances. He received a great deal of censure, simply because Johnny Evers was wise enough to take advantage of the technicality. It was a play that would have been overlooked by ninety-nine out of every hundred players. Other players have



JOE BUSH, WHO SURPRISED THE "GIANTS."

Connie Mack's biggest surprise in the 1913 series was using Joe Bush as pitcher in the third game. "Bullet," Bush, so nicknamed because of his great speed, justified his manager's confidence by pitching superbly, allowing the "Giants" only five hits, and winning with ease.



WALTER SCHANG, THE ATHLETICS' FAMOUS YOUNG CATCHER.

In his first year as a Big Leaguer, Schang won the position of first catcher on a pennant-winning team, and by his great work in the field and at the bat greatly aided his club to capture base-ball's greatest honor, the World's Championship.

escaped criticism just as deserved as was Merkle's, because the offense was overlooked. Shortly after Merkle had made his fatal mistake, a player in the American League did exactly the same thing. When I saw what he was doing, I devoutly hoped that no one would notice the mistake; and fortunately for all concerned, myself in particular, the play *was* overlooked, and a big dispute in all probability averted.

In the same game in which Snodgrass made his much-discussed muff, Merkle was the offender in a play which drew forth a lot of criticism for the luckless first sacker. Speaker hit a pop fly in the direction of first. As happens many times during the season, in both the Major and Minor Leagues, there was a mixup. Merkle reasoned that Myers would make the play; Myers expected Merkle to turn the trick. Mathewson, who was doing the pitching, acted as a spectator for a time, as was his proper part. But, seeing that no one was going after the ball, Mathewson suddenly started over to make the catch, if possible. At the same instant, both Merkle and Myers decided to try to make the play. The result in such cases is always the same: the ball dropped safely to the ground. Time and again

the same thing happens during the season. If the mistake proves costly, it is severely commented upon. If it plays no part in the scoring, little more than passing mention is made of it. Merkle was surely a victim of circumstances to have had it happen at such a time. To make the affair all the more costly, Speaker, given a new lease on life, responded with a ringing single to right field. Failure to make that catch was just as costly as the muff of Snodgrass. It was the irony of fate to have that particular play happen at just that time—that was all.

That Merkle appears to be a marked man was made even more evident in the World's Series for 1913. Forced to play his position, though badly crippled, because McGraw had no capable substitute, Merkle was unfortunate enough to have a play put up to him that figured largely in deciding the issue of the fifth game, and bringing the series to an end.

Plank and Mathewson were the opposing pitchers, two great masters of the art of twirling. With perfect fielding, neither team would have scored in the nine innings of play. The score at the close, however, registered three to one in favor of the Athletics, and Connie Mack's team had won another World's title.

In the third session, Eddie Murphy led off with a single. Oldring hit a hot drive at second baseman Doyle, which he fumbled. Collins moved both men up with a sacrifice. With Murphy on third, Oldring on second, one out, and Baker up, things looked promising enough for the Athletics. New York rooters felt much relieved, for Baker, instead of hitting the ball into the right-field stands, dribbled a little roller down the first-base line. Merkle ran up from first to field the ball; Murphy, in the meantime, had made a start for home. Seeing that he would be an easy out, Baker, instead of running up to Merkle and obligingly allowing that player to touch him out, stopped dead on the line. Murphy, in the meantime, had decided it would be suicide to try to get home, so he also stopped. Merkle then decided to turn his attention to Baker. In an instant, Murphy, who hits his stride quickly, made a dash for home. Merkle, who had been vainly trying to touch out Baker, then made a hurried throw to the plate to get Murphy, but too late. Oldring also scored a moment later.

Back in 1905, "Rube" Waddell was made the goat of the meeting between the Giants and the Athletics, despite the fact that he did n't pitch in a single game. Waddell had been depended upon to win for the Athletics. He was regarded as Mack's one best pitcher. A few weeks prior to the opening of the big event, he suffered an injury

to his arm that rendered it useless for the time being. Because of his failure to pitch, he was roundly abused by partizans of his club who did not know the facts. Yet there was no doubt in the minds of those who knew that Waddell would probably not have lasted an inning, if he had started against the Giants.

Catchers miss many a third strike during the season. Every now and then, a game is lost by the failure to handle the all-important strike perfectly. Such misplays are soon forgotten. But no member of the Detroit team of 1907, or any person who attended the series between Detroit and Chicago, is likely to forget a third strike that catcher Charley Schmidt missed in the opening game of that clash.

It made victory for the "Cubs" a very easy matter, and robbed the "Tigers" of much of their fighting spirit. That third strike made Schmidt the "goat" of the 1907 battle. Hughey Jennings, the famous manager of the Detroit team, has always regarded that error as the turning-point in the series. It happened at a most crucial moment.

When the Cubs went to bat in the last half of the ninth, the Tigers looked like sure winners, the score standing three to one in their favor. Donovan was giving a masterly exhibition of pitching, and had the Chicago club at his mercy. Chance was the first man to face Donovan in the ninth. He gave the Cubs hope by hitting safely. Steinfeldt was hit by one of Donovan's fast ones, and ambled to first, Chance moving up to second. Kling bunted out to Rossman unassisted at first base, the other two runners moving up to second and third. Coughlin booted a grounder by Evers, and the bases were filled, with only one out. The Cubs appeared to have an excellent chance to tie, if not to win.

With "Home-Run" Schulte up, a player noted for his long drives, there seemed no hope for the Tigers. But Schulte failed to deliver one of his long hits. He was retired at first, Rossman to Donovan, who covered the bag. Chance, in the meantime, had crossed the plate on the play. With the score three to two, Chance sent Del Howard to bat as pinch-hitter. Howard apparently failed, missing three strikes. Imagine Detroit's gloom and Chicago's joy, when Schmidt allowed the third strike, which would have ended the game, to trickle out of his glove. Before he could recover the ball, Steinfeldt had scored the tying run, and Howard was safely on first. The game finally ended in a tie after thirteen innings of play, but Chicago won the next four games, giving them the series. Had that fatal third strike been caught, it would have given Detroit

the first victory, and it might have made a material difference in the result of the series.

While such a mistake as that of Schmidt would have been overlooked had it happened during the season, such errors in the big event of base-ball are never forgotten. For often they permanently ruin the effectiveness of the player.

Time and again the best of hitters, sluggers of the Lajoie, Wagner, Cobb, Crawford, Jackson, Magee, and others type, will suffer a batting slump. I recall one American League star who played in some fifteen consecutive games without getting a hit. While such performances always draw forth comment, the failure to hit is always attributed to a batting slump.

In the series of 1911, between New York and Philadelphia, Jack Murray, of the Giants, a strong man with the bat, failed to hit a ball safe in the entire series of six games. His failure to hit seriously weakened the Giants' offense. This player, who is game to the core, was simply unfortunate enough to encounter a batting slump in so important a set of games as the World's Series. All sorts of unkind things were said about Murray for his failure to hit in his usual style. This unfavorable comment was undeserved. Murray proved that, by his grand batting and fielding in the 1912 clash with the Boston Red Sox.

In striking contrast to the work of players regarded as the "goats" has been the showing of players other than stars in base-ball's classic. In every series the brunt of the work falls to some veteran, but in a number of the recent events players not rated in the class of stardom have startled the base-ball world by their fine work.

American League supporters, in the fall of 1906, almost gave up hope when it was learned that the veteran short-stop George Davis would not be able to play in the series against the Chicago Cubs. The Chicago "White Sox," not regarded very highly by the critics, were counted down and out when it was certain that Davis

would not play, and that Rohe, a substitute, would fill the position. Had Davis been able to play, it is very doubtful if the White Sox would have won. Rohe did all that was expected of him in the field, while two of his hits were responsible in winning two of the necessary four games to capture the title.

Claude Rossman was regarded as one of the weakest cogs in the Detroit machine when the Tigers faced the Cubs in 1907. On the contrary, Rossman was the star of the series, particularly from a Detroit standpoint. Had the rest of the Tigers played as did Rossman, the American League's representative would have made a much better showing.

"Babe" Adams was the idol of 1907 with the National League supporters. Hardly reckoned at all, when the Tigers faced the "Pirates" in 1909, Adams easily proved the star of the series. Three times he was sent against Detroit, and each time he acquired a victory over the hard-hitting Detroit aggregation.

In 1910, "King" Cole, in his first year as a Big Leaguer, was the only Chicago player to distinguish himself in the series with the Athletics. He won the only contest captured by the Cubs. In 1911, the veteran Harry Davis, after having adorned the bench all year, was forced to take the place of McInness, who suffered a broken arm. Davis played a beautiful game. In 1912, Steve Yerkes, second baseman on the Boston club, least considered of all the Boston Red Sox, was the star. In 1913, Joe Bush, one of Mack's kid pitchers, surprised the base-ball world by winning against the widely heralded Demaree, as did Mack's young catcher Walter Schang by his great all around work.

It is fine to be the hero, but I really believe that even more credit is due the "goats" who come back the following year and prove their worth. It takes nerve and ability to regain the public's confidence after all the world has turned against you.

BASE-BALL PROBLEMS FOR ST. NICHOLAS READERS

PROBLEM NO. 5

CAN you imagine seventeen players and two umpires not noticing the absence of one of the regular players, the absent one being the second baseman of the team in the field? Probably a full minute elapsed before his absence was discovered, and then only because the batter drove a ball through the vacant spot.

Such a play happened six or seven years ago, in a game at Chicago between Washington and the "White Sox." At that time, the White Sox were pennant contenders, while the "Nationals" were fighting hard to

keep away from the "cellar" honors. On the day in question, the "Senators" were giving Comisky's men a hard battle for a game much wanted by the White Sox to maintain their position as leaders.

Late in the game, with the score a tie, Fielder Jones stepped to the plate. Chicago rooters rose to their feet and implored Jones to "start something." After letting two curves go by and getting the pitcher in the hole, Jones hit a ground ball at a mile-a-minute pace between first and second. Then it was suddenly discovered that the Washington club was shy its second baseman! The ball got away from the right fielder, and before it was

thrown back to the infield, Jones had crossed the plate with the run that apparently put the White Sox in the lead.

At this stage of the game, "Larry" Schlafly, who was playing second for Washington, ambled on the field, seeking to learn the cause of the big argument that ensued. It seems that Schlafly had to go to the clubhouse to get a new pair of sliding pads. Before he could get back, his side had been retired on five pitched balls. While the Washington manager was saying things to Larry, a lot of players and people were saying things to the umpire. It must have been over the decision. What do you suppose he did?

PROBLEM NO. 6

THE college base-ball world, where many a star ball player has been developed, was not without its freak play last summer. It came up in a rather important game, and one side was so peeved at the umpire's ruling that the verdict was protested.

Late in the game, with the score very close, the team behind managed to get men on second and third, with

only one out. Things seemed very promising for a rally that would put them on even terms with their rivals. The batter, a fine pinch-hitter, drove the ball to deep left field. It looked like a sure hit. By a great run the left-fielder managed to get under the ball. Just as it struck his hands the man on third started for home. The runner on second did not believe the catch would be made, and had almost reached third when the ball struck the fielder's hands.

It was impossible for the fielder to hold the ball, and it bounded in the air; but he managed to catch it before it reached the ground, thus retiring the batter. He then threw the ball to the second baseman, but the base-runner, who was almost at third, beat the throw back. The second baseman then threw the ball to the third baseman, claiming an out because the base-runner had left the bag before the ball was actually caught.

This naturally brought up the question as to whether the side had been retired without a run, or whether one run had been scored, two out and a man still on second. Suppose you had been wearing the uniform of the umpire, how would you have decided the argument?

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS IN THE AUGUST NUMBER

ANSWER TO PROBLEM NO. 3

THE score at the end of the ninth was five to four in favor of the visitors. The two runs apparently scored did not count. It looked as if the home team had won, and its friends' hurrahs would have been fitting and proper had the batter touched first base after having struck out. He failed to do this, and when the first baseman called for the ball and touched the bag, it made a force third out, eliminating a chance for any runs to be scored. Thus, instead of the home team winning, six to five, as most of the rooters believed, the game ended with the score unchanged, five to four in favor of the visitors. The two runs had been rendered void by the failure to touch first, for on a force third out no runs can be scored.

ANSWER TO PROBLEM NO. 4

WHEN Niles passed the runner between first and second, he was instantly out. All that he did after he passed the other runner was of no purpose. Imagine how he felt when, instead of getting credit for a home run, he learned that he was out! The recruit who had reached second and then stepped off, believing that he was out, and then finding such was not the case, and not being able to regain second, got safely back to first before being touched, was also out when touched. The fact that he was standing on the bag when touched did not protect him.

Once having touched second, *that* base became the runner's station, first base no longer offering him any protection whatever.

LITTLE MISS TOUCHY

BY LAURA G. THOMPSON

LITTLE Miss Touchy won't play any more,
She has flounced herself home, and has banged the front door;
While Little Miss Sunshine and Miss Laughing Eyes
Have stood by and watched her in silent surprise.

Now what is the reason that Miss Touchy Toe
Has stopped in her play and has misbehaved so?
She says it 's because she has had to be "It"
Five times, and she just does n't like it a bit!
And they kept playing tag when she wished to play ball!
And they whispered about her, and laughed at her doll!
And she knows they don't like her, or surely they 'd try
To do what she wants, and would not make her cry!

She forgets that all morning she had her own way
As to what they should do and the games they should play.
And *they* had to be "It," well—not five times, but *nine*!
While she went on romping and thought the play "fine."



"AND SHE KNOWS THEY DON'T LIKE HER,
OR SURELY THEY'D TRY
TO DO WHAT SHE WANTS, AND WOULD
NOT MAKE HER CRY!"

And the whispering that grieved her was nothing at all
 But Sunshine's kind plea that they stop and play ball
 Just to humor Miss Touchy; her mate whispered, "Yes,"
 And then, true to her name, gave a laugh, I confess.
 It was not at the doll or at poor Touchy Toe,
 But she laughed just because she was happy, you know.

And then Touchy cried, and exclaimed, "'T is n't fair!"
 And went home in a pet, because they "did n't care
 How wretched she was! She plainly could see
 That nobody liked her." Poor Touchy! to be
 So selfish and silly! I wish that she knew
 The way to keep pleasant and happy, don't you?

GARDEN-MAKING AND SOME OF THE GARDEN'S STORIES

THE STORY OF THE CRYSTAL HALLS

BY GRACE TABOR

EVERY one was listening with all the ears they had. And it was truly a remarkable tale that was being told.

"So Jack Frost slunk around, and peered in here and leered in there, and tried to find a crevice—but never a chance got he. No indeed! Not even space to squeeze through the very smallest one of his finest, sharpest arrows!"

"My, my!" said all the listeners with one accord, looking at each other with looks of marveling, and wagging their heads and making all the signs of being impressed that the bearer of such a wondrous tale likes to see.

"Of course North Wind kept urging him on, but it was no use. And North Wind himself could n't get in, though he threatened and raged and stormed. Goodness, how he did tear around!"

"And were n't you frightened almost to death?"

"After awhile we were not, for we began to feel pretty sure we were safe."

"But you were, just the same, at first?"

"Well! Who would n't have been, I'd like to know. Guess you would have crumpled up and fainted dead away, if ever *you* had heard the turmoil!"

"There, there!" reproached one of the elders, nodding above them, "why must you get into an argument? Of course you were afraid; and had good reason to be. And of course any one else would have been, in your place—and that is all there is to it!"

They looked up, ashamed right away, for they

really never meant to argue or to quarrel. But those things just seem to happen sometimes without any one's intending. "*You* are n't afraid though; and you dwell right here through all their terrible threatening," said the one who had been telling the tale.

Big old Hollyhock laughed indulgently. "Oh, you can't kill me," said he, "not with threats and cold anyway. I may get sick and die, but it takes something worse than a great braggart like North Wind to finish me."

"Why is that, I wonder?" said the Pansy, who is always very thoughtful and goes into the most hidden phases of everything; "why is it, Hollyhock, that you can endure such hardship and thrive under it, while we and so many of the rest succumb, in spite of our best endeavors?"

"Well now really, you've got me," said Hollyhock, quite taken aback at the question evidently, although every one was usually prepared for almost anything that Pansy might propound. (That is, they were prepared not to be surprised; but that does not mean that they were prepared to answer, of course.) "I suppose I'm just a tough old soldier—and of course I am considerably bigger and stronger than you, my dear."

"Of course some of us never were meant to live in such an inhospitable land, anyhow," said Miss Tea-rose, gentle complaint in her voice.

"I think that is the solution of the whole thing," declared a giant Beanstalk who was leaning over the fence from the vegetable garden listening;

"here am I, for example. Away down in Mexico, they tell me, my ancestors dwelt; or perhaps farther toward the equator than that! How is it possible that I should endure snow and ice and freezing cold? Ugh! the very thought of such things makes me ill, indeed it does."

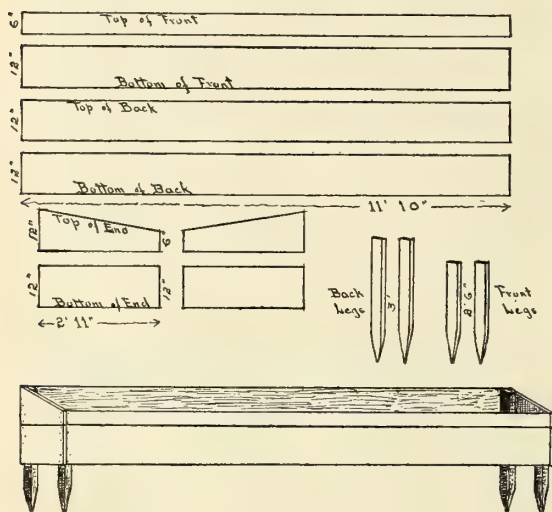
"It is as if these human folk who care for us and tend us were to go and dwell among the Eskimos, I suppose," said Pansy, who had heard the small sage and Uncle Ned discussing polar exploration. Which satisfied them all, so there was no further speculation. But every one waited eagerly and with some anxiety—on the part of the tender and delicate at least—for signs of that activity on the part of their guardians that would indicate they were not forgotten; that

the frame to fit this than it would be to have special sash made to fit the frame! And it happened that an old house was being torn down not far away, and so they got some of the old windows from this, for a ridiculously small sum of money. And these sashes were easier for the small sage to handle, being only about three by three feet, than the regulation cold-frame sashes, which are six by three feet, would have been. But if there is no old house being torn down anywhere near you, and you propose to make a cold-frame, you can buy sash made purposely and glazed, all ready to be put in place when your frames are ready, for two dollars and fifty cents apiece. Or you can buy the sash unglazed—that is, without any glass in it—for probably fifty cents, and buy the glass from a glazier, all packed in a box of straw or hay, and glaze them yourself—which is a very good thing to know how to do—and have some extra panes on hand if any get broken.

The sashes which they got from the old building, being really half sashes—or upper and lower sashes—would not, of course, cover the usual width of a frame, which is six feet. But a narrow frame was better for the length of the arms of the small sage—and for the length of Uncle Ned's arms too, as a matter of fact—just as the smaller sash was easier on his muscle; and so a width of three feet was settled upon instead of six. There is, of course, just as much room in a frame that is three feet wide and twelve feet long as there is in a frame that is six feet wide and six feet long; and as they had plenty of space lengthwise, they could as well make it twelve feet long as six.

The frame itself is really just a big box without a bottom, higher at the back than it is on the front. Experts say that on the usual width frame two feet high on the back or north side, and one and one half feet on the front is just right to give the extra protection on the north as well as to catch the sun's rays to the greatest advantage. So a box was made, from boards an inch thick. This is plenty heavy enough, for after it is all finished, the earth is banked up around the outside quite to the top of the "box," if it is in a very cold climate; and so it is earth and not the wood that makes it snug and coldproof.

The ends of this "box" sloped of course—so it was not, after all, just a simple, straight piece of work. What they really did was to make first of all four legs; two, for the back, were three feet long; and the other two, which were to come on the front of the box, were two and a half feet long. When the frame was finished, these were to be driven just one foot into the ground, thereby bringing the tops of the front and back legs to the desired height.



PLAN OF THE COLD-FRAME.

they were to go and dwell the winter through in the crystal halls.

Meantime, the guardians were making great preparations over these same glass abodes. "This year we will do it *right*," Uncle Ned had said, when talk turned on winter and the garden's preparation for it; "we'll have a cold-frame that is big enough and deep enough to shelter all we want to put in it. And you shall see how early next spring we'll have flowers, and what fine flowers they will be! We'll raise every thing imaginable from seed in the late fall, and keep the baby plants there all through the winter; and then we shall have them, strong and sturdy, to put out in the garden, away ahead of everything!"

So they were building a cold-frame. And this is how they did it: first of all they got the sash, for, of course, it is much more sensible to build

On these the boards were nailed; two long ones on the taller legs for the high side—they were boards just twelve inches wide—and one and the half of another long one on the shorter legs for the low side. Then these two sides were fastened together by the short boards forming the ends—the top ones cut at a proper slant and the lower ones straight, as you see. And there was the bottomless box standing on legs. The diagram shows exactly how the material was cut out and put together.

After all this was done, the frame was set in place, great care being taken to have it square and true with the garden walk that ran along one side of it, for both Uncle Ned and the small sage disliked exceedingly to have anything "skew-gee!"—which is not a word that can be found in any dictionary, but nevertheless has a very plain meaning, I am sure you'll agree.

Then into the earth they drove the legs—I have forgotten to say that these were sloped off to a longish point, before they were set up and put together, and so they were not hard to drive—until the lower edge of the boards all around was tight against the ground. Then inside the frame and on both sides they drove stakes down, close against the planking, three on a side an equal distance apart. These act as a brace against the earth when it is mounded up on the outside of the frame and presses in; and thus the whole thing is rigid and strong. Both these stakes and the legs are made of what carpenters call "three by threes"; and of course the stakes were sharpened the same as the legs, and three were six inches longer than the other three, to go on the high side and still come just to the top of the frame. It is well to have such brace stakes, and the legs also, long enough to go so far into the ground that frost will not heave them—which is two and one half feet—if you really want to be *very* sure. But as this makes the work pretty hard unless some grown-up's strength is going to help you, you need not feel that you have slighted the task nor that the frame will be a failure if you only drive them down from twelve to eighteen inches—you will find that will answer very well.

All set up and banked with earth outside, the frame was partitioned off inside into two compartments; and then, when the earth had been worked over, it was ready for the plants. One of these "rooms" was to be given up to lettuce; for the small sage had decided that winter lettuce was something he would like to say he was raising. And as lettuce heads may be set only eight inches apart each way in a cold-frame, you see he was able to have fifty heads in just this

small space—which was really quite an item with lettuce very often at fifteen cents a head during the winter.

The other compartment, or "room," was for the flowers that needed more protection than could be given them out in the garden. To be sure, there were not many of these, for Uncle Ned does not believe in laboring overmuch with plants that are so far from their native haunts that they must be continually coddled. But some late seedlings were started, to furnish a few unoccupied spots here and there in the borders; and then there were the pansies, beloved of both gardeners and by all their family as well; and some primroses that were intended to serve for indoor pot flowers early in February.

And then when all the lettuce plants have been eaten and the primroses are blooming in the house in the pots to which they have been moved along in January, the space is to be seeded with all sorts of "truck"—radishes, beets, peas, more lettuce, carrots, and anything that the spirit moves one to plant. For all these things, sown in the frame four weeks ahead of the earliest outdoor sowing time, will be good-sized little plants ready to set out in the garden at the time that seed of them would ordinarily be planted; and this means all these vegetables will be ready two weeks earlier, at the very least, than you can otherwise have them.

When February comes, I think it more than likely that they will build a hotbed, for there are whisperings about it, even now. A cold-frame is all very fine, they tell each other; but, after all, it takes heat to speed things up, to make them grow and really get ahead. Vegetables from the cold-frame will be earlier than those that must wait for the earth in the garden to be ready to receive them as seed; but vegetables from a hotbed will be way ahead of these. Indeed, it is very good and efficient garden practice to start the seeds in the hotbed, transplant the seedlings to a cold-frame when they are fairly grown, harden them there—that is, get them accustomed to cold without letting them actually suffer from it—and carry them along until they are really big plants; and then set them out, almost ready to bear their fruit when garden-making time arrives.

Hotbeds are exactly like cold-frames, but they are deeper and have bottom heat provided them, either in the form of fermenting stable manure, or else by means of steam-pipes, carried under them. The manure method is quite as satisfactory, only, of course, beds made on it have to be renewed every year, while the steam-heated beds are permanent. But as the old hotbed ma-

nure is excellent to work into the garden soil, there is, after all, an advantage in making the old-fashioned bed that the newer steam-heated affair lacks.

Of course it is not necessary to wait until February to make a hotbed, for one may be made any time during the winter, and vegetables raised in it quite out of season. The custom is usual of making them so late simply because most people only want them to start early things in, and never think of using them as real little winter gardens. This is what they very well may be, however; and if you decide to have cauliflower at Christmas that you have raised yourself, there is every reason why you should, if you will provide the hotbed.

It must be ready about the first of October, for cauliflower takes about three months to mature, and the seed may be started in small boxes indoors. So the bed is not needed until the transplanting time has come. Get your supply of manure from a livery stable, if possible, and have it piled and fermenting about the middle of September. It must be fresh manure, and you must be sure that it is not what is termed "fire fanged"—that is, burned by its own fermentation to a grayish color. When this has happened, there is nothing left to furnish hotbed heat. Have it piled up in a square heap after you have mixed into it about one third its own bulk of leaves or compost material, and then wet it down very thoroughly. It will begin to steam almost at once. After three days fork it all over, turning the center of the pile to the outside and the outside into the center; then tramp it all down very firmly, and wet it again. Wait another three days, do the same thing; wait another three, and do it once more. Then it will be ready to go ahead with the hotbed.

Pile the manure onto the ground in a pile at least eighteen inches deep—this for the latitude of New York—and broad enough to extend two feet beyond the frame on every side. Its size and the amount of manure required will, of course, depend on how large a hotbed you intend to make. Pack it down very hard and flat on top; and onto this leveled pile set the frame—which is exactly like the frame already described except that it should be deeper; thirty inches height in the back and twenty-four inches at the front is good. It may very well be made of heavier planking too, for the action of the rotting manure on the wood will very soon destroy anything less than two inches thick.

Bank up on the outside of the frame after it is placed with more of the manure—right up to

its top if you choose. Then put your earth in—good, loamy soil well supplied with humus so that it will retain moisture. For cauliflower you will need about eight inches of such soil, which will leave a clear space beneath the sash of sixteen inches at the lower side, if you have made your frame only six inches deeper than a cold-frame. It may be still deeper than this, if you have the desire to make it so. Of course plants should not touch the glass as they grow, but, on the other hand, there need not be a very broad clearance above their tops.

When the cauliflower seedlings are ready for transplanting, put them in the hotbed; and there tend them, until it grows so cold that the sash must be put over them, just as you would tend any plants out in the garden, remembering that cauliflower likes a great deal of moisture, and that it is a rather tender vegetable. So when it begins to be cold, get the sash in place—and then watch out! Never a bit of neglect will the hotbed stand then, for plants must have ventilation even if the weather is very cold; and, of course, you must attend all the more carefully to watering when the rain is kept out. The general hotbed rule is to give all the air it is possible to give without reducing the temperature. When it is bright and not actually bitter cold, take the sash off altogether for the two and a half hours at the sun's height; and on rainy days take it off, unless it is very cold. Water often enough to keep the soil evenly damp without being wet; and be sure in watering not to get water on the leaves of the plants, but only on the ground itself. If aphids appear—they are always likely to in hotbeds—sprinkle tobacco dust over the earth, after spraying the plants with some preparation like Aphine, which is very good to destroy them. Of course you must get it onto every one; and lest you should not have done so with one application, I should advise using it a second time, two or three days later. And then watch very closely, lest there be one or two left from which a new colony may develop.

If you live in a climate where tea-roses cannot be satisfactorily wintered out of doors, even with suitable protection, you can winter them in a cold-frame, by planting them in it and bending their branches down. Then cover them with leaves, and lay a burlap sack over these, instead of putting on the sash. For of course you do not want to make them grow during the winter, but only to protect them from freezing. So the cloth and leaves will be better than the glass, which draws the sun's rays and therefore stimulates growth.



FIRST IMPRESSIONS—OR, THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL.



"THE GUIDE APPEARED ONCE MORE, HIS BOAT FULL OF STORES."

THE HOUSEKEEPING ADVENTURES OF THE JUNIOR BLAIRS

BY CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON

Author of "A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl," "Margaret's Saturday Mornings," etc.

IN CAMP (CONTINUED)

THERE was a wait of a week before the camp stove could arrive, and during that time, Jack took lessons in all sorts of cooking, and learned to make a number of good things; and this was fortunate, for one day two friends of his father surprised them; they were on their way to a camp farther in the woods, and wanted to stay a night and a day with the Blairs before going on. This meant that there were four people to cook for instead of two, and it needed all the experience Jack had to do his share of the work.

The visitors did not come until supper was done, and everything was eaten up; not even a bit of fish was left over. So the Blairs had to go to their stores and find something they could get ready quickly, and something very hearty as well.

"These fellows are as hungry as hunters," Mr. Blair said, while the men were washing up in the

lake and getting ready for supper. "Here's some tinned meat; let's have that, with potatoes in it."

"But potatoes take so long to cook—"

"Not the way I'm going to cook them; only ten minutes. You can peel four and slice them very thin, and put them in cold water, and then peel and slice an onion while I open the meat and boil the kettle for coffee. Then I'll show you how to make a

TEN-MINUTE STEW

- 4 potatoes, sliced very thin.
- 1 onion, sliced thin.
- 1 can of tinned meat (not corned beef).
- Salt and pepper.
- 1 rounded table-spoonful of flour.
- 1 large cup of cold water.

Put the potatoes on to cook in a saucepan of boiling salted water. Then put the onion in a hot frying-pan with a table-spoonful of pork or bacon fat, and fry

brown. Put the flour in the cold water and stir till it is smooth, and mix this with the onion and stir it up; when the potatoes are done, drain them and add next, and then put in the sliced meat and heat; do not boil."

By the time this was done, the coffee was ready too, and the nice hot stew was served with large cups of the coffee and plenty of bread and butter. With a second cup of coffee and crackers and cheese, their guests had made an excellent supper.

The next morning, Jack got up extra early, because he knew everybody would be anxious to go fishing. So he had the kettle boiling and the breakfast started, and cooked it all by himself while the men dressed. The principal dish was

FRIED SALT PORK

Slice thin and put in a frying-pan with enough warm water to cover; stir it around till the water begins to simmer, and turn this all off and drain the pork. Then fry till crisp. Put this in a hot dish near the fire while you make the gravy.

- 1 table-spoonful of flour.
- 2 cups of boiling water.
- A little pepper.

Put the flour in the grease in the frying-pan, and rub till smooth and brown; add the water slowly, stirring all the time, and then the pepper; when smooth and a little thick, pour over the fried pork.

With this he had pancakes, plenty of them, which were delicious with the pork gravy, and on these, with plenty of coffee, the men said they could get along very comfortably till dinner-time.

For dinner they had some of the fish they caught, broiled, with boiled potatoes; and, for dessert, corn-cakes and maple-syrup. For supper Jack took the fish left from dinner and made

FISH-BALLS

- 1 pint of cooked fish, picked up small.
- 1 quart of hot mashed potato.
- 1 table-spoonful of butter.
- A little pepper.

Beat all together till very light, and make into balls the size of an egg. Have ready a pail of very hot fat, and drop in two balls at a time and cook till light brown; take them out, keep hot, and put in two more, and so on.

After this, he had something which took a long time to make, but he did not mind it.

FRIED CORN-MEAL MUSH

- 1 rounded table-spoonful of salt.
- 1 quart of yellow corn-meal.
- 4 quarts of water.

Bring the water to a hard boil in a kettle over the fire; mix the meal with enough cold water to make a thick batter (this is to avoid lumps). Drop spoonfuls of the meal into the water gradually, so it does not stop boiling; when all is in, stir steadily for ten minutes. Then put a cover on the pot and hang it high over the fire so it will cook slowly for one hour; stir occasionally so it will not burn; then pack tightly in a



JACK GETS BREAKFAST.

pan and let it get perfectly cold and firm. (The best plan is to let it stand all night if you can.) When you wish to use it, slice it, and fry in very hot grease in the frying-pan till brown.

The next day the men left, after saying they had had a fine visit and had never had such good things to eat in camp. Then Jack and his

father had a nice quiet time till the guide appeared once more, his boat full of stores, and his pockets crammed with newspapers and letters; and in the end of his boat he had a small sheet-iron stove. That they quickly set up under the edge of the lean-to where, if it rained, it would not get wet and rusty.

"And now, Jack," said his father, rubbing his hands, "you shall taste my baked beans. I may say without boasting that they will be the very best you ever ate in your life. Women may be able to cook ordinary food, but it takes a man to cook beans—and I'm the man!"

Jack laughed, and said he wanted to learn how so he could beat his father making them, and he watched carefully everything that was done.

BAKED BEANS

Pick over a pint of beans and throw away all that are shriveled and poor. Wash the rest and put them in cold water to cover them, and let them stand all night. The next day, put the beans in fresh water and gently cook them half an hour, skimming them occasionally.

In another kettle, put a piece of salt pork as large as a man's fist; cover it with water and let it cook till the beans are done. Then drain the water off both, and cut the pork in two pieces; slice each piece part way down, leaving the lower portion solid. Put one piece in the bottom of an earthen dish, and pile the beans around and over it, and put the other piece on top. Mix

- 1/2 teaspoonful of salt.
- 1/4 teaspoonful of pepper.
- 1 table-spoonful of molasses or sugar.
- 1/2 teaspoonful of dry mustard.

Pour this all over the beans and cover the pan; put in the oven, and bake at least two hours; uncover and brown during the last twenty minutes. If the beans get very dry, pour on half a cup of boiling water when they are half done.

"Aha!" said Father Blair, as he put the pan in the oven when they were ready to bake. "Those will be simply fine. Now we could have made them by putting them in a kettle over the fire and baking them so, or we could have buried the kettle in a hole in the ashes; but they are really better done in an oven if one happens to have one. And, anyway, I needed a stove to bake biscuit in, so that's why I got one. I think we will make some for supper, too, and put them in when the beans come out. The name of the one big biscuit I'm going to make to-night is

CAMPER'S BREAD

- 1 1/2 pints of flour.
- 1 1/2 rounded teaspoonfuls of baking-powder.
- 1/2 teaspoonful of salt.

- 2 rounded teaspoonfuls of any kind of fat (lard is best).
- 1/2 pint of cold water.

Put the baking-powder and salt in the flour; mix well and then rub in the lard till there are no lumps left and it does not stick to the pan; add the water, a little at a time, and stir with the spoon till smooth. Grease a pan and put the dough in in rather a thin layer; smooth the top and bake till, when you put in a sliver of wood, it comes out clean. Eat while warm, and do not cut, but break into pieces.

"Now I could have cooked this just as I could have cooked the beans, without the oven. I could have put it in the frying-pan in a bed of hot ashes and covered it and put ashes on top and let it cook till done; but it's better to cook it this way if you can, because it's lighter and browner. Now when you want regular biscuits, all you do is to make the dough into little balls, and be sure you put flour on your hands before you try it, Jack, or you'll get into an awful mess. And then you put them in the pan and just bake them till they are done."

"I like the big loaf," said Jack. "It's more like real camp cooking; biscuits are for a house."

"And now we are going to have something extra good to-day—green corn on the cob. I tell you that's a luxury for campers! How will you have it, boiled or roasted?"

"Both," said Jack, who liked corn immensely.

"Very well, but one way at a time, young man! We will have it boiled this noon, and we will roast it over the coals to-night."

BOILED CORN

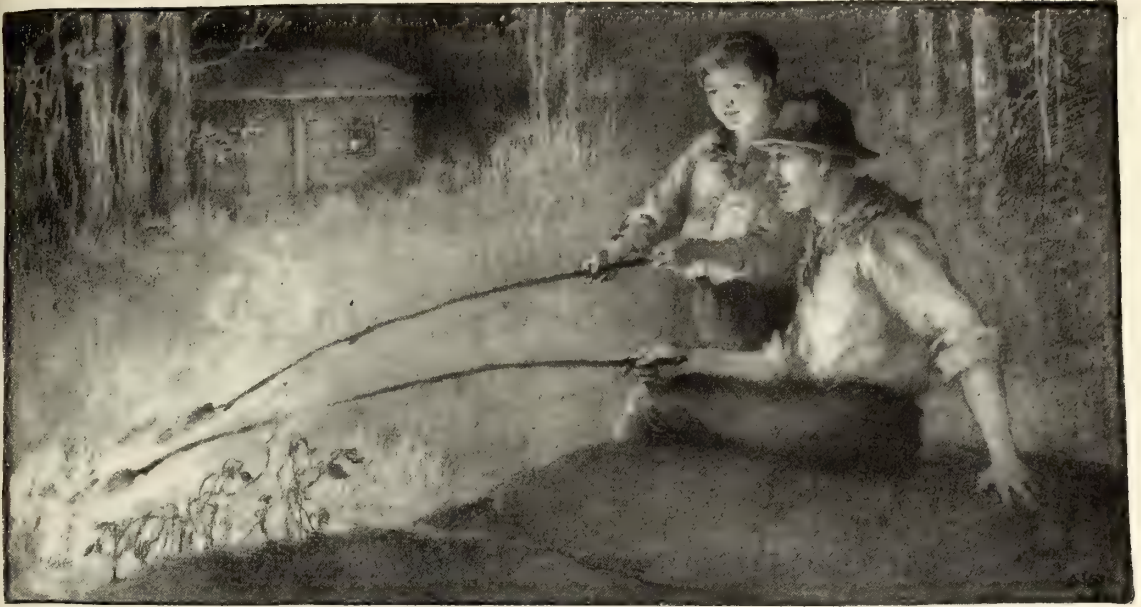
Have a deep kettle full of water boiling hard; take off the husks and silk, and boil the ears hard for twenty minutes; serve with butter and salt.

"Some campers boil the corn in the husk and think it is better that way, but I find I always burn my fingers taking off the leaves and silk, so I believe in peeling it as we do at home," said Jack's father, as he put the ears in the kettle slowly, so as not to stop the boiling of the water. "Now for supper, this is the way to fix it:

ROAST CORN

Take off the husks and silk. Put a stick in the end of the ear, and toast it brown over a bed of coals; have ready butter and salt to put on each."

The baked beans proved all their cook promised they should be, and almost the best thing about them was that they were just as good cold as hot, and so saved cooking things sometimes when they were in a hurry.



ROASTING CORN OVER A BED OF COALS.

One day, they caught a perfectly huge fish, too large to broil well, and then their little stove proved a treasure, for the oven would just hold a baking pan; they cooked it in this way:

BAKED FISH

Clean and scale the fish, but do not take off the head or tail. Slice an onion fine, and fry brown in two table-spoonfuls of fat; add to this a cup of fine, dry bread-crumbs and a little salt and pepper, and stir till brown. Wipe dry the inside of the fish, and put this stuffing in; wind a string around the outside to hold it firmly in place. Put in a pan with four slices of salt pork or bacon, and lay three or four more on the top of the fish; shake a little flour, salt, and pepper over all. Bake in a hot oven till the skin begins to break open a little; every fifteen minutes open the oven door and baste the fish; that is, pour a spoonful of juice from the pan over the fish; if there is not enough, pour a small cup of boiling water into the pan.

With this they had

BOILED ONIONS

Peel onions of about the same size, and drop them in a kettle of boiling, salted water; when they have cooked half an hour, throw this water away and put them in fresh boiling water. This will prevent their being too strong. Cook for one hour altogether. Put melted butter, pepper, and salt over them.

Before they could possibly think it was time to go home, they were surprised one night by quite a heavy frost. Their vacation was over. It was actually the first of September!

For dinner, that night, Father Blair made something very good indeed:

CAMP PUDDING

- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of dried prunes.
- 8 slices of bread, cut thin and buttered.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar.
- 1 table-spoonful of butter.

Wash the prunes and cover them with cold water, and let them stand all night. In the morning, put them on the fire in this water, and cook slowly till they are very soft; then take out the stones. Line a dish with the bread, cut in pieces, with a layer on the bottom; put on a spoonful of prunes and juice, then a layer of bread, and so on till the dish is full, with bread on top; sprinkle with sugar and bits of butter and bake brown.

"My, but we 've had a good time!" said Jack, thoughtfully rubbing the end of his sunburned nose as he watched the shores of the lake fade away the next day. "I never supposed it was such fun to camp. And I 've become quite a cook; now have n't I, Father Blair?"

"I should say you had! Too bad your mother and the girls can't know about it. But they will never know!" and his father smiled mischievously.

"Well, perhaps some day I 'll cook something for them," said Jack, sheepishly. "I don't mind knowing how to cook as much as I thought I should, now that I know men cook. I guess I 'll surprise them some day, Father!"

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, THE GREAT IMAGINER

TUSITALA, teller of tales, they called him, his Samoan friends of the South Sea island where he lived the last years of his wandering and adventurous life, and where he died suddenly toward the evening of December 4, 1894, beloved, as few have been, by a countless army of friends, many of whom had never so much as laid eyes upon him. A winning man, of an invincible, gay courage, a great and modest artist, a born lover of adventure, bold of spirit as he was frail of body, tireless at either work or play, though often too weak to lift his head from the bed.

Robert Louis was a man of good height, close to five feet ten inches, but abnormally thin. His active bearing and free, picturesque gestures suited this slenderness, as did the small, well-shaped head, with the eyes set far apart in the long, oval face, eyes that were of a dark hazel, brilliant and intent, adding a wonderful charm, a touch of eeriness, to his delicate and animated expression. He had a full, deep voice, in spite of his tendency toward consumption, and a grace in all his motions. His hands were long, slender, and beautiful, harmonizing with the whole flowing line of his body.

Born at Edinburgh in the year 1850, he wrestled his childhood through with one illness after another, spending a prodigious part of his time in bed, playing gorgeous games with toys and tin soldiers in "counterpane land," reading or being read to by the hour, an odd child, full of fancies, making believe from sunrise to candle-light, and often through the sleepless night, for many a night was sleepless.

He was n't satisfied with reading, either. He began early to write, to tell tales, at least dictating before he knew how to write. At six he composed a "History of Moses," which sounds like good hard work for a writer of any age.

Behind him were ministers of the gospel and engineers, studious men and adventurous men, men who thought deep and who worked hard. In Stevenson's story "A Family of Engineers," he tells us about his father's forebears, beginning with Greatgrandfather Alan and his brother Hugh, two remarkable men, or rather boys, for they were but twenty-two and twenty-five when they died, far away in the West Indies, chasing an unfaithful agent who had ruined them and

their families, from island to island, "in an open boat." The chase was too much, for both brothers caught a fatal fever in the dangerous tropic climate. One was married, with an only child, a son, Robert.

About fifteen years later, the widow married again, a hearty, energetic man called Smith, a civil engineer, who interested his stepson in the same profession. So that Robert Louis's grandfather was the first of the family to become an engineer, and not only that, but one of the first engineers in the world, for the profession, now so crowded and important, with a mighty history and library and professors in every college, was then at its beginning, was being created by the men who followed it, and who had graduated to it from workshop or desk, who must invent and adventure, be pioneers and artists rather than scientists.

The particular business to which the young Stevenson and his stepfather Smith set themselves was the building of lighthouses on the rough, dangerous coasts of Scotland. It was man's work, and manfully they performed it. What is more, they loved it with passion and joy. When Robert Stevenson was an old man, down to his very death, he recalled the wild work of his youth and middle age with longing. His son, Thomas, Robert Louis's father, followed the same profession, which Louis himself would certainly have attempted to do if it had not been for the bad state of his health. To an adventurous and danger-loving man there was hardly a job in the world more appealing. Not only were you doing something of immense worth, a service of the highest need, but you fought the eternal elements in their wild strength, conquering raging sea and wind and murderous rock, carrying your own life like a song on your lips, relying on your own strength and skill and hardihood in a thousand set-tos with death. It is not strange that Robert Louis, with such an inheritance, could tell tales of adventure as none other has told them!

Unfortunately, as it seemed, but luckily indeed for all who love Stevenson's books, the only son of these hardy men took after his mother in being delicate of health. Not for him the stern battles of his fathers, for all the strenuous spirit that burned within him.

So, after an attempt to become an engineer, came one to be a lawyer. Louis studied for and



From bas-relief by Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

Robert Louis Stevenson

was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-five. But meanwhile those early experiments at writing had been continued, and he also traveled here and there in a desultory but delightful manner, growing familiar with France and other parts of the Continent, spending much time in the literary circles of London, making friends everywhere. He was now as well as ever he was in his life, taking trips in canoes and on donkeys, of which he wrote enchantingly in such sketches as "An Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey." All the time he practised untiringly at acquiring a style.

By the time he was twenty-nine, he had many articles and stories in print, and was definitely pledged to his future profession. It was in this year that he came to America, traveling by steerage and emigrant trains as far as California, where lived the lady he was later to marry, and whom he had met in France that same year. Here he was terribly ill once again, close to death for months, but at last he struggled back to some sort of vague and unstable health. Mrs. Osbourne and he were married in the spring of 1880, returning at last to Scotland.

Stevenson was now thirty years old. His boy-

hood was over, a youth that had been full of dreams, of broken studies in various schools as well as at Edinburgh University, of travels after health either alone or with his parents, of a semi-Bohemian social existence in London and Paris and Barbizon. He was now married to a woman older than himself, but who was to prove a true help and fine comrade and a devoted nurse, full of sympathy and understanding for both his work and his moods. He had, too, a stepdaughter and stepson, and in a few years, with the death of his father, his mother was adopted into his family, and the whole group, minus the daughter, started back to America, hoping that the climate of the western States might do Louis some good; for by this time he had definitely developed consumption.

In the end, as you all know, the family took ship for the South Seas, there to sail and wander and settle on distant Samoa till the end came, and the teller of tales fell silent, to be carried, on the mighty shoulders of the chiefs he had loved, to the tropic mountain-top he had long since chosen for his burial-place.

The afternoon of the day he died he had been observed to sit quiet, looking long and wistfully at this calm peak. The day had been a full and happy one, crowded with items of work and affectionate conversation and eager plans, with all the busy details of life. Yet death stood at hand, his shadow was on the hearth. In that still and wistful glance did the Scot recognize him, and keep silence?

It was a short life, this of Stevenson's, and all the shorter so far as active exertion was concerned, by reason of the long fits of illness he was made to suffer. Yet how much the man did in it! There is a splendid quality to such accomplishment, something to hearten and cheer one, a lesson that courage, gaiety, great results, and fine adventure do not depend on such frail things as bodily strength or material ease. Little money and less health were Stevenson's, yet he saw and knew the world of nature and of men and women, and set his mark on time. When the news of his death was flashed round the earth, the men and women of his own profession felt as though a star that guided them had set, and a friend whose hand was warm in their own had gone from them. No one felt that an invalid had at last faded out of life, for whose final rest even those who loved him best should by rights be thankful. Yet many a man and woman who were far less feeble than this gallant facer of heavy odds have been satisfied with the invalid's

part, and been content to be half dead long years before actual death overtook them.

Stevenson was always thoroughly, vividly alive, as his books would show, even though his history did not. He took a man's part in the world, just as had his sturdy father and grandfather. He became a sort of ruling providence in Samoa, even as he was and is a force in the world of literature.

When he was but twenty-three, he had written down the things he desired of life, which were three: 1. Good health. 2. Two or three hundred pounds a year. 3. Friends. The first he did not have, the second only as he worked for it, being, as he wrote to his friend Colvin shortly before his death, always under "the one eternal burthen to go on making an income." But the third, which he desired more than the others, he had to an extent that was really astonishing, removed half a world away as he was from all his own people. He has never lost them, for a new one comes with each fresh reader of his stories, those wonderful imaginings that take you forth on so many strange journeys with all manner of men to all manner of places.

It is pleasant, when you have been reading one of these stories, to sit back and let your fancy take you behind it, as it were, to its creator—that slender figure, with its half-fantastic grace, the winning smile, the laughing or dreaming eyes, the whole sensitive, keen, and generous personality; to think upon that curious life lived in the savage island among savages, who were none the less the most perfect gentlemen, as Stevenson witnesses so often in his delightful "Vailima Letters,"—a life begun amid such different surroundings. The world was a place full of wonder and excitement to Louis, and he never tired of meeting men of all classes and conditions, with all sorts of views and opinions.

Somehow he seems, as you think upon him, like a sunny day full of a gallant wind, where the piled clouds on the horizon only add to the beauty, and where there is stir and motion and growth all about. A day good to live, good to have known!

Sound and sweet in him was a faith in God, in ultimate goodness, in fair and noble things. He shirked no experience that came to him, no duty. His generous help to younger writers has not been equaled, nor his quick power in recognizing merit. He never lost hold of youth, nor gave in to suffering.

Such a life is a fortunate life, particularly for the rest of us.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

THE ADVENTURES OF ARABELLA

II. THE ADVENTURE OF THE LOVELY LIGHTS

BY HELEN PECK

ARABELLA had enjoyed her day at the sea-shore in spite of her little excursion on top of the big wave. She was very glad indeed when one morning her little mother said, "We are going to the beach again, darling. Won't that be fun? You shall be put far back on the sand this time, poor dear!"

Arabella felt quite at home this time when she came in sight of the wide stretch of water and all the people jumping and squealing in the waves. Her mother fixed an even finer place for her to be comfortable, far back out of danger of the tide.

All day long they stayed there. Martha's aunty had brought lunch in a basket, and they sat down near Arabella to eat it. Martha and many other children took off their shoes and stockings to wade and paddle in the waves. Arabella enjoyed watching them very much.

Then, toward the last of the afternoon, suddenly the sky began to grow very dark. Clouds came rolling up and little growls of thunder sounded.

"Martha!" called her aunty, "I think it is going to rain, and we have no umbrella. We had better hurry on board the train, dear."

They scrambled about, packing the basket and pulling on Martha's sandals, while Arabella watched with her usual sweet smile.

"Hurry, dear, or we shall get wet!" urged Aunty, as it became really quite dark.



"HURRY, DEAR, OR WE SHALL GET WET!"

Martha picked up her hat and shovel and ran toward the train, never once thinking of Arabella. She had lived in the family so short a time that perhaps that was not strange. Arabella saw her go without a murmur. She knew from experience that a wetting would do her no harm at all.

After all, not a drop of rain fell. The clouds rolled away to another place. The



*Long strings of Fairy Lamps came
Twinkling out*

children had all gone home. There were a few grown-ups left sitting about, but not one person spied Arabella propped up there by a sand-heap and surrounded by pretty shells.

It became so dark that she could scarcely see the waves, when all of a sudden there came a burst of light all about. Long strings of fairy lamps came twinkling out. They swung over the walk where people were going back and forth, before places where many were having dinner; and high up in the air they blazed.

There were circles, and letters, and red and yellow balls. There was a great

wheel of light which turned slowly about. There were ladders and even a queer face that winked and blinked.

Arabella was enchanted! She looked and looked at all the beautiful things which come out at night on the beach. Then something even more wonderful happened.

There was a loud swishing sound, and a streak of fire shot up high in the sky. In a second it flew apart and many balls of bright colors sailed out into the darkness. Away they floated until one by one they faded away. Many times came that same shooting into the air and the beautiful ending. Sometimes gold stars came showering down. Sometimes it looked like silver rain.

Arabella was so delighted she could not speak. Then the lovely lights began to go out one by one. People left the beach and the walks. Doors were closed. Everybody went home to bed, leaving Arabella sitting in her cozy sand pile.

She must have slept too, for when it was light she looked just as fresh as she always did in the morning. When she could see again, there was nobody on the beach but an old man. He was picking up papers and boxes to make the beach clean and ready for the day's picnics. He was coming nearer and nearer, and Arabella wondered if he would find her and pick her up too.

Then came a voice she knew and the snatch of loving fingers.

"Oh, darling dear!" cried her little mother. "Will you forgive me? I came for you before I had a bite of breakfast!"

And Arabella just smiled. She wished she might tell out loud the story of the wonderful lights she had seen on the beach.



*Then came a Voice she knew &
The
Snatch of Loving Fingers.*

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



CLIFF PALACE, MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK, COLORADO.
The largest cliff ruin ever discovered.

WHERE THE CLIFF-DWELLER CHILDREN LIVED

WITHIN the last few years, scientists have cleared out and restored three of the great cliff-dwellings in Mesa Verde National Park, the Government's archæological wonderland in southwestern Colorado, and one can now get a comprehensive idea of the strange homes of the "first Americans."

The cliff-dwellers of the Mesa Verde region made their homes in the walls of deep cañons which extend back from the Mancos River, and in whose windings one can easily become lost if he does not have a guide. These cañons seam the Mesa Verde, which name is Spanish for "green table-land." This high plateau, deeply scarred with cañons on the river side, is covered with green trees and brush the year round, hence the descriptive name applied to it by the Spaniards.

The abandoned cliff-dwellings were not discovered until 1889, when a cow-boy, hunting for

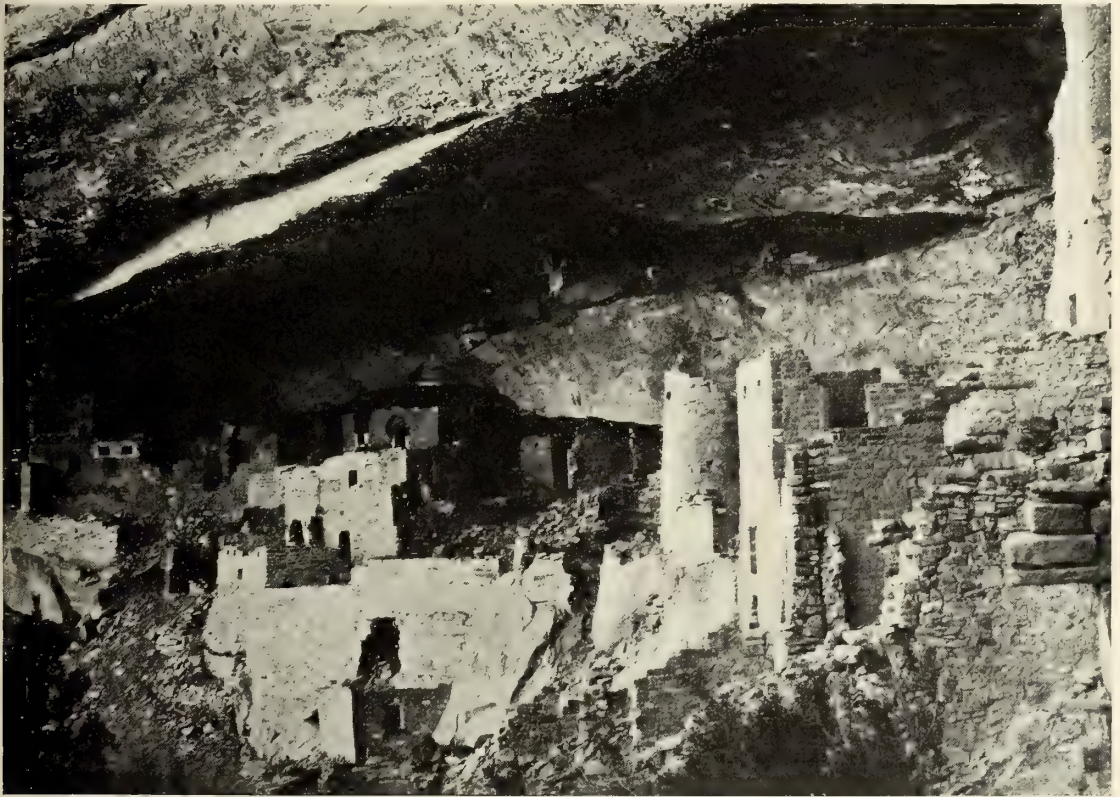


CLIFF PALACE IN ITS CAVE IN THE CAÑON WALL.

stray cattle, looked across the edge of a mighty cañon and saw Cliff Palace nested in a cave in the opposite wall. This is the largest and finest cliff-dwelling ever discovered. It is more than three hundred feet long, and contains about two hundred rooms. It is sheltered in a great cave in the solid rock. It has a round tower, which probably was used as a lookout station, for these cliff-dwellers no doubt had many fights with the Apaches and Navajos, which have always been very warlike tribes. Indeed, some people think

their discovery increased the ruin by tearing down walls in a search for skeletons, pottery, moccasins, and other relics, which were found in the buildings in great numbers. If these vandals had been allowed to continue their work, probably there would have been little left of the cliff-dwellings to-day, but in 1906 the Government set aside the Mesa Verde region as a national park, and made strict rules against vandalism which no visitor dares disregard.

Then some scientists from the Smithsonian



CLIFF PALACE BEFORE RESTORATION.

the Apaches or Navajos killed all the cliff-dwellers and let their houses go to decay. Others think the cliff-dwellers were forced to leave the Mesa Verde because of the drying up of streams which they depended upon to irrigate their corn and other crops.

At any rate, these houses have not been occupied for hundreds of years. When discovered, they were in a sadly ruined condition, owing to the action of rains and winds upon the adobe, or mud, which had been used as a plaster to hold the stones together. Instead of doing their best to keep the houses in good condition, many of the white people who visited the cliff-dwellings after

Institution at Washington and the School of American Archaeology at Santa Fé, New Mexico, cleared away the rubbish heaps and strengthened some of the walls that threatened to fall. To-day the cliff-houses—or the three that are the greatest and finest—look almost as they must have appeared when the long-vanished people inhabited them; and any boy or girl who now visits the ruins can climb about among them just as the little cliff-dweller children climbed hundreds of years ago, when these silent, lonely cañons echoed to childish laughter.

Spruce-tree House and Balcony House are the two other dwellings that the scientists have made

as they were in olden times. There are countless other cliff-dwellings on the walls of other cañons which have not been touched. Some of



BALCONY HOUSE AFTER RESTORATION.

these have never been entered by white men, as no one can get to them; indeed, one of these is called Inaccessible House, for this reason. How the cliff-dwellers ever reached it is one of the many mysteries of this strange land.

Spruce-tree House is so called because, when it was discovered, a magnificent spruce-tree grew in front of it. This tree was cut down and exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. Spruce-tree House is at the head of a cañon, and there is a fine spring there, but there is no water near the other cliff-dwellings. Balcony House is so called because one of its houses contains a long balcony, where the inhabitants probably sunned themselves, and where the children were allowed to sit quietly. Those children who wanted to play no doubt had to go down to the big promenade, extending the entire length of the cave. This odd playground had a wall extending along its outer edge, so no little cliff-dweller could fall into the cañon in the course of a game of tag.

Balcony House is the hardest to reach of all the restored cliff-houses. It is in a cave, high up in a rocky wall, and one has to climb up a narrow trail to reach it from below. The cliff-dwellers, who must have been very active, used to swing over the edge of the chasm and scramble down by means of a rope. The niches cut for their feet can be seen in the rock to-day. After they had swung down in this way to the narrow ledge at one end of Balcony House, they had to crawl through a tiny doorway on their hands and knees. Above this doorway they had made holes in the masonry, through which they

could shoot arrows at any enemy who was brave enough to swing down the little rope and try to get through the narrow entrance.

The circular, well-like places which these people dug in front of all their strange dwellings are known as *kivas*—pronounced “keevas”—and were used by the men as meeting-places. The Moki and Pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico to-day use these *kivas*, and meet in them instead of having churches or lodge rooms.

There are several houses, of different types, from one to three miles from Spruce-tree House. Among these Spring House, Long House, Step House, and Mug House are notable. Tunnel House, two miles south of Spruce-tree House, contains about twenty rooms and two *kivas*, connected by a system of underground passages, and a burial-ground of five thousand square feet.

All these houses, or, rather, villages, for each ruin consists of a collection of many dwellings,



THE DOORWAY OF BALCONY HOUSE.

bear evidences of fortification. Some have been more elaborately fortified than others. Walls more than two feet thick, and towers and block-



SPRUCE-TREE HOUSE.

houses, pierced with loopholes, tell that these people lived in fear of assaults by enemies. Probably the children did little playing in the cañons or on the mesa tops, but were kept close to their fortified homes, lest they be swooped down upon by enemies and carried into captivity.

Travel to the Mesa Verde National Park has been limited because visitors had to traverse much of the distance on horseback. The Government has been building a wonderful highway from Mancos, the nearest railway-station. This road is built up the steep side of the Mesa Verde at what is known as Point Lookout. The sight-seer on reaching the top can then proceed along the mesa to the cañons which contain the ruins, and the trip can be made very comfortably from Mancos. The Government has many other national parks and monuments under its supervision, but none more filled with wonders than Mesa Verde National Park. No doubt other dwellings in this great park of dead cities will be restored by scientists from time to time, and perhaps some of the community houses which have not yet been explored will shed new light on the life of the children of the cliff-dwellers.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

A CAT THAT LOVES WATER

DID you ever hear of a cat that was fond of bathing? Presumably not. No lion, so far as is known, ever went into the water voluntarily. But



A "ZOO" TIGER ENJOYING HIS BATH.

that other giant of the feline race, the tiger, seems to be an exception to the rule. It frequently crosses large streams; and at Singapore, it used to be reckoned that a Chinaman a night, on an average, was captured by tigers swimming the river of more than half a mile in width.

R. L. HONEYMAN.

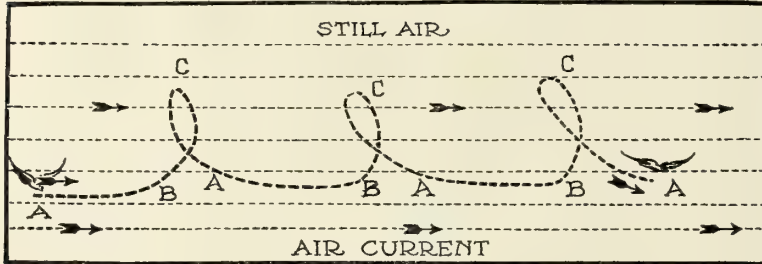
SAILING VESSELS OF THE AIR

ONE Sunday afternoon in early May, I was lying on my back under a royal palm-tree near the little Cuban village of Abreus, looking up into the deep-blue tropical sky, watching the hundreds of turkey-buzzards as they slowly wheeled back and forth in circles in the upper air, when something happened. I did not know, myself, just what it was; it seemed as if it was one of those mystical things like a break in a base-ball game when players feel that a batting rally has started, and every one knows that something interesting is

distance, and that very laboriously. In the Rocky Mountains, at nightfall, it is nearly always perfectly calm and still, and you will find an eagle perched up on some dead tree, but none in the sky. But as soon as the sun is well up and the wind commences to blow, the sky will be full of soaring birds.

By what strange power does a bird keep itself suspended in the air, and even more than that, actually rise, apparently overcoming all laws of gravity?

When a soaring bird flies, it flaps a little way to get a start, and then coasts along with the wind; in our illustration, from A to B, you will notice that, while it is coasting, it is steadily and slowly falling, so when it reaches B, it is lower than when at A. Here the bird wheels and turns out of the current into still air, at the same time slanting its wings so that it shoots upward to C, exchanging its velocity for



TOP VIEW.

about to take place, and yet no one knows just what it is.

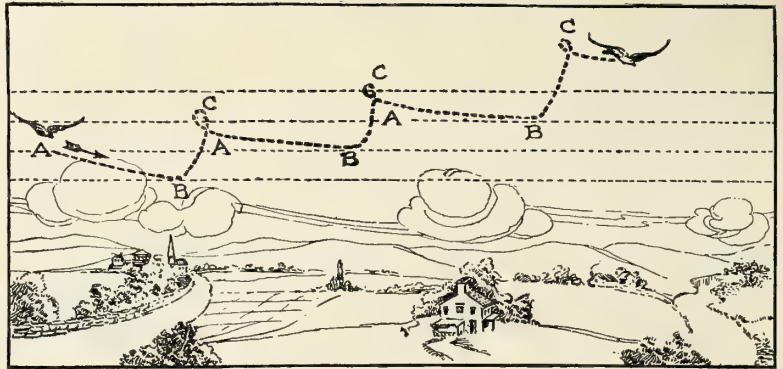
Just then the particular bird that I was watching turned sharply and started to come down. He set his wings well forward and came down in a big circle, and as he passed over me, pretty well up, I could hear the wind whistling through his feathers.

Up to this time, all of the birds had been floating easily and slowly, but now they commenced to change their courses, and having seen one buzzard come down, it was evident that they were all making as fast as they could to whatever feast he had come down for.

Now the wonderful thing to me is, by what marvelous instinct do those turkey-buzzards manage to rise and keep themselves balanced in mid-air, or sail to a certain point at will, without a single flap of the wings?

A flapping bird, like a duck, flying by muscular effort, may be likened to a steamship, but a soaring bird is like a sailing vessel, getting the power to fly, and especially to rise, from the wind. On a calm day, birds like eagles must come down and wait for the wind, for they can only flap a short

height, that is, he is converting power in the form of speed into power in the form of a rise. It now wheels from C back to A, and gradually acquires the velocity of the wind again, until it reaches B, when it turns into the air-pocket, or calm air, again, and so on. You will notice that the rise from B to C is such that it exceeds the fall from A to B, so that each B is higher than the last, and the bird, in circling, rises. As the bird circles



SIDE VIEW.

into the wind from C to A, it slows up the wind just a wee bit, and that is where the power comes from, for, of course, the bird cannot create power.

Will men in airships ever be able to soar? That is very doubtful. It is theoretically possible, of course, but our instincts, our capabilities of se-

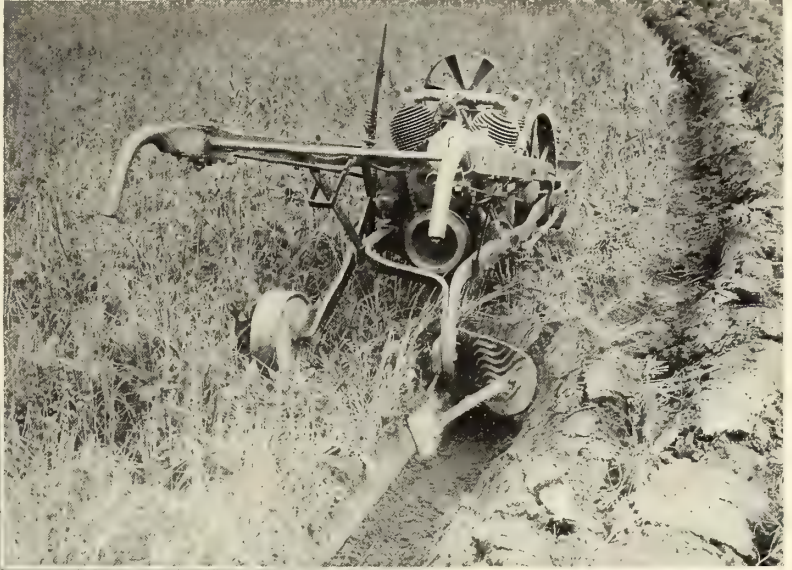
lecting air currents which we cannot see, are so small compared to the wonderful ability of a bird, that it seems hardly likely that man, with all of his knowledge, will ever be able to do that which the turkey-buzzards are doing every windy day.

GEORGE F. SUMMERS.

A PLOW DRIVEN BY GASOLENE

THE gasolene engine has made possible the motor-car, the motor-truck, the motor-bicycle — and now comes the motor-plow.

The two photographs that are here reproduced show



THE FURROW TURNED BY THE MOTOR-PLOW.



OPERATING A GASOLENE PLOW.

how the new machine works. The engine drives the spiked wheels; the spikes prevent slipping; and the plow is, therefore, dragged forward. Their own suction holds the wheels to the ground. The driver can stop and start the engine, throw the machine in and out of gear, and change the speed without taking his hands from the handles. If the plow strikes an obstruction, the wheels merely slip until the engine can be reversed or stopped.

The motor-plow is an exceedingly useful implement in the garden. It runs close to the row without breaking the young plants, it turns at the end without stepping on them, and it always stands without hitching. It runs under trees with low, overhanging branches. It has numer-

ous attachments for cultivating and harvesting the crops, and probably will soon become all but indispensable for the small farmer and gardener.

FRED TELFORD.

THE CRAB WITH A HUMAN FACE

SOMETIMES nature must enjoy a joke, else how is one to account for the remarkable Taira crab of Japan, which has recently attracted much attention among men of science?

Japanese tradition tells of a great naval battle which was fought in the Sea of Ja-

pan in very early times. A force of pirates attacked a fleet of merchantmen, but were overwhelmingly defeated, the force being entirely wiped out—as it should have been.

Curiously enough, since that day, according to the story, all the crabs of a certain species common on that part of the coast have borne on their backs the face of a Japanese warrior.

As we see in the picture on the following page, the face is plainly there. It is in its way, indeed, the most remarkable work of nature, since it is not only most like that of a human being, but is unmistakably that of a Japanese.

Japanese children are taught that the souls of all the good sailors will find a home in the Taira crabs. Of course we don't believe such things,

but it's interesting to learn what the Japanese think about this strange little crab, with its four extra legs attached to its back, so that, if accidentally turned upside down, it is able to run in that fashion quite as well as in its ordinary position.



THE TAIRA CRAB OF JAPAN.

These extra legs are plainly seen in the accompanying photograph, at and below the corners of the mouth of the "warrior."

R. L. HONEYMAN.

A THOUSAND-DOLLAR PARROT

THE parrot family is remarkable not only for its power of speech, but for the wide differences among its various members as to size and coloring, some being no larger than a sparrow, and the great macaws attaining the length of three feet; while their colors range from sober black or gray to the brightest hues of the rainbow.

Our picture shows a South African gray parrot, valued at a thousand dollars, and a most intelligent bird it is. Though not a professional, it is a clever performer, and will use the telephone, ride a hobby-horse, wave the flag, play dead, and do a score of other amusing tricks. The bird has a vocabulary of three hundred words, and uses them with a precision that shows an understanding of the meaning of the language. It lives in Los Angeles, where it won first prize in a cage-bird show.

C. L. EDHOLM.

QUEER WHALE-BILLED STORK OF AFRICA

It is doubtful whether Colonel Roosevelt will find a more interesting locality on a hunting trip than the Lake of No, in Africa. This odd lake is a short distance south of the point where the White Nile first gains recognition under that name. It is a piece of water of large size, but indeterminate in respect both of dimensions and outline, not only because it has never been mapped, but for the reason that it is bordered by extensive marshes.

The puzzle is, indeed, to tell where swamp ends and lake begins, especially as the greater part of the water surface is covered with a floating mat of tangled vegetation. On this mat, through which a long and stout stick may be thrust with difficulty, the whale-billed stork builds its nest.

This is a very rare and interesting bird, seemingly to be found only on Lake No and in its neighborhood. To the Arabs it is known as the Father of the Shoe, because of the huge shoe-shaped beak, its most distinguishing feature.



THE TRICK PARROT AND SOME OF HIS "STUNTS."

It is a fowl of solitary habits, and is blackish-gray in color, with wide-spreading, long-toed feet, adapted for standing on the quaking surface of the floating field of vegetation. Colonel Roosevelt describes it as a sluggish creature, "hunting sedately in the muddy shallows, or standing motionless for hours, surrounded by reed-beds or long reaches of treacherous ooze."

The Colonel managed to secure four of these birds, and two of them have just been stuffed and mounted for the National Museum at Washington. One of the pair thus prepared for exhibition is represented in the accompanying photograph, which is the first ever taken that shows how the fowl looks in life, though Mr. Roosevelt's book "African Game Trails" contains a picture of himself with a dead stork in his arms.

It is, indeed, a strange, melancholy looking bird, with a combination of stupidity and dignity in its appearance. It looks as if it were designed for sequestered nooks and solitudes. No reason has been given, I believe, for the extreme scarcity of the species. A specimen is a prize for the ornithologist to exult over.



THE WHALE-BILLED STORK.

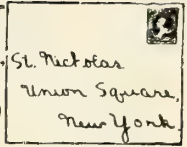
From the specimen in the National Museum at Washington.

The method this peculiar bird adopts in building its nest is to bind long blades of marsh-grass into an interlacing foundation, and on this to erect a superstructure of reeds and other such material, cut with its powerful beak. That this beak is a formidable weapon was ascertained by one of Colonel Roosevelt's men, who, attempting to pick up a wounded stork, received a very severe bite.

The creature is a wader, and lives on fish, as was discovered when Dr. Mearns, who accompanied the expedition as an expert ornithologist, killed the first specimen. The Colonel would not allow more than four to be slain, on account of the rareness of the species. To secure even that number was a matter of no small difficulty, however, inasmuch as the hunters were obliged to make their way for long distances through almost impassable bogs, sometimes up to their necks in water.

R. L. HONEYMAN.

? "BECAUSE WE
? WANT TO KNOW"
??????????????



NOTE: So many questions are received that we can undertake to answer in these pages only those of unusual or general interest. Other letters, containing return postage, will be answered personally.—EDITOR.

ARCHED BRIDGES

GUERNICA, SPAIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know why single-arch bridges are stronger than those with a lot of arches. Will you please tell me? I have just received your magazine for the first time, and am delighted with it.

Your loving little friend,

EDMUND BELLAIRS.

Mr. A. Russell Bond, author of "With Men Who Do Things," writes as follows in answer to this inquiry: "I don't know exactly what your young correspondent is driving at. Of course a bridge is made strong enough to carry the load that is liable to be imposed upon it. For the same load, a single-arch bridge must be just as strong as one made up of a number of arches. But the single-arch bridge must be of heavier construction, because of the longer spans, and possibly that is what Edmund BellaIRS refers to."

WHY SHEEP FOLLOW A LEADER

PITTSBURGH, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why is it that if one sheep starts all the rest follow?

Yours respectfully,

DORIS E. RIGBY.

This habit is due to an inherited tendency to imitate, and a minimum amount of original thought in the individual sheep.

DOGS AND MUSIC

BERKELEY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of playing the violin, but when I play high notes, my pet dog, a Scotch collie, howls miserably. I do not think that poor playing is the cause, because the music of my instructor, who plays beautifully, has the same effect. Why does the dog howl? Does the music hurt him? I would like very much to know.

Your interested reader,

BOB FENDER.

The only answer is that music stirs the emotions of some dogs to such an extent that it finds expression in the only sentimental voice that dogs possess. Dogs discriminate in this. Some howl only for singing; others for a particular instrument. A dog we knew howled only for the mouth-organ and for no other instrument.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

SEPTEMBER

JEFFREY CLARK WEBSTER · 1914

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY JEFFREY C. WEBSTER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

"WHEN Woods Are Green" has a poetic sound and proved fruitful of poetic inspiration; for, with this return to nature as a theme, our young lovers of the rhyming art came into their own again. And their minstrelsy was worthy of its *motif*, both in thought and music. The spirited verses that appropriately lead the procession, this month, with their tang of the "gipsy blood's desire for the open road," the two beautiful little lyrics on page 1048, and the clever humorous ballad telling of "the family picnic" are merely samples of scores and scores like unto them, every one of which we should have been glad to print, if space permitted.

And if the number of rhymed contributions sent in was a flood, that of the photographs was a deluge! Instead of

the eighteen here shown, it would have been easy to include ten times as many from the rich store of beautiful prints that the League harvested for this September number. Alike in variety and beauty, we have seldom received a finer portfolio of photographic gems.

As for the young artists, if they are fewer in numbers than their friendly rivals of the pen and camera, their work maintains an equally high standard. An Honor Member supplies us with the heading for the department this month, and a beautiful one it is, quite worthy to rank with many productions of the grown-up artists who illustrate ST NICHOLAS; while in composition and drawing the other sketches here printed are truly little works of art.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 175

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Elwyn B. White** (age 14), New York; **Adelaide H. Noll** (age 14), New York. Silver badges, **Elizabeth Roper** (age 14), Virginia; **Sally Thompson** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Mary K. Gensemer** (age 15), Pennsylvania.

VERSE. Gold badges, **M. Elizabeth Hendee** (age 17), Iowa; **Louise Redfield** (age 13), Illinois; **Eleanor Hebblethwaite** (age 12), England.

Silver badges, **Katharine Ward** (age 14), District of Columbia; **Marjorie Dodge** (age 17), Michigan; **Sarah F. Borock** (age 13), New York.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **Helen Sewell** (age 17), New Jersey; **Genevieve Karr Hamlin** (age 17), New York. Silver badges, **Jocelyn Wank** (age 14), New York; **Eleanor Wohl** (age 13), New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Ella H. Snavelly** (age 16), Pennsylvania; **J. Freeman Lincoln** (age 13), New Jersey. Silver badges, **Graeme R. Pentz** (age 12), New York; **Stewart S. Kurtz, Jr.** (age 14), Ohio; **J. Warren Shoemaker** (age 16), Pennsylvania; **Mary Everitt** (age 13), New York.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Alvin E. Blomquist** (age 16), New York.

Silver badge, **Frances Ferguson** (age 14), New York.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Margaret Preston** (age 15), Rhode Island.

Silver badges, **Janet Brouse** (age 12), Illinois; **Maude Ludington** (age 14), New York; **Eloise M. Peckham** (age 12), Rhode Island; **Elsie De Witt** (age 17), Connecticut.



BY CLYDE OLIVER, AGE 15.



BY AGNES M. HAYNE, AGE 17.

"MY FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH."

WHEN WOODS ARE GREEN

BY M. ELIZABETH HENDEE (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1912)

WHEN springtime is come, and the wood-thrush is calling,

When forests are green, and the meadows are gay,
All the wild gipsy blood in my veins rushes madly,

I long to be over the hills and away.

The whole world is fragrant, my pulse is set throbbing

By sweetness so rich that my blood is afire;

The lark in the morning, the robin at evening,

Are bidding me haste to my heart's own desire.

My heart's own desire!—Ah, 't is only to seek it

By sunlight and starlight, by night and by day,

Where wild-rushing torrents sing loudly of freedom,

And soft-flowing rills whisper peace by the way.

Oh, give me the long open road and the forest,

The hills and the rivers, the stars—and a friend,

And I will be lord of the land of the gipsies,

March joyously on till my trav'ling days end.

The land of the gipsies is broad as the earth is,

And he that would find it need only be free,—

Free from the shackles men make in their blindness

To bind their own souls down as deep as the sea.

Oh, throw off your shackles, rise up in your gladness,

And sing a new song as you start a new day;

When springtime is come and the world 's at the

morning,

Drink deeply of joy, and be up and away!



"MY FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH." BY ELLA H. SNAVELY, AGE 16.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOV., 1913.)

A TRUE DOG STORY

BY ELWYN B. WHITE (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1911)

HE is a large Irish setter, with a beautiful red coat, and a lovable disposition. One summer when we were in Maine, Father and my two brothers went for a walk, taking Beppo, the dog, with them. Coming to what seemed to be a large pasture slope, they climbed over the stone wall and walked up the hill. Just as they reached the summit, so they could see beyond, they were confronted by a large herd of steers. On seeing them, the animals advanced, menacingly. The trio started back to the wall with Beppo in leash, but found to their horror that the steers were chasing them. It would be impossible to reach the wall by running. There seemed to be but one way—the dog. On the farm, Beppo had been taught to bring in the cows by

going around in back of them, and chasing them on. The folks realized that if he did that now it would be fatal; and yet they must act and act quickly, for the big animals were rapidly coming upon them. Again they looked at the wall—it seemed a quarter of a mile away. There was but one thing to do. Setting the dog loose, my brother cried, "Hold 'em, Bep; hold 'em!"



"MY FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH." BY J. FREEMAN LINCOLN, AGE 13.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1914.)

Simultaneously the dog bounded toward the herd, and the three made for the wall. For about two hundred yards they ran as they had never run before. Then looking over their shoulders, they saw the whole herd standing on the brow of the hill, with a little ball of red racing madly up and down in front of them. In a minute, the little party was safely over the wall, and Beppo, the hero, came barking down the hill.

A DOG STORY

(A True Story)

BY LOIS DWIGHT COLE (AGE 11)

THIS incident happened to President Timothy Dwight while he was living at Greenfield, Massachusetts, in



"MY FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH." BY GRAEME R. PENTZ, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

1784. One day in January, he went to visit his mother, who lived in Northampton. When he started for home, he was followed by a large yellow dog who had recently adopted President Dwight's mother as his mistress. The dog persisted in following the sleigh in spite of all Dr.

Dwight's efforts to drive him away, so that finally he took him on the seat of the sleigh for company.

After they had gone a little distance, a blinding snow-storm set in; both horse and driver completely lost their way, and quickly wandered away from the road and came to a standstill. Seeing this, the dog jumped out and ran ahead. In a few minutes he was back again. He leaped up in front of the horse, then



"MY FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH." BY STEWART S. KURTZ, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

ran ahead, showing Dr. Dwight that he was to follow him. Dr. Dwight did so, and soon came to the road and arrived home in safety.

You can well imagine that "Lion" (the name of the dog) remained an honored member of the family. When they moved away from Northampton, Lion refused to go, and was fed and cared for by the neighbors until he died.

WHEN WOODS ARE GREEN

BY KATHARINE WARD (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE Spring is laughing on the hazy hills,
And touching with soft fingers all the trees,
And striking off the ice-chains from the rills,
All eager for the madly tossing seas.
Old tyrant Winter turns about and flees,
The violets blossom where the snow has been,
And waft sweet odors on the humid breeze,
And all the woods are tipped with living green.

The Summer sleeps right softly on her throne,
While sweetly slow the quiet hours pass,
And ever go the bees, with heavy drone
Stealing the honey from the fragrant grass.
And ever comes the lover and his lass,
Hushed by great loving, as has always been;
And now the branches bend beneath the mass
The splendid masses of the living green.

The time is come of rip'ning seed and pod,
The Autumn, with King Midas' touch of gold,
Who gilds the leaves and paints the goldenrod,
And changes summer skies to winter cold.
An instant, and proud Autumn's knell is tolled—
Ah, but the cold comes fast! On high is seen,
Flaunting above those mingling with the mold,
One torn, defiant bit of living green.

WHEN WOODS ARE GREEN

BY LOUISE REDFIELD (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1913)

WHEN woods are green, and the rose-gold light
Of dawning tells of a new day's start,
And tints the world with a Midas touch,
Strange music stirs the forest's heart.

A distant piping, a potent call,
It is the greeting to the morn
Of Pan, great god of the shaggy haunch,
The gleaming hoof, and the curving horn.

Then all the birds of the green wood-world
Emerge, from leafy curtains drawn,
And join in a thrilling, rising call,
A tribute to that song of dawn.

Time and the whole world seem to pause,
While from the reed of Pan, unseen,
The mellow music flows and thrills,
When dawn is gold, and woods are green.

A DOG STORY

BY ELIZABETH ROPER (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

ABOUT two years ago, when we used to live in the country, I had a beautiful Scotch collie by the name of "Sandy." He knew a great many tricks, and one of them was to go after anything that I threw into the lake that was near our house. He would also go into it of



"MY FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH." BY J. WARREN
SHOEMAKER, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

his own accord sometimes. One day, a threshing-machine was at work in a field near us, and Sandy and I were going to watch the threshers make the haystacks on which we loved to play hide-and-seek. As we passed the lake, I noticed some little children who lived near us playing on the bank. When we reached the field, we played for a while on one of the sweet-scented haystacks, but at last we got tired, and I was sure it must



BY JOSEPH OHLIGER, AGE 14.



BY ROBERT REDFIELD, JR., AGE 16.



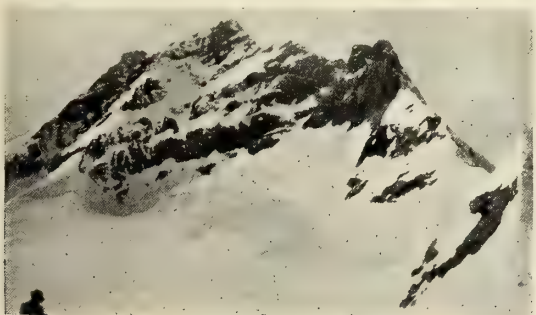
BY ISABELLA MCLAUGHLIN, AGE 11.



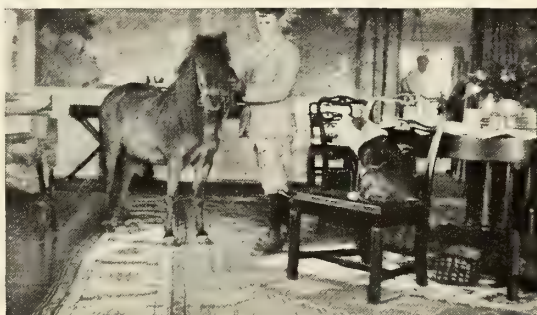
BY JOSEPHINE COCHRANE, AGE 13.



BY ELIZABETH F BRADBURY, AGE 15.



BY MOLLIE ADAMS, AGE 13



BY LUCY POMEROY, AGE 13.



BY JOSEPH W. RICHARDS, AGE 14.



BY BETTY LOWE, AGE 15.

"MY FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH."

be nearly dinner-time, so we started for home. On nearing the lake, we heard a frightened scream from one of the children, and Sandy looked up knowingly into my face as we ran toward it. On reaching it, we saw that the youngest child had fallen in. I quickly called Sandy, and, pointing to the water, in which the little girl was sinking, said, "Bring it to me!" He seemed to understand, and dashed into the water, and soon, catching the little girl's clothing firmly in his teeth, he brought her safely back to the shore. A man was called who carried her to her home. She quickly recovered, and was ever Sandy's faithful friend. The child's father gave Sandy a new collar, which he still wears, and of which I am very proud.



"MY FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH." BY MARGARET A. BIDDLE, AGE 15.

WHEN WOODS ARE GREEN

BY MARJORIE DODGE (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

HAND in hand together, let us go a-straying,
In the bright spring weather, all alone, unseen;
Over hill and dale, Love, let us go a-Maying,
Spring is in the vale, Love, and all the woods are green.

May-time is playtime, sunbeams are dancing,
Robins are chirping, brooks murmur low;
Bright o'er the meadows, sunshine is glancing,
Spring calls, insistent; Love, let us go!

In the shady upland, May-flowers sweet are growing,
Yellow buttercup and daisies white are seen;
Underneath a tree, dear, violet buds are blowing,
Let us go and see, dear, while the woods are green.

Springtime is singtime, buds all are breaking,
Vanished is winter, gone is the snow;
Earth from her long rest now is awaking,
Spring calls, insistent; Love, let us go!

With glad hearts rejoicing, let us spend our May-time,
Youth's contentment voicing, by the world unseen;
Let us go a-straying all through Nature's playtime,
Let us go a-Maying, while the woods are green.

June-time is tune-time, birds carol sweetly,
Violets are blooming, soft breezes blow;
While the glad May-time passes so fleetly,
Spring calls, insistent; Love, let us go!

WHEN WOODS ARE GREEN

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

WHEN woods are green, and fields are bright with flowers,

When meadow-larks and robins sing in tune,
There comes a memory of happy hours,
Of joy and laughter, in another June.

The paths, and roads, and ways we roamed together,
The mossy glades beneath the summer skies.
We loved alike the clouds or sunny weather;
We found our sunshine in each other's eyes.

The fragrant rain upon my cheek is falling,
And bathing verdant woods and fields with dew;
And I can almost hear your loved voice calling.—
When woods are green, they bring me thoughts of you.

A DOG STORY

BY ADELAIDE H. NOLL (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1914)

CLEARLY outlined against the sky it stood—the castle of her ancestors. Dorothy felt a thrill of pride as she gazed at the fortress for which her forefathers had striven so nobly. In their tour of England the Martins had gone to see the castle where their ancestors had lived, and as she looked at it, Dorothy recalled how her grandfather had again and again told her of its capture.

"During the great rebellion," he would always begin, "your ancestors upheld King Charles. One day news of Cromwell's approaching troops came to the men in the castle. Now they wished the soldiers to think the castle uninhabited, and to pass on, for their supplies were low, and there were few men to defend the castle. So when the troops came in sight, Sir George Martin, your great-great-grandfather, commanded all to be silent. Even the little dog, Nero, the pet of the house, was still.



"MY FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH." BY MARY EVERITT, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

"Then the soldiers came tramping by. The leader saw no signs of life about the fortress, and ordered the men to move on. But at that critical moment, a large dog, the mascot of the soldiers, barked loudly. As quick as a flash, there came an answering cry from within the castle: Nero had betrayed the defenders of the fortress.

Cromwell's troops rushed back and surrounded the castle at once, while the few men within it hurried into position to defend it as best they could.

"Surrender in the name of Cromwell!" thundered the leader, as he struck the gates with his sword.

"We shall die before we surrender," came the calm reply of Sir George Martin.

"And so the few men within fought nobly for the fortress, against the many men without. But all was in vain. The gates were forced open, the soldiers entered, and slew those who resisted most strenuously; among the slain was Sir George.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY HELEN SEWELL, AGE 17.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON DEC., 1908.)

"Then as those who had been taken prisoners filed out slowly, Nero scampered along beside them, barking excitedly, and little realizing what sorrow he had brought upon his master and his luckless comrades."

A DOG STORY

BY SALLY THOMPSON (AGE 13)
(Silver Badge)

BETTY lived on the top of a hill, and at the bottom of it ran the railroad track. She had two intimate companions, her doll, Madeleine, and her nurse. Now who do you suppose her nurse was? Why, he was a large collie, named Roy; but he took just as good care of Betty and Madeleine as any nurse could. He went everywhere with them, and Betty's father and mother knew that she would always be safe if Roy were with her.

One day, Betty, Madeleine, and Roy went out to play. Down the hill they ran, and when they got to the foot, Betty cried, "I know what we'll do, Roy. We'll sit down on the place where the choo-choo comes, and play house."

So Betty sat down in the middle of the track, and began to fix Madeleine's hair.

Roy did n't like this play at all. He tugged at Betty's dress, and looked anxiously around; but nobody was in sight. Suddenly there sounded in the distance a long-drawn "W-o-o." It was an express. What should he do? He tried to pull Betty off the track; but she was too heavy, and every moment the train was drawing nearer and nearer.

Just then, Betty's mother came down the hill. She saw with horror the situation: the fast-approaching train, the child sitting upon the track playing with her doll, and the dog tugging at her skirt. Betty's mother, rooted to the ground in her fright, had not strength enough to scream.

Suddenly Roy solved the difficulty. Snatching the doll from Betty's arms, he bounded away with it; and Betty, anxious to recover her dolly, followed him just as the train rushed by.

When they reached home, you may be sure Roy had the best dinner a dog ever ate, and received more carressing than had been his lot for many a day.

WHEN WOODS ARE GREEN

BY ELEANOR HEBBLETHWAITE (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1913)

WHEN woods are green, I take my book
And sit beneath the verdant shade
Of some tall tree, beside a brook
Within a woodland glade.

I only read a little while,
And then look up, to see and hear
Full many a well-known voice and smile
Of many a long past year.

Brave *Robin*, with his outlaw band,
They come with song and winding horn.
Then *Rosalind* and *Celia* stand,
With aged *Lear*, forlorn.

And then they slowly fade, and soon
Before me is another scene,
From Cornwall comes fair *Lorna Doone*,
With *Ridd*, of mighty mien.

Full many an elf and dainty fay
Then dance before me on the ground,
Oberon and *Titania* gay,
With *Puck* a-prancing 'round.

And when the sun sinks in the sky,
To warn me that the day is o'er,
My charming friends all swiftly fly
Back to their books once more.

A DOG STORY

BY MARY K. GENSEMER (AGE 15)
(Silver Badge)

WHEN I came to my new home, I thought I would like it. I liked it until one day I heard a loud voice shriek, "Scat, scat!" As you can imagine, I shivered all over. I went to the room where the sound came from, and



"AN OBJECT OF INTEREST." BY HAROLD DRAKE, AGE 16.

there I saw a great big bird perched on the back of the arm-chair. Yes, you may laugh, but that was what I saw: a great big bird. And oh, when it saw me, it said, "Scat, dog. Robbers!" and a whole lot of other names. I ran out of the house as fast as my legs could carry me. Being a pup, I had not seen much of the world, and did not know that such ugly creatures were in it.

One day, my mistress had gone away and had forgotten to give me my breakfast. I went to the back door and barked, but no one answered. I had given up in despair, and was just returning to my pen, when I saw that bird (which I learned afterward was a parrot) coming toward me with a big piece of meat in her mouth. She heard me barking, and guessing what I wanted, stole the meat and flew out of a window and gave it to me. I barked for joy when she dropped it, and knowing it was for me, quickly had a good meal, while the poll-parrot said to herself, as she flew into the house again, "Good Polly. Pretty Polly." Ever since that experience with the parrot, we like each other, and are to this day very great friends.

WHEN THE WOODS WERE GREEN

(Tom's Account of the Family Picnic)

BY SARAH F. BOROCK (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

ONE day, Sophia said to me, "Now that the woods are green,
Next week let's have a picnic, and arrange it in between."
I said, "All right!" and so, next week, at six we caught the train,
And when we reached the verdant woods, what did it do but rain!

But 't last it stopped, and, drenched all through, we sat upon the ground,
Then Willie fell into a brook, and all thought he was drowned;
Jane touched a poison-ivy, Sophy fell into a swoon
When she saw wee Bobby eating poisoned berries he had found.

I looked for little Jamie, and I drew him from a log,
Then I spoiled my new white trousers by stepping in a bog.
These troubles, cares, and mishaps almost made me lose my head,
So 't was with relief and gladness that I saw the luncheon spread.

But, alas! a broken bottle! and the milk was o'er the meat!
And all the insects thereabout crawled 'round it for a treat.
We contrived to eat some morsels, and then lay down for a rest,—
When Willie, Bob, and Jamie broke into a hornet's nest!

Then—we fled like locomotives from that green and peaceful wood,
With a thousand hornets after us, a-thirsting for our blood;
Nor did we stop from running till the station was in sight,
And there was not a spot among us that had not received a bite!

For two weeks we lay in anguish, with the doctor at the door,
And such swellings as were on us none had ever seen before.
Then we had a family counsel, and discussed that woeful scene,
Vowing, "Ne'er again a picnic at the time when woods are green!"

WHEN WOODS ARE GREEN

BY NELL ADAMS (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

THE lark 's attune with joy of spring,
The brook 's alive with spring's release;
The hearts of Nature's children sing
Because with spring comes happy peace.
The clear, pale sunlight patches lie
In glades within the vernal scene;
How can I study patiently
When woods are green?

"A pentecagon may be
Inscribed within the circle o";
What if it may? What 's that to me?
Think you it 's what I care to know?
Peter the Great—and Charlemagne—
Mem'ries no living man has seen;
I read the prosy lines in vain
When woods are green.

I know where wild blue violets grow;
I know where there 's a robin's nest;
And, better still than all, I know
Where water-lilies grow the best,
And where to find the shadiest nooks
Deep down within a woodland scene;
Why should I study stupid books
When woods are green?

A DOG STORY

BY ISABEL SCHAEFER (AGE 12)

ONE summer night about eleven o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Warren were going to bed when they heard their dog, Beauty, barking outside their bedroom window. Mr. Warren went to the window and told Beauty to go to the barn and stop her barking, but she paid no attention to him, and only barked the more. So, finally, Mr. Warren went out on the porch to see what she was barking at. As soon as Beauty saw him, she ran down the steps and off toward the barn. When she



"AN OBJECT OF INTEREST." BY GENEVIEVE K. HAMLIN, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE, SILVER BADGE WON JAN., 1911.)

got about half-way there, she stopped and began to bark again, but still Mr. Warren did not go; he only scolded her. Still she kept on barking. Then he decided there must be something the matter. So he followed her, and as he got nearer to the barn, he heard Dolly, their horse, struggling. When he got in the barn, Dolly was down on her side with her hind foot pulled up within six inches of her head. The halter rope had caught in her hind shoe, which was a little loose. She was in a lather of perspiration from struggling, but when she heard Mr. Warren coming, she quieted down immediately. The rope was very tight, so Mr. Warren had to cut it with his knife. When Dolly got her head free, she got up, and very soon quieted down for the night. After Mr.

Warren got Dolly fixed, he looked down at Beauty, who was wagging her tail just as hard as she could. And when he petted and talked to her, she was so happy that she did about everything but talk to show how glad she was.

A DOG STORY

(True)

BY EMILIE U. GOODE (AGE 11)

ONE pleasant afternoon, a white fox-terrier was seen trotting up the avenue that led to a large white house.

The dog, having reached the door, scratched at it until it was opened, then, after going through the house, she, convinced that her mistress was not there, continued her journey to the station, and jumped aboard the three o'clock train for Boston.

After trotting through the passenger-cars, she passed into the baggage-car, where she was detained by the baggageman, who supposed that Betsey's master was on the train, for he often took her with him, and she was known everywhere.

When the train stopped at Canton Junction, Betsey got off, but fortunately the station-master recognized her, and took her home with him, in the meantime sending word to her owner to come for her.

The station-master was obliged to go out that evening, so he left Betsey in the kitchen.

When he returned at eleven o'clock, she had disappeared, probably through the kitchen window, which had been left open.

When Father and Mother reached home, they were alarmed at Betsey's absence, and searched the neighborhood, and as the message from Canton Junction had not been delivered, they were convinced that she had been stolen, for Father had refused one hundred dollars for her a few weeks before.

Nobody had slept when, about midnight, an excited bark was heard outside, and joyfully they let Betsey in. She had traveled five miles over a strange road, at the age of eighteen months.

Betsey is now thirteen years old, and is never happier than when coasting with me or being wheeled in my doll-carriage. She loved to go to the golf links, and could caddy for three men at once without losing a ball.

THE STORY OF A DOG

BY SYLVIA CABOT (AGE 10)

MAX is a very clever little dog. One day his mistress was busy, and Max came in and barked at her. These actions were forbidden, and she reproved him, telling him she would send him outdoors if he did n't stop. Max generally understands when people speak to him, but this time he did not appear to, for he kept on barking as loudly as before.

Finally his mistress, seeing something was the matter, followed him into the hall, where he stopped, and,

cocking his head on one side, he looked up at the electric light, which was burning.

The switch being out of order, any jar of the room made it turn, thus causing the light to come on, and the dog, knowing it ought not to be on, told his mistress to the best of his ability.

WHEN THE WOODS ARE GREEN

BY WELLS ALVORD SHERMAN, JR. (AGE 10)

When the woods are green,
I always find so many things to do,
For I can go and rake and hoe
Till I feel pretty blue.

And then I sit and wonder
At Nature's glorious scene,
And think of things that happen
When the woods are green.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Anne Lee Applebye-
Robinson
Daniel B. Benschoter
Warner Ogden
Mary Hines
Muriel V. McClure
Gertrude Bendheim
Naomi Lauchheimer
M. Louise Thompson
Josephine Bradford
Kenneth G. Hook
Dorothy Towne
Clarita C. Lowrie
Margaret C. Bland
Lucile H. Quarry
Dorothy E. Tuttle
Jennie E. Everden
Eleanor Pelham
Helen E. Bush
Olivia Chamberlain
Rose G. Kadishevitz
Marion L. Pullen
Donald W. Atwater
Harold Smith
Elizabeth Ritchie
Charlotte Covert
Josephine Watson
Eleanor Clark
Gertrude B. Smith
Emy Hofman
Rebecca T. Farnham
Marjorie E. McCreary
Virginia Mowbray
Elizabeth Miller
Mary C. Ballard
Flora Levin
Kathryn Lyman
Frank L. Way
Aline E. Hughes
Phyllis Fletcher
Eleanor Babbitt
Kathryn Barnhisel
Gertrude Woolf
Theodosia Burton
Margery J. Carrie
Mary McHugh
Cornelia S. Evans
Charlotte L. Adams
Margaret Bent
Elise Houghton
Ralph Schubert
Edith M. Smith
Eleanor Allen
Elizabeth Stern
Pauline Haines
Frieda Inescort
Mary Fry
Jessie E. Alison
Esther J. Lowell

Virginia M. Allcock
Lucy Gray
Margaret Mortenson
Lillian Weber
Elmaza Fletcher
Betty M. Howe
Margaret Pennewell
Dorothy B. Newkirk
Helen McHarg
Lucy O. Lewton

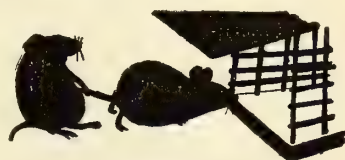
Eleanor Bowman
Lucy Weiss
Beatrice G. Stein
Elizabeth Land
Rachel E. Saxton
Marguerite A. Wing
Dorothy Levy
Lavinia W. Willis
Edward C. Seawell
Charlotte Kennedy
Ben Coplan
Marjorie Seligman
Ruth Gullette
Sarah Roody
Dorothy P. Toman
Edward Despres
Virginia A. Stevens
Alice M. McLarney
Catherine Foxworthy
Catherine C. Redwood
Harry R. Warfield, Jr.
Harry R. McLenegan
Lucile L. Watkins
Katharine F.
Woodward
Lois Adams
Bessie Radlofsky
Margaret Rose
Josephine R. Hayes

PROSE, 2

Priscilla Rogers
Miriam S. Jobe
Oscar K. Rice
Jane N. Grew
F. Alma Dougherty
Rebekah Harte
Elizabeth N. Dale
Doris Purrington
Katharine White
Mary W. Aber
Edith J. Brodek
Mae Durkee
William Goodridge
Plaub S. Maitri
Suguan S. Maitri
Elizabeth Cope



"AN OBJECT OF INTEREST." BY
JOCELYN WANK, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"AN OBJECT OF INTEREST." BY ELEANOR
WOHL, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Florence A. Krips
Harriet F. Gulick
Marian B. Mishler

VERSE, 2

Celeste Terry
Emily L. Weed
Bernardus H. Vos
Gertrude G. Bradish
Ise T. Backer
Elizabeth C. Morrison
Margaret Slauson
Katherine Keiper
Eunice T. Cole
Miriam Hussey
Kathryn Rohmert
Mary A. White
Isabelle Tice
Frances Vinciguerra
Winifred Whitehouse

VERSE, 1

Mary Adams
Josephine H. Richards
Emily S. Stafford
Vernie Peacock
Caroline F. Ware
Ruth W. Mantz
Prospera Dezzani
Thelma Stilson
Doris N. Chew
Peggy Norris
Cora L. Butterfield

DRAWINGS, 1

Paul Detlefsen
Katharine H. Spafford
Louise M. Graham
Frances M. E. Patten
Dorothy Walter
Emma Stuyvesant
John W. Galbraith
M. Betty Watt
Helen Samuel
Helen Hall
Harlan Hubbard
Edwin M. Gill
Helena Archibald
Evelyn Ringemann
Mary John
Esther Rice
Victor Welin
Thelma E. Lee
Virginia L. Hyams
Loena King

Josephine Root
Donald M. Hart
Elizabeth Harlow
Esther M. Dittmer
Nancy Jay
Lydia Burne
Ruth Wing
Persis Miller
Mildred Walter
Louise A. Wiggernhorn
Mary Dawson
Rita H. Lambert
Elizabeth A. Hull
Virginia E. McConkey
Olive Seward
Hoen Berger
Elizabeth Brooks
James L. Clifford
Margaret Griffith
Julia Van Voast
Charlotte Demorest

Frederick G. Laurence
Frances M. Sweet
Katherine J. Miller
Perry B. Jenkins
Charles E. Moreau
Mabel H. Child
Josephine Whitehouse
Constance G. Cameron
Charles S. Wilcox
Margaret M. Benney
Ruth Anderton
S. Raby Burrage
Gertrude M. Lynahan
Walter G. Boronow
Riengi B. Parker
George R. Packard, Jr.
Catharine M. French
Gilbert Quackenbush
Aletha Deitrich
Marian G. Wiley
Marion Gallan

Duncan Scarborough
Caroline Lesley
Craven
Edward P. Lay
Margaret Spaulding
Douglass Robinson
Margaret McDonald
Leonard Ernst
Frances Easton

Merritt C. Harper
William Colgate

PUZZLES, 2

Irene Emery
Aileen Schnautz
Joe Earnest
Theophilus Parsons

Elizabeth P. Lewis
Rachel Faucett
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Griffith M. Harsh
Katharine Van Bibber
Mary Cunningham
Ottile Morris
Bobbie Arbogast
Andrew W. Larman

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 179

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 179 will close **September 24** (for foreign members **September 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **January**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The River," or "On the River."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Open Doorway."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Happy Hours."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "At Your Service," or a Heading for **January**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

DRAWINGS, 2

Frances Owen
Constance Grave
Billy Sawyer
Louise Rogers
Mason Sherrill
Muriel Boyd
Mary E. Close
M. Angela Magee
Clara P. Barnes
Hilda L. Hulbert
James Matthews
Clarence Rogers, Jr.
Geraldine Baker
Nell Upshaw
Mildred Fisher
Janice Dunker
G. Thayer Richards
Leprilite Perkins
Eleanore L. Roberts
Dimple Moore
Eleanor Priest
Kirkland Hallam
Wallace Waite
Ned Willard
Eleanor Drew
Lida Raymond
Julia Chamberlain
Mary MacNaughton
Sara R. Farley
Mary Saabye
Arthur Streich
E. Theo. Nelson
Mary Marquand
Anna Lincoln
Leland Potter
Frances Dwyer
France S. Badger
Gertrude Parmelee



"AN OBJECT OF INTEREST." BY EDITH BALLINGER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Muriel Sutton
Clarence S. Fisher
Gordon Dillon
Elizabeth Gregory
Mary Penniman
Frances Fletcher
Patrina M. Colis
Esther Stewart
Lydia Comstock
H. W. Larkin
Katherine Clark
William Rhoades
Gertrude McInnes
Kathryn Hulbert

Helen Curtis
Natalie A. Miller
Woolsey Cole
Irmgarde Foster
Laura Hadley
Grace H. Parker
H. Denny Roberts
Elizabeth Bacon
Juliet W. Thompson
Olive E. Northrup
Anne L. Forstall
Eleanor L. Topliff
Marion L. White
Agnes Bacon
Adele Mowton
Harold Greig
Elizabeth Melsen

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Marion Shape
Alice S. Nicoll
Philip Stringer
Carol H. Read
Margaret Cohn
Ruth E. Prager
Constance M. Pritchett
May Dodge
Watson C. Cady
Mary Hollister
Ruth A. Falkenstein
Elouise Lowenson
Doris Smith
Eliot D. Pratt
Frederic Wiese
Horton H. Honsaker
Virginia Sterry
Marion Richardson
Beatrice N. Penny
Mary D. Smart
Kenneth D. Smith
Beatrice Cummings
Martha Robinson
Elizabeth B. White
William W. Smith
Elberta Esty
Homer Mitchell
Quincy S. Cabot
Helen Patterson

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Margaret K. Topliff
Barbara Westmacott
Gwendolyn B. Ward
Rosamond Howland
Mildred Presby
Ruth Barcher
Ellen T. Lacy
Edith C. McCullough
Margaret K. Hinds
Susan B. Nevin
Arthur G. Barker
Frances Arnold
Emily R. Burton
Josephine Velie
James Stokley, Jr.
Rachel Reaney
Elizabeth T. Brooks
Margaret R. Christian
Julia Welles
Reba Simmons
Evelyn R. Brooks
Elizabeth H. Baker
Helen H. Wilson
George M. Wright
Mary B. Mills
Edward L. Forstall
Noel C. Smith
Mignon H. Eliot

Dorothy Smith
Marjorie Winslow
William T. Lusk
Margaret Blake
Robert Burgess, Jr.
Lala Powell
Margaret Kimball
Charlotte K. Skinner
Esther Ely
Minnie Golding
Marjorie Austin
Sarnia Marquand
Helen Ransom
Julia Gould
Frances Hayden
Virginia W. Needham
Gregory Cooper
Sarah Bradford
Helen M. Carmine
Donald Kennedy

PUZZLES, 1

C. H. Pritchard
Julian L. Ross
Margaret Anderson
Edith Pierpont
Stickney

THE LETTER-BOX

DURHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are writing this in Durham Castle. It was built in the year 1072, and for a great many hundreds of years it was a fortress to keep back the Scots from invading England. The bishops of Durham lived in it. They ruled over the people and kept them in order. For the last eighty years, it has been University College of the University of Durham. A great many people come every year from the United States to visit Durham, and we are always pleased to see them, as they are very interesting. The master is a special friend of ours, and the other day we went to tea with him, and he showed us all around the castle and down into the secret passages, where it is very dark, and we had to have a lantern. The walls of some of the rooms are very thick, so as to make it warm in winter and keep away the Scots. We did not see any ghosts, and we do not think there are such things. There was a prison once in the castle, but it is all pulled down now. There is a very old well one hundred feet deep, and it goes right into the rock. A great many kings of England have stayed here, and Queen Mary came the other day. Our friend here has taken St. NICHOLAS thirty years, and that is how we came to know and love you. I hope we shall read you the next thirty years.

Your eager readers,
BARBARA and JOAN HUGHES.

HUNTER, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never taken you, but a girl friend loaned me a copy of the August number in 1909. I at once became so interested in it that I wished to be able to read you each month.

About three years ago, I started going five miles to a school in Hunter, and in the school building is a public library. I found you there, and have read you each month since September, 1911.

I liked "The Land of Mystery" and "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman" very much. I am now reading "The Runaway," which I especially like.

In the library, one day, I asked a schoolmate how he liked St. NICHOLAS, and he said, "Fine!" I like it better than any magazine I ever saw, because it has stories for every age from four up.

It is a magazine loved by every boy and girl who knows it.

Your devoted reader,
VESTA TOMPKINS.

YALTA, CRIMEA, RUSSIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I seldom see letters from Russia, so I thought I would write to you. I am a pupil of the Imperial Lyceum in St. Petersburg. I am staying for my health in the Crimea, at the port of Yalta, eighty-two versts from Sebastopol. The railway goes no farther than Sebastopol, so people going to any of the towns along the coast have to motor, take a carriage, or go by boat. The road is splendid, and very picturesque along the sea-coast and among the mountains.

The Emperor has a palace called Livadia, about two versts from Yalta; almost every day we see some of the imperial family driving about. Yesterday there was a grand bazaar, at which was present all the imperial family. The Empress and the four Grand Duchesses, her daughters, presided at different stalls. I went to buy at the stall of the Empress, and had the

honor of receiving something from her own hands, of which I was very proud. The bazaar was held in front of the imperial yacht, the *Standard*. I inclose a photograph of the yacht taken by myself.

I was born in the French port of Toulon, when my father was commander of the *Standard*, and we made



the journey back to Russia from Toulon to Sebastopol on the imperial yacht.

My eldest sister, who is now married to the Russian naval attaché in Washington, took you when she was a girl. I am taking you for the third year, and enjoy all of you, but especially I like the serial "The Runaway" and the Books and Reading department.

I am your very interested reader,
VLADIMIR RINSKY-KORSAKOFF (age 14).

BROOKVILLE, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy seven years old, and this is the first year I have taken you. But I liked you so well that Mama sent and got me the bound volumes for 1912 and 1913. My little brother Harold, three years old, just loves the Baby Bear cubs, and can say the verses to them by himself. We have the St. NICHOLAS calendar tacked on the wall, and watch for the days to come that are marked with a red circle.

Your loving reader,
GRAYDON DALE HUBBARD.

DESCALVADO, BRAZIL, S. A.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you more than two years now, but this is my first letter to you.

You were a Christmas present to me in 1912. My brother Hugh and I like you very much. When Father goes after the "States Mail," as we call it, and the St. NICHOLAS comes, we are very glad, for, though Hughie does not know how to read, he likes to look at the pictures, and I read some of the stories to him.

I never joined the St. Nicholas League because it is nearly a month before we get you and see what the subjects for the competitions for that month are; and another month to send my letter.

We live in a small town, Descalvado, at the end of

the railroad, and we think it is a very nice place. There are two parks here, not very much in that line, a fountain and a band stand in one, and a fountain and a church in the other. The church is not at all pretty on the outside, but is quite grand on the inside.

But São Paulo is quite another place. It has several parks which are beautiful. There are fish-ponds with pink and white and yellow water-lilies in them; there are monkey-cages, deer-parks, bird-cages with all kinds of birds in them, and many other things in the parks.

São Paulo is our State's capital.

Your admiring reader,

LUCY H. HARDIE (age 11).

ALL ST. NICHOLAS readers will enjoy this quaint and clever story written by a little girl of nine—Ann Riggs, of Stockbridge, Massachusetts—while she was recovering from a severe operation.

THE KIND MANIKIN

THERE was once a very poor peasant named Hans, who had a large family of six girls, a boy, and a wife, and you can imagine it was hard to keep their stomachs even partly full. One fine day, as he was sitting on the door-step and wondering what he should do (as his master, who was a bad man, had sent him out of business, saying he was lazy and would n't work), a little manikin suddenly appeared and asked him what made him so unhappy. Hans answered: "I have been driven out of business by an unkind master, and must starve with the rest of the family."

"Oh, if that is all, I can easily help you, only you must be wise and not too hasty. Make three wishes, and take your time about thinking," and with that he disappeared.

The next day, at about the same time, the same manikin appeared, and said, "Well, Hans, have you decided yet?" Hans answered, "Yes, that I have," and the manikin said, "What are your wishes?" "A good house, good furniture, and good work," answered Hans. The manikin ran around the house shouting "Dum! dum!" and Hans's wishes came true. The manikin was never heard of again except on weddings and birthdays. As for Hans, he never was poor again, but always rich.

ANN RIGGS (age 9).

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little "shut in." I have not walked for nearly seventeen years.

I certainly love your magazine; I have had you for seven years. I look forward to it every month as my greatest pleasure.

I loved "The Lass of the Silver Sword" and "The League of the Signet-Ring." I thought "The Lady of the Lane" and "The Knights of the Golden Spur" fine; and "Peter of the Wild Rose-tree" was a gem.

Your loving reader,

LAURA A. SPRUANCE.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have no idea how I love you. I nearly always read the Letter-box, and I must say that I long to be one of those girls who travel, or live abroad, and who write to ST. NICHOLAS.

In the January number, Mabel and Alice Littleton made up some poetry about you, and how they loved you; they put it in the Letter-box. One said she would

love ST. NICHOLAS till she was old. The other said she read ST. NICHOLAS day and night. I quite agree with them both. I love the new serial "The Runaway," and I was very sorry when "The Land of Mystery" ended.

I have a dog, named Happy-go-Lucky—I call him Lucky for short. I also have a beautiful cat, called Eureka. It is a Greek name, and means, in English, "I have found it." I had three goldfish, named Wynken, Blynken, and Nod, but the other day Nod died. We were all very sorry. Whenever the cat is thirsty, she climbs up on the table and drinks out of the fish-bowl; the fish stay down at the bottom, you may be sure, while she is around.

Your most loving reader,

ADELAIDE HARRISON (age 12).

THAT Master James Cutting Thomson, who lives in Chicago, is a truly patriotic laddie is shown by this photograph and by the "Ode to the Glorious Fourth" which was his poetic greeting to his father at the time of the national holiday.



JAMES CUTTING THOMSON (AGE 5).

ODE TO THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

OH, to-morrow is the Fourth,
And we must be happy and glad;
To-morrow is the day
We must be happy and gay.
Oh, Father, come to us;
Make us glad on Saturday!

JAMES CUTTING THOMSON.

ST. GEORGE, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, and I am sure there is no other magazine published which is enjoyed so much by everybody.

I am really an American, although I live in Canada. I think you would like to know of a little adventure I had last summer.

Mother and I had taken a small steamer to a neighboring village, returning by driving. On the road coming home we saw, some distance ahead of us, what we thought was a large horse, but when it faced us, it turned out to be a large moose. He looked at us for about three seconds, then turned, and, trotting up the road, in a few moments bounded off into the woods.

St. George is a small town which has several mills. There are some small picturesque waterfalls here.

I am very much interested in the Letter-box, and just love the League.

Your interested and devoted reader,

FRANCES GILLMOR (age 10).

The Campbell's-Soup Express

"Here's the Campbell's Soup Express,
Give it right of way!
We can't express the happiness
It brings us every day.

"This luscious soup gives force and vim,
Like steam that drives the wheels,
A boy with this inside of him
A 'live' steam-engine feels.

"For what you eat makes what you do,
At study, work or play,
So when the Campbell
train comes through
Give it right of way!"



21 kinds

10c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



How Many Words in COLGATE'S

COLGATE & CO. offer a prize to ST. NICHOLAS readers who make the largest number of words from the letters in the name COLGATE'S. The rules are very simple and any one may enter.

1. No foreign words, abbreviations or proper names allowable.
2. Plural words not allowable if singulars are included. (For example—you may include "Cat" or "Cats"—not both).
3. A letter may be used but once in a word—as no letter appears twice in the word Colgate's.
4. Lists must be written on one side of the paper only, each word must be numbered and your name and address signed at the bottom of each sheet of paper.
5. Lists may be mailed as late as September 15, 1914. Any lists bearing post mark of that date or earlier will be counted.
6. The prizes will be announced in ST. NICHOLAS for December.
7. In case of ties, the full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded to each of the contestants tied for that prize.

PRIZES

1st Prize \$10.00

2nd Prize \$5.00

3rd Prize \$3.00

4th Prize \$2.00

5th Prize \$1.00

See how many words you can make—you will find it interesting.
See also how much you like to brush your teeth with COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TRADE-MARK

You will find that its delicious flavor makes you enjoy cleaning your teeth, and you know that good teeth is one of the best possible helps toward good health—good spirits—good work—and good play.

A trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream will be sent free to each one who sends in a list of 20 words or more.



COLGATE & CO.

Dept. 60.

199 Fulton St.,

New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—
luxurious, lasting, refined

10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is now put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



Study Time

Demands a Breakfast of Delicious Quaker Oats

With school-time comes the time for Quaker Oats—the finest form of Nature's choicest food. It abounds in the elements which active brains require. One large dish supplies the energy for five or six hours of study.

As a food for growth, as a vim-producer, nothing else compares with Quaker Oats.

Don't serve as a dainty only—in little dishes, just to start the meal. Children need an abundance. Begin every school day with a liberal dish. It will better the day.

Quaker Oats

Just the Large, Luscious Flakes

Quaker is made of just the big, plump grains. They have the greatest food value, the most luscious flavor. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

This extra quality means a delightful dish. It means rare aroma and taste. You can have it every morning at no extra price if you simply order Quaker.

Quaker Cooker

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

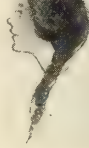
**10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West and South**

POLLY and PETER-PONDS



(A Continued Story)

*You will find one part of
this story in last month's
St. Nicholas and another
next month*



"ISN'T it funny what some fellows will do to win? They seem just to lose their heads and forget all about fair play. I hope they enjoy what they get, and lots of times they get more than they bargained for."

That's what Peter was saying to Polly and Molly as they walked down to the "Quidnunc" camp. You remember about that canoe race and how Peter fell off his bicycle, I guess.

Well, when they reached the lake, there was Bill Conley all ready, but without any canoe, because it had been arranged that they had to draw lots for choice of boats. But when they drew, what do you think? Bill got the best canoe, a nice new one, as slick as a whistle, and Peter had to paddle an old one, the "Quidnunc," that had been used ever since the camp started.

"Never mind, Peter," said Polly, who was to

paddle bow with Peter, "we'll just *have* to do our level best now!"

So they lined up for the start. There were five canoes in the race, and Peter's and Bill's boats were on scratch, since they were the only boys. The course was a mile long, down to the point where the old dead pine was, and back to the clubhouse.

Bill Conley had n't said a word even to his bow paddle, Jennie Wilson. I guess he was grouchy because, even if he did get the best boat, his getting there first had n't done him any good.

"All ready!" called Mrs. Evans, who was in charge of the girls' camp. "One! Two!"—then came the whistle, and they were off! Bill and Jennie got a good start on the others. By the time they reached the old pine tree, Bill and Peter had just about caught up to the girls' canoes. Bill was ahead about a canoe's length and was putting his back into it for all he was worth.

"Take it easy, Polly!" cried Peter, as they made the turn; "a steady stroke with lots of power in it does the work, even if it is a slower one."

Half-way home, Polly and Peter had lapped the stern of Bill's boat and were breathing hard but going strong. Every once in a while Bill would look back at them and dig in all the harder.

"Peter," called Polly, between breaths, "he thinks he's shoveling coal!"

Just before they came to the finish, they had to round a curve in the bank, and the canoe that had the inside place had quite an advantage. The "Quid-



nunc" was hugging the shore pretty closely, and Bill saw that he could n't get inside, as the "Quidnunc's" bow was almost half-way up his own canoe. So what did he do but cut right across her bow. Peter saw it coming.

"Steady, Polly," he cried, and with a quick turn of the paddle he slewed the "Quidnunc" around so that her nose was at right angles to the stern of Bill's boat.

There was a crash, and a mighty splash, and there were Jennie and Bill flopping wildly in the water, while the "Quidnunc," as steady as a rock, shot on ahead.

"Help! Help!" cried Bill, throwing up his arms and kicking violently. But Jennie knew enough to stand up, and the water only came to her waist. She began to giggle at Bill, and all of a sudden he realized what a fool he must seem. He scrambled to his feet, and choking and snorting furiously, started up the bank.

"Hi, Bill!" called Peter, who had crossed the finish-line, a few feet beyond; "not going to forget your bike, are you?" But Bill never said a word, and I guess he walked all the way home in a wet bathing-suit, because that was the last we saw of him that day.

Polly and Peter paddled back, righted the overturned canoe, and helped Jennie get into it.

"You're not hurt, are you, Jennie?" asked Polly.

"Well," she said, "I did n't know it till just now, but I think I skinned my hand on a sharp rock at the bottom of the lake. It's awfully bruised."

"Is n't it lucky, Peter, that we brought along that bottle of

POND'S EXTRACT?"

said Polly. "Now, Jennie, you take my hankie, and soak it with Pond's, and tie your hand right up."

And Jennie did, and forgot all about it until Mrs. Evans asked her what she had her hand tied up for.

(We forgot to tell you who won the canoe race. Nobody did. It was called off after the accident, but Polly and Peter were ahead almost at the finish. When Peter got back to his camp he found Bill had a badly bruised elbow and a lame shoulder. Peter rubbed Pond's Extract in, and perhaps rubbed harder than was necessary, thinking as he did so, "That's what a fellow gets for trying to cheat!" Bill's bruises hurt a good deal. We'll see next month if this did n't teach him a good lesson.)

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S
Vanishing Cream - Cold Cream
Toilet Soap - Pond's
Extract

POND'S EXTRACT
COMPANY

131 Hudson Street
New York



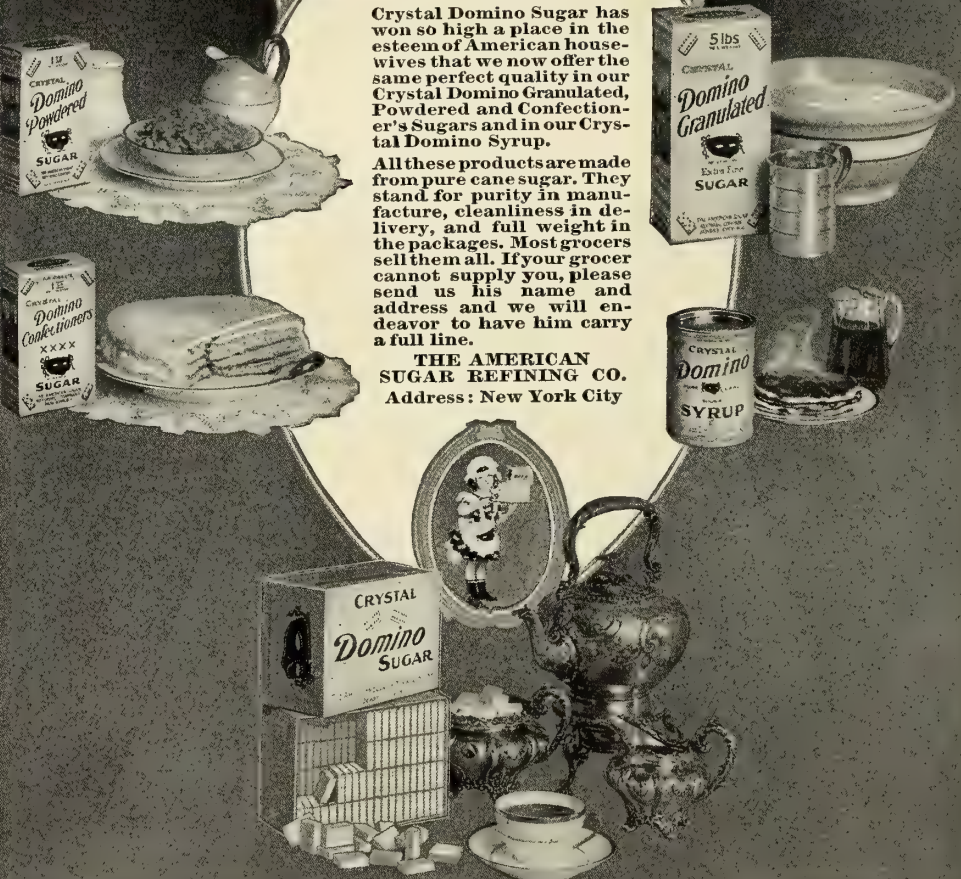
CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR
PRODUCTS

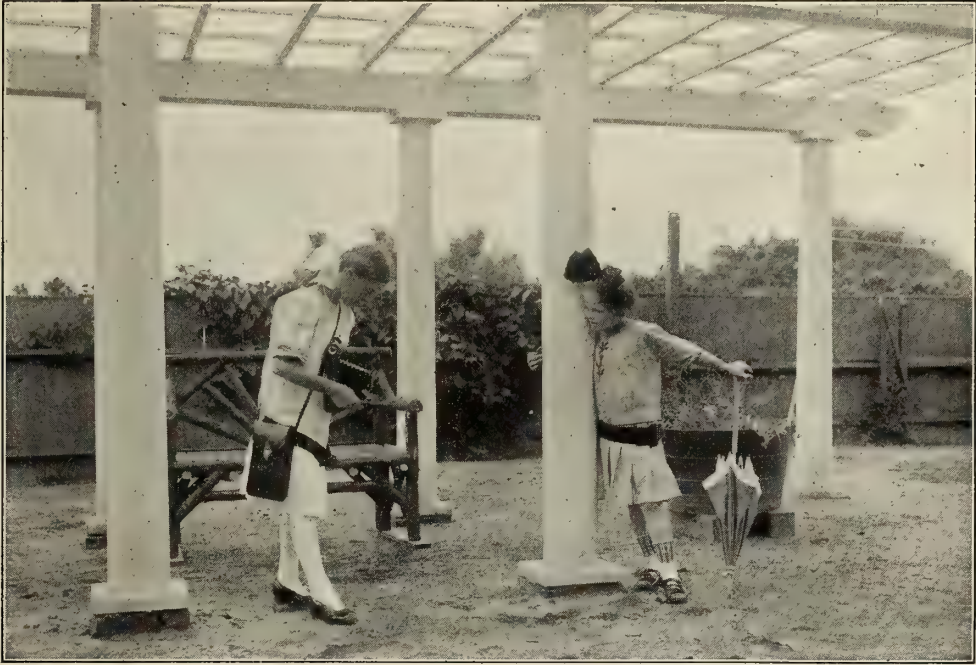
*"Pure at the Source—
Perfect at the Journey's End"*

Crystal Domino Sugar has won so high a place in the esteem of American housewives that we now offer the same perfect quality in our Crystal Domino Granulated, Powdered and Confectioner's Sugars and in our Crystal Domino Syrup.

All these products are made from pure cane sugar. They stand for purity in manufacture, cleanliness in delivery, and full weight in the packages. Most grocers sell them all. If your grocer cannot supply you, please send us his name and address and we will endeavor to have him carry a full line.

THE AMERICAN
SUGAR REFINING CO.
Address: New York City





Let the Children

KODAK

There's a simple charm, a spontaneity (that's a long word for ST. NICHOLAS) of pose in pictures taken of the children by the children that other pictures often lack—a naturalness that gives added interest to the family Kodak album. Besides, think of the clean, educational fun the children get out of it.

Kodaks from \$6.00 up; Brownies, \$1.00 to \$12.00, all are fully described in the Kodak catalogue. Free at your dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 153

This month we are going to test your memory. You have been reading ST. NICHOLAS advertisements for a long time, and many "trade-names" of good products have been impressed on your minds.

Without looking at any St. Nicholas see how many of the following questions you can answer correctly, the answer in every case being the "trade-name" of some product advertised in the August ST. NICHOLAS.

After you have written all the answers down in a column in alphabetical order and numbered them, open your August ST. NICHOLAS, look through the advertisements, and in a second column write the answer you then believe to be the correct one. In some cases your first answer may be correct. Do not change your first answer in any way, because that would not be fair to other competitors. Furthermore, we would not know how well the advertisements are doing their duty, which is to impress certain names and good qualities on your mind. You see, we are testing the advertisements as well as your own memory. No letter need be written this month. The correctness of your lists will be the only test.

Here are the questions. Write your answers in a column first without referring to the advertisements, then alongside of these write another column of answers giving these trade-marked names exactly as shown in the August ST. NICHOLAS. In most cases it is the name of the article rather than that of the manufacturer alone which should be given.

What is it that enables a band-master to hear his own band play after the band has ceased to play?

What foods are exploded in order to make them easily digested?

What drink is at once delicious and digestible, very nutritious, and is served hot or cold?

What peanut-butter comes in vacuum-sealed jars?

What hose supporters stand rough service?

What soap floats and is 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % pure?

What candy company has nearly fifty kinds of bonbons, chocolates, creams, nuts, jellies, molasses, and other candies?

What is good for bruises, sprains, bites, and other hurts?

What camera made by the Eastman Kodak Co. sells for from \$1.00 to \$12.00?

What good, wholesome food comes in containers that have a red and white label?

What comes in glass jars that tastes so good when it is crisp, brown, and hot from the pan?

What writing paper company has as its 'slogan', "When you think of writing, think of —"?

What company, one of whose names ends with an apostrophe s, like this, "'s," makes soups, pineapple, pork and beans, milk, and meats?

What furniture polish is good for oiling everything?

What is the trade-name the first word of which is "Post"?

The prizes will be:

One First Prize, \$5.00, to the sender of the most correct lists.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each, to the next two in merit. Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each, to the next three. Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each, to the next ten.

In event of ties each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.

Note: Prize-winners who are not subscribers to St. Nicholas are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your answer paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (153).

3. Submit answers by September 20, 1914. Do not use a pencil.

4. Write on one side of your paper only.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win a prize.

6. Address answer: Advertising Competition No. 153, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, Union Square, New York.



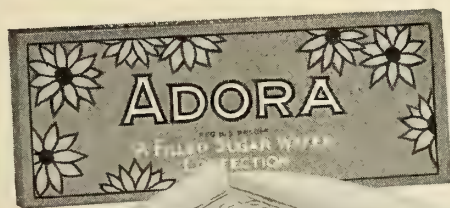
NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

THESE incomparable sweets are the most universally popular of all dessert confections. Whether served at dinner, afternoon tea or any social gathering, Nabisco Sugar Wafers are equally delightful and appropriate. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

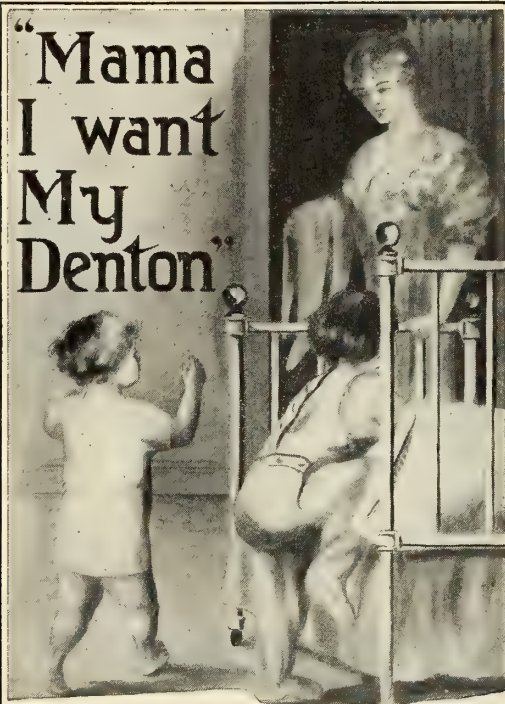
ADORA

Another dessert delight. Wafers of pleasing size and form with a bountiful confectionery filling. Another help to the hostess. In ten-cent tins.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





Dr. Denton Soft-knit Sleeping Garments

are Children's Delight and
the Choice of Careful Mothers.

Protect your little ones at night and get unbroken sleep yourself.

Dr. Denton Garments cover body, feet and hands. Feet are part of the Garment. Hands are covered by cuffs that turn down and close with draw-strings. Made from our Elastic, Knit, Mixed Cotton and Wool Fabric, specially devised to give most healthful sleep. The Soft-knit fabric carries off perspiration and keeps the child warm even if bed coverings are thrown off.

Prevent colds which often lead to pneumonia or other dangerous ailments.

Ideal for outdoor sleeping.

Eleven sizes for children up to ten years old. Prices, 50c to \$1.10 according to size and style.

**Soft and Durable.
Do not Shrink.**

Write for booklet giving Dr. Mary Wood Allen's practical ideas on "Healthful Sleep for Children." Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Denton Garments. Our trade mark, shown here, is attached to each garment. If you cannot get them of your dealer, write us.

DR. DENTON SLEEPING GARMENT MILLS,
690 Mill Street, Centreville, Mich.



TRADE MARK

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 151

Alexander's Fourth of July sky-rocket competition failed to work properly, much to his dismay. Only about one quarter of the contributors showed the rocket pasted together properly, and there were so few answers altogether, that many of you who did not try this time would have stood a very fair chance of being prize-winners. Those who did compete deserve their reward for being undaunted by conditions which discouraged all you timid ones.

We have a confession ourselves, however. You see, the artist who drew the picture and then cut out the pieces admitted afterward that he had once been within speaking distance of a real sky-rocket, but it had been so long ago that he had relied on his imagination—and, my, but his imagination was good!

However, most of those who followed directions with judgment sent in good answers. The slivers were meant to represent lines of sparks shooting in a bunch from the body of the rocket, although a few thought they were meant to be floral decorations, splinters caused by striking of the rocket, a few yards of tail or some other equally unique device.

Here is a list of the deserving ones:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Frances K. Marlatt, age 13, New York.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Elizabeth Hawes, age 10, New Jersey.

Harry C. Bailey, age 15, Pennsylvania.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Howard T. Walden, age 17, New Jersey.

Margaret Hill, age 13, New York.

Janette L. Holmes, age 13, Pennsylvania.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Persis Whitehead, age 13, Illinois.

Eleanor Hunt, age 15, Massachusetts.

Clay Hewes, age 11, New York.

Elinor C. Carpenter, age 14, Indiana.

Annie D. Egbert, age 14, New York.

Eleanor D. Smith, age 13, West Virginia.

Madeline Fiske, age 14, Massachusetts.

Lillian Scott, age 12, California.

Grace M. Eichel, age 13, New York.

Dorothy Dixon, age 12, New Jersey.

The October St. Nicholas
A good time to start a subscription

WALTER JOHNSON'S Own Story of His Life

and the first article he has ever given to the press will appear in the October number of ST. NICHOLAS.

It was ST. NICHOLAS that introduced Christy Mathewson to the magazine world, in a long article printed two years ago under the title "How I Became a 'Big-League' Pitcher," printed in 1912. And now this favorite periodical for young folk—which is, in fact, their patron Saint!—has secured from Mr. Johnson the first authoritative account to appear in print of how he rose from an obscure Western club, or what is known in base-ball language as "the bush league," to the very pinnacle of fame, as "the greatest pitcher of all time."

Every lover of base-ball must read this article.

The October St. Nicholas
A good time to start a subscription

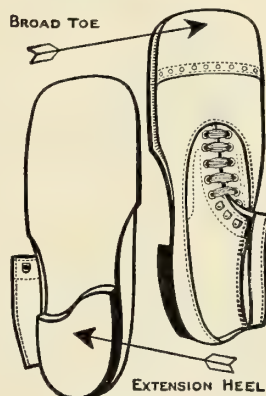
Another sketch of almost equal interest, but with a special appeal to girl readers, will be "THE TOMBOY OF BORDEAUX," a very human and sympathetic account of the girl-life of Rosa Bonheur, long famous as one of the great artists of France.

This sketch is enriched, moreover, by several unusually beautiful drawings by a young artist whose illustrations for another ST. NICHOLAS story recently took first prize, as a collection, in an important competitive exhibition of drawings in Philadelphia.

The October St. Nicholas
A good time to start a subscription

The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."



Growing feet should be properly protected and supported. Weak arches and "turned" ankles are controlled and strengthened by the

COWARD ^{ARCH} SUPPORT SHOE With COWARD EXTENSION HEEL

which helps the foot muscles without using clumsy braces or rigid metal plates. The natural-foot last permits unhampered movements of the toes, the close fitting heel seat steadies the ankle, and the arch is firmly supported by the extension heel. A comfortable, corrective shoe for ankle weakness and "flat-foot."

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel have been made by James S. Coward, in his Custom Department, for over thirty-four years.

Mail Orders Filled—Send for Catalogue

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 Greenwich St., New York City
(NEAR WARREN STREET)

School Department



National Park Seminary For Girls

Washington, D. C. (Suburbs). A junior college with preparatory department and two years of collegiate work. All the attractive features of the large and the small school. Prepares girls for the real business of life. Specialists in Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science, Arts and Crafts, Secretarial branches, Library methods, Business Law, Modern gymnasium—indoor and open-air sports. Bowling, Swimming, Riding. Democracy of life and consideration for the individual. Descriptive illustrated volume mailed to parents interested. Address

THE REGISTRAR,
National Park Seminary, Box 178,
Forest Glen, Maryland.

Thompson - Baldasseroni School of Travel. For Girls. 14th Year. Eight months' travel and study abroad. Usual courses. American home comforts. October sailing.

Mrs. W. W. SCOTT, Sec'y, Dover, N. H.



Educate Your Child In Your Own Home

Under the direction of
CALVERT SCHOOL, Inc.

(Established 1897)

A unique system by means of which children from kindergarten to 12 years of age may be educated at home by the best modern methods and under the guidance and supervision of a school with a national reputation for training young children. For information write, stating age of child.

THE CALVERT SCHOOL, 14 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.
V. M. HILLYER, A.B. (Harvard), Headmaster.

Boys! Girls! Speak a Foreign Language!



Learn on your own talking machine, at home, during spare moments—**French, German, Spanish, Italian**—easily, quickly. No tiresome rules. Just listen to the native professor's voice pronounce each word and phrase until you know it. Make your school work easy by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD •

combined with

ROSENTHAL'S PRACTICAL LINGUISTRY

Let us send you our free "Treatise on Language Study," and particulars. Write to-day.

The Language-Phone Method, 979 Putnam Bldg., 2 W. 45th St., N.Y.



Upper School

Ossining School

For Girls Ossining-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Preparatory and vocational courses. Music, art, Home making. Gardening and horticulture. 47th year. Separate house for younger girls. Send for Illustrated Year Book. Address

CLARA C. FULLER, Principal
MARTHA J. NARAMORE, Associate Principal



Lower School

UNCLE GLEN ON ST. NICHOLAS NEXT MONTH

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS READER:—
Uncle Glen is so very warm even up here in the country, that he is not going to write you a very long letter this month. Billy and Louise are over there in the sun playing tennis. I don't quite see how they can do anything but sit still and read, but they say they have read ST. NICHOLAS through twice, so there is nothing left to read. I asked them if they had read all the books the Book Man mentioned. They said no, they seemed so overwhelming. There were so many, it seemed like a task instead of a pleasure. But they finally decided that they would take fifteen minutes or half an hour each night just before bedtime for reading books. That will be all right if the books are n't too exciting. I think it is better to get ready for dinner early enough so they can read several chapters then. I'll tell you next month which plan works better.

But you probably want to know what is going to be in the October ST. NICHOLAS. I am going to surprise you this month, and not tell you anything about it. Well; if you insist, I will tell you *one* thing—but even that may not be about *October* ST. NICHOLAS.

Did you ever read "Little Lord Fauntleroy"?

That's a foolish question, you probably think.

Then you know that Frances Hodgson Burnett wrote it, and that it appeared in ST. NICHOLAS before it was published as a book. Mrs. Burnett, you know, also wrote "T. Tembarom," which appeared in THE CENTURY a few months ago. Over 100,000 copies of that book have been sold since last New Year's Day.

But why don't I tell you what all this has to do with ST. NICHOLAS? Well, Mrs. Burnett has written another wonderful story, and it will probably begin in the November ST. NICHOLAS.

Is n't that splendid?

Many other magazines wanted Mrs. Burnett to let them print this story, but she said: "No, I love ST. NICHOLAS most, and I want the ST. NICHOLAS family to have the story first."

Can you hardly wait for it to begin?

Boys and girls both will fall "head over heels" in love with this story I think, but in the October ST. NICHOLAS will be an all-boy story which many boys' sisters will read with delight. It is about the life of Walter Johnson, and tells how he became the greatest pitcher in base-ball.

There, I have told you about something that is really going to be in the October number. It is lucky for me that I am almost at the end of the page, or I might reveal some other secret of this "Surprise Number" of ST. NICHOLAS. And that would n't be quite fair, would it?

Uncle Glen



©
G. F. Co.
1914

HEALTHY kiddies are active from morning till night at hard play that is good for their little bodies. They exercise more muscles than do grown-ups and the things they wear must stand great strain and rough service.

Velvet Grip
OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON
HOSE SUPPORTERS
Child's sample pair (give age) 16c. postpaid
Sold Everywhere
GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON

LISTERINE

Use it every day

MOST boys and girls dislike to bother brushing the teeth. But those who *do* take time to care for the teeth are the ones who are seldom sick, stand high at school and excel at play. Good health follows good teeth. Good teeth depend upon regular daily brushing with Listerine, the safe, agreeable antiseptic. Don't use an imitation or substitute—get the genuine Listerine.

*All Druggists
Sell
Listerine—*

**LAMBERT
PHARMACAL
COMPANY
St. Louis,
Mo.**





KEWPIE GARTER

"With the Pin that Locks"

The Best for "EVERYCHILD"

Because the child can romp and run without the garter coming undone to scratch or tear. Because the Kewpie is best quality ALL ELASTIC top and bottom, giving maximum ease, flexibility and service. Because no metal touches the skin—though all parts are rustless. Because every pair comes clean, sanitary, unhandled in an individual sealed envelope.

25c a pair and WORTH IT.
Every Pair Guaranteed.

All sizes: children, misses, women.
If not at dealer's write us.

The Best Garter for "EVERYCHILD"

ARTHUR FRANKENSTEIN & CO., 518 Broadway, New York

Mothers!

Get the **Rubens** shirt for baby. That is the shirt without buttons, without open laps—the shirt which fits snugly and which never gets tight. The warm shirt that's needed in winter and summer—the shirt that's double-thick in front.

Sizes for any age from birth. Made in cotton, wool and silk. Also in merino (half wool). Also in silk and wool. Prices 25 cents up.

Sold by dry-goods stores, or sold direct where dealers can't supply. Ask us for pictures, sizes and prices.

Rubens & Marble, Inc.
354 W. Madison St.
Chicago




 Reg. U. S. Pat. Office
 Get this Label



Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

is fine for growing
boys and girls

Beech-Nut Packing Company
Canajoharie, N. Y.



THE BOOK MAN

As all ST. NICHOLAS readers know, a dreadful war has been going on throughout all Europe.

Every one is reading all they can to find out just why this particular war occurred. It is rather hard for young people, and many older ones, to understand.

The Book Man has just been reading about the book "A Boy of the First Empire," by Eldridge Brooks. It tells all about the most exciting period of Napoleon's military career. Napoleon was trying to conquer all Europe a hundred years ago, you know—that that is just about what Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany has had to do in this war of 1914. So if you want a thrilling story that will educate you while it entertains, read this book published by The Century Co.

If you would like to know what life on a modern man-of-war is like, read "Three Years Behind the Guns," by "L. G. T." The author lived this life, so he writes from his own experience.

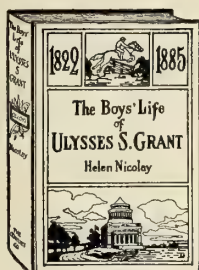
Writing of Napoleon, one of the Book Man's readers says: "Good or bad, he is my favorite hero!" This young lady and all those who admire the war genius, should read "The Story Life of Napoleon," a book consisting of hundreds of stories about Napoleon, one third of which reveal his almost unknown boyhood and youth. It will be published in October, and will have many pictures.

Now that there is so much talk about European history, many young folks are realizing that a study of history may be both interesting and valuable. So the Book Man appends a list of historical stories that are surely both interesting and profitable reading.

Indian Stories.
Colonial Stories.
Revolutionary Stories.
Civil War Stories.
Our National Holidays.
Stories of the Ancient World.
Stories of Classic Myths.
Stories of Greece and Rome.
Stories of the Middle Ages.
Stories of Chivalry.
Stories of Royal Children.

THE BOOK MAN—Continued

One of the good things about these stories is that although they number 200 pages each, they cost only 65 cents apiece. Your book-seller has them.



Then there is "The Boy's Life of Ulysses S. Grant," by Helen Nicolay, a war story full of action as well as of historic interest.

Another book which boys especially will like is "Famous Indian Chiefs," by Major-General O. O. Howard, who had many years' experiences living and fighting and making friends with the Indians of our country. So his stories of the Indians are true stories, and a thousand times more fascinating than any make-believe.

"A Frigate's Namesake" shows how a little girl unable to show her love and admiration for her country's navy, determines to share their glory by learning of all the brave deeds of Uncle Sam's boys.

Then there is "Hero Tales from American History," by Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge—twenty-six stories, including descriptions of the battles of New Orleans, Bennington, Trenton, and sketches of frontier heroes.

A twelve-year old Columbus, Ohio, girl writes to The Book Man, giving the following admirable list of books as her favorites:

- Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur."
- Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakspeare."
- Cervantes' "Don Quixote."
- Bulwer Lytton's "The Last Days of Pompeii."
- Bulfinch's "Age of Fable."
- Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."
- Louisa Alcott's "Little Women," and other books.
- Stevenson's "Treasure Island."
- Kipling's Jungle Books.
- And St. NICHOLAS!

How many of you other girls and boys can give a list as creditable?

If the Book Man can help you about planning you Fall reading, please write him and he will write you or answer your questions here.

The Book Man

You'll like the quality and service you get in

Hickory

Hose Supporters

For boys and girls of all ages



T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

You'll like the clasp that holds the stocking securely between Rubber and Rubber; the pin at the waist that doesn't slip or come loose; the strong serviceable elastic web that wears long.

You'll like the new Jasper webbing; a black-and-white stripe that doesn't show dirt; also made in plain black or white.

You'll like the prices

15 to 25 cents, according to size.

At all dealers, or send 20c for a trial pair. State age of child.

A. Stein & Company, Makers

1158 West Congress Street

Chicago

EASY, SANITARY DUSTING—WITH 3 IN ONE OIL

Moisten cheese cloth with a little 3-in-One. Then wipe your piano, mantel, dining room table, buffet—any varnished or veneered surface.

3-in-One will collect every single particle of dust—every atom will adhere to the cheese cloth. No dust, no germs can be scattered about. 3-in-One keeps everything clean and sanitary. 3-in-One contains no grease, no acid. 3-in-One positively leaves no residue on furniture to rub off on your clothes.

3-in-One is the all-around Household oil, too. It lubricates perfectly sewing machines, talking machines, locks, clocks, hinges, everything that needs oiling. Cleans and polishes furniture and fixtures till they shine like new. Absolutely prevents rust on all metal surfaces, indoors or out.

Try 3-in-One Free, Now.

Write today for a generous free sample and the valuable 3-in-One dictionary. Both free.

For sale at all good stores in 3 size bottles—10c—25c—and new size ½ pint for ½ dollar. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 3½ ozs., 25c.

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY

42QW. Broadway

NEW YORK



ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

SWITZERLAND

ONE of the readers of this Stamp Page writes us from far-away Switzerland. We take pleasure in letting our readers know what she has to say about William Tell and the new Swiss stamps. We quote from her letter:

Bern, June 23, 1914.

Wilhelm Tell is the key-note in Switzerland, as every one knows, and this year, in addition to the regular outdoor theatrical representations at Inter-

laken of Schiller's drama, the Swiss offer an opera dealing with the Tell tradition. It is rendered in French, and a notable point in it is that Tell wears no beard!

"But Wilhelm Tell *had* a beard," stoutly insisted our little daughter.

"How do you know?" asked her father.

"Because the new ten- and twelve- and fifteen-centime stamps have Tell heads on them, and each one has a beard!" was the triumphant reply.

Naturally, this put an end to all doubt, and turned our attention to the new stamps as they are displayed

in the Postal Exhibit of the Swiss National Exposition. They are to be put in circulation July first, and are very beautiful indeed. The design for them has been drawn by Kissling, copying his well-known bronze figure in Altdorf on the Lake of the Four Cantons, and shows Wilhelm Tell, the head covered with the linen hood that is an extension of the coarse linen shirt, an article of clothing still worn in the Wilhelm Tell neighborhood. Over his shoulder he carries the famous crossbow, and his piercing eyes seem

to be looking from one mountain-top to another, across deep valleys. The ten-centime stamp is red, the twelve-, brown, and the fifteen- is purple, all engraved on buff paper. The two-, three-, and five-centime stamps remain unchanged—Tell's boy holding up the bow with the right hand while with the left he grasps the pierced apple. One thing for careful collectors to notice is, that the Tell boy issue of 1909 shows the bowstring in front, while in the issue of 1911 it is behind the stock.



The new three-franc (green), five-franc (blue), and ten-franc (purple) stamps, engraved on white paper, are oblong and ornamented with various Swiss landscapes, important in the history of the country. The first named bears the sharp points of The Mythen, near Lucerne, the second, the historical "Rütli," scene of the famous Oath, while the ten-franc stamp bears the towering white peak of the Jungfrau, with Helvetia, dressed in the costume of a Bernese peasant girl.

Years ago, the first examples of Swiss stamps bore a simple white Maltese cross on a red ground, and the post-office has shown nothing striking since then; but it seems that now a new era has begun, and that Swiss stamps have definitely taken place among the handsomest of their kind.

ETHEL HÜGLI-CAMP.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

THE following is a list of the Presidents whose portraits can be found upon the stamps of the United States. The figures in parenthesis after the name indicate the year (or series of stamps) upon which such a portrait first appeared. In the case of several Presidents and especially Washington, the likeness has appeared upon more than one series. Washington (1847), Jefferson (1851), Jackson (1862), Lincoln (series of 1862), Taylor (1875), Garfield (1882), Grant (1890), Madison (1894), Harrison (1902), Monroe (1904), McKinley (1904).

Washington may be called the Father of his Country, but certainly Franklin may with equal justness be called the "Father" of its postal service. It is in recognition of his wonderful work in this department that his portrait appears upon so many issues of its stamps. With the exception of Washington, there is no portrait so frequently used upon our stamps as that of Franklin. There are several of our advertisers who issue at a nominal price a small monthly journal of bargains. These little papers often have exceedingly interesting news items, and are always replete with the bargains offered by their publishers. They are usually to be had regularly for the trifling sum of twelve cents per year, or just enough to cover the cost of postage. We would suggest that all the readers of this page try one or two of these for a year. We are convinced that you will each feel well repaid, and will learn to look forward eagerly for the arrival of every paper.

To clean a stamp which has become soiled, either through careless handling or in course of transit through the mails, take a soft camel's-hair brush and give the stamp a bath in a little benzene. If the stamp has been canceled, it may afterward be washed off with clear water. Or if your stamp is discolored, as are many of the Civil War revenues of the United States, bathe it in peroxide of hydrogen. The peroxide will cleanse it without injury, and often materially brightens and restores the color.

Although several of her colonies have long used "postage-due" stamps, it is only recently that Great Britain has issued any of them. We know of only four values—halfpenny (green), penny (carmine), twopence (agate), fivepence (brown). We think that these are the only stamps issued for regular postage use upon which there is no portrait of the reigning monarch.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

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DANDY PACKET STAMPS free for name, address 2 collectors, 2c. postage. Send to-day. U.T.K. STAMP CO., Utica, N. Y.

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Your choice of a board covered album, or 100 diff. stamps, to all applying for our excellent approval sheets at 50% discount. 25 diff. Japan, 10c. 20 diff. Mexico, 10c.

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5 VARIETIES PERU FREE. With trial approval sheets. F. E. THORP, NORWICH, N. Y.

Stamps! 333 Foreign Missionary stamps, only 7c. 100 foreign, no 2 alike, incl. Mexico, Japan, etc., 5c. 100 diff. U. S. fine, 30c. 1000 fine mixed, 20c. Agents wanted, 50%. List free! I Buy Stamps. L. B. DOVER, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Approvals 66 2/3% Discount.

A. H. BRYANT, ANGEL ISLAND, CAL.

ARE YOU STAMP-WISE?

BUY NO TRASH

If you collect BRITISH COLONIALS you make an investment that will pay you dividends permanently, as they rise in value constantly, while other stamps are at a standstill. We will give away FREE to every purchaser of \$3.00 worth of stamps from our new Price List, for a limited time, our \$5.00 ROYAL BRITISH COLONIAL ALBUM. Our new Price List tells you all about it. 500 all different British Colonials, \$5.75; 200, \$1.25; 100, 35c.; 50, 15c. Every stamp is perfect.

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STAMPS FREE, 100 ALL DIFFERENT

For the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c. TOLEDO STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A.

Fine stamps one to three cents each on approval. 100 to 500 varieties to collectors sending reference. Higher values 75% discount. A. O. DURLAND, EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

1 lb. BAG UNSORTED MISSION POSTAGE STAMPS from over 100 countries, well mixed so there are over 1000 diff. kinds. Catalogs hundreds of dollars. Post-paid at \$3.00. WORLD-WIDE MISSIONS, STORM LAKE, IOWA.

STAMPS 108 ALL DIFFERENT.

Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. I buy stamps. C. STEGMAN, 5941 COTE BRILLANTE AV., ST. LOUIS, MO.



Have you all the war-nations' stamps?

Who knows but that the present war in Europe may change whole countries. If that happens, think how fine it would be to have a collection of the old stamps.

AYVAD'S WATER-WINGS

Learn to Swim by One Trial For Sale Everywhere

Plain, 25c.
Fancy, 35c.

AYVAD MAN'G CO., Hoboken, N. J.

Helpful Suggestions

ON this page are suggestions where most ideal pets may be found. Dolls can't play with you, games sometimes grow tiresome, and toys wear out, but a loving little pet will bring a new companionship and happiness into the home, growing stronger with passing years, oftentimes aiding in health and character building and frequently proving a staunch protector and friend. We are always ready to assist in the selection of a pet and like to help when possible. We try to carry only the most reliable advertisements and believe you can count on courteous and reliable service from the dealers shown below. ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT



Do You Love Dogs?

Of course you do, and when yours is sick you wish to know how to make him well again. It would be better still not to let him become sick at all, and that is why you should know all about

VERMILAX

This is a vegetable medicine that dogs need and like. When used regularly it keeps them perfectly well, sweet tempered and happy.

Almost every dog vomits, twitches or froths at the mouth occasionally. Many dogs have fits or drag their hind feet along on the ground. If your dog shows such signs, give him VERMILAX, and he will at once recover his usual health and playfulness.

If your druggist does n't sell VERMILAX we will send it by Parcels Post. Prices 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle.

VERMILAX CO., INC.

Dept. 40-B, 220 West 42d Street, New York City



There is Nothing that Can Take the Place of

SPRATT'S Dog Cakes & Puppy Biscuits

Send 2-cent stamp for "Dog Culture"

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, NEWARK, N. J.



Of course you like puppies and kittens, but would n't the best of all be a

Baby Shetland Pony

born this year? We can choose yours now for Christmas. Write and I will pick out the best foal for you from our large herd. This one is grown up. For any kind of pony write immediately to

SHADY NOOK FARM, No. Ferrisburg, Vermont



Dodson Bird Houses

Attract Bluebirds, Wrens, Martins, Tree Swallows, etc., to live in your gardens. **Dodson Sparrow Trap** catches from 100 to 200 English Sparrows a day. Price, \$5.00 f.o.b. Chicago. Write for **The Dodson Book About Birds**—sent free on request.

JOSEPH H. DODSON

707 Security Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

BABY SHETLANDS

and full-grown ponies. Registered, of champion stock.

Our ponies are exceptionally gentle and well broken. Not afraid of automobiles.

Buy a colt and let it grow up with your child. Write:

SUNSET HILL FARM, Portsmouth, N. H.



Dogs Used in War!

In Europe dogs are trained to fight, but in the United States such loving, peaceful little animals as *Scottish Collie* pups are taught to protect and love and obey. Beautiful pedigreed collie pups like these for sale. Also a book on training your dog, price 25c.

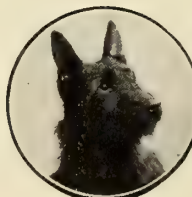
Sunnybrae Collie Kennels

Mr. F. R. Clarke Bloomington, Ill.

Airedale Puppies for Sale

Four months old, Grandsire Champion Colne Rockley Oorang, Sire Champion Soudan Swiveller, strong, healthy, raised in country, coat and conformation exceptionally good. Write

GEORGE M. LINCOLN, Malone, N. Y.



Scottish Terriers

Offered as companions. Not given to fighting or roaming. Best for children's pets.

NEWCASTLE KENNELS

Brookline, Mass.

St. Nicholas Pet Department—Continued



Delight the children with a Shetland Pony

—an unceasing source of pleasure, a safe and ideal playmate. Makes the child strong and robust. Highest types here. Complete outfits. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for illustrated catalogue.

BELLE MEADE FARM
Box 9 Markham, Va.



SPECIAL NOTICE

We must reduce our stock of CATS, DOGS, KITTENS and PUPPIES to make room for our boarders. Many of our best will go at sacrifice prices to first comers.

Make boarding reservations now for your dog or cat's vacation. Catalogue and rates upon request.

BLACK SHORT HAired CATTERY, Oradell, N. J.
N. Y. Office, 112 Carnegie Hall Tel., 3691 Columbus



Voltamp Motors
"Little Dickie" Prepaid \$1.10

Special Offer, 30 Days

This perfect Motor with Switch and "Motor Hints" mailed anywhere in U. S. or Canada on receipt of \$1.10. Every boy and grown-up should have the new VOLTAMP Catalog—just the book for the experimenter. Wireless, Telegraphs, Motors, Dynamos, Transformers, Rectifiers, Miniature Railways and Parts, Raw Materials and hundreds of others. Sent only for 6c in stamps or coin. Largest Electrical Mail Order House in U. S.

VOLTAMP ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
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HARTSHORN

**SHADE
ROLLERS**
Original and unequalled.
Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine:

Stewart Hartshorn

Coming Into Man's Estate

REAL boys read ST. NICHOLAS, real men read Forest and Stream. Between the age of boy and man is the time when the male human needs attention. Forest and Stream shows the youth how to become a real honest injun sportsman, and allows a special price to ST. NICHOLAS boys. Twenty-five cents for a three months' trial.

FOREST AND STREAM

For more than 40 years the recognized sportsman's authority
22 Thames St., New York

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

1915
Model



with freight prepaid, on the new 1915 'RANGER' bicycle if you write at once for big catalog and special offer. **Marvelous improvements. Extraordinary values in our 1915 price offers.** You cannot afford to buy without getting our latest propositions. **TIRES, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line half usual prices. RIDER AGENTS WANTED.** You can make big money taking orders for bicycles and sundries. Do business direct with the leading bicycle house in America. **Write to us.**

Mead Cycle Co. Dept. C-272 Chicago Ills

\$2.48 Per Tire Buys Goodyear Quality Bicycle Tires

Why pay \$4.25 apiece for other standard bicycle tires when \$2.48 buys the famous Goodyear-Akron—single tube—guaranteed? Men cannot build better tires than Goodyear. And here the price is cut in two through Goodyear methods, enormous production, modern equipment and the low market price of best rubber.

These Goodyear-Akron tires are made in the world's greatest tire factory, where up to 10,000 Goodyear pneumatic tires are made daily. Goodyear-Akrons excel all rivals—just as do Goodyear automobile and motorcycle tires—tires that also have won top place in their

GOOD YEAR
AKRON, OHIO

fields. Of course lesser tires sell at even lower prices. But the several leading makes still cost you \$4.25 per tire. Yet Goodyear-Akron quality tires cost only \$2.48. We are content with a small profit. Our average profit last year was 6½ per cent.

How to Get Them

Order from us direct. For the plain tread, send \$2.48 per tire. For the non-skid, send \$2.75 per tire. If we have a dealer near you, order will be filled through him. Otherwise we send by Parcel Post. We ask direct orders because all dealers are not yet supplied. (1642)

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Department 213, Akron, Ohio



Be Sure to
Read what
it says on
the Heel

“How Do You Like My New Shoes? Are Yours O’Sullivanized Too?”



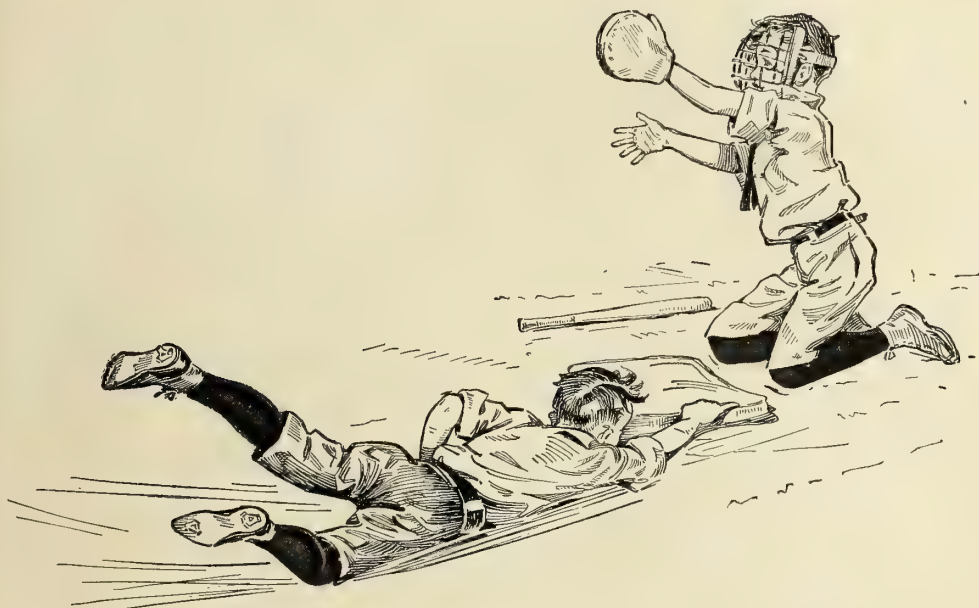
I used to wear my regular shoes with their O’Sullivan’s Rubber Heels, it seemed almost as if I had no shoes on at all. Then I recalled that pair of tan O’Sullivanized shoes I had my eye on when school closed in June. So I asked Father that night if he did n’t think it was time I got my school shoes. All he said was, ‘Son, I believe you are growing up,’ meaning, I knew, that I never used to think of such practical things as shoes.

“REMEMBER that pair of ‘war’ shoes I had last winter? I told you about them on advertising page 25 in the July ST. NICHOLAS. Well, sir, I have been going ‘barefoot’ so much this summer, and wearing sneakers and things, that I did n’t like the thought of putting on any high shoes at all.

“Then one day I suddenly remembered that when

“Next day Mother and I went down to the store and bought almost the identical pair of shoes with *real* O’Sullivan Rubber Heels I had picked out. They were so easy and comfortable to walk in I wore them right home, and then kept right on wearing them. I went around the house so quietly that Father asked me if I was sick.

“These are the most comfortable shoes I ever had. I can tell you I’ll never go without O’Sullivan’s Rubber Heels again. Father and Mother wear them now, so they will let me have them on all my shoes.”



Who Darns the Stockings?

You will not have to, mother, if you let the children wear Holeproofs. Buy these hose for dress wear or for play. They are stylish and soft. Yet we *definitely guarantee* them, and most pairs *outwear* the guarantee.

Three pairs are guaranteed to need no darning for three months. If any of the three pairs should need darning within that time, we will replace them with new hose free. Six pairs are guaranteed for half a year.

We make Holeproofs of the finest Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarns—yarns that cost us an average of 74c per pound, while common yarns sell for 32c.

Ours are long-fibre yarns, light in weight and soft. The extra long fibres make them extra strong.

Box of three pairs Guaranteed \$1.00. Box of six pairs Guaranteed \$2.00.



Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We have made stylish, soft hosiery for men, women and children, and sold it with a guarantee, for the past fourteen years. Now nearly two million people wear these hose. Why don't you and your husband, as well as the children, wear them?

Buy a box for each member to try—today. Stop darning. Go see what these hose are like.

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. Write for dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book which tells all about Holeproof.

Holeproof Hosiery Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.
London, Canada

Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley
Liverpool, England



By invitation, member of Rice Leaders of the World Association.

\$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's; \$2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's and children's; \$1.00 per box for four pairs of infants'. Above boxes guaranteed six months. \$1.00 per box for three pairs of children's, guaranteed three months. \$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's *silk* Holeproof socks; \$3.00 per box for three pairs of women's *silk* Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed *three months*.

Holeproof
GUARANTEED
Silk Gloves
FOR WOMEN

Write for the free book about Holeproof Silk Gloves, and ask for the names of the dealers who sell them. These are the *durable*, stylish gloves that every woman has wanted. Made in all sizes, lengths and colors. (579)



Who Ever Forgot His First Dish of Puffed Grains?

You have forgotten, no doubt, when you first tasted most things. But one always remembers the first dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Look back—you who know them. Note how well you recollect the first sight of them. What other food dainty in all your lives ever left such an impression?

Your Time is Coming

Your time is coming—if it hasn't come—when you learn the delights of Puffed Grains. Some day you will order a package. Out will roll brown, bubble-like grains, eight times normal size.

You will see crisp, airy, fragile morsels

which seem too good to eat. You will serve them with cream and sugar, mix them with fruit, or float like crackers in bowls of milk. And you will find that these thin-walled, flaky grains have a taste like toasted nuts.

You will never forget that morning.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

**CORN
PUFFS**
15¢

These are Prof. Anderson's foods—made by his patent process. Every food granule is steam-exploded for easy, complete digestion. Every food atom is made available.

So these are more than dainties. In all

the ages, no other process has so fitted grains for food. That is the main reason why you should know them. Get a package of each—get them today—and see which kind you like best.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(653)



← SOFT COTTON
← AIR SPACE
← WARM WOOL

FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S SAKE, DEAR MOTHER, READ ALL THESE FACTS

You are not selfish—you want your children to be just as well protected against sickness as *you* are.

But ARE they? Diphtheria and croup, those dreadful diseases, *often* result from wearing faulty underwear.

You, with your superior wisdom, know how to take precautions to offset underwear faults. YOUR CHILDREN DO NOT. THEY do not know that when overheated by *woolen* underwear they should cool off gradually, or that it is dangerous to throw off heavy outer garments when wearing *cotton* underwear.

The love that you bear them, dear mother, cries out for the protection furnished only by

Duofold Underwear

Duofold is different from any other underwear. It is a *double* garment, consisting of an outer fabric of *warm*, light-weight wool, and an inner lining of *soft*, thin cotton. The cotton absorbs the moisture of the body and protects the flesh from the irritating wool. The wool repels the Winter's cold and retains the natural heat of the body.

The two fabrics are joined by wide stitching through which the air circulates and keeps the garment fresh and dry.

This scientific construction keeps the body at a more even, natural heat *under all changes of temperature*. It does for children what your pleadings and punishments never will teach them to do for themselves. Physicians wear and endorse Duofold as the Ideal underwear.

Get it for the whole family. If you don't know the name of the Duofold dealer in your locality, write to us.

FREE—Sample of Duofold Fabric and booklet on request.

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO., 22 Elizabeth Street, Mohawk, N. Y.



This free booklet will interest you and your children.

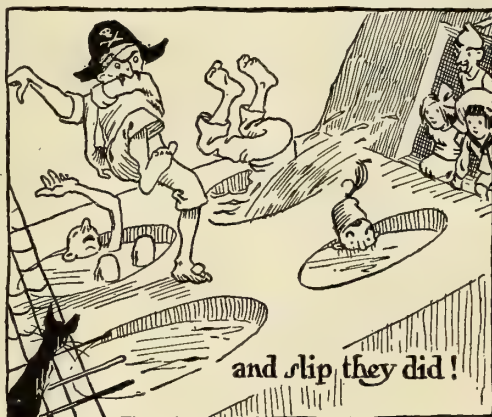
THE
CRUISE
OF

IVORY SHIP

Reformed Pirates

TO see a lot of Pirate Men swarm over side and rail; to see their whiskers bristle is a sight to make you quail. But what is worse about such men is that most shameless crime of having very dirty hands and faces smeared with grime. For *outside* dirt has *soaking* ways; it's sure to soak right in the *inside* places of our hearts and soil them up with sin.

A Pirate Man is *never* clean and it is often hopeless to try to make him kind and good, he is so **IVORY SOAP**-less. Our little Friends were well aware that if the pirate crew once got their dirty hands on them, why, they'd be dirty too. So, *still as mice* our Heroes lay flat on their **IVORY SHIP**, for well they knew that pirate crew would get an awful *SLIP*.



And slip they **DID**, and *slide* they **DID**. A deck like **IVORY SHIP'S** is where a naughty Pirate falls, and where uncleanness trips. Our Heroes didn't say a word, till brave Gniff shouted "**BOO!**", then everybody pounced upon that unwashed

pirate crew. And then they caught each pirate man by coat-tails or by neck, and *slid* him right into a hole dug in their **IVORY** deck. Of course you must remember how those holes were filled with water amounting to ten gallons and an *extra* little quarter. Our Heroes *soused* those pirate men like bags of mussy duds. They poked and rolled them up and down in *pure* white **IVORY** suds. At last those pirate men were pure and also clean and white; but what was better, they were *tame* and *good* and real polite.



"We promise to reform," they cried, "No longer will we be unclean or naughty Pirate Men, or terrors of the sea."

"You are excused," our Heroes said, "And you're *reformed*, we hope. But don't thank **US**, thank those who make that blessing, **IVORY SOAP**."

With pleasant smiles the Pirate Men (*Pirates* no more), withdrew, and *soon* you'll hear what happened next to our devoted crew. For gallant deeds and noble lives—*adventures* too are sure to come to those whose thoughts and hands like **IVORY SOAP** are **PURE**.



THIS PAGE IS
REPRODUCED BY
SPECIAL PERMIS-
SION OF "JOHN
MARTIN'S BOOK"
(A MAGAZINE FOR
LITTLECHILDREN)

YES, "**IVORY**" IS A JOLLY BOAT, IT'S PURE, AND FUN TO SEE IT FLOAT.

IVORY SOAP



IT FLOATS

Says Polly Pan,
"I always can
Be bright, with due reflection.
Because I choose
To always use
Old Dutch for my complexion."



On written request we will mail — free of charge — a booklet, "The Spickanspan Folks," containing six beautiful colored prints especially designed for young folks. "Old Dutch," 151 West Monroe St., Chicago

Fit for a King

—a royal dish at thousands of
breakfasts this morning.

Crisp, golden flakes with the
delicate sweetness of toasted
Indian corn—ready to serve.

Post Toasties

with cream and sugar—and
peaches.



"MY LIFE STORY," by WALTER JOHNSON

VOL. XLI, No. 12

OCTOBER, 1914

PRICE, 25 CENTS

ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE CENTURY CO. UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

The early Riser Appetizer

Everybody
hurries
when the
tempting
aroma of

Swift's Premium Ham or Bacon

tells them that the world's
best breakfast is ready.

Look for the legend
"U. S. Inspected and Passed"
on all meat food products you buy.

At all Dealers

Swift & Company
U. S. A.



THE CENTURY CO., UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, PRESIDENT, DOUGLAS Z. DOTY, SECRETARY, GEORGE L. WHELOCK, TREASURER, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

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(Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off.)

[Entered at N.Y. Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter

If you love music there should be a Victrola in your home

A Victrola has no limitations—
with a Victrola you can hear
practically all the music of all the
world sung and played by the
greatest artists, bands and orches-
tras. For within the pages of
the Victor catalog there are more
than 5000 vocal and instrumental
selections for you to choose from.

Is there not a place for a
Victrola in your home? Some day
you will surely have a Victrola,
and when this day comes you
will immediately realize that you
have added to your home the one
thing that will bring the greatest
pleasure to every member of your
family.

There are Victors and Victrolas in
great variety of styles from \$10 to
\$200, and any Victor dealer will gladly
play any music you wish to hear.

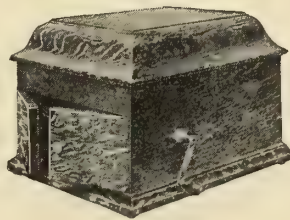
Victor Talking Machine Co.
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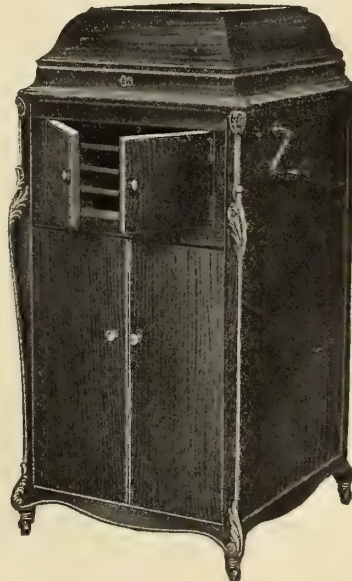
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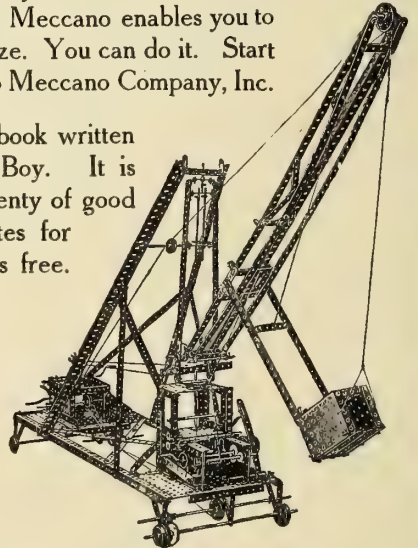
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In the United States and Canada, the price of THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is \$3.00 a year in advance, or 25 cents a single copy, without discount or extra inducement of any kind. Foreign postage is 60 cents extra when subscribers abroad wish the magazine mailed directly from New York to them. We request that remittance be by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. The Century Co. reserves the right to suspend any subscription taken contrary to its selling terms, and to refund the unexpired credit.

The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

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War News and THE CENTURY

(Preliminary Announcement)

Beginning with the November number, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE will interpret to its readers what lies back of the bare facts of bulletin and despatch. A notable group of CENTURY contributors is already engaged on this important work.

In New York W. MORGAN SHUSTER and SAMUEL P. ORTH of Cornell will write of the war and its effects from an ethnic and political point of view.

JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY, now in London, will deal with the personalities of the war lords and the spirit of the nations.

ESTELLE LOOMIS, the brilliant short story writer, now in Paris, will be sending THE CENTURY sketches of vivid human interest.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, now in Switzerland, has put himself in touch with the German authorities with a view to presenting views of Germany in war time.

DR. HENDRIK VAN LOON, historian and journalist, has gone to his native land, Holland, where he will write of the Lowlands in war time.

ALBERT EDWARDS, the well-known novelist and travel writer, is to leave for Europe in the near future with a roving commission from THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. His mission is to help build the literature that will grow out of the war itself.

JAMES LANE ALLEN'S new novel, "The Sword of Youth," will begin in the November CENTURY—a stirring love story of war times.

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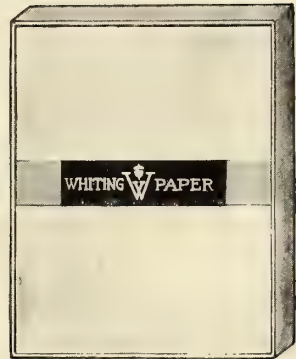
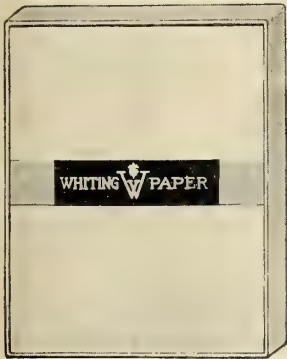
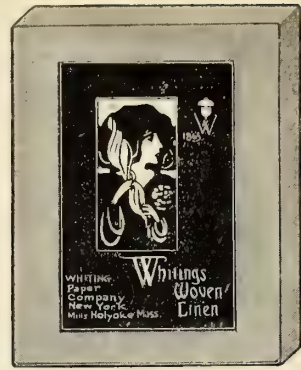
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First chapters in the November St. Nicholas

News—Good News

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

PEG O' THE RING

Among the other serials of the new volume will be one written by special request of many ST. NICHOLAS readers, "Peg o' the Ring; or, A Maid of Denewood," by Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe.

THE BOARDED- UP HOUSE

A third story, intended mainly for girls, but of interest to the whole family, and with a remarkable mystery element which will keep all its readers in eager suspense, is "The Boarded-up House," by Augusta Huiell Seaman, author of "Jacqueline of the Carrier Pigeons," "Little Mamselle of the Wilderness," etc.

FOR THE OLDER BOYS

For the older boys who read ST. NICHOLAS, the new volume will offer more special features than ever before, one of them a serial with the alluring title of "Chained Lightning," which a boy who has read it describes as a rattling good adventure yarn. The new volume will make a special feature of "Practical Mechanics for Boys"—in fact, the pages devoted to this subject will mean virtually a new department for the magazine. Every boy, too, will be glad to know that Parke H. Davis, author of "Foot-ball, the American Intercollegiate Game," and representative of Princeton University on the Rules Committee, is to contribute another article in the November number on "Tactics and Tacticians of the Gridiron."

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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLI

OCTOBER, 1914

NO. 12

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THE TOMBOY FROM BORDEAUX

BY KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

"You think you have a daughter, my Sophia, but you are mistaken, for Rosalie is not a girl. She is just a boy in petticoats!"

Madame Bonheur looked up from her spinning with a smile that was tinged with sadness, for she knew her father spoke the truth, and it grieved her. But a musical laugh floated into the room just then, and her eyes turned lovingly toward the girl who was romping under the chestnut-trees.

"It seems that way," she replied, "and I often wish she were different. But she has a clear mind and a good heart, and I think will come out all right."

"Aye, aye, I hope so," the old man said, as he walked to the door and looked out at the sky against whose midsummer blue were painted the masts of a hundred ships. The Bonheurs lived not far from the Bordeaux docks, and between the trees might always be had a glimpse of the vessels anchored there; so he stood with a pleasant expression on his wrinkled face, listening to the calls of the men who were working among the boats.

Madame Bonheur went on with her household tasks, now turning from the spinning to tend the stew that simmered over the charcoal fire, or to turn the square of linen bleaching just outside the window, and wondering much, as she threw the creamy tow over the spindle, what made her Rosalie so different from other girls, always

wanting to romp with boys instead of doing a stint of embroidery as a French maiden should.

But out in the pleasant garden Rosalie was having a beautiful time. No thought of anything but the game of soldier they were playing was in her mind, for she was captain, and the fighters who followed her were her brother Auguste and a group of neighborhood children, charging and retreating against a fort—which was n't a fort at all, but just a stone wall over which pale pink roses tumbled in a mass of bloom. They sallied and skirmished as if each one were a chevalier of France, and of course there was victory for the assaulting army. For no death-dealing guns thundered from that rampart, and it was easy to become a general or even a field-marshal through victories gained so quickly and easily. Perhaps many a battle might have been waged in that one short afternoon, but a call from the door sent military tactics out of the young commander's head. The neighborhood children scurried homeward, and with Auguste at her heels she scampered toward the house, leaving the wall and its roses to sleep in the sunshine as before.

"Your father is here, and he has something to tell you," the mother announced as they ran into the low-ceiled room. "See if you can guess what it is."

And the two climbed up on his chair, begging to be told all about it.

"I know!" Auguste exclaimed, as he clapped

his small brown hands. "You 're going to take us to the docks to see the boats."

He was always thinking of the harbor and of the sturdy seamen who sang as they toiled there, and could imagine nothing more delightful than an hour along the quays.

But Rosalie shook her head.

She loved animals as few children loved them, and was not, like Auguste, wild about the boats and the sailors.

"Of course not!" she said merrily. "I think he means to get us another dog, or maybe a goat."

At which the father and mother both laughed.

"Neither of you has guessed rightly," the man spoke pleasantly. "I am going to Paris, and after a while will send for you, and we shall all be Parisians."

Auguste gave a scream of delight.

"Oh, I am so glad!" he cried. "There are hundreds of soldiers in Paris, and Émile, the tailor's son, told me that sometimes the river there is white with boats. I wish we might go to-day."

Rosalie did not seem so eager about it. Paris was very large, and many people there had no yards at all. There might not be room for the dogs and cats and pets she liked so much, and it seemed better to stay in Bordeaux. But if the city was to be their home, it would be well to learn something more about it. So she questioned in an earnest voice, "May I take my rabbits and Smoke and the five little cats?"

The mother smiled and shook her head.

"No, dear. But so many wonderful things are in the city that it will seem very fine to be there even without your pets."

Rosalie thought her mother very wise, and if she said a thing it must be so. Perhaps it would not be bad in Paris, after all. So she began to be quite excited about it, and watched eagerly while the small green trunk was packed. It seemed almost like a picnic, for she was too young to understand how hard it was for her father to leave Bordeaux, and that he was going away only because his income as a teacher in the southern town would not reach to cover all their needs, while in the city there was a chance of making more money.

Next day, they stood under the chestnut-trees and watched him go down the road and out of sight, the mother and Pépé, the grandfather, with tearful eyes, for they realized what struggle the coming days might hold for him. But Rosalie and Auguste were smiling. Their thoughts were that, some day, they, too, would drive away in the post-chaise to see the wonders of Paris, and perhaps, if the mother had not put them to other

things, would have talked about it the rest of the day. But there were lessons to be prepared. So they sat down under the trees with their reading-books. But Rosalie did n't study long. Almost before she realized what she was doing, she took out her slate and began to draw.

Grandfather Bonheur walked through the garden a little later, and by that time old Smoke, the gray house-cat, was copied on the red-framed slate.

"Ah, lass!" he exclaimed, as he looked at it. "If you put in the time drawing when you should be at your lessons, you will grow up an ignoramus."

Rosalie caught his hand with an impulsive caress.

"I forgot, Pépé!" she said. "I 'll study."

And she turned again to her book while the old man walked on.

"The maid surely has a gift when it comes to using her pencil," he murmured as he went. "And if she 'd get her lessons as well as she draws, she 'd amount to something some day."

For little did he dream that her drawing was destined to cast undying honor on the Bonheur name.

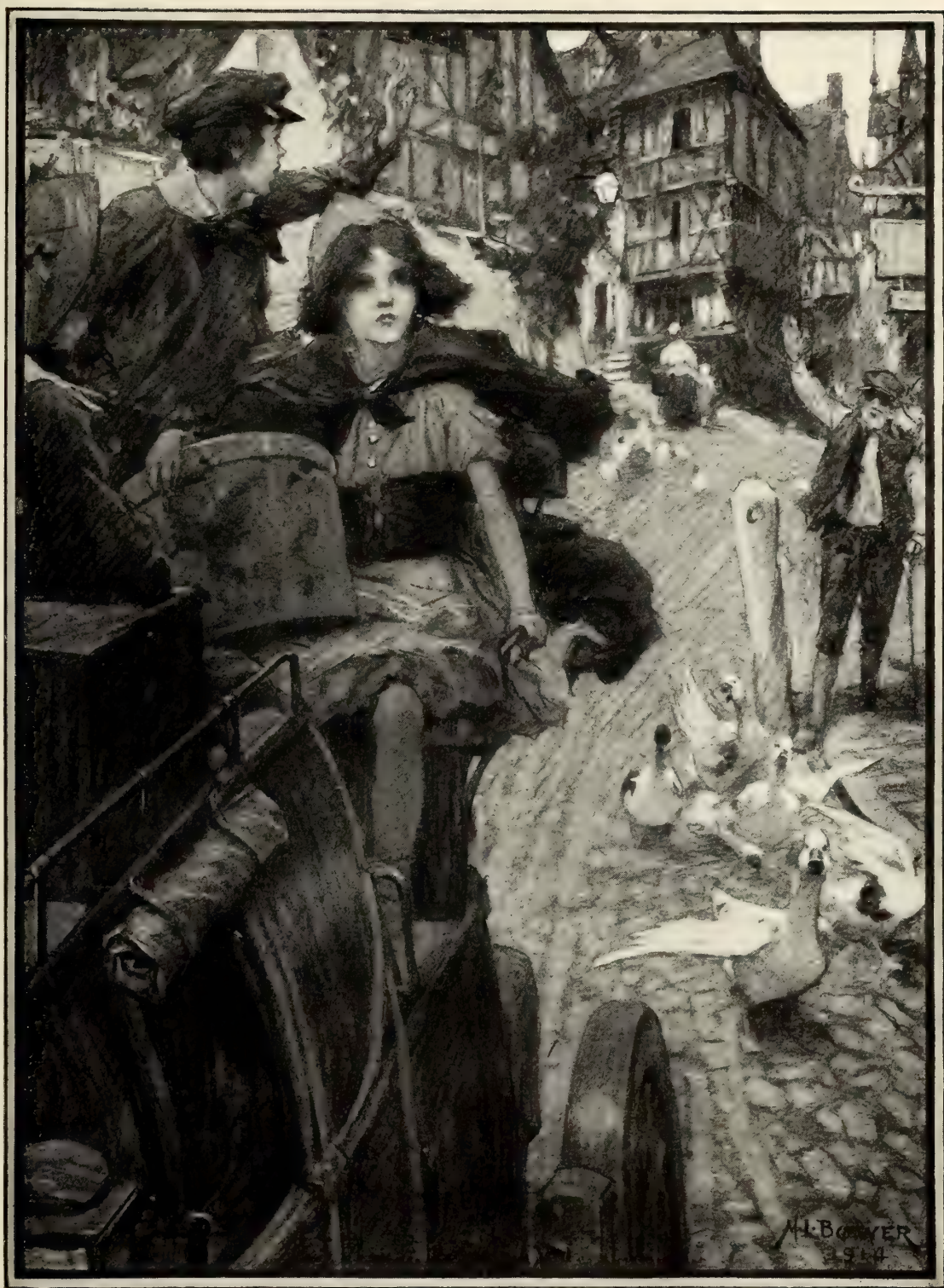
A year passed, and the father sent for them to come to Paris. Then what excitement there was in the old house! Pépé, the grandfather, felt that he was too old to make new friends and learn city ways, so he decided to stay behind with some relatives. But he helped with the preparations, and stood by the stone gate calling good-by as they drove away. Madame Bonheur could not keep back the tears at the thought of leaving him, and the chestnut-trees, and the harbor with its gray-masted boats, and Rosalie's lip quivered as she gave old Smoke a farewell hug. But Auguste was excited over the thought of the new life that was to begin for them in the city, and called back gaily in answer to the good-bys.

"It is a shabby house," Raymond Bonheur said when he took them to their new home; "very dingy and dull-looking, and not pretty like the one in Bordeaux. But we must stay here until I get to earning more. Then we can move to better quarters."

Rosalie agreed with him. It seemed very cold and dreary after the sunshine and clear skies of the southland, and she wanted to be back in the old harbor town, where finches held revel in the chestnut-trees, and roses ran riot over the brown wall. But after a while the strangeness of things interested her, and she forgot her homesickness.

A few days later, the father announced that he had a chance to send her to a schoolmaster.

"His name is Monsieur Antin," he explained,



"THE GRANDFATHER STOOD BY THE STONE GATE CALLING GOOD-BY AS THEY DROVE AWAY."

"and he has only boys. But Rosalie gets along so well with them, that he says he will take her, and it will be good for her to be with Auguste."

Rosalie was delighted.

"I like that!" she said. "Boys' games just suit me, for I love to play soldier and fight sham battles."

So to Monsieur Antin's school she went, and joined in the games with such a zest that she came to be known all along the street as "The Tomboy from Bordeaux." If there was a sham battle, she was in the lead, and, as it seemed quite silly for a soldier to be called Rosalie, her name was shortened to Rosa, by which she was known from that time forth.

Then came the revolution of 1830, with guns thundering almost at the Bonheur door. The Place de la Bastille was not far away, and while it was being stormed, Rosa narrowly escaped being the victim of a cannon discharge. Troubled days followed, and the family moved to a smaller and cheaper house, far from the home that had now grown very dear to them. Attendance at Monsieur Antin's school ended, and Rosa's only playmates were her brothers, Auguste and Isidore, and a little girl named Natalie. But her nickname followed to the new home, and she was still known as "The Tomboy from Bordeaux."

Several years passed, and she was now a big girl. She did very little studying, but a great deal of drawing and painting, sometimes earning a few sous coloring prints for a man who lived near by. The mother had died, and Monsieur Bonheur, himself a scholar, could not bear to think of his daughter growing up in ignorance. So once more she was sent to school, this time with about a hundred girls, to Madame Gilbert's Institute, where they were expected to become dignified and proper young ladies. But Rosa could n't be dignified, no matter how hard she tried. Always she had been a tomboy, and if the old grandfather in Bordeaux could have seen her now, he would still have said that she was just a boy in petticoats.

Madame Gilbert was very dignified and very proper. When she stood up, she did it in just the right manner, and when she sat down, it was so correctly that the most careful person could not criticize. Her heart was n't quite as big as Rosa's, and every animal about the place would run from the mistress at the call of the dark-haired tomboy. But that did n't seem to matter. Her mission was to make polished and proper Parisians, and she had little patience with a girl who wanted to be anything else. Even Rosa's love of animals and her delight in drawing them

displeased the mistress, who scolded her for not making pictures of flowers, which was far more ladylike. But Rosa drew the things that were in her heart, and it was good for the world she did. Madame Gilbert, however, could n't understand that, and kept wishing for a chance to send the tomboy home.

At last it came.

The girls were all out in the garden, and, as usual, Rosa was brimming over with good nature.

"Let 's have a sham battle!" she called.

And immediately they were organized into a company.

Sticks of wood made splendid sabers, and as the young commander ordered a cavalry charge, they rushed with vim toward the rose garden.

But the battle was never finished. Madame Gilbert's shrill voice rang out just then, and Captain Rosa was ignominiously locked in a closet. Such an indignity was unheard of in a well-regulated school, and the next day her father came and took her home, having given up all hope of polishing her into a proper young lady.

But he remembered her mother's words, "She has a clear mind and a good heart, and must come out all right"; and, because he knew she loved drawing, was wise enough to let her work at it all she pleased, and fitted up a room for her studio. Sometimes she went to the Louvre to study the masterpieces there, for every gem in that great treasure-house was a delight to her. But the animal pictures appealed to her most strongly, and these she copied with wonderful skill. Sometimes on Sunday, with her father and his good friend, Justin Mathieu, the famous sculptor, she went far into the country, wandering off wherever she saw cattle or horses or sheep. They seemed to sense her love of them and came near, always receiving a warm caress. The sculptor recognized her marvelous skill in portraying them, and urged her father to let her have as many pets as she could keep. So the room that was her workshop came to be a sort of Noah's ark, where rabbits, tame squirrels, ducks, and quail held revel, and canaries and finches flew in and out. Then some one gave her a goat, and, with her dogs and cats, she had a real menagerie.

But still she was the tomboy. She loved games as well as she loved painting, and perhaps because she played so hard is one reason why she painted so well.

"I want to study other animals," she said one day to her father. "Cattle, instead of just the horses I see in the street and the little creatures I have here at home."

And Raymond Bonheur was perplexed. One does not see cattle in city streets, and they had no pennies to spare to pay board in the country. But Rosa found a way. She went where the animals were taken that were brought to Paris for the markets, and here she made dozens of

of animals, could not portray them in a more lifelike manner than the young Frenchwoman. They seemed ready to step from her canvases and move about the fields and roadsides, for she put love into her work, and infinite patience too. Years were spent over her marvelous "Horse



"THE ROOM THAT WAS HER WORKSHOP CAME TO BE A SORT OF NOAH'S ARK."

sketches which were afterward transferred to canvas. Once a circus came to Paris, and when the owner heard of the girl who painted animals so wonderfully, he gave her permission to work in his menagerie as long as it stayed in the city, and there, day after day, she sketched the lions, tigers, and other creatures of foreign lands.

When one is busy, the time seems to go on wings, and, before she realized it, years had passed, and her work was known far and wide, and recognized as something very remarkable. Even Landseer, then the world's master-painter

Fair"; years, too, on its great companion piece, "Coming from the Fair," and every hour of the time was richly worth while, for they will gladden the hearts of beauty lovers for hundreds of years to come.

The old studio with its rabbits and birds and goat had been abandoned, for by this time Rosa's work was earning so much money that she could afford a great estate in the fresh, green country, and all the animals she wanted. So in the forest of Fontainebleau she made a home spot, where she lived and worked. Her fame spread to every

land, and there was none too great to honor the tomboy from Bordeaux.

For tomboy she was still. She never grew too



ROSA BONHEUR.

old to join in a game with children, or too far away from the sham battles and cavalry charges of her youth to refuse to organize a company. The girls from Madame Gilbert's school had become dignified and proper Parisian dames, who dressed beautifully and drove in the boulevards

as dignified ladies do. But nobody ever heard of them. While, wherever beauty was loved, Rosa, who most of the time wore a denim jumper and short skirt, was known as a wonder-worker.

One day she was busy over a sketch, when her companion rushed into the studio in great excitement, exclaiming: "Madame, the Empress is here!"

Rosa Bonheur had on her usual working attire, rather a queer costume in which to receive the Empress of France. But that mattered little to beautiful Eugénie. She knew of the glory the artist was winning for her land, and had come to give her homage.

"It is the Cross of the Legion of Honor," she said as she held up a glittering emblem. "You have won it, and deserve to wear it."

Tears came into Rosa's dark eyes. She knew that was the highest honor that could come to a child of France, and that the greatest ambition of the most illustrious men of many generations had been to win that guerdon.

So she went on, trying to be worthy of it, working hard and being happy because she was leading a good and useful life.

And, beside putting beauty into the world, her work accomplished other big things. Men grew kinder to animals because of her paintings, and in several cities they led to laws being passed to make easier the lives of dumb creatures.

So, although it does seem strange for a girl to fight sham battles and lead cavalry charges, there are worse things in the world than being a tomboy, if she has a clear mind and a good heart, like Rosa Bonheur.



Some Experiences of a **"SPEED - KING"**

OR, MY LIFE-STORY

By

WALTER JOHNSON

of the Washington Base Ball Club

"Without any question, the greatest pitcher of all time"
"Eddie" Collins

As told to Billy Evans
Umpire in the American League



AFTER much difficulty, I have succeeded in getting Walter Johnson, the world's greatest pitcher, to collaborate with me in an article dealing with his truly remarkable career. Walter Johnson is perhaps the greatest figure in the base-ball world, and incidentally the most modest fellow in the game. The story of his life will interest not only all base-ball fans, but a host of readers who have no particular interest in the annual contests of the Major Leagues. In telling it, I have followed Johnson's story of his career to the letter —BILLY EVANS

I HAVE been a Major League pitcher for eight years. And now that I am rated by indulgent critics and fans as a fairly good pitcher—some going so far as to call me a star—it may surprise many lovers of the game to know that, at one time, I was considered a very, very ordinary twirler. In fact, it took me two years to get a chance to show such ability as I did possess.

Nine years ago, an obscure Minor League team released me with scarcely a trial. The manager told me that so far as pitching was concerned, I would make a better outfielder. The next year, I failed in an attempt to induce a certain Minor League manager to let me have a uniform and an opportunity to try my luck.

Achieve a little success, and you at once discover a great number of people who claim the responsibility for it. Every year I read a dozen new stories about how I got my start in base-ball. If all of them were true, I would be the protégé of at least a hundred different base-ball enthusiasts. To tell the truth, I don't know who is most directly responsible for my getting a chance in the Big League. I never saw a Major League game until I joined the Washington club, and I was greatly surprised when I found that I was going there.

In 1906, I induced the manager of the Tacoma

club to allow me to don a uniform. He let me wear it about a month, and then decided it would look better on some one else. That is another way of saying that I was released. A Tacoma friend of mine told me of a fast semi-professional club at Weiser, Idaho, and said he believed he could get me a job with that team. He did it, and I joined the club at once, finishing out the season with fair success.

The following year, I decided that I would like to get employment in the Coast League, as I believed that I could make good in that company. I always liked Los Angeles, and consequently went there for a position. It happened that the club had a staff of excellent pitchers, and my appeal to the manager of the club received slight attention. I did my best to show him that he was making a mistake, but could n't make much of an impression.

My bank balance was none too large, and after staying at Los Angeles for a time without making any progress, I decided that as a ball player I was doomed to shine at Weiser. I knew there was a position open to me, and so I went back to that town.

Although the managers of the Tacoma and Los Angeles teams did n't enthuse over me, I was received very warmly by the Weiser manager

upon my return. There was no regular league, games were not played every day, and much of the pitching for the club fell to me. The batters of that section were not quite in the same class with the Major League players, and consequently I did not have very much trouble in winning my games. In a series of twelve games, I managed to strike out 166 men, and went eighty-five innings without being scored on.

In those days I could pitch as swift a ball as I can now. Many batters don't care for speed, especially if the pitcher is a trifle wild. My control was a bit unsteady then, and many of the players were delighted when the umpire called them out on strikes. Others would take three weak swings, for fear the umpire might *not* call them strikes. Incidentally, the eyes of the umpire were not as keen as those of the Major League officials. Both these conditions, of course, helped me to attain my record.



STARTING HIS DELIVERY.

Johnson's greatest asset is his terrific speed. The above picture shows the start of his delivery, preparatory to pitching one of his fast balls.

Every now and then, after having watched me pitch a game, some stranger would tell me that he liked my pitching, that he was from the East, and that he intended writing to the manager of this or that club about me. In two or three months, I think a hundred stray spectators paid me that sort of compliment, and a good many of

them told me I ought to be in the Big League. I regarded that possibility, however, as quite too far away to give it any serious consideration, and I never was very fond of riding on trains.

It is quite possible, indeed, that if Cliff Blankenship, a Washington catcher at that time, had not suffered a broken finger, I might still be pitching in dear old Weiser. Washington, like several other clubs, had heard, it seems, of some of the things I had been doing in the pitching line. Very fortunately for me, that club was going badly at the time, and needed pitchers particularly. Coupled with the breaking of Blankenship's finger, this fact was responsible for my journey east to join the Big League.

That trip from Weiser to Washington is a sufficiently long one. Never having made such a journey before, I was not at all clever in picking out my trains, and, as a result, I was delayed in arriving. At one stage of the proceedings, Manager Cantillon, then in charge of the Washington team, must have decided that I had made up my mind to stay in Weiser. At least, he sent enough telegrams to have paid almost my year's salary in Idaho. I was a very tired young man when I finally reported to him at his hotel. He welcomed me heartily, made me feel quite at home, and told me to come out to the park in the morning. There I was given a better uniform than I had worn at either Tacoma or Los Angeles. I warmed up a little with "Gabby" Street, then a star catcher on the club. Later I did some pitching for batting practice.

I made up my mind that morning that the ball was the same size as ever, and the bats no larger than those I had been accustomed to. I also reached the conclusion that the Big League players were human beings, just like the young men out at Weiser. In the afternoon, the manager told me that he intended starting me in a game as soon as I had lost my train legs. I replied that I was ready and anxious to "have a try at it."

On Thursday evening, August 1, 1907, Manager Cantillon informed me that he intended using me the next day against Detroit. At that time, the "Tigers" were leading in the race, and were expected to win the pennant, so the Washington manager surely did not pick a soft job for me for my first attempt. However, I was truly glad after the game was over that I had made my start against Detroit, as my showing in that game gave me a great deal of confidence.

In those days, the Detroit Tigers could hit the ball just about as effectively as can the Athletics of to-day, and I lost that game, but not until after there had been quite a battle. At the end of the seventh inning, the score was a tie, 1 to 1.

In some way, I had managed to keep the Tigers from hitting. In the eighth, their manager, Jennings, shifted tactics with good results. The first batter bunted, and beat my throw easily. The next one also bunted. I tried for a force

enabled me to win with ease out at Weiser. Fast-breaking curves, fade-aways, slow balls, and a change of pace were unknown to me. That same evening I told "Gabby" Street what the newspaperman had said.



THE EXPLANATION OF JOHNSON'S GREAT SPEED.

Walter Johnson has the longest reach of any pitcher in the two Major Leagues. His great speed is attributed to that long right arm. In the above picture he is shown comparing reaches with Vean Gregg, star southpaw of the Boston American League team, who leads the left-handers in that respect.

play at second, but my throw arrived a fraction of a second too late. Then came another bunt. I managed to get the man at first, but of course the other two men moved up. A fly to the outfield scored a run, and put the Tigers in the lead. I was taken out in the last half of the eighth to allow a pinch-hitter to bat. Tom Hughes pitched the last inning, and the Tigers got a run off of his delivery. Washington started a rally in the ninth, but could score only one run, and the game ended 3 to 2 in favor of Detroit. I had started my Big League career with a defeat, but still I was satisfied.

In the eight innings I had pitched against the League leaders, I had held them to two runs and six hits, three of them being bunts that were too nearly perfect for me to handle—in time to get the runner. I had succeeded in doing this only because of my so-called "speed," for at that time I did n't have a curve ball, and scarcely knew there was such a thing. That evening, one of the Washington newspapermen commented on this fact while talking to me.

"I believe you will have better success if you will mix up a curve with your speed," said he.

"That is just what I intend doing when I learn how to use a curve," I replied. My speed had

"Your speed will carry you along, and the rest will come to you in plenty of time, if you keep your wits about you," said Street.

His judgment settled the matter for me, so I said nothing more about it then. (Later, under the instruction of several of the veteran Washington pitchers, I began to learn the art of pitching.) On August 7, five days after my début, Manager Cantillon sent me against Cleveland, and I recorded a victory over that team by the score of 7 to 2, allowing four hits and striking out six men. I had won my first victory.

On August 14, I got another chance, this time against the St. Louis "Browns." In this game, as well as the other two, I used nothing but a fast ball. I lost, 1 to 0, although I allowed only six hits, while Washington got nine off of Barney Peltz. I was wondering what Manager Cantillon thought of me when I met him in the lobby of the hotel.

"That was a hard game to lose, Walter," he remarked. "You deserved to win, but that is impossible if your team-mates can't get you any runs. From now on, you can expect to take your regular turn in the box."

For the first time, I realized that I was a "sure-enough Big Leaguer." I confess I felt proud

People often ask me which team gives me the most trouble, and which batters I find most dangerous. I have discovered that in these modern days of base-ball, no team can be regarded as a "cinch." Any club is liable to knock you out of the box, even though you appear to be in the best possible form.

One year the St. Louis Browns gave me considerable trouble, although other members of our pitching staff beat the same team with ease. For some time last year, the Cleveland club seemed to



"CUTTING LOOSE A FAST ONE."

have my measure. In a game in Cleveland, one day, they hit my offerings to all corners of the lot. It was quite dark—a day that was made to order for my style of pitching. I don't believe I ever had more speed, and my curve had a fast break, but I seemed unable to get the ball past the opposing bats. Even the pitcher was hitting them with ease. After the damage had been done, I let up on my speed and used some slow balls, and managed to finish the game without having any of my infielders seriously injured or the outfielders collapse from exhaustion.

However, if I were to pick the team that has consistently made me the most trouble since breaking into the Major League, I would say the Philadelphia Athletics. Connie Mack always manages to get together a club that plays real

base-ball, has plenty of speed, a good pitching staff, and enough batting strength to make any pitcher sit up and take notice. Such a combination has always proved a hard one for me to beat.

Sam Crawford has perhaps hit me harder than any other batsman in the American League. The very first day he faced me he hit safely, and he has been doing it ever since. Frank Baker, who is so well remembered by Christy Mathewson and "Rube" Marquard, has also been very successful at connecting with my offerings. Both of these men seem to get hits off of my delivery at almost any time they need them, and they have hit my fast ball so hard that for a time I would lose sight of the ball.

I find that "Donie" Bush, the diminutive short stop of the Detroit team, is the hardest man for me to pitch to. He is small of stature, has a peculiar crouch at the plate, and a keen eye, and makes the pitcher go the limit. "Donie" can also clout the ball when it is over the plate. In fact, he is a dangerous player for a pitcher from almost any angle.

I attribute much of my success as a pitcher to the excellent handling I received as a recruit. The veteran Jack Warner and Charley Street were the mainstays of the Washington club behind the bat when I joined that team. Both were heady catchers, good judges of batters, and excellent throwers. It was indeed fortunate for me that I was started so soon after I joined the team, and had two such good back-stops to coach me.

My experience has led me to believe that a young pitcher can learn more about the art of pitching from real work in a regular game than by absorbing knowledge by sitting on the bench. Of course both are essential, but the trial under fire is what makes or breaks a man. Very often a team cannot afford to use a youngster, because of the possibility that most of the games he starts will be lost. When I joined the Washington club, it did not have to worry about that. The team was usually regarded as defeated before the game began, so it did not matter much who did the pitching. That state of affairs enabled me to be given a place as a regular, very quickly.

Old catchers can coach you on what you should do, veteran pitchers can point out the different tricks of the trade to you, wise managers can give you a lot of valuable advice; but pitching in a real game, with a smart catcher handling your delivery, is what brings out the best that is in you. Jack Warner and "Gabby" Street soon put me wise to most of the tricks of the trade. I followed their instructions and judgment explicitly, and so got the best results.

When "Gabby" Street was in his prime, he was the best catcher I ever saw, I think. Perhaps old-timers can recall back-stops who surpassed him, but to me he was the ideal man behind the bat. Most catchers will tell you that when I have good control, I am an easy man to catch. On the other hand, they will tell you that if I am wild, my pitching is hard to hold. They claim that because of my unusual speed it is impossible to do much foot work in the box—that they cannot shift as they do for the average pitcher, and, in consequence, they are forced to catch bad pitches from awkward positions, with the result that wild pitches on my part, and passed balls on the catcher's, are numerous when I lack good control.

Perhaps what they say is true, but when Street was catching, I made very few wild pitches. Although slow of foot as a runner, he could shift around in the catcher's box with remarkable speed. He was also a wonder at holding foul tips. When he was catching me, the receiving job appeared to be the easiest proposition in the world. I have often heard him say, "The only thing I need to make me really comfortable when Walter is pitching is a rocking-chair." He always kept the pitcher in good spirits, and kept up, also, a continual chatter of sense and nonsense.

"Ease up on this fellow, Walter; he has a wife and two children," he would call jokingly when some batter was hugging the plate and getting a "toe-hold" for a crack at one of my fast ones.

"This fellow has n't made a hit off of you since you joined the League," would probably be his next remark. And so on throughout the game.

During my eight years as a pitcher in the American League, I have lost a number of games that caused me considerable grief. In the summer of 1913, I dropped two games to Boston that I was exceedingly sorry to lose. Ray Collins did the pitching for them in both the games, and he deserved to win, for he kept our team from scoring a run, and when a fellow pitches shut-out ball, the very worst that he can get is a tie. Both of these games were lost by 1 to 0 scores.

The first defeat took place on Decoration Day, at Washington. There was a big crowd, and as game time approached, it seemed certain that rain would stop the contest, so it was decided to start the game about ten minutes earlier than usual, in the hope that five innings might be played before the storm broke. This decision was reached just about the time I was preparing to warm up. It cut down the time allotted me for my work-out, so that I was not quite ready when I started the first inning. Harry Hooper, the first man to face me, hit the first ball pitched to him

over the right field fence. Several more hits were made in that inning, but because of good fielding, Boston did not score more than the one run. However, that tally was enough to win, as neither club was able to do any run-making during the remainder of the game.

The other game was played on August 28, at Boston. The fact that I had just won sixteen straight games made it an unusual attraction. I doubt if I ever pitched a better game in my life. In ten innings, only one Boston player reached first base, and he got there on a scratch hit. In



A WORLD-FAMOUS BATTERY.

Under Catcher Charley Street, Johnson first jumped into fame. He regards Street as one of the greatest back-stops that ever donned the mask and protector. Four years ago, when Johnson was far from being the bright star he is to-day, the Detroit club offered Washington \$50,000 for this battery. The acquisition of these two players would have enabled Detroit to win the pennant and make three or four times that amount.

the eleventh inning, a hit, an error, and another hit gave Boston the winning run. I certainly hated to lose that game, not so much because of that one defeat, but because I believed that if I could get away with the Boston contest, I would be able to break the Major League pitching record of nineteen straight victories. Once again Mr. Collins had put a crimp in my aspirations.

I was credited with a loss at Detroit four or five years ago that was just about the last word in hard luck. Washington had tied the score in the first half of the ninth. Manager Cantillon had made a number of shifts, in trying to hold

the Tigers down, and after he had succeeded in tying the score, he sent me out to finish the last half of the ninth. Dave Altizer was sent to short to replace another player, and requested to be allowed a few practice throws. The first-base pavilion on the old Detroit grounds was very close to the field. Dave took three trial throws, and threw the ball into the pavilion each time. Fearing that he might break up the game by throwing away all the balls, the umpire called a halt.

The first batter to face me hit the first ball pitched to the outfield, and was out. The next man, Herman Schaefer, sent an easy grounder to Altizer, who picked it up in nice style, and then proceeded to make a higher throw into the stands than he had on any of his three trial attempts. It was before the rules allowed only two bases on such an error, and Schaefer trotted around the bases for the winning run.

"Well, Dave, you threw true to form," remarked Manager Cantillon, as Altizer returned to the bench. I had pitched just two balls, but because of Altizer's bad throw, I was credited with the loss of the game. That defeat was one of the few that have been unjustly—to my way of thinking—charged up to me. At any rate, I shall never forget that last inning.

It is my opinion that a pitcher, to be at his best, should be worked in his regular turn. I consider three days of rest just right for a pitcher who is big and strong; that is, I think such a pitcher can be of the greatest service to his club by being used every fourth day. Pitchers of a slighter physique could not work that often. A pitcher knows best what amount of rest he needs, in order to be right, and if he is wise he will see that his manager knows this also. No manager can be a mind-reader, although some of them are more than wise. If I was worked only once a week, I don't believe I would ever pitch a good game of ball. A rest of that length throws me off my stride.

Going to the rescue of another pitcher, if it is done frequently, is far harder on the average pitcher than taking his regular turn in the box. Often a pitcher falters several times during a game. Believing that he may be sent in to pitch at a moment's notice, the relief pitcher warms up hurriedly. Just about the time he may be ready, the other pitcher settles down and gets out of the hole. The manager then signals for the relief pitcher to discontinue warming up, whereupon he pulls on his sweater, sits down on the bench, and begins to cool off. Perhaps just about the time he gets cool, he is forced to go through the same program again. Sometimes this happens for several days in succession.

I much prefer to start games and let the other fellows finish them, no matter whether it is because my team is far ahead or behind. I know positively that pitching at top speed for several innings in which I am sent in to save a game is a greater strain on my arm than working nine full innings in which I am forced to the limit. Usually when a pitcher goes to the rescue of another man, his team has a slight margin in runs. Of course it is up to him to retain this scant lead. To do so he must extend himself all the time, as the slightest let-up might mean defeat. Pitchers who are constantly going in to finish games will soon have trouble with their arms, and, in my opinion, cannot hope to last half as long as the fellow who works in his regular turn. And the hardest part of relief duty is being forced to go in at a moment's notice, without being properly warmed up. It is on such occasions that a fellow permanently injures his arm.

Probably no greater relief pitcher than Ed Walsh of the Chicago club ever lived. Last year, Walsh's arm was found to be in bad shape, and as a result he was of little use to the Chicago team. Some people may attribute the injury to the spit ball, but I believe that excessive demands upon him as a relief pitcher is what caused Walsh's slump. One year he took part in about half the games Chicago played, and during the rest of the time was warming up, to be ready to go to the rescue if needed. No pitcher, no matter how strong he is physically, can do such a great amount of work without paying the penalty.

Many people ask me my opinion of Ty Cobb. In answer to this query I might say that one of the greatest compliments I ever received was paid me by a gentleman who said that I was as good a pitcher as Cobb was an outfielder and batter. If I am half as good at pitching as Cobb is at fielding, batting, and base-running, I don't think that I shall have to worry about my release for a few years at least. Cobb is surely a wonderful ball player, and he hits my pitching, no matter what I serve up.

However, I don't think he puts the force back of his drives that Baker and Crawford do. But Cobb makes me think more than the other two fellows do, for I never know exactly what he is going to do. When Crawford or Baker faces me, I look for him to simply wallop the ball. Crawford every now and then fools me by bunting one, but Baker invariably takes his healthy swing, and, as the slang of base-ball puts it, "believe me, it is some swing!"

On the other hand, Cobb bunts when you least expect it, and hits when you look for a bunt. If you put the ball on the outside where he likes it,

he will drop it into left field. Keep it inside, and he is liable to kill your first baseman. About the best way to fool him is to get the ball up there faster than he can get his bat around. I should like to pitch on a team with eight men each as capable in his position as Ty is in his. If I ever lost a game, I would refuse to accept my salary for the season.

The wise pitcher is the fellow who develops a good curve and an equally good slow ball. Jimmy McAleer, who managed the Washington club for several years, firmly impressed this on me during his régime. On a trip west one year, a discussion of former star pitchers was being indulged in by a number of the veterans on the club, among whom were "Wid" Conroy and "Kid" Elberfeld. I was an interested listener.

"It is n't often that a pitcher quits the game when he is plenty good enough to last for years in fast company, but I had one who did," said McAleer. "He had as much speed as Walter Johnson, and a peculiar wind-up that made the batter think he was picking the ball out of his hip pocket every time he pitched. However, he had nothing but speed. His curve was more of a twist than a curve, and a slow ball was something he could n't master, although he tried his best to learn it. So he had nothing to offer the batter but speed, and he was always extending himself to the limit. When the opposition solved his delivery, he had no change of pace."

That part of McAleer's conversation made me decide that I must know something more about pitching than how to use speed. I spent much

of my time in developing a fast-breaking curve, mastering a slow ball, and acquiring a change of pace, which is the art of throwing a slow ball with exactly the same motion as is used in throwing the fast one. Players are kind enough to tell me that my curve and change of pace are far above the average. I hope they are right, for I am able to win now with much more ease than I did three or four years ago. I never go at top speed except when it comes to the pinch. Then I always have something in reserve.

I have never had much faith in new curves and so-called "mystery balls." I am content to get along with the old-fashioned speed and curves. The knuckle ball is hard to hit, but equally hard to control, and, incidentally, it injures the arm. The spit ball is a deceptive delivery, but a dangerous one, as few pitchers know just where the ball is going. Ed Walsh is one of the few pitchers who seem able to put the "spitter" just about where he wants it. It is conceded that this delivery is really effective only when it is broken low. Walsh always kept it the height of the knee. That it is a decidedly injurious delivery is shown by the way twirlers who have depended entirely on it have dropped out of the Big Leagues, while the old-style pitchers keep their places in fast company.

In eight years I have learned a lot about pitching, and about base-ball in general, yet I still regard as my greatest asset the one I had when I entered the Big League—speed. Speed is a gift of nature. The other points about pitching can be acquired.



WALTER JOHNSON AND JOE BOEHLING.

Unlike many star players, Johnson is only too willing to impart his knowledge of the pitching game to the recruits on the Washington staff. Joe Boehling is the sensational young southpaw who in his first year as a Big Leaguer won eleven straight last season. Boehling, like all other Washington youngsters, idolizes the great pitcher.

THE "K. K." OF THE ROSE ALBA

BY EVELINE WARNER BRAINERD

AUGUST had come, and Albert was back from the annual visit at Grandfather's. He stood in the entrance of the Rose Alba looking with distaste at the hot street where a few children moved languidly and exchanged indifferent greetings. He thought wistfully of Grandfather's two apple-trees, suitable for climbing, and of the old pony that had lost his speed with years, but retained all his interest in bread and sugar.

Three sharp whistles made him look up at the row of brass tubes below the letter-boxes. It was Polly's signal, and he stretched on tiptoe to reach the shiny mouthpiece.

"Oh, Albert, is that you? Do run down and ask the janitor to come and fix my window. We can't open it."

"Yes," replied Albert, in an unconcerned tone.

"But go right off."

"Are you coming out?" he inquired.

"No. I'm taking care of Ralph. It's too hot for him on the street."

"Tell Mother I'm going to see Annette, then."

"But the janitor!" expostulated Polly. "Be very polite, your politest, 'cause if he don't come, I know I shall suffocate. I think I'd better ask him myself. I don't know what you'll say."

"I can be as polite as you!" Albert retorted, roused by this lack of confidence. He jumped down the three steps to the sidewalk, and then down the steep, winding stairs that led to the janitor's domain.

Mrs. Kriger looked up from a tub of fine, white, bubbly suds that made Albert wish for his pipes. She was a round-faced, bright-cheeked woman, with rippling black hair. Albert, with Polly's insult in mind, stood respectfully in the doorway.

"Good morning!" he began.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said, sympathetically, when she had heard the request. "Mr. Kriger won't be back till afternoon, and it's so warm on the top floor! I'll tell him as soon as he comes."

"It's pretty cool here," remarked Albert, standing in the long, whitewashed corridor.

"Wring these clothes a bit," she returned, good-humoredly, "then you won't think it's cool."

"Oh, I'd love to!" said Albert, attracted by the turning wheels of the wringer. He laid both his brown hands on the crank and puffed a bit, as a sheet came forth like a folded ribbon.

Mrs. Kriger laughed admiringly.

"You've been in the country," she said. "That's why your hands are so strong and brown."

"Three weeks," replied Albert, a trifle breathlessly.

"And you did n't want to come back?" inquired Mrs. Kriger, slipping some handkerchiefs between the rollers.

"There is n't any chance to do just what you want to in the street," he explained. "The wagons and autos take up so much room."

Mrs. Kriger seemed to laugh easily.

"Oh, here you are!" Polly's relieved voice came from the doorway.

"Of course," returned Albert. "What did you come for?"

"I was afraid you'd forget," replied Polly, frankly. "My, what a nice coolness there is here. Oh, may I look at your flowers, Mrs. Kriger?"

The corridor opened on the cement floored yard, and against the farther fence was a long box in which blossomed a few nasturtiums, a heliotrope, and some late pansies. The high fences shut off most of any breeze that might be stirring, but a tall building cast a shadow over the little space, and the flowers looked up cheerfully from their wet earth.

"Come right out," urged Mrs. Kriger, lifting her basket of clothes. "I'll hang these to the sunny side, and you can stay out here if you like. It's better than the street."

"I'll get my paints and come right down," announced Albert, and he vanished up the stairs.

"I wish I could," said Polly, wistfully, "but I'm taking care of Baby Ralph this morning."

"Bring him along," suggested Mrs. Kriger.

"May I?" cried Polly. "I'll see he does n't touch your lovely flowers."

"It's all 'cause I was so polite," Albert was explaining to his mother when Polly arrived breathless. "Polly was so afraid the janitor would n't fix her window, I just did all the things I could think of."

"So you did," approved his cousin; "but you've got to keep it up, 'cause she says we may bring Ralph, and it will be such a help if we can take him there mornings."

They seized the baby, a blanket and a ball for his comfort, the paints, and were off. David watched the proceedings solemnly. He had not been mentioned. But he chose his sliced animals from the pile of games, vouchsafing the information that he was going with Albert, and departed.

He settled himself beside his dismayed elders and tumbled his cards on the pavement without

a suggestion that he felt any lack of welcome. Albert rose with the air of having the whole affair on his shoulders.

"I'd better tell Mrs. Kriger," he said. At that moment, the pleasant face appeared in the doorway, and the janitress stepped out to see how her wash was drying.

"David just came of himself," Albert apologized hurriedly; "he can go right back."

"Sure, he's all right," she returned. "You can come as much as you want to if you don't get too near the clothes or the flowers."

One day, soon after this, Annette skipped in from the Reine Blanche.

"Where've you been?" she demanded. "I've brought a new book down-stairs twice to show you, but you've never come out at all."

"Bring it along," invited Albert. "We go to Mrs. Kriger's yard every day. It's lots better than the street."

"Does she let you?" inquired Annette, doubtfully, her experience never having included a janitress of such geniality.

"She likes it! She comes out and plays sometimes, too, only she can't throw much," admitted Albert.

"She's your janitress, too. I should think she'd let you come. We'll ask anyway," said Polly.

So Annette with her book, and the others with their arms full of Ralph's and their own treasures, appeared at Mrs. Kriger's door just as she was wiping her last dish.

"My, but you are early!" she laughed; "and you've brought Annette," for Mrs. Kriger had known every child in the houses before she had been there a fortnight. "That is good."

"Oh, thank you!" said Polly, her eyes shining above her load. "We were sure she could come."

"I forgot to say anything," remarked Albert, apologetically, when they were in the corridor again. "Do you think I needed to be polite too?"

"Polly's enough," decided Annette, who was not of an anxious disposition. "If I see her when I go, I'll tell her I've had a good time."

Baby Ralph, who had trotted ahead, his woolly dog under one arm and his horse under the other, was standing in the doorway staring into the yard. He pointed with one fat finger.

"Oh!" burst from the others, and David marched directly to the red painted frame from which two seats swung invitingly.

Albert looked around. Behind them was Mrs. Kriger, and beside her the janitor, both of them smiling broadly.

"May we use it?" the boy demanded.

"Sure, he got it for you!" and she nodded

proudly at her husband, who came forward and lifted Ralph in with David for a trial swing.

"I never dreamed a janitor could be so nice," commented Annette, when they were talking over this surprise later in the day.

"It does n't seem as if we ought to have so much all alone," Polly remarked. "There are other children in your house, Annette, and there are the little Brookses that David plays with."



"MRS. KRIGER LOOKED UP FROM A TUB OF FINE, WHITE, BUBBLY SUDS."

They can't go out much because their mother is n't well. We take them sometimes, but they make a good many with David and Ralph," and Polly looked burdened with responsibility.

"Those Brookses cry," objected Annette.

"We could send them up-stairs if they did," suggested Albert.

Polly's eyes widened with a sudden idea.

"Why, we could have a club!"

"And vote who could be members!" cried Annette.

"Mildred and Paul come back to-day," said Polly. "They'll help with the rules."

"Let's not have many rules," suggested Al-

bert, uneasily. "We 've had lots of fun this week without any rules at all, 'cept to be polite to Mrs. Kriger and pick up our things."

Mildred and Paul had very little chance to tell about their good times at Grandfather's. Annette arrived directly after supper, and till bedtime they were hard at work on the new organization. The name was a problem, but Albert, who was allowed to take a leading part, since their good fortune seemed due to his happy labors at the wringer, at last suggested the Kriger Club.

"My!" admired Polly, "how you do think of politenesses now you 've put your mind to them!"

"I just thought they 'd like it," said Albert, trying to look modest.

"We 'll have to show them to Mrs. Kriger," said Mildred, as she at length held up the sheet on which Paul had written the name and rules in his large round hand.

"We 'll all sign it now. The fellows who get up a club are the charter members," Paul explained; so they all signed in order of age, and their title was set by Paul, with a flourish, after David's funny, sleepy scrawl.

The janitor's door was locked the next morning, but the yard entrance was open. They put the important paper between the leaves of a picture-book of Ralph's, and settled themselves to various amusements. Polly and Annette were in the midst of hop-scotch when a stranger appeared in the doorway. He stopped short, looking at them inquiringly.

"Did you want Mr. Kriger?" asked Paul, with presence of mind. "He 'll be back pretty soon, I think."

"Won't you wait?" asked Polly, hospitably. "You could sit in the swing. It 's very strong."

The stranger laughed. He had bright brown eyes and a brisk manner.

"I think I will," he said, and climbed into one of the unsteady seats. "And who might you be?"

"We live in the Rose Alba," volunteered Albert.

"Except me. I live in the Reine Blanche," put in Annette, from the midst of the chalk design on the pavement.

"We 're the Kriger Club," announced David, solemnly.

"What 's that?"

"It 's us children that Mrs. Kriger lets come in her yard," said Annette. "I 've had to put my foot down, Polly, but you should n't count it."

"It 's going to be all the children in these houses," explained Polly.

"And we 've made the rules for 'em," added Albert.

"Oh, so Mrs. Kriger lets you come! I see. Do you like it?"

"It 's ever so nice," said Albert. "It is n't much fun playing games in the street. Somebody 's always getting in the way."

"And you never can read aloud, it 's so noisy," added Annette.

"If there was only a place to keep some of our big toys down-stairs it would be perfect," finished Polly. "We brought David's rocking-horse down one day. Mother said it seemed as if she had another room when it was gone. But we had to take it back at night, and it was awful heavy up the last flight."

"I see," agreed the visitor, again nodding at the children, who had gradually gathered around him—all except Annette, who still stood precisely where her last hop had landed her in the fourth of the chalked squares. "How many youngsters are there in these houses?"

"There are fifteen now," said Annette.

"Fifteen! Won't you be crowded?"

"I was thinking we 'd have some sand in the corner for the littlest," reflected Mildred. "They do get in the way sometimes, and Ralph plays hours in the sand at Grandfather's. Grandfather's place is most all sand, so he 'd let us have some."

"If we had Annette's yard, too," said Paul, "there 'd be lots of room, and then Herr Grau could watch us. He 'd like that."

Just then Mr. Kriger's step was heard along the hall.

"Oh, good morning," he said, taking off his hat as he saw the gentleman in the swing. "I 'm sorry you 've had to wait, sir, and I hope you don't mind this? My wife, she had a lot of brothers and sisters, and she does so enjoy the children. They are real good."

"So I 've noticed," said the gentleman. "Now show me those pipes you wrote about, Kriger," and the two disappeared.

"My turn," cried Annette. "I was right here. I have n't stirred since he came, and you ought n't to count my putting my foot down. Who do you s'pose he is?"

"He 's the new owner, that 's who he is," gloomily announced Paul. "I heard Mother say he did n't like the old agent, and was going to look after the houses himself."

"If he does n't like our being here," gasped Albert, "he can put us out!"

"So he can," said Polly, in dismay.

"Well, anyway," put in Albert, stoutly, "we asked him to sit down. We did all we could."

"He swung longer than you ever let me!" said David, wriggling into the vacant seat.

"I wish I had n't said that about the other yard," confessed Paul.

"Perhaps he did n't like the idea of a sand-pile," said Mildred, anxiously; "but we could give that up."

"As like as not we 've done all that work on those rules for nothing," said Annette, indignantly, as her last hop landed her safely in the final square.

"I thought it would be lovely to spell club with a K and have a K. K. badge," sighed Polly.

"But he did n't look cross—only sort of surprised and wondering," said Mildred, hopefully.

"I wish he 'd kept the agent. He never noticed anything," remarked Albert.

"Well, let's have all the fun we can this morning," suggested Paul, sagely. "He has n't put us out yet."

Soon after, the new owner, looking from an upper window, beheld a pair of legs waving jerkily in the air from the top rails of the swing frame, which made handy, but none too safe, parallel bars. Mr. Hibbard gazed a long time at his two squares of concrete. The property was a recent legacy. His intimate acquaintance with New York buildings had been confined to his own house and his offices in a twenty-story building on Cedar Street. When he left, he paused on the steps, looking up and down the street. Children played upon the walks and sat on dusty steps, chased back and forth across the busy roadway, or dashed out after lost balls, heedless of the passing vehicles. The great school building ran through the block, its windows and doors closed, its courtyard empty. He shook his head.

"All wrong, all wrong!" he muttered, and turned to the janitor, still waiting respectfully beside him, and not reassured by his employer's words.

"Yes, sir?" he ventured interrogatively.

"Where can I find a good carpenter?"

Mr. Kriger gave him the necessary directions.

The children had gone up-stairs for their luncheons when Mr. Hibbard came back with the workman, and so they heard nothing of the orders given the man in blue overalls, who pulled a foot-rule from his pocket and measured across a corner and then across the yard, and set down



"'IF WE HAD ANNETTE'S YARD, TOO,' SAID PAUL,
'THERE'D BE LOTS OF ROOM.'"

all sorts of items in his memorandum-book. He was back again early the next morning, playing havoc with the high board fence between the two houses. Mrs. Frisbie, from her first-floor windows, and Herr Grau from his, leaned out to see what the racket meant.

"The fence is going down!" cried the old musician. "Now I shall see *die kinder*."

"You don't suppose the new owner is going to stop their playing there?" Mrs. Frisbie asked anxiously.

"No, no," Herr Grau reassured her. "He iss kind. I haf seen him." All the same, when, shortly, Mr. Hibbard himself appeared, the old man leaned out again.

"Goot morning, Mr. Hibbard," he said. "You do not forbid *die kinder* the yard, do you? We so like to haf them, and their mothers haf much fear of the streets."

Mr. Hibbard looked up at the kind face with the thick, tumbled gray hair, and at the slender, fine hands grasping the sill. He took off his hat.

"So you like to have them?" he questioned. "I wondered if the grown people were pleased."

"It is a fine idea to take that ugly fence away," pursued the musician, not quite satisfied by the reply. "I shall see them now. Before I could only hear them."

"I 'm certain you could hear them," returned Mr. Hibbard, with non-committal good humor.

David arrived early, with one of the debated Brooks from the third floor. He did not care to enter into any discussion as to the admission of this favorite, and it was the part of wisdom to have him in the swing before the officers of the Kriger Klub should come. But, with a live carpenter on the spot, a swing had small charms.

"What 's he doing?" demanded Paul, when shortly after he found the two small boys watching every blow with fascinated eyes.

"Fixing it so 's we can have both yards," stated David, calmly.

"How do you know?" inquired Mr. Hibbard, who was still watching the destruction with evident satisfaction.

"Oh, I just know!" returned David.

"Who told you?"

"Nobody," and the small boy twisted about shyly on his heels. "You look like it," he explained obscurely, driven to bay by the gentleman's teasing smile.

Mr. Hibbard laughed.

"Are you president of the Kriger Klub?" he turned suddenly to Paul.

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see those rules, will you?"

Paul brought the paper from Mrs. Kriger's shelf. He would far rather have sung a solo then and there than have stood by while Mr. Hibbard's eye ran down the page. But presently Mildred and Polly came to his support, and if the landlord found anything funny in the by-laws, his face did not show it.

"Those are good," he announced, returning the paper. "But you must add one more rule. Mr.

and Mrs. Kriger have the right to say whether you can use the yard at all or not, and to forbid anything or any one who is troublesome. They may never have to interfere, but you know self-governing communities are a little slow in enforcing the laws." Even Paul and Mildred were not quite sure of the meaning of that last clause, but the rest of the sentence was clear enough.

"You 're going to let us stay!" cried Polly; "and we 're going to have both yards! How perfectly lovely!" and she darted to the door to seize Annette, and dance round and round the little space.

"We knew that rule, only we did n't think to write it down," explained Paul.

"Better write it down," advised Mr. Hibbard. "It will help you older ones," and he looked at Mildred. "You have a lot of responsibility, for, if there is much noise here, people in the houses opposite will complain, and then we 'll be in trouble."

"And if we behave, perhaps some of the other janitors will let children into their yards," suggested Mildred.

"Perhaps," agreed Mr. Hibbard; "but not this year. Reforms, my dear young lady, make their way slowly. I don't doubt I 've been exposed to them all my life, but this is the first time one ever struck me," and he went away smiling as he looked at his watch and saw that he would be a half-hour late down-town.

It took a week to put the place in order, and all that time the carpenter and the mason were better fun than any games.

Mrs. Frisbie met the Kings and the Eatons in the hall on Thursday.

"It ith going to be all done Thaterday noon!" shouted David, so excited that he fell back to his lisp.

"Don't you think we ought to have some sort of a celebration, Mrs. Frisbie?" inquired Paul, whose months at the Cathedral school made celebrations second nature.

"You see, hardly any of the children but us charter-members have played in it yet," explained Polly.

"Mrs. Kriger said they would hinder the men, and could n't come much till it was done," said Mildred; "so don't you think we could do something Saturday night, after supper?"

"Of course we could!" said Mrs. Frisbie. "I was dreadfully disappointed that Mr. Frisbie and I could n't go to the country this week, but now I 'm so glad we could n't."

"You did n't think you 'd ever rather stay in the Rose Alba than go to the country, did you?" demanded Polly, gleefully.



"THE CHILDREN WERE DANCING ONE OF THE INTRICATE FIGURES
LEARNED FOR A SPRING SCHOOL FESTIVAL."

"Indeed I did n't," admitted the music teacher. "But after I knew all of you, I had to like it."

"And Aunty Griswold," added David, loyally.

"Yes, of course, Aunty Griswold; and here she is just in time!" cried Mrs. Frisbie, and the cheery-faced dressmaker opened the door.

"We just needed you!" cried Polly, seizing her free hand and pulling her into the group.

"Come with me, and we 'll plan it right off!" ordered Mrs. Frisbie, gaily, as she unlocked the door of her flat. Everybody followed her, Madam Griswold as eager as the rest, and forgetting all about the slackness of her summer trade that had been carving a little worried mark between her eyes as she came along the street.

The last nail was driven, and the carpenter departed on Saturday noon. Then appeared Mr. Kriger, and Paul, and Albert, with a big boy from the Reine Blanche, and in an hour the place was as neat as brooms and buckets could make it. Then came Aunty Griswold and the girls with flags and streamers, and Mrs. Frisbie with Japanese lanterns, and Albert with wire and hammer and tacks, and the big boys with step-ladders. At five o'clock all was done, and they went off to dress and pretend to eat supper. For the party began at seven, and all the people in the two houses were invited.

"I hope they won't all come at once," worried Mildred, as she took a last look at the tiny playground.

"Never mind, if it is crowded they can come into my kitchen and look out of the window. It is all cleaned for them," said Mrs. Kriger, happily.

"And my windows too!" said Madam Griswold.

"And mine," said Mrs. Frisbie, "and Herr Grau said they could come into his rooms."

"My mother says they can come into ours," said the big boy, who lived over the violinist.

"How interested everybody is!" said Mildred, as she climbed the stairs with Aunty Griswold. "It makes you feel so comfortable."

"That 's the way it is out in my home in the country," said Madam, wistfully. "We are all neighbors, and interested in everything that happens, and ready to help one another."

"Oh, it 's getting to be just like the country, here," said Albert, stoutly. "And then it 's the city besides, you know."

About eight o'clock, Mr. Hibbard looked out from the Krigers' doorway. The swinging lanterns gave a soft light over the concrete pavement. From the new parallel bars and the swing frame fluttered pennants, and stuck in the top of the sand-pile in the corner was a large white banner, with K. K. in red letters. From the windows of the first floor came the sounds of

Mrs. Frisbie's piano and Herr Grau's violin, and the children were dancing one of the intricate figures learned for a spring school festival.

As the last figure ended the music ceased, but shortly the violin sounded again, and Paul's clear voice rang out. All the people stopped whispering to listen. After that, the big boy's uncle, who was an actor, sang some rollicking songs of Gilbert and Sullivan, while Mrs. Frisbie's piano seemed positively to laugh with enjoyment of the jokes. Then came the dance music once more, and all the youngsters and most of the older folk formed in two long sets for the Virginia reel. That was supposed to be the end of the party, but just as the last couples slid down between the lines and curtsied at the foot, out from the doorway came Mr. Kriger, bearing a great tray of dishes of ice-cream, and after him came the big boy's father with another tray, and behind them came Mrs. Kriger and Mrs. Brooks and Madam Griswold, with plates of cake. Then the Kriger Klub forgot all about the silence rule, and made such a noise that the heads that had disappeared from the windows of the near-by houses with the end of the dance popped back to see what had happened.

"Oh, Mr. Hibbard! you 're a regular summer Santa Claus!" cried Polly, dancing up to him, a dish of cream in one hand, a piece of frosted cake in the other. "And you have n't any yourself. Do take this. It 's an especially good kind of cake," and she forced the dish into his hands. "What made you think of this lovely ending?"

"I did n't," confessed Mr. Hibbard. "I 'm just as much surprised as you are."

"But we must thank somebody," said Albert, anxiously. His appreciation of the practical value of courtesy had become firmly established in the past fortnight, and he wished to lose no opportunities.

"It 's the way the fathers and some of us who are n't fathers have taken of saying 'Thank you' to Mr. Hibbard and to Mr. and Mrs. Kriger," said Mr. Frisbie, standing near, and he held out his hand to his landlord.

"Seems to me that was a queer way to thank Mr. Hibbard, Father," puzzled Paul, as they mounted the stairs together. "Giving us ice-cream, I mean."

"Did n't he seem to like it?" Mr. Eaton asked, in mock anxiety.

"Oh, yes, he could n't help liking it. It was fine cream," approved Paul.

"I think he was ever so pleased," said Polly, slipping an understanding hand into her father's. "Dear me, I just hate to think of all the houses in New York that Mr. Hibbard does n't own!"



A-coming home, on Hallowe'en,
I looked back from the hill,
And saw a *Witch* right on the moon,
All crouched-up, dark and still;
And, what was worse—you'd hardly think
That such a thing could be!—
The moon was like a *Pumpkin Head*
And stared straight down at me!

GEORGE

BUTLER



THE SILVER CUP

BY GEORGE M. JOHNSON

THE fly-fishing season for salmon was at its height, and in accordance with time-honored custom the members of the Waltonian Salmon Club had repaired in a body to their headquarters on the River-with-the-Unpronounceable-Name. There was the lawyer, the doctor, the minister,—two of these, in fact,—as well as a number of others, all keen sportsmen. Last of all, but by no means least in importance, was William Davis, Jr., commonly known simply as Young Bill, to distinguish him from his father, Old Bill, who was a most enthusiastic follower of the club's patron saint.

For the past three seasons, it had been Young Bill's earnest endeavor to convince his sire that he ought to accompany the latter on the annual migration to the River-with-the-Unpronounceable-Name. His arguments had been, as he thought, exceedingly well chosen and well presented, but, much to his disgust, exceedingly unsuccessful. The invariable answer was that Young Bill was too young, at which the disgruntled youth was forced to retire defeated but unconvinced.

Young Bill was just as enthusiastic an angler as his father, whom he had often accompanied on fishing trips of minor importance. For his years, the boy was a very adept hand at trout-fishing, and the end of a day's sport was quite likely to see fully as good a showing in his creel as in that of Old Bill himself. But, like Alexander, the ambitious youth yearned for new worlds to conquer, and the world of his dreams was the region which looked out upon the swirling eddies and foam-flecked pools of the famous salmon-stream.

Fortunate it is that some dreams come true. In course of time, William Davis, Sr., relented, and thus it was that Young Bill finally found himself settled for a two-weeks' stay in the rustic lodge of the Waltonians, where the last thing he heard each night, and the first sound to salute his ears each morning, was the harsh boom of

the river, though softened by distance, as its waters boiled impetuously over the rift beneath the Lower Pool.

The first object to attract Young Bill's attention as he entered the central hall of the lodge, decorated with various trophies of rod and gun, was the cup, occupying a prominent place just across from the big cobblestone chimney. The only other person in the room at the time chanced to be Jack Brownell, one of the club's younger members, an individual of vast importance in the eyes of William Davis, Jr., because he had been unanimously accorded a place on the all-America foot-ball team of a year before. Jack was carefully sorting out some salmon-flies, but he noted the glance of admiration which the new-comer cast upon the cup, and, leisurely rising from his seat, he sauntered over.

"Quite a cup, eh, Bill?" he remarked affably.

"Well, some!" was the heartfelt reply. "What's it for?"

"That cup," declaimed the college man, assuming a highly important air, "is to become the permanent property of the member"—he put a cruel emphasis on the word—"of the member of this club who brings the heaviest salmon to gaff during the present season."

So that was it! Young Bill looked again at the cup. His appreciative glance drank in its beauties—the wonderful chasing, and the gleam of polished gold from within the bowl. On one side was the seal of the club; on the opposite, a blank space in which was to be engraved the dimensions of the prize fish, together with the name of his captor and the date of capture.

"All fish taken during the season," went on Bill's new friend, "are entered in the official book. Then, when the season ends, the member with the heaviest fish to his credit takes the cake—I mean the cup."

"Must he be a member?" queried Bill, with lively interest, not untinted with anxiety.

"Oh, to be sure; most certainly he must be a member!" was the solemn retort. "Non-members are not eligible to compete," and the foot-ball man stalked back to his chair and book of salmon-flies.

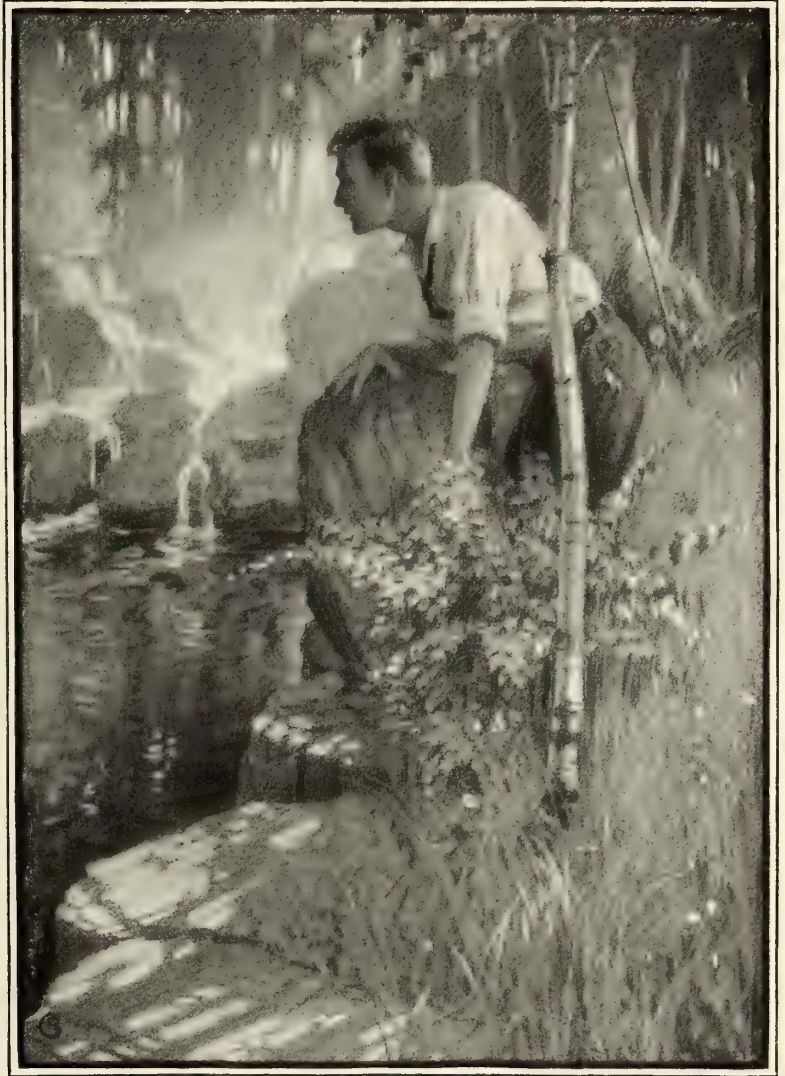
Young Bill felt quite crestfallen. The mere circumstance that he had never before fished for salmon bothered him not in the least. He had already made up his mind to capture a big fish—a regular "whale"; but what was the use when his salmon could not be entered for the cup. The boy's confidence in his own ability was not prompted by any feeling of egotism; it was to him simply a matter of course. But, whatever happened, he could not try for the cup. There was real tragedy in the thought that he was too young to be a member of the club.

He walked around the room, examining the different trophies—monuments to past successes afield on the part of various Waltonians. The "official book" was open for inspection, and he eagerly perused it, to discover that up to date the record salmon was a twenty-four-pounder, certainly a splendid fish, and one which stood a good chance of carrying off all honors. This salmon was credited to the rod of Jack Brownell, whereupon the college man went up a bit higher in Bill's scale of hero-worship, though that had before seemed impossible.

Next day, he made his debut as wielder of the long, graceful, two-handed rod used in salmon angling. The lad found the process decidedly different from casting with a light trout rod, but his previous angling experience stood him in good stead, and he had also picked up many pointers from the conversation of his father and other experts. He actually got one rise—not a large fish, to be sure—but even that one half-hearted rise was

more than enough to encourage him to further efforts.

That evening, the club members gathered in the "den," as they called the central hall, to smoke and talk over past battles with the king of game-fish. Young Bill listened with all his ears,



"FOR A MOMENT HE LOOKED; THEN SANK TO ONE KNEE WITH A GASP." (SEE PAGE 1081.)

drinking in wisdom from the lips of the sages. The boy had quickly won a place in the hearts of the older anglers because of his boundless enthusiasm and good nature.

Presently Brownell rose to his feet. "Mr. President," he said, addressing a gray-haired member of the circle, "is a motion in order?"

"Certainly, Jack," was the smiling reply.

"Then, gentlemen," the speaker went on, "I move that Mr. Bill Davis, Jr., be elected an honorary member of this club until such time as he is of age to join as a regular member."

"Second the motion!" came simultaneously from the lawyer and one of the ministers.

The motion was put and carried in the most formal way.

"It is a vote," stated the president. "The secretary will please see to it that the name of Mr. Bill Davis, Jr., is added to the club's roster as honorary member."

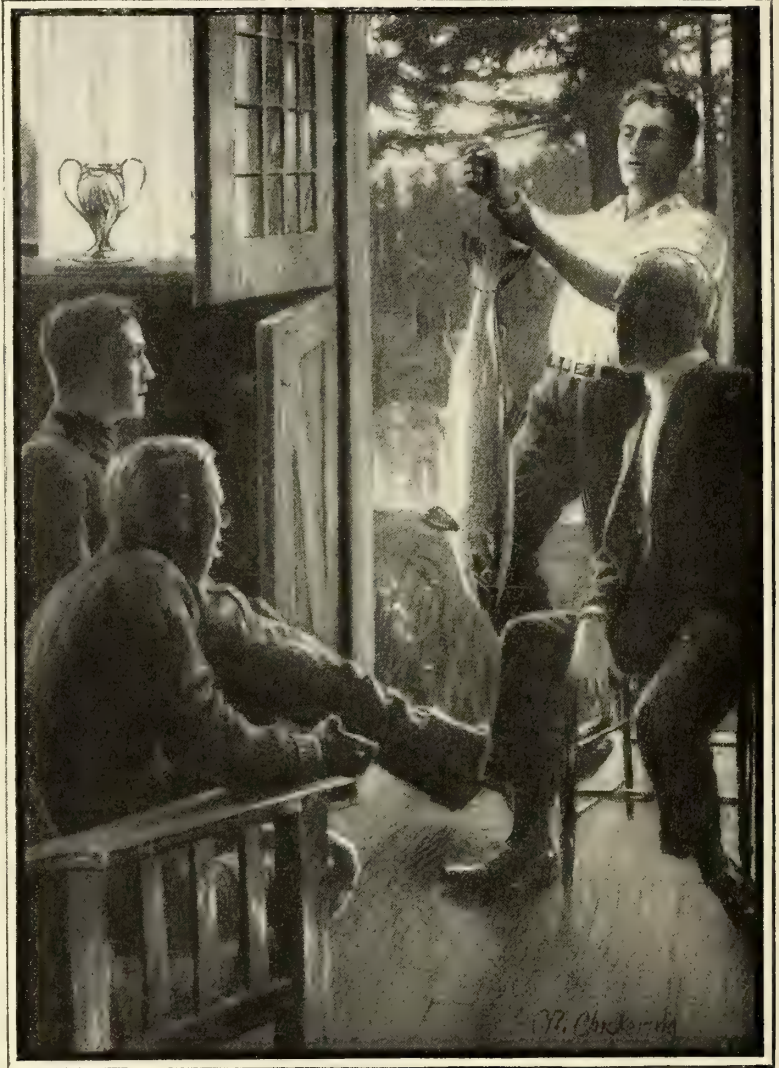
"You see," Jack explained, "Young Bill has hopes of catching the salmon of the season, and it would be too bad to cheat him out of the cup on the mere technicality of his not being a member."

And this, coming as it did from his nearest rival, seemed to Young Bill, who was almost delirious from pure joy, about the finest speech he had ever heard in his life. That night, as the boy dropped off to sleep, the roar of the River-with-the-Unpronounceable-Name sounded in his ears with even a wilder and more joyous note than before, and five minutes after his eyes closed, he was fighting the battle of his life with a monster salmon, which seemed to grow larger and stronger and more invincible with every leap above the flashing, sunlit waters.

The following morning saw Bill renewing his efforts to master the gentle art of salmon angling, and with a vicious earnestness worthy of mighty achievements. Things went more smoothly than on the day previous, and evening found him with a six-pound salmon to his credit—perhaps the very one he had missed the day before—which fish was duly entered after his name in the official book.

Young Bill felt elated, as was quite proper for getting the largest fish he had ever taken with rod

and line, but not too much so. He thought of Jack's twenty-four-pounder, and his own shrank to the dimensions of a minnow. It was generally regarded that the beautiful cup was as good as won already, for the college man's fish was the largest to fall to the rod of one of the Wal-



"THERE IN THE DOORWAY STOOD YOUNG BILL." (SEE PAGE 1082.)

tonians in years. But Young Bill was not discouraged, even though the days drifted past and his big salmon did not appear.

Below the Lower Pool, the river was pinched down to a ribbon of foaming rifts and dashing spray by a narrow cañon. Issuing from the cañon, the stream widened out into another pool, one not usually frequented by anglers from the

club, because the place was not at all easy to fish, and perhaps even more because it was commonly regarded as a "hoodoo"; that is, although there seemed no reason why it should not be a good pool, the club's records showed practically no fish taken there, and as other pools of proved merit were plentiful, this one was neglected.

Young Bill's stay at the club was slowly nearing its close with the big salmon still eluding him. He felt positive that the fish was lurking somewhere in the river, waiting to gobble down the feathered lure, yet all his efforts to establish communications seemed foredoomed to failure.

One afternoon, he had fished the Lower Pool without success, and then, prompted by curiosity, decided to explore the hoodoo. He followed down the side of the cañon, and presently found himself upon an abrupt ledge of rock, which looked down on the hitherto untried stretch of water. The boy's glance wandered over the wild and picturesque beauty of the place. Even Bill, not usually very appreciative in such matters, could not fail to be impressed by the glorious sight—the clear waters of the rushing river standing out in sharp contrast with the dark background of evergreens on the opposite side. For a moment he looked; then sank to one knee with a gasp. Out in the middle of the pool, not fifty feet from where he was standing, lay a magnificent salmon, close to the surface, and holding his position in the swift current by just a perceptible quiver of the muscular tail.

What a salmon it was! To the boy's startled gaze it looked like a section of rail fence. He could hardly believe his eyes, and watched the beautiful fish, not even daring to blink, lest it suddenly fade into nothingness. But the salmon did not fade away; it remained there, very much in evidence.

Bill quickly noted the details of the scene before him. The pool could be fished from but one place, a flat rock which jutted out into the water some distance above where the king of salmon was disporting himself. The boy cautiously slipped away, assuring himself by a final backward glance that the quarry had not vanished.

With breathless, trembling eagerness he made his first attempt, gradually lengthening the cast until the gaudy bunch of feathers almost brushed the silvery sides of the salmon. There followed no savage rush, nothing to indicate that the interest of the fish was ever so slightly aroused. He appeared sublimely indifferent to everything but the delicious coolness of the water which rippled past his glistening scales, and so far as his attitude went, he might easily have been indifferent to that as well.

"Wrong fly," thought Bill. "Guess I'll try a Jock Scott," and accordingly made a quick change of pattern.

But the Jock Scott was of no avail; nor did the Durham Ranger or the Black Dose which followed it fare any better. The youthful angler changed his flies again and again, and yet that unappreciative salmon continued to hold him in derision.

From his position on the flat rock Bill had just been able to distinguish the dark shape of the big fish. Now it seemed to have at last vanished, for, strain his eyes as he might, the salmon could not be seen. The boy carefully crawled back to the ledge from which he had first looked out upon the pool. His heart gave a great throb: the salmon was in the same place. Those eyes of his had simply played him false.

Although the big fish was undoubtedly there, it was perfectly obvious that he was not in the mood to risk his teeth on any doubtful provender; he had already refused at least a dozen of the most approved patterns of salmon-flies. Bill sat down, covetously watching him, and wondering what in the world to do. He pondered over all the facts he had ever heard about salmon, their whims, vagaries, and all the rest. Suddenly he was petrified into attention. A small withered leaf came whirling down the current, and the royal fish hurled himself upon it, breaking water with a resounding splash. The leaf was, of course, instantly rejected, and the salmon quickly assumed his former posture of disdainful superiority.

Now Bill knew that salmon are never supposed to take any food during their sojourn in fresh water. Just why they rise to flies is something of a mystery, but this particular salmon had most certainly risen to a brown and faded leaf; there could be no doubt about that. Then—and Bill's heart began to pound as he grasped the full force of the idea—why would n't he rise to a fly of the same color?

A hasty glance through the fly-book brought to light nothing which seemed suitable; a more careful examination produced two that might answer, though neither was just what he wanted. Then another idea struck him, and with a sharp knife and a bit of silk thread—for Bill never went fishing without having in his kit the means for making simple repairs to damaged tackle—he set to work. Those flies were of the best quality, imported from Scotland, and had cost William Davis, Sr., a very tidy sum, but Young Bill, who knew something about the art of tying flies, as every true angler should, demolished the two without any qualms of conscience whatever.

In a few minutes, his task was complete; he had succeeded in combining the colors of both flies into one which he hoped might do the business. A trial could alone prove its effectiveness.

Again did the angler take up his position on the flat rock, and send his long cast sweeping out across the current where lay the mighty salmon. And this time things happened with startling abruptness. Bill had no time to realize how it came about, but there he was, fighting that glorious battle with the fish which had haunted his waking and sleeping hours for the past ten days.

The powerful automatic reel which he used, perhaps just a trifle contrary to the strictest ethics of the sport, proved its worth within the first five minutes. Without it he could never have kept a taut line on the darting, rushing demon to which he was fast, and slack line meant a speedy escape.

He became utterly oblivious to the flight of time, to the increasing numbness in his fingers, to the deadly weariness of his arms, to everything. His whole being was concentrated on the problem before him. It was his strength and endurance against the salmon's; his wits pitted against those of the fish, and the boy knew enough to realize full well that on all counts the odds were heavy in favor of his antagonist.

As evening approached, the Waltonians who had been fishing returned one by one to headquarters. A knot of them gathered in the den to kill the half-hour before supper by listening to Old Bill's thrilling account of how he had lost a twenty-pound salmon through an unfortunate and unforeseen weakness in his tackle.

"He circled the pool twice," the narrator was saying, "and then took the bit between his teeth and started down the rift. I—"

Jack Brownell's chair came down to the floor with a thump.

"Wow!" he gulped impolitely, his bulging eyes staring out past the group of listeners.

All turned involuntarily to look. There in the doorway stood Young Bill, making a manful though fruitless effort to hold at arm's-length a huge and glistening salmon.

"For the love of Mike!" cried Jack, regaining his voice, as he and the rest leaped to their feet. "How did you do that?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he bawled excitedly out through the door: "Hey, all you fellows out there! Come along in here, and bring the scales, somebody! Hurry up about it, too!"

Old Bill's story was forgotten by all, himself included, and Young Bill became the center of an eager, questioning throng, which constantly increased as the news spread, until all the Waltonians were gathered about him.

"Here come the scales!" cried Jack. "Let 's have 'em," and all waited in breathless expectation for his verdict.

"Twenty-eight pounds, six ounces!" he announced, and then turned to seize Young Bill's hand. "You 've beaten me, old man!" he exclaimed, "and let me say that I 'm glad of it. You deserve everything that 's coming. But how in the wide, wide world did you ever land that salmon without a gaff or any one to help you?"

"Why, I just *had* to land him," came Bill's modest answer. "I played him to a finish, and then yanked him out by the tail."

"Well! Well! what do you know about that!" was Old Bill's comment, as he gazed proudly upon his son and heir.

And that is how it happens that Young Bill's most cherished possession is a certain beautiful silver cup, bearing upon one side the official seal of the Waltonian Salmon Club, and on the other a few words and figures which mean far more to its owner than any one who is so unfortunate as not to be an angler could ever appreciate.





YOUNG barefooted Newton, when walking one day,
 Stepped square on a pin that stuck up in his way.
 "Some one did this on purpose," he cried, "and you bet
 I'll teach him a lesson he won't soon forget!"
 He stuck the pin up in the sidewalk, and then,
 When hurrying back, he stepped on it again!





THE WASTED HOLE

BY MELVILLE CHATER

UPON the square across the way,
They pulled some houses down, one day;
And then, as miners dig for coal,
They dug the biggest, finest hole!

So deep, so wide, so full of dirt,
And men in overalls and shirt—
Of all the streets and buildings too,
It was the nicest place I knew.

Then summer came; we went away;
I dug with spade and pail all day;
And when we bade the beach good-by,
"I'll dig that hole at home," thought I.

But oh, when we had reached the square,
A big, white building towered there!
I cried, as off to bed I stole,
Because they'd spoiled that lovely hole.

Such lots of stores and flats there are,
Hotels and buildings, near and far;
Yet some one came and did his best
To make that place just like the rest!



"A BIG, WHITE BUILDING TOWERED THERE!"

THE RUNAWAY

BY ALLEN FRENCH

Author of "The Junior Cup," "Pelham and His Friend Tim," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI

OUT OF THE SMOKE

THE automobile rolled on. Nate had fainted in his place, but from the steps, from the seats, all the rest but Bob cast fascinated glances at the fires that raged so close on either hand. Then again faces were hidden from the heat that seemed to smite upon the eyeballs, or were turned to look for cinders that burned hands or clothes. But Bob kept his eyes upon the road, noted each rock, each bump, each hollow, and nursed the car as it labored up the hill. No jaunty recklessness sustained him; plain dogged courage kept his head steady in spite of the cinder that scorched his neck. He fastened his hands to the wheel, indifferent to the flecks of fire that burned them.

And the top of the hill was gained! With it they reached the front of the fire. Bob shifted the gears, and the car leaped forward. He wished for the speed of yesterday, yet in spite of its bad firing the car was swift. A mile ahead lay safety, for there was the reservoir which Mr. Dodd had drained early in the summer, on whose bare basin the fire could not run. Against the heat they could have protection in the big pool that still marked the lowest spot. The mile was quickly passed, and Bob, running the machine into safety, stopped at last. One by one they stepped down. Mr. Dodd lifted Nate down by the waterside, where his wife, with wetted handkerchief, began to lave his face.

At first no one said a word. But then there came a cry from Rodman: "My brother!"

"Mr. Lee!" echoed Pelham, instantly.

No one answered: he was not there. They looked at each other in horror; then Brian in despair cast himself down upon the gravel. His fault!

Pale as paper, Rodman looked up at Bob where he still sat in the car. "You will go back?" he asked.

"I will!" answered Bob, grimly. Starting the car again, he swung it about. Mr. Dodd, waiting where he must again start toward the road, stepped silently aboard. Then Rodman leaped upon the step.

"Go back!" they told him.

"No!" he answered, clinging desperately, lest they should attempt to break his hold. His eyes appealed to Mr. Dodd, and the man yielded.

"Go on," he said to Bob.

Those left behind watched the car enter the wood-road again. Behind the screen of the trees they heard the distant roar of the fire, and the faint crash of falling trees. Brian crouched lower still. He should have gone in Rodman's place. It was the one way in which he could have expiated his fault.

They waited a long time. Harriet and her mother stood close together; at times the girl shuddered, and struggled with a sob, but her mother was motionless. Her eyes were on the road. Pelham, coming to her and taking her hand, found it very cold. And the minutes passed, the fire roared nearer, and no sign came from the woods. But at length they started; even Brian raised his head.

"The horn?" asked Pelham, doubtfully.

Again came the harsh honking from the woods, like a hoot of triumph. And then the machine shot backward out of the road, down the beach, and out upon the gravel! It approached them—reached them—stopped. Mr. Dodd was in his place, and on the step was Rodman, his eyes streaming with tears. Where Nate had lain was now another motionless form. Mrs. Dodd looked anxiously at her husband, but he was smiling.

"Just in time," he said. "He will come to. We had to stop at a fallen tree, but Rodman ran ahead and found him."

CHAPTER XXVII

A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL

BRIAN could not recover himself. It was in vain that he told himself that he and the rest of them could have escaped from the fire by running. He knew better. It was in vain, also, to reason that the fire had not started from his cigarette. It might have begun from a dozen other causes. But inwardly he knew that here was a certain cause for the fire; other causes were but guesses. And again, when the fire-fighters from the town had stopped the blaze and searched for its origin, they concluded that it had started somewhere near the spot on the path where he had thrown the cigarette away. It was in vain, again, that when he heard the damage estimated at about three thousand dollars, he told himself that some day he would pay his uncle back—not in cash, perhaps, but by the present of an automobile. He

knew that the value of the timber was nothing to his uncle compared with the loss of the beautiful woods and the fine old grove. Who could give these back again?

So Brian's self-satisfaction had left him. It was not possible to find his former contented state of mind so long as his conscience troubled him about these matters. Nor was that all. Now that he felt his guilt concerning the fire, his mind began to work backward to other faults. That day of his neglect of Harriet—that was a shameful thing. It was all very well so long as he could put it out of his mind, could feel vexed with Rodman and out of patience with Harriet's fussiness. But now he saw it differently. He had been mean—mean!

And there was yet one other thing. The fire had come from carelessness, the desertion of Harriet from impulse (and he had tried to make it good), but what could be said of his letting Rodman lie under suspicion of theft, and all because he, Brian, had been ashamed to acknowledge that he had mislaid his wallet? It had been deliberately done, and in all the weeks that had passed since then, with all the opportunities for confession, he had locked his lips, and allowed the lie to stand. When Brian thought of this—and he thought of it more and more—he felt a growing horror of himself.

Matters were no better because no one spoke to him of his faults. Not a word had been said of the cause of the fire, though it was too much to suppose that Bob and Pelham did not suspect him. If they only would speak! If only some one would accuse him of causing the fire, of deserting Harriet, of lying about his wallet! He knew it would be a relief.

Anyway, he said to himself, punishment was sure. Now that his father was here in the house, he would soon be told. Why else had he been sent for? Once or twice Brian had seen his father angry. He winced as he thought of what was in store for him, yet he felt a kind of satisfaction at the thought. He deserved it. Besides, anything was better than this thinking, thinking, hour by hour. Would n't somebody finish it? he asked himself savagely.

As Brian suspected, the others had placed the guilt of the fire on him. "Brian's cigarette did it," Bob said to his father. "What's more, he knows it did it. Do you remember how he offered to stay behind, there in the grove?"

"So that was it!" mused Mr. Dodd. "I wondered, even at the time. And any one can see how he's brooding now.—Well, we need say nothing about this. It would trouble his father very keenly—why, he and I used to picnic in that

grove forty years ago! I'd rather he'd think it some accident, unless Brian himself tells.—Yet," said Mr. Dodd, after a pause, "I think his father ought to be told of this affair of the wallet."

Bob, and his mother, and Pelham, and Harriet—for this was in family council—all nodded assent. They could see no other way. Pelham and Harriet, however, seeking each other's eyes, silently came to an agreement. Nothing should be said of Brian's desertion of Harriet at Winton. The poor fellow had a heavy enough load of trouble.

"Father," asked Harriet, presently, "shall you tell Uncle Richard?" Looking through the window she had seen her uncle, smoking his cigar in a garden seat and reading the morning paper.

"I am unwilling to," answered Mr. Dodd. "He and Brian don't understand each other very well; I am afraid that this would not help." Mr. Dodd said nothing more of his thoughts on this point, but his wife knew them very well. Like many busy fathers and indulged sons, the city Dodds lived lives quite separate from each other. Entire ignorance of each other's ways of thinking had year by year set them farther apart. The father's ideals might at times be enforced with severity, but most of the time they were never mentioned. A transgression would be punished, but the long neglect did much to make transgression possible. Mr. Dodd shook his head. "Brian ought to tell his father himself."

"Then, Father," persisted Harriet, "won't you speak to him?"

"Harriet," explained her father, "I think I understand the boy. I think he's worrying over what he's done; I believe he'd do much to undo the harm. I really think he would be relieved if some one should come and accuse him. Then he would confess. But he would be losing a great opportunity to repair his fault—at least as far as concerns himself. Nothing that Brian can do would strengthen his character so much as to make up his own mind to tell."

More was said, and then interruptions came. Uncle Dick himself came into the room, proposing to his brother that they go and see how Lee was getting on. Harriet, once more catching Pelham's eye, signaled that she wanted to speak to him, and slipped out to the piazza. In a minute Pelham joined her.

"What's the scheme?" he asked briefly.

"Pelham," she returned, "what did you do with Brian's wallet?"

"It's hidden in my bureau," he said. "What do you want of it?"

"Brian is wandering in the garden," explained

Harriet. "Poor fellow, he moons about a good deal. Pelham, I want you to slip up-stairs and lay that wallet on Brian's bureau, where he can't fail to see it. Then watch, and when he goes to his room let me know."

"What 's it all for?" he demanded.

"Did n't you hear Father say that of his own accord Brian ought to tell on himself? I 'm trying to make him do so."

"I don't see it," objected Pelham.

"You don't need to," she laughed. "The plan may fail. But, dear Pelham," and Harriet grew serious, "please do as I ask."

Neither of her brothers could resist Harriet when she pleaded. "'T is done!" he answered, and slipped into the house. In a minute he returned. "The wallet is on his bureau where he can't miss it. And he 's coming toward the house. I saw him through the window."

"He did n't see you?" inquired Harriet, anxiously.

"I 'm sure he did n't."

"Then," she said, "I 'm going into the garden.—It 's just a scheme of mine," she explained to his questioning gaze. "It may not work. And, Pelham, will you please make sure that Uncle Dick does n't go away from the house for a while?"

"Very well," he answered. "I hope the scheme works, whatever it is.—There 's Brian now, just going in the side door."

"Keep out of his way," advised Harriet. "Good-by." She went toward the garden, and Pelham, while trying to keep out of Brian's sight, busied himself with ascertaining the whereabouts of his uncle.

Brian went into the house by the side door, which was not customary with him, and stole up-stairs into his room. In his depression he felt that perhaps he might find consolation in a new necktie. But he had not half opened the drawer when he stood fixed, staring at an object on the bureau.

His wallet! *His* wallet? He was almost afraid to pick it up, but bent nearer, scrutinizing it carefully. Yes, discolored as it was, and somewhat out of shape, it was the wallet which he had buried. He ventured to take it in his hand. There was no possible doubt in the matter!

Feeling suddenly very shaky, Brian sat down. That dry, stiff object which he held in his hand took away the last of his courage. He looked about him fearfully; he dreaded to hear approaching footsteps. How did this thing come here? What did it mean? He tried to think it out.

At first all he could see was a threat. His

meanness was known, and punishment would follow. This was put here as a warning of the revelation which he could no longer avoid. Everybody, everybody would be told!

Then a sudden hope came to him. Perhaps the gardener, digging up that bed of asters, had found the wallet. The housemaid had said, "Oh, that is Master Brian's," and had put it here. Perhaps there was no more in it than this. Anxious to learn if his guess was correct, he sprang up and hurried to the garden. He made his way among the paths to the spot which he remembered uncomfortably well. There it was—!

He stopped short, for the bed had not been touched. Every aster stood in its place, freshly and stiffly erect. Some seemed ready to bud. He could not see a place where a plant was missing. Somebody, then, had carefully dug for the wallet. Who could it be? There could be but one answer. Harriet!

At the thought of her he turned and found her standing near him.

She was looking at him a little sadly, but with much kindness. Brian had often felt uncomfortable in her presence, remembering what she knew of him. He had often resented her straightforwardness. But now that look of kindness, aided by his knowledge of her steadfastness, went to his heart. Some barrier within him broke; the ice of his selfishness melted away.

"Harriet!" he cried, "I want to tell you everything!"

Her face brightened with joy. Nothing was better for him just now than willing confession, and she felt happy that he offered it. Her own share in bringing him to this she forgot; she rejoiced only that his change of heart had been accomplished.

"There is no need of telling me," she answered.

But he put her reply aside. "I must tell you everything!" he repeated, with a thrill of relief in his voice; and recognizing his need of speech, she listened. He poured out all his heart to her. She could not spare him any part of it. If she interposed, "Yes, I remember that," nevertheless he told her all, anxious that she should understand the whole of his meanness and littleness. "You don't need to beg my pardon," she said; yet he asked it again and again. But, as she listened, she realized how with every word he uttered he was taking one more weight from his conscience. He felt better, indeed he felt almost satisfied when, his last word said, he knew that he stood before Harriet as a sneak and a cad.

"What do you think of me?" he demanded.

"I think better of you than ever before," she

replied, with a heartiness that put new courage in him. "Not every one would speak so of himself. There is only one better thing that you can yet do."

"I will tell Rodman," he offered, flushing deeply, and looking at the ground.

"Rodman will not want you to tell it all to him. Ask his pardon, Brian; that is all. I meant that you should tell your father."

He turned pale as his startled eyes came back to her face. "I—I can't!"

"You must," she answered firmly. "How can you ever face him, and go home and live with him, with this concealment between you? Uncle Dick is in the house, and he will understand." She saw that he was wavering, and put her arm through his. "He will not be unkind. Come with me, Brian."

Pelham, watching from the piazza, saw them coming and slipped into the house. His father and uncle were in the writing-room, but his mother was just passing through the hall. He stopped her. "Mother," he said, "I think Harriet is bringing Brian to speak with Uncle Dick."

"Good!" she responded, pleased.

"Uncle Dick is quick-tempered," hesitated Pelham. "Can't you—?"

"I'll try," she said, after a moment's thought. She kissed her son. Her heart was warm with the thought of the confidence which existed between her and her children. She went into the writing-room, and stood looking at her brother-in-law.

"You're serious," he said.

"I feel glad," she answered.

"For Brian is coming to tell you something."

He frowned. "What mischief has the boy been up to?"

"There," she said, "you're serious now." She came and put her hand on his arm. "Promise me you'll be gentle with him."

His frown vanished as he looked at her; he admired his sister-in-law. "I was wrong, Mary," he said. "I will be gentle."

"Thank you," she answered, and with her husband went from the room.

Brian, entering, found his father prepared to be kind, and lucky it was. For the father, as he pieced together the broken tale, felt now shame, and now anger, and now exasperation. His contemptuous exclamations, his stern questions, nearly took the heart out of the boy, so that at



"YOU DON'T NEED TO BEG MY PARDON," SHE SAID.

last his voice broke and tears rolled down his cheeks. And then, as he saw his son so humiliated before him, Uncle Dick remembered his promise to his sister-in-law. He realized that the boy was telling the story honestly, sparing himself no accusations, offering no excuses. He summoned his patience, spoke gently, and gave the boy new courage.

"My boy," said the father at the end, "what you did against Rodman you must explain and apologize for."

"I will!" promised Brian, eagerly.

He did not foresee how hard it would be to expose his own dishonor to the boy whom he had wronged; but the father, realizing this last humiliation to the proud lad, softened still more. He saw the boy's sincerity, and believed that punishment had gone far enough.

"Brian," he said slowly, "both of us are sorry that these things have happened; but since they have, nothing could please me better than your telling me."

"Father!" Brian's voice broke again.

There were tears in the other's eyes. "I— you remind me of my own weaknesses at your age. I blame myself. I ought to have been with you more, so as to prevent such things."

Brian seized his hand, and his father sought relief in a very shaky laugh. "But we 'll see more of each other in the future—eh, my boy?"

"If you 'll let me go back with you," said Brian, eagerly, "I 'd like to work for the rest of the summer in the office. These boys all work. Pelham takes a pride in helping his father. I 'd like to try to help you, sir."

"Why, Brian!" cried his father; "you could n't please me better!"

"And," the boy added, "if I can earn a little— anything!—toward paying for those woods—" He stopped, feeling how little, how very little, he could do to repair his fault.

But his father, gratified at these signs of manliness, held out his hand. Silently they struck hands upon a bargain that was to keep them close friends.

CHAPTER XXVIII

GETTING EVEN

It was at last something like Mr. Lee's old smile, jaunty and winning. "Came through after all, did n't I?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" answered Rodman, tremulously. "And I 'm so thankful, Wilson."

The elder brother's smile faded. "I wish I had n't."

"Oh," began Rodman, eagerly, "but when you think—" He stopped. "You saved us all," he said.

Lee shook his head. "Nate did that. He was the true hero. It was natural for us all to want to get out of the fire, but for him to get in—I 've thought of it many a time since I lay here. He 's all right, I hope."

"He 's asleep across the hall," said Rodman. "It 's pretty hard to say whether his burns are the worst, or yours. But he says it was n't hard to get in to us. He found a place where the fire was thin, thanks to the swamp."

"Just the same," persisted Lee, "he could have stayed outside.—Well, I shall be down-stairs to-morrow, the doctor tells me, and perhaps then I shall have a chance to tell your Nate what I think of him."

Rodman grinned. "A great sight it will be, you and he swapping compliments, each shutting his own ears and trying to make the other listen.—But, Wilson," and his face changed, "I shall be so glad to have you up again!"

"So shall I," responded his brother. "I want to get away."

But he did not say it with energy. Instead, his mind shrank from the exertion. Three days of suffering had reduced both his strength and his resolution. Rodman, watching him, took a little heart.

"Wilson," he said, "Mr. Dodd told me to say that if you were able to see him he 'd be glad to speak with you."

The other made a face. "I can't keep him away from any part of his house that he wishes to visit."

Rodman laughed. "Can't you? But he wants to bring his brother."

"Brian's father?" asked Lee. "They told me he had come. What does he want with me—oh, I remember." He scowled, but even his scowl was feeble. "They 're bringing a policeman too?"

"Wilson," said Rodman, earnestly, "won't you listen to what they want to say to you? Agree to it, I mean?"

"Oh, certainly," replied the other. "Always agree to everything before I hear what it is. Saves trouble."

"I 'm glad you can joke," said the younger. "I 'll bring them in."

In another minute they entered the room. Richard Dodd was like his brother in build, not so fine nor strong of face, yet a man to like. They smiled at him as they shook his hand, inquired after his health, and passed the usual small civilities of the sick-room. But, by the time these were uttered, they were seated as if they meant to stay. Rodman, for his part, had sat down on the bed by his brother.

"Gentlemen," said Lee, suddenly, "let 's have no beating about the bush. I suppose I know what you 're here for. A certain strong-arm criminal, highwayman, and confidence man has been victimizing one of you and was about to play his tricks upon another. He 's in your hands now, without strength to run away, or tricks to try. Entirely at your service, gentlemen."

"We did n't come to say that," rejoined Mr.



"'BUT WHY?' SHE STAMMERED, OVERCOME WITH SURPRISE AND DELIGHT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Dodd, "but since you begin with this matter, let's consider it. Rodman has told me, Mr. Lee, that before the fire you had planned to go away with your last trick, as you call it, unplayed, and my brother's securities safely in my hands."

"Yes," admitted Lee. "But as it happened, I hear you were ready for me had I stayed."

"That's not the point," persisted Mr. Dodd. "The fact is that, not knowing what Rodman had told me, you had made up your mind to go away and begin a new life. As the revivalists say, you had had a change of heart."

Lee looked sheepish. "Well, I'm not a lover of goody-goody phrases, but I suppose you're right about it."

"Good," said Mr. Dodd. "Now let's look at the side of the matter that I prefer. On the day that you came here you saved—"

Mr. Lee held up his hand. "Deal gently with the invalid, sir. He hates compliments."

"That makes it a little hard for me," replied the other, "if you call facts compliments. Well, bear that fact in mind, and then the other fact, that last Sunday—"

"Nate's the hero of that occasion, sir," interrupted Lee.

"Nate shall squirm under his compliments, just as soon as he is able to hear them," answered Mr. Dodd. "Meanwhile, let me ask if it was Nate who stepped off the automobile when its wheels slipped in the sand?—Don't you know," he said, speaking so earnestly that Lee dropped his eyes and made no move to answer, "that everything I hold dear was on that automobile, and that you saved us all? Let me acknowledge my debt, sir."

"And mine!" added his brother.

"So," went on Mr. Dodd, "we came to offer you a choice. We speak, too, for all the household. First, concerning your intention to go away from us. You have debts, Rodman says; there is at least the automobile to be paid for. You must make a fresh start somewhere. I will give you my check in blank to take with you. It will be good for any sum up to ten thousand dollars. Of which my brother wants to supply his share."

Mr. Lee looked up quickly. "I can't take that, of course!"

"Then," said Mr. Dodd, "consider this. If we would stand by the first offer willingly, and think that we had not paid the half of what we owe you, this other we would make good still more readily.—Mr. Lee, there is a little house in this town, vacant, for which I have not yet found a suitable tenant. It is about the right size for you and Rodman, with a visitor when you choose. And in my business there is a place for an able young man, to act as traveling agent and relieve Bob and me of work which is more than we can do."

Mr. Lee was looking at him intently. "Do you mean that?"

"I do," answered Mr. Dodd, smiling. "The pay will be good, the position permanent—for I know that you can fill it. In a growing business like mine, Mr. Lee, my greatest difficulty is to find dependable helpers."

When Lee spoke again his voice was husky. "And you make a criminal your friend?"

"If I did n't," returned Mr. Dodd, "then my brother here, my wife, my children, all would be ashamed of me. I should be ashamed of myself."

Mr. Lee fell back on his pillow. "Mr. Dodd, you take me when I am very weak!"

Mr. Dodd's eyes were twinkling. "So much the better, if I can persuade you. What is your answer?"

Lee looked at his brother, whose eyes were shining with hope. His own were suddenly dim. "Rodman will answer for me!"

ON an evening in the early fall, the Dodd family, now reduced to its own natural size, was in the big living-room. School had already begun, and Harriet and Pelham had but just finished their lessons for the morrow. They had come from their up-stairs study prepared to disturb the peace of the more sedate members of the family, when the maid announced a visitor.

"Mr. Nate!"

"She will call me that," said Nate, grinning as he entered. "Still, I can't rightly say as I blame her, seein' there is n't one in twenty in this town as knows me by any other name." He put down on a chair the bundle that he carried, and advanced, still smiling, nearer to the group.

"Ha!" exclaimed Pelham, "I know what you're pleased about."

"Not ashamed of it neither!" answered Nate. "It's my innin's again after more'n two months."

"I see," said Mr. Dodd. "Mr. Lee goes away to-morrow on the first of his trips, and Rodman is to live with you."

"He is," responded Nate, nodding with great satisfaction. "School's perfectly handy from my place, even if there's snow on the ground. Oh, I expect to have the youngster with me, on an' off, for a good many weeks in the year."

"Don't forget," reminded Mrs. Dodd, "that sometimes we are to have him."

"I know," answered Nate, with a wry face at the prospect. "Brian, too, says that he wants the boy to come to the city for the Easter vacation. Oh, I know such things hev got to happen!"

"Won't you sit down?" asked Mr. Dodd.

But Nate continued standing. "I ain't got nothin' to stay for," he replied. "Jes' wanted to look in and say how satisfied I am with things. Someway everythin' turned out right. Even that nevvie o' yours, sir, he's turned out to be a Dodd after all. An' Mr. Lee—I heard tell as you said you don't know how you got along without him."

"We don't," agreed Bob, heartily. "Father and I have our time left free for things that we were aching to get to work on. He's taken a whole department on his shoulders."

"And as for bein' honest—?" asked Nate, with a glance of shrewdness.

"Nate," answered Mr. Dodd, "we never think of it!"

"That's how it ought to be," replied the dyer. "Now all you good folks, I reelly did come to say somethin', an' I'm glad you're all here together. I've done a lot o' thinkin', up there alone, an' I've satisfied myself as to who gets the first prize for this summer's performances."

"The first prize?" inquired Mr. Dodd. "I never heard there was such a thing. What do you mean?"

But Nate had taken up his bundle and was opening it. "Harriet," he said, "I s'pose your mother'll be makin' you a school dress soon?"

"Yes!" answered Harriet, surprised.

"How'll this do for it?" asked Nate. He had completely opened his bundle, and now threw across her knee a length of shimmering, dove-colored broadcloth.

"School dress!" she cried. "Sunday best, you mean!—But, Nate, is this for me?" She looked upon the smiling faces of her family to see if she could be mistaken, and then looked at the delighted dyer.

"For you!" he answered.

"But why?" she stammered, overcome with surprise and delight. Nate had never given away a piece except to her mother.

Nate was making for the door, but he threw an answer back over his shoulder: "Why? Because, Harriet, you've earned it!"



"HALLOWE'EN."

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE LUKS.

WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER XV

WRECKING A SKY-SCRAPER

"HUXTRA!" shouted a breathless newsboy, running up to us as we were going to the office one morning. "Huxtry, huxtra! turrible loss of life," he yelled, waving a paper in our faces.

We caught sight of the heading BUILDING COLLAPSED in type three inches high. Will seized the extra and produced the required penny.

"I thought so," he grunted, after hastily scanning the paragraph. "No lives lost; but it might have been a serious accident, just the same."

The paper told of an old brick building that had fallen about five o'clock that morning—that is, the front wall had fallen. There were only a few people who slept in the building, as most of it was used for business purposes, and they had all been accounted for. Fortunately, the accident had occurred when there was probably no one on the street, although they were excavating the ruins to make sure that there were no victims

ter and the crash of falling masonry, to find his room torn open to the morning twilight and his bed sliding down the sagging floor after the wall.

"I wish," exclaimed Will, "it had been that old ramshackle pile of bricks across the way from us!"

The windows of our drafting-room opened on a court. On either side we were hemmed in by extensions of our own office-building, while directly opposite was this dilapidated loft building, and, as we were on the fifth floor, it effectually cut off our view.

"You know," I said, "I should n't be surprised if it did fall soon. That crack in the wall seems to be growing larger."

Whether they had been spurred on by the accident I do not know, but that very afternoon a couple of men in uniform appeared on the scene, tapped on the walls, measured the fissure, looked down into the court, and shook their heads gravely. It would have been a serious matter if that building had fallen, for three stories below us was a skylight roof forming the bottom of the court and covering a large office in which there were about a hundred typists. There would have been an awful catastrophe had the old building crashed through the skylight during working hours.

The next day we learned from our office boy that the building department had condemned the old eyesore, and it would have to come down immediately. The tenants lost no time in getting out, and in a couple of days a gang of house wreckers showed up.

I am afraid we did very little drafting while that building was being dismantled. We were so interested in the work. First, all the plumbing and lighting fixtures were ripped out, and then the doors and

windows were removed. We supposed that they would begin tearing off the roof next, but instead they stopped work altogether on the upper stories.

"I wonder what they can be doing now," re-



PULLING DOWN THE STEELWORK WITH ROPE AND TACKLE.

buried in them. The story was very vividly written, and told of the harrowing experiences of one of the tenants who had been startled out of a sound sleep, by the ripping of the lath and plas-

marked Will. "They seem to be working down on the ground floor, judging from the sound."

"We 'll have to go around at lunch time and see," I suggested.

That noon we snatched a hasty bite, then rushed around the block to interview the house wreckers. The men were still at their lunch pails, and Will soon had one of them engaged in conversation—"Goat" Anderson they called him, because he was as spry and sure-footed in ticklish places as a mountain-goat. He was a very intelligent fellow, and told us many interesting things about house wrecking.

"When you put up a house," he said, "you begin at the foundations an' build up, don't you? An' you 'd natcherly think that when you tear down a house, you 'd begin at the top an' work down, would n't you?"

"Why, of course," we answered.

"Well, you would n't; you 'd work from the bottom up."

"From the bottom up!" we quoted in astonishment. "Why, how is that?"

"It 's much easier," he declared. "In fact, you could n't go about it in no other way. Just s'pose you started on the top floor, all the lath an' plaster an' such like would drop to the next story an' bury the floor so there would n't be no chance to get up floor-boards an' rip them open. But s'pose you did get them boards up, by the time you 'd worked down to the next floor below it would be buried under twice as much rubbish. It would get worse the farther down you went. Each floor would be piled up with the rubbish from all the stories above; an' so, at last, when you got to the ground floor, you would find it choked up as high as the ceilin'. So, you see, you would have to do the same work over an' over again. Now, what we do is to pull up the floor-boards on the ground floor first, an' then we tear out the partition walls an' rip off all the lath an' plaster, an' let all the rubbish fall into the cel-

lar. Next we go up to the second floor, rip that out, an' let all that stuff drop straight into the cellar; an' so on to the top, lettin' the rubbish from each floor fall clear to the cellar every time."

"That sounds like common sense," I said.

"Sure it 's common sense! You 'll find the wreckin' business takes brains. It ain't just



REDUCING A 300-FOOT OFFICE-BUILDING TO JUNK.

smashing a house down with a sledge-hammer. Takes four years to make a good 'bar man.'"

"A 'bar man'?" I queried.

"Yes; that 's what they call us, because we use these here 'pinch-bars,' " he explained, holding up one of the long steel bars with curved end and flattened point, used in prying things loose.

"But," interrupted Will, who could never be led off the subject, "after you have cleared off



RIPPING OPEN THE TOWER OF THE SKY-SCRAPER.

all the floors, you still have the walls to take down, don't you, and you must begin at the top with them?"



LOADING A CART AT THE BRICK CHUTE.

"Sure!" was the answer. "We have to climb up on them walls an' pry off the bricks in chunks."

"That 's pretty risky work, I suppose," Will suggested.

"No, it ain't, unless we strike a wall that 's rocky."

"'Rocky'?" I queried.

"Yes, shaky."

"I guess you 'll find this one rocky."

"Looks as if it might be," he replied.

"And that rubbish in the cellar," persisted Will, "what becomes of it?"

"Oh, most generally we leave that for the excavator to cart off. When the contract calls for us to take the rubbish out, we clear out all the partition walls on the second floor, and run chutes out over the sidewalk. Then we begin tearin' out the floors above, one after the other, lettin' the rubbish gather on the second floor. At night, when there ain't much street traffic, we



PRYING OFF BRICKS WITH THE PINCH-BAR.

shovel out the stuff into the chutes and slide it down into dump-carts. They haul it off to the city dumps."

"But I thought you saved it all?"

"Oh, yes; all that 's worth selling, but most of it ain't, in a building like this. All the sound lumber and bricks are saved out an' sold."

Just then a shrill whistle announced that the noon hour was over, and we beat a retreat to our office.

From our window we had an excellent chance to watch the wreckers gradually eat out the heart of the building to the very roof until only the thin shell of brick wall remained with the floor

beams left in place to steady it. After the rafters had been removed, a couple of men climbed up on the wall at our side of the building, and began prying off the bricks. One of them was the man we had been talking to.

It looked like very precarious work on that thin wall, only a foot and a half wide, but "Goat" Anderson calmly sat astride it and dug away at the bricks with his pinch-bar, while the other man hammered at the wall from time to time with a big mallet to loosen the mortar. The men went on working, calmly tumbling the bricks down in blocks about two feet square, without ever once dropping a single brick over on the skylight below. But, as they proceeded, we noticed that they grew more and more cautious. Evidently the wall was growing rocky.

"Say, look at that!" cried Will; "did you ever see a blacker sky?"

So intent had I been with watching the work of the wreckers, that I had n't noticed the wicked-looking storm coming up out of the west.

"Gee!" I exclaimed. "There 's wind in those clouds. They 'll have a tough time of it when that strikes them."

"Yes, it 's coming this way, and is going to topple that wall right over onto the skylight!"

"I wonder if they see it coming.—Hey, there! Mr. Anderson!" I shouted. "Look at the cyclone!"

My voice was drowned in a growl of distant thunder; but that was just as effective a warning. "Goat" Anderson looked up with a start, then shouted an order to the men below. In another minute half a dozen bar men had climbed astride the wall around the cracked part, each deftly nibbling it down brick by brick. They dared not pry the bricks off in big chunks because the wall was too shaky. There was no way of tying it fast, and that weak section must be torn down before the wind blew it over and sent it crashing through the glass below.

Rapidly and yet cautiously they worked, making good progress. Then suddenly, with a shriek and a slamming of iron shutters, the storm broke. The fury of that first blast nearly swept them off. We could see them clinging desperately to that tottering old wall as we hastily drew our windows shut. It looked as if the wall must surely topple over, and yet, instead of sliding down to safety and shelter, the men braced themselves against the wind and went on with their ticklish work. Blast after blast rattled our windows and streamed whistling through leaks in the casement. Clouds of dust swirled up out of the wrecked building, at times almost hiding the men from view. Maybe it was imagination, but

we were confident that we saw that old wall sway. Still the men stuck to their work, even when they were pelted with rain and hail.

For fully fifteen minutes they labored feverishly in that storm without dropping a single brick over the outside of the wall. It was marvelous work. Then, when the danger spot had been nibbled away and the wind had nearly abated, they clambered down and sought shelter below.

It was a wonderful exhibition of nerve and devotion to duty. At the first opportunity we went around to talk to "Goat" Anderson.

"Oh, it was nothin'," he said.

"But were n't you afraid the wall would topple over?"

"Sure it was a bit rocky, but that 's why we stuck there. We could n't leave it to fall on that there skylight. A house wrecker 's got to take chances, you know."

"Well, it was the pluckiest piece of work I 've ever seen!" declared Will.

"It was nothin', I tell you; nothin' at all," protested "Goat" Anderson. "This ain't much of a job anyhow. It 's only a 'wall-bearin' house."

"A wall-bearing house? What 's that?"

"A house where the floors are carried by the walls," he said. "In a steel frame buildin' each floor carries its own wall, that 's why they can start buildin' the walls at the top or the middle or wherever they want to."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Will. "But you don't ever have to tear down a steel building, do you?"

"Sure we do. Next week we 're goin' to tackle a sky-scraper."

"A sky-scraper!" we ejaculated.

"Yep, twenty-two-story office-buildin'. Three hundred and six feet high."

"And you 're going to tear it down?"

"Sure."

"But what for?"

"It ain't big enough. Land is worth so much there that they have to get more office rent."

"How old a building is it?" we inquired.

"Why, it ain't been built more than fifteen years. I remember seein' it just after it was finished. Thought it was a pretty slick buildin' then. Shows you how quick things get out of date in this town."

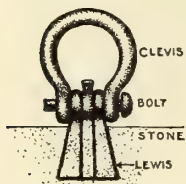
"Wonder if they 'll tear down the Manhattan Syndicate Building in the next fifteen or twenty years?" mused Will.

"I guess not," said "Goat" Anderson, shaking his head. "Still you can never tell. I never thought, when I first saw that buildin', I 'd be tearin' it down inside of fifteen years. It will be some job too. You 'll have to come 'round an' see it."

"We 'll surely do that," we replied.

The sky-scraper whose death-warrant had been signed merely because it could not grow in value like the property it stood upon was, luckily, not more than four blocks off, and that gave us plenty of opportunity to go around there at noon time. It was really marvelous to see how systematically the work was done.

"Makes me think of a military campaign," remarked Will; and the simile was not a bad one, for the men went at the work like trained soldiers. There were several distinct armies. First the bar men attacked the walls, stripping away the brick from behind the stone facing and ripping out the brick arches of the floors. Then another gang of men chipped off the brick filling in the steel columns. After that came an army of masons, who took down the stonework; while a fourth gang consisted of iron-workers who chipped away the rivets of the skeleton framework and removed the steel beams.



THE "LEWIS."

Of course, these forces of men did not begin their operation until the building had been stripped of all piping and fixtures, wooden moldings, marble trim, etc. The floors were opened up for a narrow space along the walls so that rubbish could be dumped through. In order to get the proper slant for the chutes over the broad sidewalk, they were run out from the third floor, and it was on this floor that all the plaster and rubbish was accumulated until nightfall. The bricks, however, were carted away during the day. A system of steel troughs zigzagged down to the shed over the sidewalk, and the bricks would be sent coasting down all the way from the top until they came up against a gate at the mouth of the chute. Here there was a tender who would let the gate swing open long enough to fill a cart with bricks, and then would slam the gate shut until the next cart came up. There was a steady stream of carts all day hauling off the bricks; and there was no respite for those bricks. A large building was being erected near by, and as fast as they could be carted over there, they were built into the walls of this new building. Of course, many of the bricks were broken and could not be used again, especially those built into the steel columns. They were dug out with pneumatic riveters fitted with chisel points in place of hammers.

There was a wide variety of work going on all the time. In some places, it was even necessary to blast out heavy concrete walls. No time

was wasted. The men took only a half-hour for lunch. The whole structure was razed to the ground in the remarkably short period of six weeks. But the conquest was not achieved without heavy losses to the attackers. Ambulances were kept busy. There were eighty-five men hurt, altogether. This made it seem all the more like a real battle. Of course, most of the injuries were not serious.

We had to leave for college before the wrecking was half done, but on our last day at the office, we went around to make a final inspection of the work. Neither Dr. McGregor nor Uncle Edward, who was back in the city again, knew of these visits. They would never have dreamed of letting us go into a place so dangerous. That day we watched the masons taking down a large stone cornice. One huge slab had been pried loose, and they were about to raise it off its seat and lower it to the shed over the sidewalk.

"I'm puzzled to know how they are going to lift such a stone," I remarked to Will. "It must weigh several tons, and it is certainly too heavy for them to pry it up and pass chains under it."

"It is just as puzzling to figure out how they laid it there in the first place," returned Will.

The man in charge of this part of the work was a grumpy fellow, and we could not get much information out of him. When we asked him how he was going to hitch this stone to the hoisting-cable, he snapped, "Use a lewis!"

Maybe most of the boys who read St. NICHOLAS know what a "lewis" is. We did n't, but as the man's manner repelled further questioning, we withdrew and waited for our eyes to supply the definition of the word.

In the center of the huge slab was an undercut or dovetailed hole. In this something was placed which was evidently the "lewis." It was a sort of clamp. The diagram shows exactly how it looked. There were two steel fingers flat on one side, but flaring on the other. These, when placed face to face, could just slip through the throat of the dovetailed hole. After they were introduced into the hole, they were separated and a third finger was inserted between them. Then a bolt was passed through all three fingers and through the arms of a "clevis," or open ring. This made a firm attachment to the stone so that it could be lifted by passing the hoisting-hook through the clevis. The boss showed his confidence in the strength of the lewis by climbing upon the stone and riding down on it to the platform below, where he had some business.

With the boss out of the way, we felt freer to talk to the workmen. They showed us how a lewis is released by taking out the bolt and pull-

ing out the middle finger first, after which the other two fingers could be removed.

Presently we noticed a group of men, a couple of floors below us, and we were informed that they were a party of engineers who had come to inspect the steelwork and see how it had stood the strain of fifteen years' service. As the party climbed the stairs, Will grabbed me by the arm.

"Jim," he exclaimed, "there is Dr. McGregor!"

"You 're right, Will!" I cried apprehensively. "And that 's Uncle Edward with him, is n't it? I would just as lief they did n't see us."

"But how are we going to get out without passing them?"

"Why don't you ride down?" suggested one of the men. "Jump on that stone there."

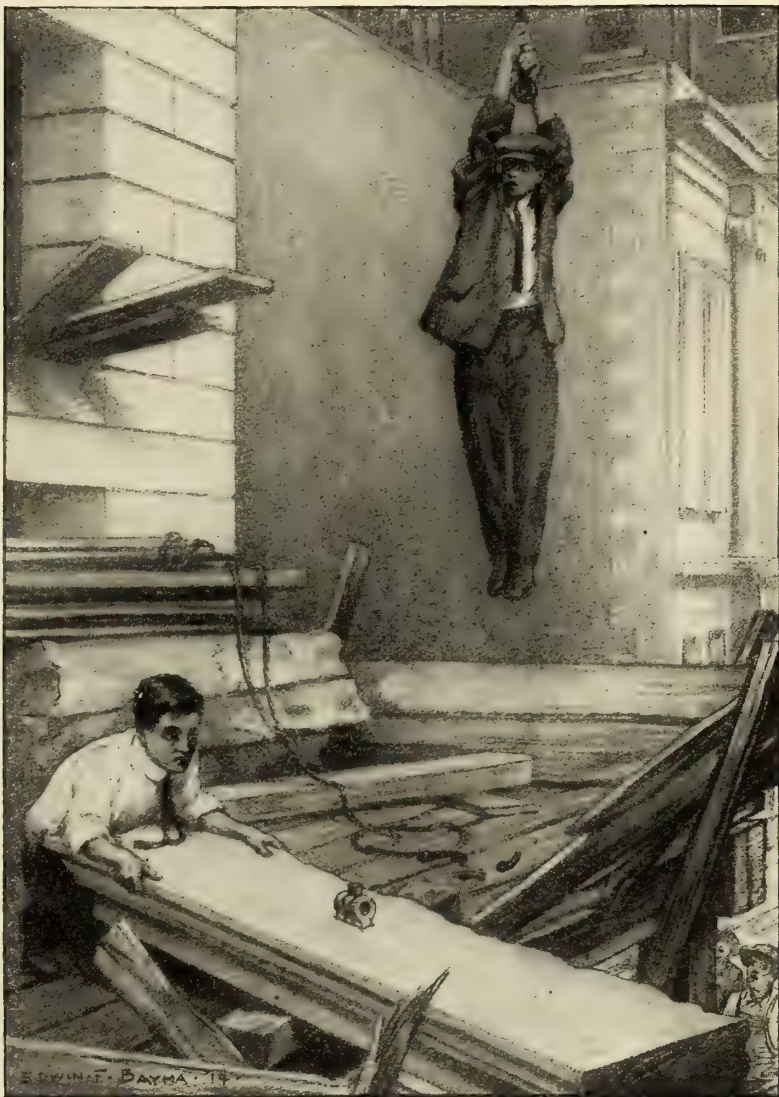
"Is it safe?"

"Safe as an elevator," he assured us.

We climbed aboard a big slab. Will stood up, but I felt safer to sit down. Then the signal was given, and we were swung out over the side of the building. I don't know how it happened, but the men must have been careless in putting that lewis together. At any rate, when we were within about fifteen feet of the platform over the sidewalk, the bolt worked loose. There was a sudden jar as one end of the clevis slipped free. Before I could scramble up, the clevis parted with a sharp crack, and down I plunged with the massive stone. At the same instant, I felt a stinging blow as Will's heel struck my forehead, and I caught a fleeting glimpse of my chum clinging to the dangling cable.

The next instant, there was a terrific crash as the big stone struck the platform. I have no clear idea of just what happened, the fall or the kick must have partially stunned me. They told me afterward that the stone struck almost exactly at its center upon a string-piece at the edge

of the platform. It quivered there uncertainly for a moment, as if undecided which way to fall, and then began to rock slowly toward the street. I have a vague recollection of feeling the slab tip up and seeing, directly below, three frightened women in an automobile that had been



"INSTINCTIVELY, I SCRAMBLED BACK TO THE REAR END OF THE SLAB."

blocked by the traffic. Instinctively, I scrambled back to the rear end of the slab. I say instinctively, because, if I had thought a moment, I should have realized how foolish it was for me with my fly's weight to attempt to swing that ponderous see-saw. But, miraculous as it may seem, that stone was so delicately poised that my weight did actually check its swing until a couple

of men rushed up and, by adding theirs, bore it down to the platform.

The next thing I knew they were dashing cold water on my face. Uncle Edward was standing over me, and Dr. McGreggor was trying to stop the blood from a cut in my forehead. Behind him was Will, white as a sheet.

"I 'm all right," I said, struggling to rise. I was heartily ashamed of my weakness.

"Now, there 's no hurry," admonished Dr. McGreggor. "Just rest there a minute."

"But I feel like a baby here," I protested.

"The grittiest baby I ever saw!" said Uncle Edward. "Don't you know that your quick wit saved three women from being crushed to death under that stone?"

I shook my head. It felt nice to be praised, but I knew I did n't deserve any credit. If I had used my wits, I should have jumped off the stone, instead of being such a fool as to attempt

to rock that monstrous slab. It was Providence that saved those lives, not I.

They made me wait there until an ambulance surgeon had arrived, and he bandaged my head. Then Dr. McGreggor bade me go home. He never said a word to me about our going into such a danger spot without his permission. The next day, when I was leaving for college, he actually patted me affectionately when I bade him good-by, and said: "I believe you have the right stuff in you."

That unexpected word of encouragement made me set my teeth with the determination to make a record in college.

"It 's funny, Jim," remarked my chum, as we took our farewell view of the city, from the deck of a ferry-boat, "we had our first adventure in New York where they were building a sky-scraper, and our last where they were tearing one down."

THE END.



A BIG CONTRACT.

Mr. Bullfrog advertises to row an entire family around the lake for twenty-five cents, but now wishes that rabbit families had been excepted.



"THE HORSES WOULD PLUNGE SPLUTTERING IN UP TO THEIR GILT HARNESSSES."

STORIES OF FRIENDLY GIANTS

BY EUNICE FULLER

IV. HOW JACK FOUND THE GIANT RIVERRATH

Here 's a tale of Genius Jack;
Light of foot and quick as Whack!
Jack o' mountains, Jack o' plains,
Jack o' cuteness, Jack o' brains.

Seymour Barnard.

THE King of Ireland was troubled in his mind. And that was something unusual. For he had as handsome a palace as you would wish to see, a queen as good as she was beautiful, and a fine, strapping son named Jack. The only thing that bothered him was that he could not drive to town without getting his gilt coach-wheels splattered.

Down below the palace, straight across the king's highway, ran a little river. In the fall, when it was almost dry, splashing through it was a nice adventure. The royal coach would roll down the hill with a splendid thud, and dash gurgling through the water. But in the spring it was quite another matter. Going down the hill the coachman would pull on his gilt reins, the coachboys would tuck up their gilt boots, the king would slam down the coach window, while the queen would be ready to faint with excitement.

Then the horses would plunge spluttering in up to their gilt harnesses, the coach would slip and reel, and the water would come pounding up against the gilt-edged window-panes. Worst of all, when they reached the other side, there would be little black mud spots all over the gilt wheels, all over the gilt sides, all over the shiny door.

The king was sitting on his throne, turning it over in his mind, when in came his son Jack.

"Good morning, Father," said Jack, bowing with all his might.

But the king was so melancholy and disturbed

that he never said a word, but just nodded to show that he knew Jack was there.

"Is something troubling you, Father?" asked Jack, respectfully.

"It 's that river again!" cried the king, puckering his brow till his crown slipped down over his left eye. "What 's the use of having the finest coach in three kingdoms, if every time you drive abroad it 's bespotted and bespattered like a common gipsy wagon?"

"Can nothing be done?" asked Jack.

"That 's what I 've been trying to think," said the king.

So Jack sat down quietly on the steps of the throne, and thought with his father. Just as the clock struck ten, the king had an idea.

"We might put something over the coach," he said.

"We might put something over the river!" cried Jack. "Why could n't we build a bridge?"

"Gilded shamrocks!" cried the king. "That 's the very idea. We could ride across as dry and fine as you please."

So he called the master mason. And that very hour, all the masons from far and near began stirring about in great troughs of mortar and lugging building-stones as big as the coach-wheels. By sunset, there was as neat and stout a bridge as you would wish to see. And the king and the queen and Jack walked up and down before it, beaming to think how spick and span and shiny they 'd be next day, rumbling across it.

In the morning, before he got his crown on, the king called for his coach; and the minute breakfast was done, around it drove to the palace door, glittering like a million gold pieces. Then the queen stepped in, dressed in her shiniest gown,

and the king in his best crown, and, last of all, Jack, with a fine green feather in his hat. The footmen clambered carefully on top so as not to rub their bright gilt boots, the coachman touched up the horses, and off they all whirled, as splendid a sight as the sun ever shone on.

Down the hill they rolled with a fine dash, when the horses reared and stopped.

"Dear me! Dear me!" fluttered the queen, "I hope the harness has n't broken."

The king put his head out of the window. "What 's the matter?" he roared.

The two footmen climbed cautiously down and stood at attention beside the door.

"Begging Your Majesty's pardon," said the first, "the bridge is down."

"Thundering waterfalls!" shouted the king. "It can't be!" And he burst out of the coach, with Jack at his heels.

Sure enough, there was no bridge at all, just a line of gray stones heaped higgledy-piggledy from bank to bank, with the stream running saucily over them as much as to say, "You can't bridge me! You can't bridge me!"

"Well," cried the king, "I'll be splashed!" And he sent the two footmen off for the master mason as fast as their gilt legs could carry them.

The master mason scratched his head.

"You see your work," said the king, with a great sneer,—"a bridge so strong it has taken the stream a whole night to wash it away!"

The master mason flushed. "Asking Your Majesty's pardon," he said stolidly, "it could n't have been the river. The bridge I built should have stood a hundred years, barring enchantments."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" cried the king, irritably. "Build me a bridge that will stand enchantments then, and be quick about it too." And he climbed back into the coach, and drove off home in a very bad humor indeed.

The master mason and his men worked till long past sunset. When they had finished, there was a bridge twice as high, twice as wide, and twice as solid as before.

It was full moonlight by the time the last stone was heaved into place, and the great bridge loomed like an elephant wading in a brook. The workmen picked up their trowels and plunged wearily along the road toward home.

The master mason stopped for a last look. "Let any magic throw that down!" he cried defiantly, and shook his fist. Then he trudged after the workmen down the road.

There was a creaking of branches beside the river, and a figure, dirk in hand, crawled to the bridge, paused, looked about, then settled itself,

leaning back against the bulky stonework. The figure was lost in the shadow of the bank, but every now and again it raised its head into the clear moonlight. It was Jack!

All the time the king had been fuming and the master mason had been protesting, Jack had been thinking. For Jack had a couple of eyes in his head, and he saw how small and weak the river was compared to the bridge. So he thought to himself that it would be no wonder, after all, if the master mason were right, and it was not the river that kicked the bridge down, but some magic or other. Anyway, it would do no harm to watch for a night and see what might happen.

So Jack sat there with the moon shining into his eyes, and not a sound anywhere to keep him company. But Jack did not mind, for the moonlight had a kind of friendly feeling in it; and in spite of being alone, it was more drowsy he felt than frightened.

He might, in fact, have gone to sleep entirely if all of a sudden there had n't come a strange, low gurgle, as if beyond the hills all the rivers were brimming, brimming, brimming. Then it rose with a rush as if they had burst over the hills and were racing, dashing, flooding down to Jack.

The moon went out, as if a great black blot had fallen across the sky, and Jack sprang up, all a-tremble. Something swept by him in the dark, showering him with drops like a moist whirlwind. There was a shaking and a shock, and the bridge, which had stood so solid and so firm, crumbled with a crash, stone after stone, into the water.

The moon flashed out again into Jack's eyes, and black beside it against the sky towered a tremendous giant figure. For a moment, Jack caught his breath; then suddenly he understood: it was the *giant* who had made the darkness by stepping in front of the moon; it was the *giant* who had rushed splashing by him up the river; it was without a doubt the *giant* who had pulled his father's bridges down! And there Jack stood in the moonlight at the foot of the giant, gazing up at the top of him, never daring to say a word.

The giant kicked the building-stones with his toe, like so many pebbles. Jack got up his courage.

"Oh, Giant," he shouted; "Giant!" But not a syllable more could he get out.

The giant stopped his kicking and scanned the ground with his great eyes. Finally he spied Jack.

"Bursting bridges!" he gurgled. "Who are you?"

Jack stood up as tall as he could. "I'm Jack,

the King of Ireland's son," he cried; "and it 's my father owns this bridge you 've broken and this river you 've splashed up."

"Rippledy-row!" cried the giant, stepping astraddle of the stream. "So he owned this bridge, did he? But he never owned this river. No, indeed. That 's mine, you know. Always has been, always will be, and I won't have it bridged. Do you hear?"

"But you can't say that," shouted Jack, "for my father rules the whole of Ireland."

"He may rule Ireland," granted the giant, pleasantly enough, "but he does n't rule the rivers. *They* belong to me, and I won't have them crossed. All day long I sit in my castle at the ends of the earth, watching the rivers come and go; and every bridge or dam I see, I go at night to tear it down, so that all my rivers can be free, —free as I 'am!"

"But who are *you*?" cried Jack.

"Oho!" bellowed the giant, "if that 's what you want to know, come here where I can tell you." And with that he scooped Jack up in one of his mighty fists, and held him there just opposite his eyes.

"Now!" he cried. "Listen:

"He who frees the streams I am,
Bursting bridge and splint'ring dam;
For the floods I plow the path,—
Raging, roaring Riverrath!"

"But, but, but," gasped Jack, "you 've only said your name. You have n't told me where you come from, where you live, or anything."

The giant threw back his head with a roar. "That 's just it!" he gurgled. "You 're to come and find out. Anybody else whose father had tried to bridge my river I 'd have felt it my duty to drown. But I like you, Jack. You have a steady head on your shoulders. You 're not afraid even of me. And I 'll give you a year and a day to find my castle. It 's a weary walk, but if you get there, you 'll never want any good thing more—that I 'll promise you. But if you don't,"—and here the giant's voice grew deep and troubled,—“if you don't, why then

"Your father's castle, coach, and crown,
Queen and country, I will *drown*!"

There was a sudden brightening in the sky, and Jack felt himself set down with a bump upon the grassy bank. The next moment, a chilly spray beat in his face and trickled down his neck. He looked up to see the giant Riverrath with his garments dripping and fluttering, dashing up the river and off toward the pale moon.

"Which way is your castle?" shouted Jack.

"At the ends of the earth," called the giant. And Jack could hear his mighty laughter gurgling up among the hills.

For some minutes, Jack sat gazing at the sunrise, thinking it all over. Then he picked himself up and ran pell-mell to the palace.

"Father! Mother!" he cried. "I have to go to the ends of the earth to find the giant Riverrath."

"And who is he?" asked the king.

"The giant who pulls your bridges down," said Jack; and he told them all about it.

So Jack chose a good stout staff for a walking-stick, slung his lunch across his back, and set off for the ends of the earth. His father and mother



"HE SCOOPED JACK UP IN ONE OF HIS MIGHTY FISTS."

watched from the palace tower till his green feather was lost to sight behind the hills.

All day long, Jack walked up hill and down, in and out, by field and farm, through market and town, past castle and cottage. And everywhere he stopped to ask his way. But the queer part was that though every one had heard of the ends of the earth, no one could tell him just where they lay. There was no scholar who had ever seen them on a map, and no traveler who had been so far.

"Oh, yes," people would say wisely, and nod their heads, "the ends of the earth! Every one has heard of them, of course, but just where they are or how you would go to get there, that I can't say."

So Jack kept on for a week and a month, knocking and knocking at all the house doors, without finding any one to tell him the way. And every day his lunch grew smaller, his shoes grew thinner, and his feather, which had stood up so fine and straight, drooped more and more. But his heart inside him beat as happy and as high as on the morning he said good-by to his father and his mother.

Late one afternoon, Jack found himself on a

wide, sandy plain that stretched as far as he could see. There were no house doors at which to knock, and no travelers of whom to inquire the way. Ahead on the far horizon, inky turrets appeared against the setting sun. They belonged to a castle standing alone upon a high rock. Beyond it was only sky. The sand seemed to reach the cliff and stop in a sudden, firm line. The hope and joy in Jack almost choked him. What could this be but the ends of the earth and the castle of the giant Riverrath?

The dark began to come, and it was the last edge of twilight when Jack began scrambling up the great black cliff where the castle stood. At the end of an hour or so, he found himself, scratched and breathless, under the huge wall of the castle. In the dim starlight a few feet away,

deep as tea-cups. He rattled the gate open with a noise like thunder, and cried out:

"Flip-flap, flip-flap,
Here 's a cheery, chary chap!
By the map I 'll point the path
To the home of Riverrath."

"Oh, thank you," gasped Jack. But he did n't have breath left to say more, for the giant bent down and carried him off through the tall corridor to a vast room all of iron. The ceiling and the walls were iron, and so were the chairs, the table, and the great spits over the fire. The giant set Jack and his lantern both on the table.

"Well, Jack," he said, "I 'm glad to see you; and as for the ends of the earth, wherever they are, I 'm sure to find them for you. For I have a map of the whole world hanging on the wall. Only if I get that out, you 'll have to stay all night, for it will take that long to look it over."

Jack said that he would like to. So the giant took four or five fine roast pigs from a spit and piled them up on a platter. He and Jack had a very merry supper. After it was done, the giant put on his great iron-bowed spectacles, and spread the map out on the table. Jack walked around on it, all over the pink countries and the yellow, across the blue seas, to the green spot that was Ireland. There he stopped, and showed the giant where his father's palace was, and the stream where Riverrath had pulled down the bridges. Then he went and lay down in the ingle-nook while the giant traced out all the names with his great finger.

In the morning, when Jack woke up, the giant was just hanging the map on the wall again.

"Oh, Jack," said he, "to think that I should have to disappoint you, after all! But I 've been over every word and every letter, and there 's no mention of the ends of the earth on the map."

"Never mind," said Jack, "and thank you kindly." But he could n't help looking a bit downhearted for all he spoke so bravely.

"I 'll tell you what," cried the giant, "there 's still a chance some one might know how to get there. And if any one does, it will be my brother, who lives nine hundred miles from here. For he is master of all the birds of the air."

So the giant took Jack down the steep precipice the other side of the castle that had seemed to him like the ends of the earth the night before. "Now, Jack," said the giant, "when I whistle, you start forward, and then you 'll get there all the quicker."

The giant whistled loud enough to be heard nine hundred miles, and then at every step Jack took, he went the length of ten. So in scarcely a week's time, Jack found himself at noonday



"SO JACK SET OFF FOR THE ENDS OF THE EARTH."

he could make out an iron grating with bars as thick as tree trunks.

"That is the castle gate," thought Jack. So he whacked at the bars, blow after blow, till he could hear the echoes go booming down the hall inside. There was the loud, slow grating of a lock, the opening of a door, and a light as big and bright as the moon came swinging down the corridor, far above Jack's head.

As soon as his eyes got through blinking, Jack looked up. The other side of the tall grating towered a man as high and wide as the palace at home; but it was *not* the giant Riverrath.

"Good evening," said Jack, politely, doffing his hat. "Could you tell me the way to the ends of the earth and the castle of Giant Riverrath?"

At that the giant's face broke into dimples as

before a great golden castle glittering in the sunshine. He knocked with his staff on the high gate, and a giant with golden hair and eyes as blue and gleaming as the noonday sky came to see who was there.

"Good day," said Jack, politely. "Could you tell me the way to the ends of the earth and the castle of Giant Riverrath?"

The giant beamed all over his great happy face till his eyes and his cheeks and his wide mouth



"THE GIANT SPREAD THE MAP OUT ON THE TABLE, AND JACK WALKED AROUND ON IT."

were full of sunny smiles. He swung open the gate, and cried:

"Flip-flap, flip-flap,
Here 's a cheery, chary chap;
From the birds I 'll ask the path
To the home of Riverrath!"

And with that he picked Jack up and carried him through a shining corridor, up hundreds and hundreds of high, golden stairs, till they came out on a dazzling turret far up against the sky. The giant set Jack down on the wide parapet. "I 'm glad to see you, Jack," he said, "and I think I can help you too. Birds fly farther than men ever go; and perhaps some of them may have been to the ends of the earth. Anyway, we shall soon find out."

Jack thanked him, and the giant took from his pocket a great golden whistle and blew it with the sweetest sound that seemed to pierce the air in all directions. In just a minute, the sky was full of flying birds. The eagles and the hawks came first, the gulls and all the birds with long, strong wings; then the swallows, the robins, the blue-jays, and the doves, and, last of all, the parrots and macaws, and all the gay birds of the jungle. They lit on the giant's shoulders, and Jack's, all over the castle towers, chattering and

cheeping till Jack had to put his fingers in his ears.

When the giant thought they were all there, he blew his whistle for silence. "Which of you has been to the ends of the earth?" he cried.

But all the birds kept still, for none of them had ever been so far.

And if Jack had been downhearted before, now he was ten times more so, for where to turn next he did n't know. As for the giant, he said never a word, but began counting the birds, one by one. "There 's one missing!" he cried at last.

As he spoke, there was a loud beating of wings, and Jack looked up to see an eagle ten times larger than any of the others, flying toward them.

"You 're late," called the giant, sternly.

"And a good reason why," screamed the eagle. "I 've had twenty times as far to come as any other bird here."

"Where have you been then?" asked the giant.

"At the ends of the earth," screeched the eagle; "visiting the giant Riverrath."

When Jack heard that, he was ready to jump up and hug the eagle; but the giant seemed to have forgotten about Jack's errand entirely.

"Well, eagle," he said, "if you have come so far, you must be hungry. Come in and have some lunch."

So the giant and the eagle went into the castle, and left Jack with all the other birds outside. One by one they flew away, and Jack was there alone. After a while, he heard the giant's steps again coming up the stairs.

"Now, Jack," said the giant, "I 've found out from the eagle about the ends of the earth, and they 're farther than I thought. You never could get there by walking. The only way will be for the eagle to take you. But if he knows it 's you he 's carrying, I 'm afraid he might get hungry and eat you. So here 's a bag to put you in so that he won't see you at all."

The giant took out of his pocket a great golden bag, big enough to hold Jack twice over. Jack stepped in and sat down, and the giant drew up the string. "Quiet now," he said; "don't let the eagle hear you stirring."

When the eagle had finished his lunch, he came up on the turret to say good-by. "Oh, eagle," said the giant, "I wonder if you 'd do me a bit of a favor. There 's a bag over there I 'm anxious to get to the giant Riverrath; and since you know the way, I thought you 'd be good enough to take it for me."

The eagle grumbled a little about its being so far. But he did n't dare refuse the giant. So

he took the bag in his beak, and flew with it up into the sky.

Jack cut a little hole in the side to look out of. But the eagle flew so fast and so high, he could



"THE EAGLE TOOK THE BAG IN HIS BEAK, AND FLEW WITH IT UP INTO THE SKY."

hardly see the earth at all. So they flew for a week or more before Jack felt the eagle going slower. He looked out of the hole again; and, sure enough, straight ahead was a great crystal castle with waterfalls tumbling over the walls. Wherever he looked, he could see rainbows gleaming through it in the morning sunshine. Beyond it there was nothing at all. So Jack knew he was at the ends of the earth, at the castle of Giant Riverrath.

The eagle gave a hoarse scream, and Riverrath himself came out of the castle door. "Here's a bag for you," said the eagle, shortly, setting it down; and flew away again.

Jack ripped the bag open with his sword, and stepped out at Riverrath's feet. "Good morning," he said, and could n't help smiling just to think that he had gotten there at last.

"Bursting bridges!" roared Riverrath, "if it is n't Jack!" And he could n't help smiling too, just to think that Jack had found the way. "I knew I liked you, Jack," said he, "and I'll keep my word too. Now come and see the castle."

So he took Jack up into the highest tower where he could see the rivers coming and going, and then down to the great middle court, where was a fountain fed by all the rivers of the earth. By that time, Jack and the giant were joking together like the best friends in the world.

But the thing Jack liked best in all the castle was not the high fountain nor the wide view, but the little slip of a girl who was Riverrath's daughter. For she was as small as Riverrath was big, and as calm as he was boisterous. When Riverrath walked abroad, the rivers always rose up and roared to greet him; but before the girl, even the wildest and angriest of them would lie down

quietly to let her pass over. And because she was so placid and at the same time so joyous, they called her the Daughter of the Fountain.

She had pale pink cheeks and flying hair, and a silver gown with rainbow lights in the folds. All day long she played with Jack, and at the end they would climb up on Riverrath's high shoulders and make him take them for a walk. And Jack thought he never in all his life had had so good a time.

But one morning Riverrath came to him. "Jack," said he, soberly, "do you know what to-day is?"

"Why, no," answered Jack, not much caring.

"Well," said Riverrath, "to-day your time is up. It's a year and a day since you started out to find me, and now you must be going back to your father and your mother."

Then Jack looked sober too, for though he knew quite well that the giant was right, he could n't bear to think of going.

"Come, come, Jack," cried Riverrath, kindly. "Don't be downhearted. If you must go, you must, and that's the end of it. Come down to the court in an hour's time, and you'll find a boat waiting to take you home. And because I like you, Jack, I'll give you a guide besides."

So Jack went and said good-by to the Daughter of the Fountain, got his hat and his staff, and came down to the court just as the giant had told him. Sure enough, there in the pool at the edge of the fountain was a boat made of a great scallop shell, with a gossamer sail shining silver in the morning sunshine. But there was something silvery in the boat, too. Jack looked, but he could n't believe his eyes, for there sat the Daughter of the Fountain, looking as roguish and contented as if she were there to stay.

Riverrath beamed all over his great, joyous face. "There is your guide in the boat," said he. And he gathered Jack up with a hug of his big fingers, and put him down in the shell right beside the Daughter of the Fountain.

"And now," said Riverrath, feeling around in his huge pockets, "here are two presents I want you to leave for me with the two giants who helped you to find me." So he handed Jack two neat white parcels tied with water-lilies.

"Good-by!" he roared, "good-by! And don't forget the giant Riverrath." And with that he blew against the sail, and the shell moved quietly

out of the pool, through the green grottoes underneath the castle, and out down the rivers of the earth. When the rivers saw that it was the Daughter of the Fountain coming, they lay down and let the shell skim over them faster than any bird could fly.

In a little while, Jack saw the great gold castle of the bird giant. He beat with his staff on the gate, and the giant came out to meet them. "Here is a present from the giant Riverrath," cried Jack.

So the giant untied the water-lilies, and there inside was a tiny fountain which grew and grew until it was a mile wide, big enough for all the birds of the air to bathe in.

"Thank you, thank you," called the bird giant. "And good luck to you, Jack!"

In scarcely half an hour they came to the map giant, sitting on one of the towers of his iron castle. Jack handed Riverrath's present up to him. Hardly had he begun to open it, when the clearest stream Jack had ever seen trickled down over the castle wall. With it was a card which read:

A crystal brook,—to make geography clearer.

"Thank you, thank you!" cried the map giant. "And all the school children will thank you too."

After that, Jack and the Daughter of the Fountain skimmed down the rivers for an hour or more before they saw the King of Ireland's palace. On the bank stood Jack's father and mother. Jack got out and kissed them both; then he gave his hand to the Daughter of the Fountain.

When the king and queen saw what a fine lady Jack's guide was, they thought they would like to have her for a daughter. "How would you like to marry Jack?" asked the king.

The Daughter of the Fountain said she would not mind in the least. So the king called for his gilt coach, and they all got in and drove toward town. And when the river saw that the Daugh-

ter of the Fountain was in the coach, it lay right down, and let them drive over as dry and fine as you please.

Jack and the Daughter of the Fountain went into the church and were married. And all the people cried, "What a fine bride Jack has!"

But the king was so taken up with looking at



"'GOOD-BY!' HE ROARED, 'GOOD-BY! AND DON'T FORGET THE GIANT RIVERRATH.'"

his coach that he forgot the bride entirely. For on all the gilt wheels, on all the gilt sides, on both the shiny doors was not a single spot of mud! And ever after, when the King of Ireland drove down among his subjects, his coach was just as bright and fine as the day it first was gilded.

Adapted from a Celtic folk-tale.

DUTCH CHEESES

BY H. M. SMITH

AMONG the daintiest and best of the numerous kinds of foreign and domestic cheeses that may be bought in nearly every American city and town, are the small, round cheeses with red or yellow coats which come to our markets from Holland. The ancient town of Edam, on the shore of the Zuyder Zee, has given its name to this product, and almost everywhere in America we ask for Edam cheese when we want this particular kind; but while Edam produces Edam cheese, this sleepy little town long ago ceased to hold a high place in the cheese world, and neighboring towns now monopolize the trade in this article, which holds a leading place in the farm products of Holland.

The most extensive and celebrated of the

The market is held every Friday; but in order to observe all of its features, a visitor should go to Alkmaar the day before, and see the preliminary preparations. The market-place is a large stone-paved space in the open air, with business houses on three sides, a canal on the fourth side, and a weigh-house at one end. During Thursday, the dairymen from the surrounding country arrive with their families and their cheeses, coming in carts, wagons, and canal-boats; and by the afternoon of that day, there is a great bustle, which continues far into the evening.

Throughout the night, bands of young peasants, both men and women, parade the streets of Alkmaar, singing and skylarking; and cheese carts continue to arrive and clatter along the stony streets, so that little sleep is possible for the residents and visitors.

An essential part of the cheese-market is the official weigh-house, which was built more than three centuries ago, out of an already existing church. Its shapely clock-tower has moving figures of horsemen in a tourney, and a beautiful set of chimes, one of whose airs is the wedding march from "Lohengrin." In the main room on the ground floor are four huge balances which, before the opening of the market, are carefully adjusted with much ceremony by an official in silk hat and frock-coat.

When the cheeses are on their way to market from the farms, they are handled with great care, so as to prevent

bruising or crushing; and whether in wagons or boats, they are arranged in layers separated by light boards. As the wagons and boats arrive at the market-place, spaces are assigned to them, and the unloading begins, the cheeses being arranged in regular square or oblong piles on pieces of canvas, with narrow walks between. The size of the piles depends on the number of cheeses the individual farmers have to dispose of, but usually the piles are eight to ten cheeses wide, thirty to fifty long, and always two layers deep. At the



FARM WAGONS UNLOADING CHEESES AT THE MARKET.

cheese-markets is that of Alkmaar, which has the commercial advantage of being located on a railroad as well as on the North Holland Canal. Every visitor to the Netherlands should arrange to spend at least one day at Alkmaar, easily reached from Amsterdam or Haarlem.

In Dutch history, Alkmaar is celebrated for its successful defense when besieged by the Spaniards in 1573, but in modern times it has been noted for its cheese trade, which is now its principal attraction.



THE WEIGH-HOUSE AT ALKMAAR.

market shown in the accompanying picture, the largest pile contained 900 cheeses.

The unloading of the wagons and boats is one of the most interesting sights of the market. Standing in a wagon or boat, one man takes a cheese in each hand and throws them to another man, sitting or kneeling on the ground, who arranges the cheeses in regular piles. Long practice has made the farmers very skilful in tossing and catching; the cheeses go through the air in pairs as though tied together, and may be thrown as far as thirty feet. During very active times, the yellow balls are flying thickly in all directions.

As soon as a farmer has arranged his stock of cheeses, he covers the piles with canvas, and often also with rush mats, grass, or straw, in order to protect them from sun or rain, and to prevent the drying of the surface. Before the sale, the vendors liberally anoint the cheeses with oil to make them look fresh and inviting.

Shortly before ten o'clock, a large number of aged porters meet in a room of the weigh-house,

and soon emerge dressed in scrupulously clean white trousers and shirts, with black slippers and straw hats. The hats are of blue, green, yellow, red, or other bright colors, with ribbons of the same shade hanging down behind; and the men wearing the same colors work together in pairs.

Promptly as the clock in the weigh-house tower strikes the hour of ten, the cheese-market formally opens. The covers are removed from the piles of cheeses, and the whole market-place literally bursts into golden bloom. Sales are preceded by much bargaining, and the cheeses are felt, smelled, and tasted. When a price is agreed upon for a particular lot, the buyer and the seller clasp hands; and then, the half-hour having struck, the porters begin their labors, which consist in carrying to the weigh-house loads of cheeses on sled-like trays suspended from their shoulders by long straps, receiving a check from the master of the scales, and returning their certified fares to the owners, who thus have a basis for determining the aggregate weight and value of each lot sold.

So rapidly do the selling and weighing proceed that, by eleven o'clock, the market is practically over. Then the cheeses are removed to the warehouses of the purchasing merchants, the farmers depart in their boats and wagons, and



A CORNER OF THE CHEESE-MARKET AT ALKMAAR.

when the grand noon-day burst of the chimes comes, the Alkmaar cheese-market exists only as a memory.



BY
J. L. GLOVER

SOMEHOW, nobody ever seemed to think much of Anne. But it was not so strange, perhaps, for Anne never thought of herself, and in a world of superficial judgments, people are apt to take one at one's own valuation.

In her own family, Anne was a person of no importance at all. She was neither the youngest nor the oldest, the plainest nor the prettiest, the brightest nor the dullest. She was just Anne, the middle one of seven brothers and sisters—two girls and a boy above her, two boys and a girl below; a little middle one, with no distinguishing feature that any one could notice.

Somehow, all those trying things that happen in even the best-regulated families had a way of falling to Anne. It was she who held the carriage door shut when the latch would not hold, during a long, cold drive. It was she who always went without a new dress or hat when the money would not hold out for three girls, and twisted and turned her old things and made them "do." It was "just Anne," and she would not mind wearing the old things; and Cecilia and Marian minded so much, and took no pains to conceal the fact.

And she did not. She liked pretty things, but she considered herself so hopelessly plain that new raiment really made no difference in her looks; whereas, to Cecilia's flower-like face or Marian's sparkling gipsy beauty, it made a great deal.

It was always Anne who cooked the dinner when the cook left unexpectedly, and got supper on her evening out. And it was Anne who walked three miles to town in the heat and dust of a July

day, when the meat had been forgotten, and Uncle Jobson was coming to dinner.

Cecilia did have the grace to feel a little ashamed of herself that time, for Anne had been washing windows and scouring paint all the morning, while she and Marian and the boys played tennis.

"Walk into town!" she remonstrated; "why, Anne, it's too hot! Can't one of the boys go?"

But Teddy was cooling off in the hammock, and flatly declined to move when politely requested to do so; and Harry was nowhere to be found.

"But it's the meat for Uncle Jobson's dinner, Ted," argued Cecilia, "and Anne is tired."

"If Uncle Jobson wants meat for dinner, let him bring it with him. I sha'n't go after it in this heat!" returned Ted, stretching lazily.

"Oh, we can't let him eat nothing but bacon! I don't mind," said Anne, good-humoredly, falling back upon the family formula.

She set off on her long, hot walk, while Ted and Cecilia, reflecting that it was "just Anne," remained cool and comfortable at home.

Returning, an hour and a half later, with Uncle Jobson's dinner in a neat brown paper parcel, Anne was startled to behold the family seated on the piazza, with a company air of leisure about them, conversing affably with a guest in their midst—no other than Uncle Jobson himself, two hours before he was expected.

Anne paused an instant in dismay, and then came forward, seeing that it was too late to retreat. "Mother" rose as she came up the steps, with her pleasantest company smile.

"Here is Anne, Uncle Jobson, my little assis-

tant housekeeper. Anne, dear, Uncle Jobson found he could come out earlier; and it was so hot in town—"

Anne knew that very well. She came up, flushed from her walk, the pinkness of her cheeks making her eyes look bluer than usual. She felt the contrast between herself and her sisters, in their cool white dresses, and the consciousness made her pinker than ever. She shifted her parcel from her right hand to her left, to shake hands, and, as she did so, became aware that the string had slipped, the end of the paper had come open, and a corner of beef was distinctly visible. How dreadful! But she kept her presence of mind, and, crumpling the paper in her hand, so as to hide the view of the dinner in its raw state, she held out the other with a murmured welcome, as the visitor rose and came forward to greet her.

lations except at rare intervals, and his niece and her children were almost strangers to him, although he lived in the city and they scarcely three miles out of it, in a pretty cottage in the suburbs.

He was a tall, gray-haired, tired-looking man, and he bent a pair of keen gray eyes on Anne's flushed face.

"Ah!" he said abruptly, "and is this all, Cecil? I never can remember."

"This is all," said Mother, smiling. "Anne is the middle one—our practical little girl. Anne, dear, I think Norah wants to see you."

Anne took the hint, and fled gladly.

An hour later, they sat down to an excellent dinner, to which Uncle Jobson did full justice. His keen eyes glanced now and then around the circle of his nieces and nephews. Cecilia and Marian were cool and dainty in their white mus-



"IT WAS ANNE WHO READ THE PAPER TO HIM, IN HER PLEASANT VOICE." (SEE PAGE 1113.)

Uncle Jobson was a business man, strictly a business man, too absorbed in his business to have time to remember the existence of his re-

lins and bright ribbons; a contrast to Anne, who, flushed from the kitchen, appeared in a hastily donned fresh white shirt-waist, and cast an anx-

ious, housewifely glance over the table as she took her seat.

The steak was delicious. If Uncle Jobson guessed who had had a hand in the cooking of it, he said nothing, but appeared quite absorbed in conversation with Mother.

When dinner was over, and they were all on the cool piazza again—all, that is, except Anne,

Mother gasped a little with surprise, but she hid her astonishment, and agreed with cordial hospitality; and Uncle Jobson pretended not to see the looks of dismay exchanged between Ted, Cecilia, and Marian.

After a little, however, they became reconciled to the plan. For, indeed, Uncle Jobson's coming would make very little difference in the house.



"SHE SAT DOWN LIMPLY, WITH A DISH IN ONE HAND AND A KNIFE IN THE OTHER." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

who was washing dishes in the pantry—Uncle Jobson suddenly spoke, after a meditative pause:

"Cecil, my doctor orders me to take a vacation; thinks me run down, or some such nonsense, and tells me to go to the mountains. Now, two weeks of the ordinary conventional vacation—boarding-house, chattering women, mosquitos, unwholesome meals, noise and racket every night till two o'clock—would about finish me; but if you could take me in here for the same length of time, and let me pay regular board, it would be a real rest and holiday. The truth is, I am lonely, and that hot city house rather gets on my nerves when I am not feeling quite up to the mark. But not if it will give you any trouble, Cecil."

There would be some extra dishes, but Anne washed the dishes, and she would not mind; and a little more housework, but Anne did not mind housework, anyway.

And so Uncle Jobson came, and found himself treated with a sort of polite toleration and indifference by the boys and Cecilia and Marian, and with gentle considerateness by the others. Somehow, it was Anne who, in the midst of all her other duties and occupations, found time to render him little services, which, unaccustomed to them as he was, pleased him oddly.

It was generally Anne who walked the quarter of a mile in the hot sun to the mail-box, and brought him the paper with a bright smile of

comprehension of his need of it; and it was she who read it to him, in her pleasant voice, when he did not feel equal to reading it for himself.

It was Anne, too, who brought him ice-cold lemonade as he lay resting in the hammock, which Ted considered his own special lounging-place, and showed his discontent at its appropriation a little too openly for politeness.

The cook took the opportunity to leave, when he had been there a week, and his observant eyes noted that the lion's share of the cooking and other work fell to Anne.

"Why don't you others help Anne a little, sometimes?" he said abruptly to Marian, one day. "She does more than her share, it seems to me."

Marian thought Uncle Jobson very officious. "Oh," she said carelessly, "it's just Anne, Uncle Jobson. She does n't mind, really. She likes to do things."

"She does, does she?" was all Uncle Jobson answered, and Marian left the room, thinking resentfully what a disagreeable old gentleman he was.

The two weeks of Uncle Jobson's vacation passed, and on the last morning he sought Mother on the piazza.

"You've given me a very pleasant vacation, Cecil," he began in his abrupt way, "and, now, before I go, I'm going to ask one more kindness of you."

"Certainly, Uncle Jobson, anything I can do," said Mother, wondering not a little what was coming.

"Well," said Uncle Jobson, deliberately, "my doctor insists that two weeks are not enough. I must have six months in Europe—German baths, and all that—before I shall be all right again. It's a great bore. I don't want to go by myself, and, in short, Cecil, the favor I want to ask is the loan of one of your girls, to go with me for companionship and to keep me sort of cheered up and comfortable."

Mother jumped. Six months in Europe for one of her girls!—But which one?

"It is too kind of you, Uncle Jobson!" she began, a little breathlessly. "And the girls—one of them—would enjoy it immensely. The question is, which would you like to take? Marian is very bright and pretty, but Cecilia has more of a turn for languages, and might be more useful. Her French is really very good—"

"Thank you, Cecil," Uncle Jobson interrupted her brusquely. "Marian is a nice girl enough, but 'pretty is as pretty does'; and as for languages, I can speak enough French myself to get along, and even chatter a little German, at a

pinch. There are other qualities wanted in a traveling companion: unselfishness, care for others, a disposition to take little trials lightly, and not to mind small discomforts—these are the traits I want in the person I travel with, Cecil. I may want nice little meals knocked up at short notice, or the paper read to me if I am tired, and such small attentions. I am entirely selfish in the matter, you perceive. And the one of your daughters who meets these requirements is not Marian or Cecilia,—but Anne."

"Anne!" gasped Mother. "Are you sure, Uncle Jobson?"

"Just Anne," returned Uncle Jobson, imperturbably. "Let her be ready in two weeks—and this will help to get what she needs."

He thrust a slip of paper into her hand, and was gone before she had time to look at it, or to thank him.

Mother flew to the kitchen. The three girls were there, Anne washing dishes, Cecilia and Marian disputing as to whose turn it was to dust the parlor. Mother burst upon them, breathless.

"Listen, girls! Stop quarreling. Such a piece of news! Uncle Jobson is going to Europe, and wants to take one of you with him—"

"Oh, me, me!" shrieked Marian, flying up. "Oh, Mother, please let me go!"

"It's my turn. You went to the springs last summer," Cecilia broke in; but Mother cut them both short.

"My dear girls, don't raise your hopes. Uncle Jobson was very explicit. He wants Anne, and nobody else. I am afraid you two were not as kind to him as she was, while he was here."

Now, deep down in Anne's heart, unsuspected by any human being, lay her great longing—to go to Europe. She had never, in her wildest imaginings, indulged a hope that it would ever be realized; and at this sudden and totally unexpected announcement, she very nearly fainted, for the first time in her life. She sat down limply, with a dish in one hand and a knife in the other, and gazed helplessly at her family.

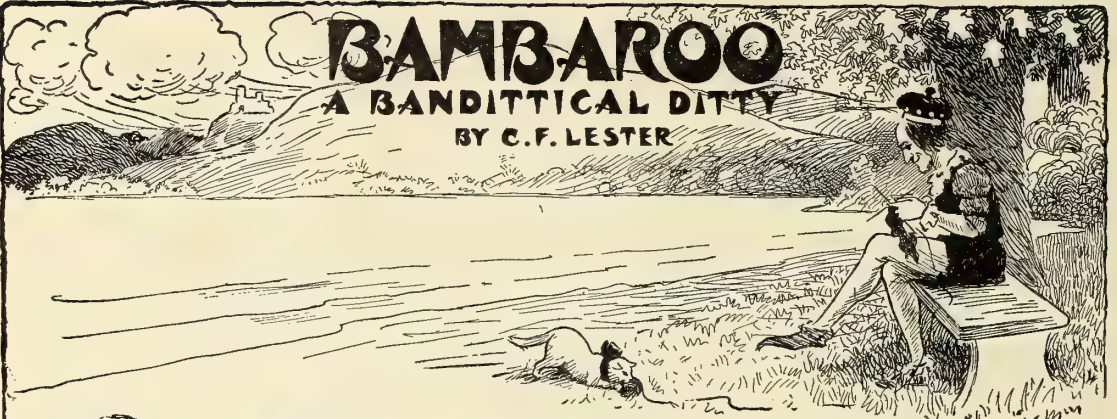
"Oh, I could n't! It's too good to be true!" she whispered.

"No, it is n't!" Cecilia sprang to the rescue of the dish. "We've been selfish pigs long enough, and let Anne do all the horrid things, and pretend she liked to. She's had all the trouble of Uncle Jobson's visit, if there was any, and she was always nice to him, and the rest of us were not, and I don't blame him for wanting her. And I vote that we all turn in and help her get ready for her good time. She deserves it, and I'm glad Uncle Jobson chose Anne—just Anne, and nobody else!"

BAMBAROO

A BANDITTICAL DITTY

BY C. F. LESTER



↑ HE softly shining summer sun sank shimmering down the sky,
(That 's quite a line, I know, but you can say it, if you try) ;
The air was full of atmosphere (as air is wont to be),
And Baron Snitch was sitting, with his knitting, 'neath a tree.

There! I 've put those facts on paper, just to get them off my mind,
But there 's little in this yarn concerning knitting, as you 'll find ;
So let 's leave the baron (I am sure that we 'll get back to him),
And speak of young Prince Jim-i-nee (for short, we 'll call him Jim).



When little Jim was five, and also fat and full of fun,
His nurse went out with him one day, to get the air and sun ;
But Bambaroo the Bandit was slyly hiding there,
So, while the nurse enjoyed the sun, the bandit took the heir.

This Bambaroo was leader of a jolly bandit band,
(Green coats ; red sashes ; pistols ; — "Hist !" — "Ha ! foiled !" — you understand) ;

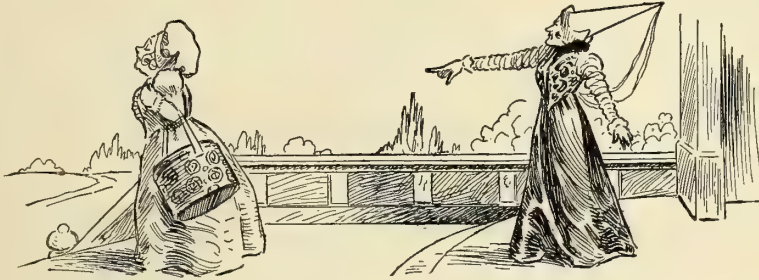
He was very much sought after, though by no means popular,
But was a most retiring man (these bandits sometimes are).





Of course, a bandit's business is, first of all, to "lurk,"
(In fact, it often is about eight sevenths of his work);
And the finest lurker of the lot was Bobberino Bounce,—
(You'd hardly think it, for he weighed three hundred to an ounce!).

Then there was Old Elgardo, who had sailed the Spanish Main,
(He always wore a mackintosh when "lurking" in a rain);
Bold Bhingo, who loved lemonade, and vain José Fitzgibbons,
Who had mustaches one foot long, and tied them up with ribbons.



Well, when she found the prince was lost, it quite upset the nurse,
(She fainted in a rosebush); but what happened next was worse;
Jim's loss, of course, made her feel small (although distinctly stout),
But when Lady Jane discharged her, she really was put out!



Now Jim had one bad habit—he just *would* run away;
So he tried it on the bandits—and got home again next day!
(And Bambaroo was so ashamed, he went away to Spain,
Where he got a job at lecturing, and never "lurked" again.)



Jim's happy fate to celebrate, a gorgeous *fête* took place,
Where dancing, feast, and song combined, with sweetness, zest, and grace;
And Baron Snitch (I *said*, you know, that we'd get back to him!)
Knit a brand-new pair of mittens for his little nephew, Jim.





TACTICS AND TACTICIANS OF THE GRIDIRON

BY PARKE H. DAVIS

Author of "Foot-ball, the American Intercollegiate Game," and Representative of
Princeton University on the Rules Committee

THE tactical formations of the intercollegiate type of foot-ball, commonly known as "plays," constitute the most distinctive characteristic of this style of foot-ball games. Soccer, Rugby, Gaelic and Canadian foot-ball, it is true, are not without brilliant manœuvres in tactical team play, but no game played with a ball, whether by hand or by foot, with a club, racket, mallet, or crease, can compare as to the element of prearranged tactics, strategy, and generalship with the American intercollegiate foot-ball game. Thus it is that our game so frequently is likened to a game of chess with living men for the pieces, or to the movement of troops in a mimic battle, and not unfrequently, among humorists, to actual war. Indeed, there is a legend in foot-ball lore that no less a warrior than Augustus Cæsar introduced into foot-ball its military element when he reformed the gentle Roman foot-ball game of *foliis* into virile and vigorous *harpastum* (a game remarkably similar to Rugby foot-ball), as a pastime for his legions.

As every active foot-ball player desires to excel in his position upon the eleven and some day to be ranked as a national star, so in every squad of players, or equally often among their followers, is some one of studious, mathematical mind who desires to excel as a tactician and strategist in the sport. Every college team each autumn presents one or more new plays which are used for a season or two and then discarded, but once or twice in each decade a veritable genius appears and produces a play so ingenious and powerful that it wins game upon game and championship upon championship, and, becoming a national fixture in the sport, outlasts several campaigns, until finally outlawed by a change in the rules, or superseded by another play still more ingenious and powerful.

Hence it is that, when college coaches and players assemble after practice in their training quarters and while away the closing day before crackling wood fires, their reminiscences invari-

bly turn to the great tactics and tacticians of by-gone days. The veterans of thirty-four years ago will relate to the enraptured youngsters of the present the story of the "block game." The players of the middle eighties will unfold the glorious history of the "V trick." Fellows from the early nineties will add the fascinating tale of the famous "flying wedge," and representatives of later generations will contribute the story of the "revolving tandem," "guards-back," the "tackle-back," down to the latest great play of the present time, the "Minnesota shift."

THE "block game," as its name indicates, was not a separate play, but a system of plays. It was invented during the turmoil of battle as a temporary and desperate makeshift to avert defeat in the closing moments of a great game. Notwithstanding its haphazard origin, however, it presented an idea so original and momentous that to-day it stands not only as the first of the great tactical manœuvres of the gridiron, but also as among the most important. For it was the "block game" that later produced the rushing, running system of attack, the dominant method of modern offensive foot-ball, and thus formed a basis for all other great plays which at one time and another have formed the principal features in the running attack.

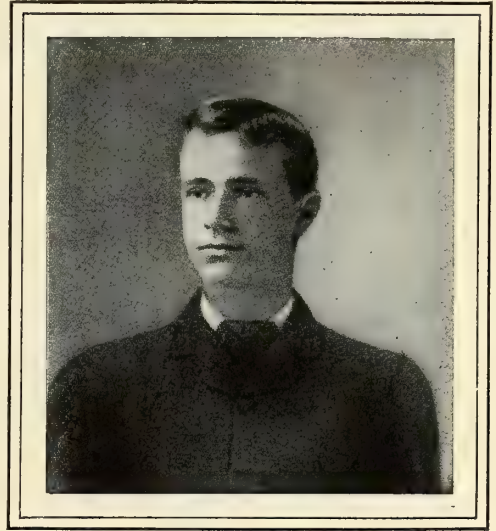
It is generally believed that "rushing the ball" is a distinctive feature of Rugby play, and so it is; but in the early years of the intercollegiate style of the Rugby game, running forward with the ball, although frequently employed, was distinctly subordinate to the use of kicks as the principal method for advancing the ball. Punts and drops not only were delivered continually in the progress of play, but the ball was kicked while bounding upon the ground. Every player upon the team was expected to kick the ball and kick it well, and many a run during the game terminated in a kick to prevent a tackle. Even the system of scoring was based upon a kicking

attack, for four touch-downs were required to equal a goal from the field, although such a goal might have been kicked from placement following a touch-down.

The cause of the inferiority of the running attack was due to the method of putting the ball in play, which, being the English "scrummage," gave to each side upon every play an equal opportunity to get the ball. Those familiar with English Rugby know that the ball is put in play by placing it upon the ground between the two rush-lines, no player of which is permitted to touch the ball with the hand. At a signal, the players of both sides strive to work the ball behind them with the foot. Since neither side in a "scrummage" knows which team will obtain the ball for the ensuing play, nor at what point in the line it will be forced through, prearranged tactics are extremely limited and a running attack is confined to simple, solitary plays.

The national genius of Americans, young as well as old, for invention, did not long follow the practice of the cumbersome English "scrummage." Within two years after the adoption of the Rugby game, the players had discovered a method of concerted feinting and forcing by which the stronger rush-line would obtain the ball in the "scrummages." As a result, an inter-collegiate foot-ball convention, held in 1880, adopted a new rule which gave to the eleven in

nated as the "snapper-back." It must be noted here, however, that the collegians of that period assumed that the ball once in play would pass



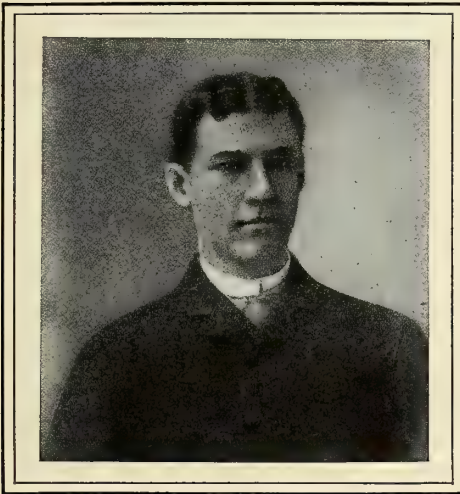
FRANCIS LONEY.

Captain of the Princeton Varsity foot-ball team of 1880, and the inventor of the "block game."

with equal regularity from the possession of one side to the other through the operation of the customary kicking attack.

The game was played by the various college teams in the following autumn along the lines assumed by this convention. Each side in turn put the ball in play in an orderly way; each set of backs, knowing in advance that they would get the ball, executed their kicks and runs with greater brilliance and precision, and the continual kicking gave to each side equal possession of the ball on the snap-backs. It has been an invariable and fearful characteristic of foot-ball rule-making, however, that the slightest change in a rule often leads to wholly unforeseen results. Strategists and tacticians apply their powerful minds to these little changes, study out their possibilities to surprising limits, and eventually produce some tremendous and wholly unexpected manœuver to startle the rule-makers and to stir the sport to its foundations. So it was with this apparently simple change of 1880.

Princeton was playing Yale in the closing game of the season in 1880. To add to the pleasure of the spectators in the operation of the new rule providing an orderly snap-back, a close battle was being waged, and the final fifteen minutes of the game had arrived without a score by either side. But Yale was waxing stronger now. Her greater bulk and strength were telling in the



PENDLETON T. BRYAN.

Captain of the Princeton Varsity foot-ball team of 1881, and, with Walter Camp, of Yale, inventor of the running attack.

possession of the ball at the termination of the preceding play the right to put it in play on the ensuing play by snapping the ball backward with the foot by some player in the rush-line, design-

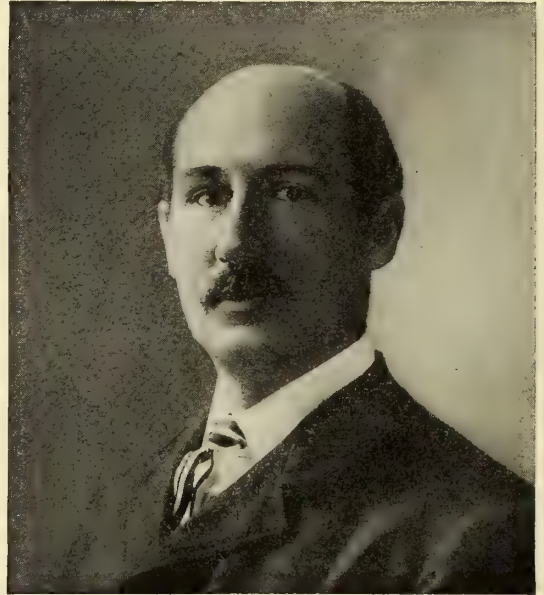
rush-line, and Princeton was being beaten hopelessly back within her twenty-five-yard line, her cross-bar repeatedly but vainly bombarded by long-distance attempts to kick a goal from the field.

Suddenly, with the inspiration which comes from desperation, to Francis Loney, Princeton's captain, came a great tactical idea—the *new rule which provided for the possession of the ball was defective because it had not also provided for its surrender*. If Princeton did not kick the ball, but employed runs exclusively, without fumbling, Yale could not obtain possession of the ball, and without the ball, Yale could not score and Princeton could not be beaten. With the flashing mental quickness which characterizes true generalship, Loney called his players about him, tersely stated his plan, and gave to each man the detailed orders necessary to put the plan into execution. Play was resumed, and instantly the strange tactics developed. A Princeton back received the ball from the scrimmage, ran into the line, went down beneath a crashing Yale tackler, but with the ball always beneath him. Again the lines formed, and again the play was repeated. The spectators were puzzled, and Yale chagrined, but time was rapidly running, and soon expired before Princeton's plan was solved, and the game was declared a draw.

In the discussion that followed the contest, Princeton's tactics were aptly designated by a new phrase in foot-ball, the "block game." The majority of foot-ball men predicted that the maneuver never would be seen again, while a few prophesied that it would thereafter be the recourse of all elevens to avert a defeat in the closing moments of a drawn game. To them it appeared nothing more than a defensive maneuver, the most desperate of all because it cast aside all chances of scoring except the remotest chance of all—a run for a touch-down through an entire eleven of opponents.

There were two men, however, whose keen foot-ball sense perceived, far beneath the surface of the "block game," the possibility for a powerful and revolutionary *offense*—an attack which would substitute continual running with the ball for intermittent kicking, employing the latter only enough to give variety to the assault, thus reversing the balance of kicks and runs which for fifty years had characterized the Rugby style of play. These two men were Pendleton T. Bryan, Princeton's newly elected captain, and Walter Camp, the captain at Yale. Each of these pioneers studied the subject with great secrecy, and, of course, wholly independent of each other, each ignorant of the discovery by the other, but both working along the same lines. As a result, both

Princeton and Yale, the following autumn, 1881, were secretly prepared to introduce into foot-ball a new invention, a running attack, familiar to us all to-day in its more highly developed mechanism. True tacticians that they were, both Captain Bryan and Captain Camp also turned their attention to a defense to their new method of attack, for it is a natural rule of foot-ball strategy, that one who invents a new formation of offense immediately invents a defense against it. Therefore, pursuing their tactical study, these



Photograph by Brown Bros.

WALTER CAMP.

Captain of Yale's 'Varsity foot-ball teams of 1878, 1879, and 1881, and, with P. T. Bryan, of Princeton, inventor of the running attack.

two men, again without the knowledge of each other, devised an identical plan to meet the running attack of the "block game." Princeton, at the time, was employing a general defense based upon six men in the rush-line and five backs behind the line, while Yale had settled upon the standard defense of to-day, seven men in the line and four backs behind the line. Both captains now prepared to meet the "block game" by reinforcing the rush-line with all of the backs except one, thus introducing into foot-ball, as it had previously existed, another revolutionary maneuver. Thus offensively and defensively prepared, Princeton and Yale awaited their struggle with one another, each captain chuckling over the surprise he was about to spring upon his opponent.

The eventful day at last arrived, Thanksgiving afternoon, November 24, 1881. A throng of

4000 spectators, a crowd of amazing proportions for that period, had gathered at the Polo Grounds in New York. With the customary spreading of a secret, in this throng sat several hundred collegians from Princeton quietly gloating in gleeful anticipation of the surprise in store for Yale. In another section of the field sat several hundred men from Yale similarly anticipating with secret joy the manœuvres with which they soon would astonish Princeton. Yale won the toss, and selected the east goal, backed by a lusty young winter's gale. J. S. Harlan, of Princeton, then a half-back, now an august member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, poised the ball for the kick-off. Drawing a few steps back from the ball, he paused to see that all was in readiness, while the spectators quieted for the customary long sailing kick down the field. Harlan leaped forward on the run, but, as he reached the ball, a startling thing occurred. Instead of kicking it with a resounding whack, he struck it lightly with the side of his foot, sending it forward four or five feet, a technical kick-off; then, stooping over and picking it up, he started to run with it down the field. Notwithstanding the unexpectedness of this manœuver, Yale quickly brought Harlan to the ground. Upon the next play, a fumble gave the ball to Yale, but the latter immediately returned it to Princeton by a kick. That kick was the first, last, and only time that Yale laid a hand upon the ball throughout the long half of forty-five minutes, for, upon the ensuing play, the "block game" broke forth on the part of Princeton—and broke forth furiously, monotonously, and in vain. Play upon play Princeton lined up, the ball was snapped, Baker, Burt, Peace, Harlan, and Shaw carried it forward, only to go down invariably beneath a mountain of blue jerseys as they reached Yale's line. Not once did Princeton kick, not once did Princeton fumble, and not once did Princeton score. The spectators, disgusted with the new tactics, howled and yelled in derision at Princeton, daring and begging the players to kick the ball. The call of time for the half brought a shout of relief from the non-collegians in the crowd. Their joy, however, was of short duration. Yale opened the second half with the ball, "dribbling" the kick-off precisely as Princeton had done, and following the play with the tactics of the "block game." Snap went the ball into play, and Badger, Bacon, Camp, and Richards in turn leaped forward with the ball, only to go down each time before the sharp tackling of Flint, Bryan, Riggs, and Haxall, of Princeton. The orange and black, as Yale previ-

ously had done, quickly called up all of the backs except one, to reinforce the line. The crowd yelled, the crowd scolded, the crowd implored, but not a kick came from the team in blue to vary the monotony of the attack. Forty-three minutes of the half were thus expended without a score by Yale, without giving to Princeton a solitary play with the ball, and without gaining twelve yards in the entire chain of assaults. In the last minute of play, Storrs, of Yale, pierced Princeton's doubled line and raced to the twenty-five-yard line, where he was overtaken by Riggs and thrown, just as the referee's whistle terminated the game.

Drawn games always are unpopular, and this contest was unusually the object of mingled amusement and disgust. "The 'block game,'" said a metropolitan newspaper the next day, "is a nuisance. It is not foot-ball." Said another, "If the game of the collegians is to continue, the 'block game' must be eradicated from the sport." In the college press and campus councils, throughout the ensuing winter, the controversy over the "block game" incessantly raged. Wiser heads saw in it, however, the possibility for a great improvement in the old Rugby game, provided some method could be devised to prevent the continual retention by one side of the ball. An intercollegiate convention was called in the spring of 1882 to solve the problem, but, failing to do so, adjourned. Undismayed, the foot-ball leaders of Columbia, Harvard, Princeton, and Yale assembled in a second convention in the fall of the same year. This second convention boldly grappled with the problem, and, after several hours of spirited debate, evolved the following short, sharp rule:

If on three consecutive fairs and downs a team shall not have advanced the ball five yards or lost ten, they must give the ball to the other side at the spot where the fourth down was made.

Thus the idea which flashed through the mind of Francis Loney in the Princeton-Yale game of 1880 completed its cycle of results. That idea produced the "block game," and the "block game" led to the establishment of the running attack. The running attack brought on the famous "fourth down rule," all of which together changed the Rugby game of old England into a distinctive American sport, and laid the foundation upon which the brilliant tactical formations and manœuvres of the three succeeding decades have been erected.

Incidentally, this rule brought forth the familiar five-yard lines of lime which has given to the playing field its familiar name of gridiron.

(To be concluded.)

'T IS HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

'T is Hallowe'en night, and there 's magic abroad.
Beware of the wizards, their pranks and their fraud!
Be careful in stepping on horseshoes and lace;
And try not to joggle the hill from its place.
Sing ho, for the broomsticks and witches!

'T is Hallowe'en night. Of the egg-shells beware!
Be sure not to mind Jack-o'-lantern's bright stare.
Look out for the Will-o'-the-wisp o'er the lea;
A gay, but a roguish, young fellow is he.
Sing ho, for the bats, gnomes, and fairies!

'T is Hallowe'en night. Do not mind tinkers' carts;
Nor woodchucks, nor knot-holes, nor red jelly tarts.
And if you will speak to no moles when you roam,
Why, then, you will safely return to your home.
Sing ho, for black beetles and goblins!

A SELF-MADE MAN

BY CAROLINE HOFMAN

I am such a big boy,
And my feet are so small,
It's a wonder I manage to toddle
at all.

They have taught me to eat,
And they've taught me to talk,
But it's quite by myself that I'm
learning to walk.





THE HOUSEKEEPING ADVENTURES OF THE JUNIOR BLAIRS

BY CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON

Author of "A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl," "Margaret's Saturday Mornings," etc.

JAMS AND JELLY

NORAH was preserving peaches. The fragrant odor filled the house one day, and Mildred sniffed it delightedly. "Dear me! I wish I could make preserves," she sighed. "Norah's always look so lovely in their jars, and they taste so good, too. I wonder if she would let me help her?"

But no, Norah would not. Peaches, she explained, must be done up very carefully, and nobody could do them up unless they knew just how.

"But, Norah, if you can't begin till you know how, how does anybody ever learn? And I want to do them so much! Just see how beautiful yours are," and Mildred looked longingly at the row of jars on the kitchen table full of yellow peaches in a syrup like golden sunshine. "Oh, Norah!" she murmured pathetically.

But Norah was firm. Miss Mildred could n't do up peaches; she was too young; and, anyway, she could n't be bothered teaching her. So Mildred sighed and gave it up. But when she told her mother about it, Mother Blair laughed.

"You want to begin at the top," she said. "Norah is quite right in saying that peaches are

not easy to put up—that is, not the very best, most beautiful peaches, and nobody wants any other kind. But why not make something else to begin with, jams and jellies and other good things? And by the time you know all about those, you will find that peaches will be perfectly easy for you."

Mildred brightened up. "Now that 's what I call a good idea, one of your very best, Mother Blair. Can't I make something right away to-day?"

"Just as soon as Norah is all through with her preserving, if she does n't mind, you may. And perhaps she has something all ready for you to begin on. Run and ask her if you may have the parts of the peaches she did not want to use."

That puzzled Mildred, and as she hurried to the kitchen she thought about it.

"Norah, Mother says you are not going to use all the parts of the peaches, and perhaps I may have what you don't want. But what are they? Because if they are just the skins and stones, I don't want them either."

Norah was just fastening on the last top on her jars of preserves, and she looked very good-natured.

"Sure, I've got lots left!" she said, and showed Mildred a large covered bowl filled with bits of peach pulp.

"I won't put any bruised peaches in preserves," she explained, "so I just cut up peaches with soft spots and put 'em in here; and when I'm done, I make a shortcake out of 'em. If I've got enough, sometimes I make 'em into—"

"Jam!" interrupted Mildred. "Of course! delicious peach jam that I love. Oh, Norah, do let me make some; don't use any of those peach bits for shortcake—let's have something else for lunch."

"Well," said Norah, "I guess you can have 'em." So Mildred ran for her apron and a recipe,



"MILDRED BEGAN TO DIP OUT THE JAM WITH A CUP."

which, when she read it over, proved, strangely enough, to be a rule for making not only peach but all sorts of jams.

JAM

Prepare your fruit nicely; strawberries must be washed and hulled, peaches pared and cut up, raspberries looked over for poor ones. When they are ready, measure

- 1 large cup of fruit to
- 1 small cup of sugar.

Mash the fruit and put it in a kettle in layers with the sugar, and press and stir it till it is all wet and juicy. Then gently boil it, stirring constantly from the bottom up, so the fruit will not burn. Mash with a wooden potato masher till all is smooth. When it has cooked nearly an hour, try a little on a cold saucer and see if it gets firm. When it does, it is done. Some jams take longer to cook than others, because some fruits are more juicy.

This sounded very easy indeed, and Mildred began to mash and measure at once, and soon the jam was over the fire. But it took a long time to cook. Norah brought a dishpan full of jelly-glasses and put them in the sink, and Mildred washed these and dried them and arranged them on two trays, all ready for the jam; but every moment or two she stirred the jam well. By and by, after more than an hour, the peaches looked transparent, and then Norah said they were done; and, sure enough, when she hurriedly put some on a saucer and stood this on the ice in the refrigerator to get it cold in a hurry, it grew a little stiff and the edges were like jelly. Mildred carefully lifted the hot saucepan from the fire and began to dip out the jam with a cup and put it in the glasses; when she finished, there were eight of them, all filled with clear golden-pinky-brownish jam, beautiful to look at, and, oh, so good to taste! Mildred ran for her mother and Brownie to look at it. "I wish Father and Jack were here!" she sighed, "and Miss Betty, too. I am so proud, I want everybody to see it."

"It really is lovely," said her mother. "I never saw any that was nicer. Next winter we will eat it on hot buttered toast, and put it in layer cake, and have it ready for school sandwiches."

"But only eight little, little glasses," mourned Mildred. "Why did n't I make eight dozen of them?"

"Well, eight dozen is a good many," laughed her mother. "Perhaps—just *perhaps*, you know, you might find you got tired even of peach jam before you had eaten all those up. But the beauty of making jams in fruit time is that you can make a few glasses of it any time

you want to. Peaches are just in season now, and we have them nearly every day, so you can put up more at any time."

"Of course!" said Mildred, delightedly. "I never thought of that. I'll make the rest of my eight dozen yet, Mother Blair; I'm sure it won't be a bit too much."

"Why not make some other things that are just as good? Grapes are in season too, and plums, and pears—"

"I'll make them all! I'll make every single kind of jam that there is!"

"You can make jelly too, and compotes, and spiced things; I'll be so glad to have you learn, and they are all as easy as can be."

"But, Mother, what can I make?" Brownie looked very sober. "Is Mildred going to make everything all alone? I like to make things, too."

"Of course you do, and you shall certainly help; jams are so easy anybody in the world can make them."

"Even Jack?" laughed Mildred.

when they had used up quite a large basketful, there were plenty left. Norah had been planning to use them in jelly, but she said she could wait a day longer for that, and the girls might have



"'BUT, NORAH, IF YOU CAN'T BEGIN TILL YOU KNOW HOW, HOW DOES ANYBODY EVER LEARN?'"

"Yes, even Jack, if he wanted to. Why don't you and Brownie together make some nice grape jam to-morrow?"

The girls said they would love to; then their mother had them write down a special recipe, because grape jam is the one kind that is different from every other.

GRAPE JAM

Wash the grapes; take them off the stems one by one as though you meant to eat them, but press them between your fingers and put the skins in one dish and the pulp in another. When you have finished, heat the pulp and stir it till you can see that the seeds have come out; then put the pulp through the colander. Add this to the skins, measure, and follow your regular rule.

This seemed like a queer recipe; grape skins in jam! It sounded rather horrid. But they made it, anyway, and when they had finished, though it was a clear, reddish black, it was really delicious.

It happened that the grapes grew in their own garden, and so many of them were ripe that,

them if they wanted to, and she would show them how to make something very nice indeed and very easy. This was

SPICED FRUIT

- 3 pints of fruit, all prepared.
- 1½ small cups of vinegar.
- 1¾ pints of sugar.
- 2 teaspoonfuls of powdered cinnamon.
- 1 teaspoonful of powdered cloves.

Boil till thick; about an hour and a half. In making spiced grapes, prepare them exactly as for jam, and use pulp and skins.

Their mother did not know they were making this new kind of preserve, and she was delighted when she was shown all the little glasses of it.

"All spiced fruits are especially nice with meat," she said, "and with this rule you can spice almost any kind of fruit; pears, or peaches, or apples, or plums—"

"Or strawberries, or pineapple, or raspberries," said Brownie.

"Oh, no! I ought to have said any kind of *autumn* fruit—that is a good way to remember which ones to use. And, Mildred, Norah divided this rule for you, to make it easier, but when I put up preserved fruit, I take twice as much of everything."

"What a pity I'm so stupid about arithmetic!" sighed Mildred. "Think of having to take twice one and three quarter pints of sugar, and twice one and a half cups of vinegar! I'll never get them right."

"Mildred, you remind me of a story some one told me the other day, about a girl who had just come home from college; it's a true story too, and the girl lives right in this town. She thought she would like to learn to cook, so she found a rule for cake in the cook-book and read it to herself; it began something like this: Three cups of flour, two cups of sugar, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and so on. Presently her mother went into the kitchen and found on the table three cups, all filled with flour, two more cups filled with sugar, one cup of milk, another cup of raisins, three teaspoons in a row, all filled with baking-powder, and so on. Think of that!"

"I s'pose they did n't teach multiplying in that college," said Brownie, sympathetically.

Mildred and her mother laughed. "Well, I suppose I'll just have to learn to do fractions in my head!" said Mildred.

"There is n't any other way, if you are going to be a good cook," her mother replied. "You can't guess at things, or you will spoil them; you have to measure exactly. Now that you have finished these grapes, I'll give you some more recipes, if you want them."

The girls hastened to bring out their pretty red-covered books. "Just see, Mother Blair," said Mildred, turning over the leaves, "how many pages are filled up—with *such* good things, too!" And she gave a sigh of such complete satisfaction, that her mother laughed. Then they settled themselves at the table to write the new recipes.

APPLE CONSERVE

4 pints of apples, measured after they are peeled and cut up in bits.

4 pints of sugar.

2 lemons, juice and grated peel.

2 large pieces of preserved ginger (the kind that comes in little pots).

Mix all together and cook till thick; about an hour and a half.



"I AM SO PROUD, I WANT EVERYBODY TO SEE MY JAM."

CRANBERRY CONSERVE

2½ pints of washed and chopped cranberries.

2½ pints of sugar.

2 large oranges.

1 pint (or package) seeded raisins, chopped a little, after washing.

Cut the oranges in halves and take out the pulp with a spoon; then scrape the skins well till they are clean and not very much of the white lining is left; chop the rest. Mix all together and cook till thick.

"These two conserves are so very nice that we do not put them on the table and eat them up any

day in the week, but save them for Sunday night supper and other times like that," said Mother Blair; "and sometimes they can go into sandwiches for afternoon tea. Now would you like just a very easy jelly? Here is a nice one."

APPLE JELLY

Wash twenty nice red apples that are not very sweet; cut them up in small pieces without peeling them or taking out the cores. Put them in a kettle and just cover them with water; cook slowly till it is all like soft apple-sauce. Then put it in a bag—a flour sack is the best—tie up the top, and hang the bag up over night with a large bowl underneath to catch the juice. In the morning measure this. Mix

1 pint of juice.

1 small pint of sugar.

Put on the fire and boil gently twenty minutes, skimming it occasionally; lift off the saucepan and drop into the jelly one large lemon, cut up in quarters, squeezing them a little; then put a small wire strainer over each jelly-glass in turn and pour the jelly into each from a cup.

"There! When you can make that kind of jelly, you will almost have learned how to make any other kind. And this is lovely, so pink and delicate, and it always gets just firm enough and not too stiff to be nice. Now, Mildred, you may try this to-morrow if you like, and, if it's perfect, you shall have a prize."

The next day the jam was firm on top, and Norah said it ought to be covered and put away at once or it would get too hard.

"How shall I cover it, Mother?" Mildred asked anxiously. "Paste on papers or something?"

"Oh, no, indeed! nobody does that way any more. Ask Norah if she has any paraffin left over."

But no, she had used every bit she had to cover her grape jelly; so Brownie had to go to

the drug-store and get ten cents' worth. It came in a large cake, so clear and white it looked good enough to eat, but it was n't, as the little girl found out by tasting. It was just like candles, and only mice like to eat candles. Norah said she would show the girls how to cover jams and jellies and spiced things, and everything you put in jelly-glasses.

"You take this little saucepan that I keep on purpose for paraffin," she said, "and put the whole cake in it after you cut it in two, and melt it; only be careful and don't let it splash on my clean stove and make it greasy. And while it is melting you can wipe off the jam glasses with a warm, wet dish-cloth, and make them all clean and dry."

While Brownie was washing off the glasses Mildred cut some little slips of paper and printed on these the names for the different things they had made; PEACH on some, and SPICED GRAPES on others, and GRAPE JAM or APPLE JELLY on the rest. Then she got the pot of paste from the library; by this time the paraffin was melted and all ready to use. Norah showed them how to pour a little on top of each glass, right on the jam, and then tip the glasses a little so it would run up the sides toward the top. In a moment it hardened, and was ready for the tin covers to go on so the mice could not get at it, and then they pasted the labels on, and it was done.

Norah helped carry the trays to the preserve closet and put them away in rows, being very careful not to tip them and slide the paraffin up the sides of the glasses. Then they stood and looked at them, and, oh, how proud the girls felt!

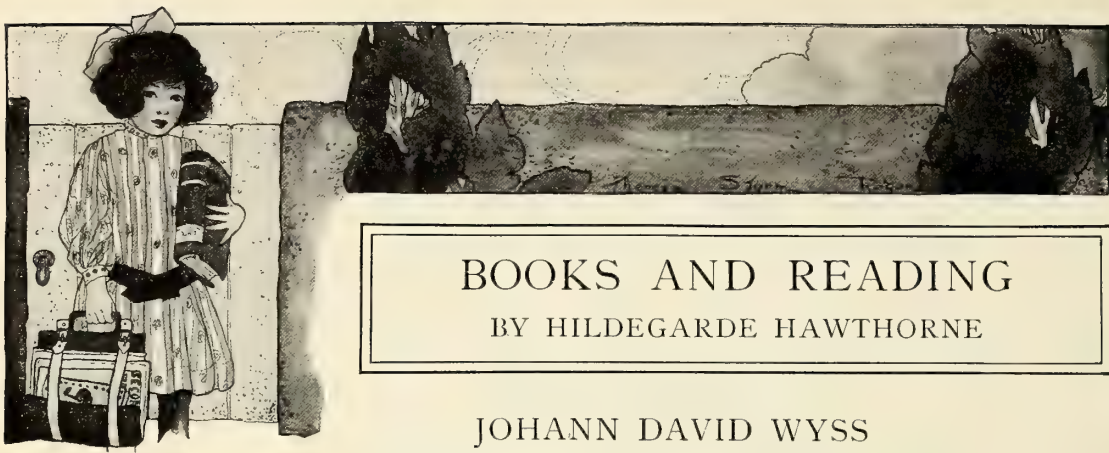
"I'll make some more to-morrow," said Mildred, "and some more after that, and some more after that, and some more after *that*!"

LAUGHING

BY MARY MAC RAE GRAY

A LITTLE girl laughed as she tossed her balloon,
but it burst with a sickening pop;
I thought she would cry, or at least she would
sigh, but her laugh rang with never a stop.
"It's an awfully curious thing," she said, "I'm
not a bit glad that it burst;
And it isn't a particle funny—in fact, it was perfectly
dreadful at first.
But I'd promised my mother to laugh when it
popped—that's the very best reason I had;
And the curious thing is I've lost my balloon,
but the laughing has made me feel glad!"





BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

JOHANN DAVID WYSS

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON"

EVERY child knows "The Swiss Family Robinson," and this does n't mean just American and English children, but French, German, Russian, Italian, Spanish, and very likely children of other nations too. What a book it is! How wonderful are the adventures of that intrepid family, how marvelously clever they are in circumventing circumstances, and how unfailingly interesting is their entire history!

Oddly enough, the book itself has also had peculiar adventures. Its author died long before the book was printed, and another man attained his greatest distinction as the writer of the immortal story, a man famous enough in his own line as philosopher and poet. He would have been immensely surprised to think that he owed his place in most biographies and reference books to the story he never wrote, while his large and important works were passed over in silence except in his native country.

But, to begin at the beginning, there was, toward the end of the eighteenth century, in Bern, Switzerland, a pleasant gentleman called Johann David Wyss, born in 1743, a pastor and army chaplain, with a family of four children.

After the manner of children the world over, these sons and daughters of his used to beg for a story on the long winter evenings when the Swiss town was buried in snow and the great mountains loomed icy-clear against the pale skies. In the cozy home, with the curtains drawn tight against the searching wind and the fire in the big porcelain stove doing its best, they would gather round their father and coax him to leave his books and play with them. Best of all, to tell them some more of the thrilling life of the Swiss family, stranded on that distant tropic island. And after finishing his long pipe and smiling down at the eager group, old Johann Wyss would

take up the thread of the delectable yarn where he had left off the preceding night.

The foundation of this story he told them was the tale brought back by a friend of his, a Russian captain commanding a small sailing vessel who had found and rescued a Swiss family who had been shipwrecked on a desert island, and had managed to make themselves fairly comfortable while keeping a lookout for passing sails. And in addition, Johann David had always admired the story of "Robinson Crusoe" intensely. That seemed to him as good a book as any one could wish to read, so that when he began to tell a story, he used his favorite as model.

The story trailed along for months and months, and at last, amused at it himself, he began to jot it down at odd times, and in the most casual manner. Finally, he got it all written out, or at least as much as he had to tell, for the story as we know it is much longer than it was when Johann David laid it aside, since his children were grown too old to want to have stories told to them. They were beginning to live their own stories, and work out their own ideas. The famous story was forgotten, hidden away in some box or drawer, entirely unsuspecting of its amazing future.

Old Chaplain Wyss was a man of considerable attainments, who spoke and wrote four languages, and preached equally well in French or German. Switzerland was undergoing great changes during his lifetime, evolving from a confused group of mutually jealous cantonnments into a single and united country. With the new union came a vast awakening of intellectual and economic activities. From being known the world over as fighting men, and little else, men to be hired by any nation who needed soldiers to help her in her troubles or her aggressions, the Swiss

suddenly developed into writers, farmers, merchants, and artisans.

Societies sprang up everywhere, reading circles were formed in every town, no one but had something to say or do to help Switzerland along. One man who helped immensely to bring the Swiss to self-realization was Albrecht von Haller, a Bernese, and a friend of the Wyss family. He became a doctor and poet, was a passionate patriot, and was the first to find beauty in the scenery of Switzerland. About the age of Johann David, he probably had a good deal to do in teaching that young man to see the greatness of his country.

The new military organization of Switzerland, in 1779, aimed at greater uniformity and a fundamental improvement. Johann David was intensely interested in this work, connected with the army as he had been since his twenty-third year. There was more and more to be done for his country, and naturally the old tale of fanciful adventure faded further and further into the past, until it was really quite forgotten.

Finally Johann David died. His son, Rudolf, who had studied in the academies of Bern and the universities of Germany, to whom, we are told, "no branch of learning was hidden," returned home, and was presently made Professor of Philosophy at the Academy in Bern, a position he held till his death in 1830. He was also librarian of his town, and wrote many exquisite lyrics and legends, and one song that became the national hymn of Switzerland, "Rufst du, Mein Vaterland." He was, indeed, a great and important person.

One day, rummaging about through old papers, he came across the forgotten story with which his father had amused him and his brother and sisters so long ago. We can fancy him sitting turning the faded pages, wrapped in memories, and bewitched once again with all the stirring doings of the story. There he sat, reading and dreaming, and when he had finished the last word, it probably occurred to him that other children might love the little book, as he and his had done.

So he set to work to put it into better form, revising it a little here and there, preparing it for the printer. He gave only half to the publisher at first, for he was a busy man, and could find little time to spare for this labor of love, for such it must have been.

So the first volume was brought out in 1812, with a brief acknowledgment by the son of the father's authorship. The following year the second part came out. This was all that Wyss had written, a much shorter book than now, containing only about twelve years of the adventures, the

family being taken off by an English vessel at the end of that period.

The story was immediately successful in Switzerland and Germany. Unfortunately, subsequent editions did not print Rudolf's ascription of the book to his father; they contented themselves with simply putting Rudolf's own name on the title-page. Probably he did not know this, or, if he did, the fate of a child's story did not seem especially important. His father had thought nothing of it, and doubtless he himself soon ceased to remember the volume.

But meanwhile the vogue of this amazing little book kept on growing. Several years after its first appearance, the Baroness de Montolieu, a Frenchwoman, undertook its translation from the German in which it had been written. It seemed to her, however, that the story ended too abruptly. So she wrote to Johann Rudolf, whom she supposed to be the author, asking him whether he would not add more and give her the right of translation. At first he seems to have agreed to do so, but he soon saw that he had no time for this, so he told her to go ahead and do whatever pleased her. She thereupon continued and enlarged the story to its present form, submitting it to Rudolf, who approved of the changes.

Later on, another Frenchwoman, Madame Elise Voiart, made another translation, to which she also added portions. Her book was brought out in an edition de luxe, with a preface by Charles Nodier, a French literary man who was the center of the group of romantic writers of 1830, men like Hugo and De Musset, who loved to meet in Nodier's apartments for talk and recreation. Nodier himself wrote several charming volumes, and had lived an exciting life during the Terror and in Napoleon's time.

So, you see, this simple child's story was the work of several people at widely separated times. In spite of this, it would be difficult to tell where Wyss leaves off and the French baroness begins, for the book runs on as smoothly as a stream.

In 1868, it was translated into English by a Mrs. H. B. Paull, who contented herself with the French version. Since then, there have been a number of English translations, and countless editions there and here in America. Some of these have been beautifully illustrated.

As the years passed and the book grew in popularity, the son of the author was constantly credited with it. He had died in 1830, "regretted by all," the account of his life says, and considered one of Switzerland's first men. His songs and his histories were known all over the land, and his pupils in the academy mourned him sincerely, for he seems to have been a man of great likability.

But time went on, and his songs were sung less frequently, his histories were superseded, and his pupils forgot him, or died and were themselves forgotten. But the child's story did not die, did not get forgotten. On the contrary, it kept increasing its fame.

Finally, when Johann Rudolf was mentioned, it was chiefly as the author of "The Swiss Family Robinson," the book he did n't write, but to which, eager and excited, he had so often listened as a child. One cannot but think that it would have troubled him to discover that he had inadvertently stolen his father's fame in this fashion. It is only lately that some one took the trouble to find out the truth of the matter, and to give to old Johann David the credit that belongs to him.

It seems curious that a man who could write a book of such enduring charm and interest should not have realized how good it was, and should have had no ambition to get it printed. As far as the old chaplain was concerned, the world would never have known of the story's existence.

So that, after all, it is the son we have to thank

for the pleasure it has given us, even though he had nothing to do with writing it, except for his slight preparation of the text. It is almost as though the book itself had got stranded on some desert island far from the track of the world's observation, uncertain whether it was ever to be rescued.

It seems to me that the book's history adds to its interest. And the thought that it owes its existence to the simple home circle of father and children, amusing each other in the time-honored way, rather than to any desire for fame or money, makes it all the more lovable. Next time you read it, or if you have never read it yet, when you turn its pages for the first time, think of old Johann David Wyss with his sons and daughters around him, quite unconscious of the listening world standing at his door, yarning along at his ease, and when he had exhausted the evening's inspiration, packing the youngsters off to bed with the promise:

"Yes, yes, to-morrow I will tell you some more; but off to bed with you now, do you hear, or else the story will stop right here and now."



OH, SEE THE FOOLISH FAERY MEN;
THEY THINK THAT THEY ARE ABLE

TO PUT A HORSE THAT 'S SIX FEET HIGH
INTO A THREE-FOOT STABLE!

Jo L. G. McMahon.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

THE ADVENTURES OF ARABELLA

III. THE ADVENTURE AT THE ZOO

BY HELEN PECK

"COME, Arabella dear!" cried Martha Means, one lovely afternoon; "Auntie is going to take us to see the animals at the Zoo. You've never seen such a lot of funny beasts outside of a picture-book. There, you dear thing! Now we're ready."

Martha's auntie was ready too, so they climbed up the stairs to the elevated cars and rode for a long time, high up in the air. Martha held Arabella close to the window so she could look far down to the street and see the people and horses and cars down there. At last Auntie said, "Here we are!" and they took a little walk through a pretty park, toward some odd buildings with many big windows.

"There, Arabella dear," explained her little mother, "this is where the animals live. They are n't loose and walking around, as they do at the circus. You'll see. You'll be interested, Arabella. I will tell you all about everything I know myself."

They went into a room where about the walls were big cages with thick bars before them. Behind the bars, lions and tigers were pacing back and forth. They



seemed sorry, as though they would have liked to be running about somewhere out of doors, and they looked out at the people, but never stopped marching back and forth.

Martha held Arabella up and pointed out to her the spots on the leopards, the stripes on the tigers, the tawny manes of the lions, and the long whiskers of all these great cats. She looked much interested.

Then they went on to another place where there was nothing but birds. There



"ALL THESE WONDERFUL THINGS MARTHA EXPLAINED VERY PATIENTLY AND NICELY TO ARABELLA."

were black, and white, and bright-colored ones. There were even some with beautiful pink feathers, which Martha loved. But such a squawking and squealing! Such a flapping and fluttering of wings! Arabella looked and smiled, and did n't seem to mind the noise; but Martha's aunty said it made her head ache.

They saw the great brown bears and the baby one that climbed a pole and ate big pieces of bread. They watched the huge white polar bear that stayed in his cool cave. They looked at the deer and at their baby fawns, which ran about on their graceful little legs. They saw the hippopotamus eat whole loaves of bread at one mouthful. All these wonderful things Martha explained very patiently and nicely to Arabella, who smiled and smiled.

Then they went to the last house of all, where the monkeys live. They could go quite close to these cages, and Arabella was held right near the bars.

"Look, darling," said Martha. "Are n't they the funniest little creatures? See their cunning hands. They can eat just like people, and play ball, and—"

They were so interested in watching a group of monkeys at the back of the cage that nobody noticed one just beside them. As Martha was speaking, out darted a brown arm and hand. They snatched Arabella, and, before you could wink, there was the wicked little monkey high up in a swing, holding Arabella in its arms and chattering loudly to all the others.

They jumped and pulled themselves up to look, and in less than a minute the whole cageful were peeking at Arabella and patting her face with their queer little brown hands.

"Oh, Aunty! Oh, my Arabella!" screamed Martha. "They've stolen my Arabella!"

"What's the trouble, little lady?"

A man with gold letters on his cap came running up to find out what was the matter. They pointed to where Arabella was in the monkey's arms up in the swing. He smiled, and said, "Oh, they won't hurt your baby, little Miss! They love dollies. I'll give them their own and bring yours back."

So they watched while he took a big rag-doll from a drawer near by and opened the cage door. He called by its name the monkey who held Arabella, and told it to come down. It minded right away, and came close to its master. He handed the big dolly to the monkey, and gently took Arabella away.

The big brown animal hugged its own dolly tight, while the keeper brought Arabella back to Martha and her aunt.

"There you are, little Missy," he smiled, "good as new!"

Martha thanked him, and smoothed Arabella's dress and hair, then carried her safely home to tell Mother and Daddy all about her newest adventure.



NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



A FOREST RANGER DISCOVERING A FOREST FIRE WITH FIELD-GLASSES FROM THE SUMMIT OF A MOUNTAIN-RANGE IN CALIFORNIA.

THE WATCH-TOWERS OF THE FORESTS

THE boy who lives in parts of the country where there are great forests miles in length, well knows the danger of a forest fire, especially if his father is a settler on a "clearing" where the trees have been cut off for timber by the ax. Often these clearings are but a short distance from the edge of the woodland, and many times the "timber-fires," as the government foresters call them, cause the destruction of settlers' homes. Many of these people have even lost their lives while trying to prevent the flames from reaching their houses, as the many chips and splinters on the ground are very inflammable, and the sparks will readily ignite them.

Before Mr. Roosevelt organized the Forest Service with Gifford Pinchot as head-forester, many miles of valuable timber lands—the great pine and fir forests of the West—were swept by the flames at a loss of millions of dollars. Various were the causes of the disasters. Some were started by camp-fires which campers or lumber-

men had carelessly neglected to put out, or even by hot ashes from a pipe thoughtlessly emptied on the pine-needle carpet spread on the ground.

In many cases occurring along the railways in the Northwest, which are often built through many miles of timber land, the sparks from the locomotives have set the fire that, fanned by the gale of hot wind the flames created, would spread as far as twenty-five miles or more from the track.

No department of the Government is of more value to the nation than the Forest Service. Mr. Pinchot is an expert in forest preservation. He has studied forestry in the woodlands of Europe, and has trained the thousand or more foresters scattered here and there in the national forests which are controlled by Uncle Sam. They know the various ways of preventing fires from spreading, and how to put them out—by shoveling dirt on the flames and other methods.

These forest rangers have "beats" along forest trails, as the policeman has his beat on the city

streets. But the distance covered by the man with the cudgel and brass buttons while on duty is very small compared with that of the fire detective in the woodlands. His pathway may be fifty, sometimes more than a hundred, miles, through aisles of trees on the level ground. On it he may have to ascend hills, wade across water-courses, and even climb up rugged heights nearly a mile in the air. On some of the forest trails in the foothills of the Rockies and the Cascade Mountains, it may require a week to cover a beat.

To aid the rangers to locate fires where they cannot be seen from the level ground, the present chief of the Forest Service has originated a new idea. It is a series of what may be called "look-out towers," where a man can be stationed, and,

tions. In the construction of the highest of these was given an illustration of the skill and the devotion to the service shown by these protectors



A WATCH-TOWER BUILT OF LOGS.

with a telescope, study a range of forest-covered hills as far as seventy-five miles in any direction.

In the Sitgreaves National Forest, as it is termed, are a number of these observation sta-



A STEEL TOWER, ONE OF THE HIGHEST IN THE WEST; THE FOREST RANGER CLIMBING TO THE OBSERVATION STATION.

of the woodland. A station was needed in the Chevalon District, and, having in mind several points upon which the timber was only thirty-five to forty feet in height, it was thought that a forty- to fifty-foot tower would be sufficient, for building which such tools and rigging as were at hand were adequate.

It was found, however, that there was only one point from which a satisfactory view over the forest in all directions could be obtained. Unfortunately, the timber was so tall there that it was evident that, to be of any use, a tower must be over one hundred feet in height. The dangerous fire-season was near at hand, and the rangers were seventy-five miles from any base of

supplies, so it was decided to build the tower with what tools and rigging they had. This included 300 feet of rope, three fourths of an inch thick, in four pieces, the longest being 100 feet in length; two double blocks six inches long, and one single sheave block of the same size. The tools consisted of axes, two-men saws, hatchets, crow-bars, two pairs of lineman's climbers and belts, and a brace and bit. Telephone wire was used for guys. The crew was made up of timbercutters who volunteered their services, and two rangers under the direction of another ranger. At the start, there were eight men, including one cook, one teamster, and the man in charge.

The first task was to cut and peel the timbers and "skid" them to the spot where the tower was

wiring is extended through the forest, by using the trees for supports for the telephone-line. As soon as the rangers get the location of the fire,



A FOREST RANGER USING A HELIOGRAPH TO SIGNAL TO OTHER LOOKOUT STATIONS.

This instrument is used where telephone connection is lacking.

they hurry by the nearest trail to reach it, taking with them horses or mules carrying the fire-fighting equipment of axes, spades for shoveling dirt, portable fire-extinguishers, and other ingenious



A PORTABLE LOOKOUT STATION.

The lookout man sets up his apparatus on a mountain top; after making observations, he folds up the table, repacks the telescope, and continues on his round.

to be erected. Much care was necessary in selecting the main poles, some of which were skidded out of dense thickets. Altogether, over one half mile of poles, if extended end to end, was needed for the work.

The dimensions of the tower were: base, thirty feet square; platform top, six feet square, height 115 feet. None of the crew had had any previous experience in building towers, but the tower was completed in six weeks, and the lookout was ready with his telescope to watch for fires.

From the minute the lookout sights the spiral thread of smoke rising upward toward the sky, there is action. The nearest group of forest rangers are called up by telephone from the watch-tower. They may be fifty miles away, but the



TELEPHONING THE LOCATION OF A FIRE FROM A FOREST SIGNAL STATION.

devices invented by the service and placed in each station, which is also provided with sacks, canvas buckets, and canvas water-bags. These water-

bags hold about twenty gallons each, and are carried on horseback, one on either side, and are much the same as the prospectors in the West use on burros when they are prospecting in desert country.

Upon reaching the blaze, one squad starts with the rakes clearing up a space of ground several feet wide in front of the fire, removing all inflammable material. The men with the water-bags follow, wetting down this strip; then come the "backfirers," who ignite the underbrush nearest the fire. These flames are blown forward to the forest fire and thus its progress is checked and the fire brought under control, although it rushes this way and that, taking unsuspecting turns and leaping creeks and rocky barriers. Manœuver after manœuver is met by the strategy of the woods fire-department, until, finally, the tired men get the blaze "corralled" along some creek with a rocky bluff on one side, and, with this advantage, effectually stamp it out.

In most instances, the settlers in the forest take as much interest in keeping down fires as does the Forest Service, being paid so much a day for this kind of work. They have the added incentive that their own rail fences and buildings are at stake, and so they work doubly hard in order to save them.

DAY ALLEN WILLEY.

SOME OF NATURE'S IMITATIONS AMONG PLANTS

A MOST curious plant, which has been famous since very ancient times, is the "Scythian lamb,"



A "VEGETABLE LAMB."

otherwise known as the "vegetable lamb," or, by the Chinese, as the "golden-haired dog." It looks remarkably like an animal, and in early days was supposed to combine in some mysterious way the attributes of animal and plant. The belief was that it sprang from a seed, and, turning on its root, devoured all the green food within reach,

whereupon it died of starvation. As late as the eighteenth century, it was much prized as a magical drug in Europe. Truth to tell, however, it is merely the rootstock of a plant, which, densely covered with soft, golden-brown hairs, looks very much like a woolly poodle. Perhaps the most



THE "PIGEON" IN THE ORCHID.

wonderful imitation in the plant kingdom is that presented by the "Holy-Ghost" orchid, which contains within each of its blossoms a pigeon with half-spread wings. Indeed, the bird is so perfect that it looks as if it were ready to take flight. The plant, which is a native of the Isthmus of Panama, is exceedingly rare, so much so that there are just five specimens in the United States, including two in the greenhouses of the White House at Washington. It grows sturdily, but, in order to thrive, it has to be kept in the temperature of a Turkish bath. R. L. HONEYMAN.

A GIANT SHELL-HEAP

At Hampton, Virginia, down by the shore, a great gray pile, evidently heaped up by a conveyor, is sure to attract the attention of the visitor. How did it come there, what is it made of,

and what will be done with it, are some of the questions asked.

This heap consists of the shells of forty or

room temperature. The "wet bulb" thermometer now reads lower than the other.

2. When the wick has dried, wet it with alcohol. The "wet bulb" thermometer now reads lower than when water was used.

3. Repeat experiments 1 and 2 with the thermometers hung in a breeze. (If the day is calm, an artificial breeze may be produced by fanning.) The difference in readings is now greater than before.

These experiments show that wherever evaporation takes place, the temperature is lowered; it is evaporation from wet hands or clothing that causes the sensation of cold. Alcohol evaporates more rapidly than water, and evaporation is more rapid in a current of air, so it is clear that the greater the evaporation, the lower the temperature.

If evaporation be made rapid enough, it is evident that sufficient cold will be produced to freeze water. This is what happens in an artificial-ice

plant. A liquid called ammonia is used because it evaporates very rapidly, so rapidly, in fact, that it cannot be kept as a liquid at ordinary temperatures unless it is under pressure. (Ammonia water, often used for cleaning purposes, is ammonia gas dissolved in water.)



200,000 BUSHEL OF SHELLS.

fifty million oysters, brought hither during the season (September to March) from a near-by oyster-packing house. They are carried from the "shuckers," as the oyster-openers are called, and dumped upon this mound.

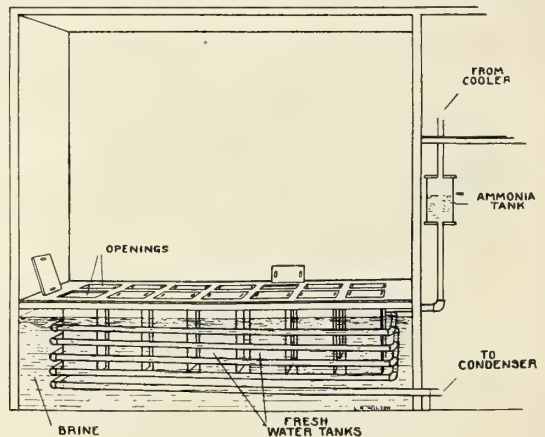
These shells would fill nearly 200,000 bushel baskets; the oysters taken from them represent about 130,000 gallons of solid meat; and it takes 125 men six months to separate oysters and shells.

Each summer the shells accumulated during the previous season are cleared away, some of them being used in building roads, some being ground and sifted for poultry food, but the greater part are returned to the oyster-beds, and on these the new oysters are planted.

HOW ARTIFICIAL ICE IS MADE

NEARLY every city now has a plant for making artificial ice. Few people, however, understand just how the cold is produced that in midsummer changes water into ice. Yet the principle is familiar. Everybody knows the cold sensation produced by wet clothing or by wetting the hands even in warm water, and immediately withdrawing them. The cold of artificial-ice plants is produced in a similar manner. A few experiments make the matter clearer.

1. Secure two thermometers. Notice whether they read the same; if not, determine the difference. Fasten a piece of lamp-wicking around the bulb of one, and wet it with water at the



The figure shows the most important parts of the artificial-ice plant. The large vat contains strong brine; brine is used because it can be cooled to zero without freezing. Coils of pipe run through this brine. The liquid ammonia, which is kept in a tank under a pressure of 140 pounds



THE BEAR POSTMAN READY FOR THE ROAD.

per square inch, is allowed to escape into the pipes. There it evaporates very rapidly, and cools the pipes to a low temperature. The pipes in turn cool the brine surrounding them.

When the brine has been cooled to about fifteen degrees, tanks holding about 400 pounds of pure water are lowered into it, and allowed to stand until the water freezes. (Pure water freezes at thirty-two degrees.) This takes from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. The ice is then removed from the tanks, and is ready for use.

FRED TELFORD.

A BEAR POSTMAN

THE most curious letter-carrier yet heard of seems to be one that covered a mail-route in far-off Alaska some months ago—nothing less than a bear harnessed to a bicycle on which his master fastened the mail-sack. Bruin hauled the load while his owner steadied the wheel, and so much interest was excited by this strange combination, that the team crossed the water to England, where it was agreed that the strange steed was the “queerest mail-carrier in the world.”

C. L. J. CLARKE.

THE TENREC OF MADAGASCAR

As far back as the early Middle Ages, Arab traders made their way in sailing vessels southward along the African coast to Madagascar, where they were supposed to have seen the giant bird which came to be known as the roc. Through



THE STRANGE ANIMAL FROM MADAGASCAR.

the accounts they gave of it, many marvelous stories were told about it, some of which you have read in the “Arabian Nights.”

But only within recent years has it come to be understood that Madagascar, originally a part of the mainland of Africa, must have been separated from it a very long time ago, in consequence of which it has some strange animals which are probably survivors of species that have disappeared on the continent.

One of the odd beasts recently brought from there is the tenrec. It is supposed to represent a very ancient type of animal, now almost extinct, and is found nowhere else in the world except on that great island.

HOW MUCH DOES A PLANT DRINK?

THIS is a question that is often asked, and several devices have been used to discover the answer. One of the most ingenious, as applied to a cut flower or shoot, consists of a glass tube having a second tube branching out at one side and rising



THE MEASURING DEVICE.

parallel to it. At the bottom of the main tube is a coil of glass tubing, with its lower end in a glass of water. All the tubes are filled with water, the upper openings being tightly corked and the plant inserted through the cork of the shorter tube. The apparatus is then lifted from the glass of water for a moment, allowing a bubble of air to enter the coil, and is then replaced. Now when the plant absorbs the water in the shorter tube, this air bubble travels up through the transparent coil, pushed along by the fresh water that is drawn into it from

the tumbler to replace the water taken by the plant, the amount of which can be readily calculated by the observer.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

It is not often that a photographer is so fortunate as to secure a good negative of a falling chimney; but the photograph shows the exception. A large tile factory was being dismantled, and the owner wished to shorten the work of tearing down the chimney, which was eighty feet

high and contained thirty thousand bricks. He therefore removed two rows of bricks on one side of the chimney near the base; and as he took out each brick he put in its place an oil-soaked block of wood of the same size.

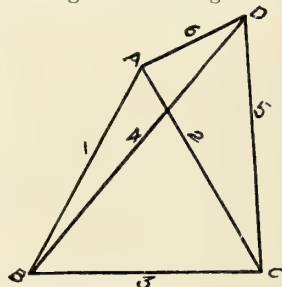


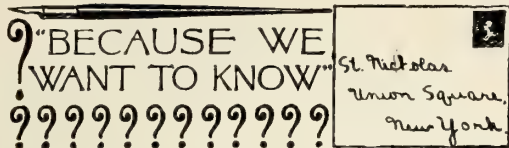
A MOMENT BEFORE THE CRASH.

After the process was completed, the wood was set on fire; and when it had been consumed, the chimney fell with a crash that could be heard for half a mile. The photographer, watching closely, took the photograph when the chimney stood at an angle of almost exactly forty-five degrees.

TRIANGLES FROM MATCHES

MAKING four equilateral triangles from six common matches without bending or breaking them is a puzzler. It can be done, however, as shown in the figure. Place matches 1, 2, and 3 flat on the table so as to form an equilateral triangle. Then stand matches 4, 5, and 6 at the angles and bring the other ends together at D. There will then be four equilateral triangles—ABC, ABD, ACD, and BCD.





NOTE: So many questions are received that we can undertake to answer in these pages only those of unusual or general interest. Other letters, containing return postage, will be answered personally.—EDITOR.

BIRDS AND THEIR CAPTIVE YOUNG

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If young mocking-birds are caught and put out in the open in a box, will the mother bird come and poison them? I have heard this frequently, and would like to know.

GRAHAM D. HORNE.

While naturally cautious in making sweeping negative statements, I believe I can safely answer "no" to this inquiry. The purposeful use of poison implies, I should say, more intelligence and imagination than are possessed by any bird. Many birds will feed their captive young, but if they are prevented from coming often enough, or if other conditions are not satisfactory, these may die, and so give rise to the supposition that they were intentionally poisoned by their parents.

CHARLES H. ROGERS.

SOMETHING ABOUT TOADS

GENESE0, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in nature, and therefore collect nature specimens. Last summer, I had several toads, butterflies, moths, and other insects. Will you tell me how to care for toads? I have a friend who does not like these things. How can I make them interesting to her?

GLADYS STAPLEY.

Toads may be kept in a small glass case containing a floor of damp moss. They will eat garden worms, grasshoppers, or other insects, but will not take the food unless it *moves*. They make amusing pets.

Show your friend the strange habits of these creatures, how they become tame and will live in captivity with proper care, and she should soon become interested.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS, New York Zoölogical Park.

THE LARGEST TELESCOPES

SEVERANCE, KAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you please tell me about how much the largest telescope in the world cost?

Your interested reader,

LAWRENCE K. TROUTMAN.

The largest refracting telescope in existence is at the Yerkes Observatory, near Chicago. The tube of this enormous instrument is sixty-five feet long, and the weight of the moving parts is

fifteen tons. The great lens in the upper end of the tube is forty inches across, and weighs half a ton. The glass cost \$65,000 and the mounting \$60,000, making \$125,000 altogether.

The second largest telescope is at the Lick Observatory, in California. The lens of this is thirty-six inches in diameter, it weighs 700 pounds, and cost \$66,000, with a "correcting lens." The mounting for this cost \$42,000, making the total cost of this instrument \$108,000.—PROF. ERIC DOOLITTLE, University of Pennsylvania.

DOES PETROLEUM EVER FREEZE?

PERKINS, OKLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wondered why coal-oil does not freeze in the coldest of weather. Why is it?

Your interested reader,

FRANK WILEY.

Different liquids freeze at different temperatures. The freezing-point of petroleum—"coal-oil"—is very low, but if the cold is severe enough, it will freeze. It might require a temperature of -100° or more, according to the oil.

ABOUT THE BAROMETER

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me in "Because We Want to Know" what the white substance in the barometer is?

Yours truly,

W. S. CARNE (age 12).

The substance is mercury, or quicksilver, which rises or falls in the tube according to the weight of the atmosphere.

The story of the invention of the barometer is interesting. An Italian pupil of the great Galileo, Torricelli by name, observing that a column of water drawn into a tube would remain stationary at a height of thirty-two feet, guessed the reason to be that it was exactly balanced at this point by the weight of the atmosphere resting on the water in the reservoir in which the lower end of the tube was placed.

If this is so, he thought, then mercury, which is thirteen and a half times heavier than water, would be balanced at a very much lower point. So he divided 32 feet by $13\frac{1}{2}$, and concluded that a column of mercury would be stationary at about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet high.

Then, taking a long glass tube a quarter-inch in diameter, he sealed one end of it, filled it with mercury, put his finger over the open end, and inverted it in a basin filled with the same substance. Removing his finger, the mercury promptly dropped to the expected point, leaving a vacuum in the upper part of the tube, which has ever since been known as the Torricellian vacuum.



SEPTEMBER has come and gone—and once more school-days are in full swing. But of one thing we may feel well assured—that school has no terrors for the members of the St. NICHOLAS League. Let this month's array of verses and stories, of drawings and photographs, bear witness. Boys and girls who can achieve such results as these, in composition and the pictorial arts, need have no fear of any problems. As so many of their eager letters

show, their interest in our beloved organization deepens month by month, and it is a joy to realize what a great, big, happy *school* the League itself is! More than four thousand boys and girls have won the League's gold and silver badges.

So, success to all our seventy thousand young "scholars" of the League! For every one of them has gained the joy and satisfaction of worthy effort and the growth of character that comes with it.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 176

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Montgomery Knight** (age 13), Massachusetts.

Silver badges, **Anne McKinne Rowland** (age 12), Georgia; **Dorothy Towne** (age 14), Wisconsin; **Nancy C. S. Carnegie** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Jean Howland Gunn** (age 13), California.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Sarah M. Bradley** (age 16), Massachusetts.

Silver badges, **Dorothea Derby** (age 14), New Jersey; **Katherine Hunn** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Eleanor Jarvis Cushman** (age 8), Massachusetts.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Ruth S. Thorp** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Anne Eunice Moffett** (age 14), New York; **Margaret A. Easter** (age 16), New Hampshire.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Russell G. Sholes** (age 15), New York; **Dorothy Steffan** (age 16), Pennsylvania.

Silver badges, **Mary B. Thayer** (age 11), Pennsylvania; **Margaret A. Blair** (age 17), North Carolina; **Elliott Speer** (age 15), New Jersey; **Alice Hanscom** (age 16), Pennsylvania.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badge, **Harry C. Bailey** (age 15), Pennsylvania.



BY CHARLES A. NOBLE, JR., AGE 10.



BY MARIAN SWANNELL, AGE 12.

"LIGHTS AND SHADOWS."

A MEMORY

BY SARAH M. BRADLEY (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1914)

'T WAS like a moonlight scene in fairy-land.

With surge on surge arose the thund'ring sea,
 Now veiled in shifting mists, now flashing free,
 And led its stately march across the sand.

A frightened breeze awoke, and gently fanned

The ghostly grasses; then an ancient tree

Did sigh, to see its shining blossoms flee,

And settle low, a shimmering, moon-lit band.

The spray-drenched air, the blossoms all around,

The shifting mists beneath the silver light,

The slow advancing sea's eternal sound,—

They washed my soul of all the toil of day,

My throbbing spirit felt the call of night,

And longed to spread its wings and fly away.



"LIGHTS AND SHADOWS." BY RUSSELL G. SHOLES, AGE 15.
 (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1914.)

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE

BY ANNE MC KINNE ROWLAND (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

THE story I am going to relate occurred about three years ago. Mother and Father were going to our plantation, twenty miles distant, to spend a few days. As their train did not leave until nearly the middle of the day, Father went to his office and Mother was to come down and join him at the station. But Father was delayed by an unusual amount of business, in view of his going away, and so, when he arrived at the station, he saw his train pulling out. Thinking that Mother was certainly on it, he hired a cab in order that he might overtake the train where it slowed up at the upper end of the city.

Mother, too, was unexpectedly detained, and, as she approached the station, she saw the train leaving. Thinking that Father would be aboard anxiously awaiting her, she hired a cab, intending also to overtake the train. Telling the driver to hurry as fast as he could, she jumped in, and soon was dashing rapidly toward the other railroad station.

About half the distance, the second cab approached the first, and, the drivers being old rivals, a mad race ensued. Mother and Father, each being so taken up with urging on their respective drivers, did not recognize each other until they were nearing their goal. Then, amid much amusement on the part of the drivers and some acquaintances who chanced to be passing by, they alighted just as the train hove in sight. The joint efforts of the couple to reach the train so interested and amused the engineer that he stopped the whole train while they climbed triumphantly aboard.

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE

(A true story)

BY DOROTHY TOWNE (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

It was a beautiful day the first of June. The woods were beckoning to every one, revealing shady and secluded nooks, the best places for picnics. So a few girls, obeying the irresistible summons, were enjoying an outing by the river.

Mildred and Genette were unpacking the lunch, expressing their fondness for various dishes by making numerous little squeals of delight.

"Mildred, look!" exclaimed Genette. "Lemon-pie, and in layers! If there's anything I adore, it's lemon-pie," and she set it on the impromptu lunch-cloth which was hastily made of newspapers.

The girls were soon seated and ravenously devouring all available food. A big yellow-jacket buzzed around, unnoticed, and then settled himself deftly between the layers of the lemon-pie.

Genette helped herself to the pie, saying, "I'm not afraid to take the last piece if no one else wants it. Where'd you get the recipe, Peggy?"

"In St. NICHOLAS," she responded. "You must try every recipe, they always turn out well."

"Oh!" said Genette, reminiscing. "Can any of you girls suggest something to write upon for St. NICHOLAS? The subject is 'A Curious Experience.' I've never—" As she took a bite, a sudden flush rose to her face and the tears rolled from her eyes, while she held her jaw in her hand, indicating intense pain. Finally she left the "table."

Mildred followed her, calling to the girls, "Stay there; I can manage better alone. I'll call if I need help." Then she rushed after Genette, who was stumbling away, holding her hands to her face.



"LIGHTS AND SHADOWS." BY DOROTHY STEFFAN, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOV., 1913.)

In a few moments she returned, her arm around sobbing Genette, and explained:

"A bumblebee got in the pie and stung her tongue. It's so swollen she can hardly talk. It hurts just awfully. What are you smiling about?" she asked Genette, who was bravely trying to smile.

"It 'th—a—Curioth—Eckthperienth," she said, slowly and thickly.



BY MARY B. THAYER, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARGARET A. BLAIR, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELLIOTT SPEER, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

"LIGHTS AND SHADOWS."

MEMORIES OF MOTHER NATURE

BY DOROTHY LEVY (AGE 16)
(Honor Member)

MOTHER NATURE viewed the world, sadly ruminating;
"See," she cried, "how man has spoiled what he most
should cherish!

Where giant elms were wont to tower
There have sprung, in one small hour,
Buildings, ugly masses.
And the very sun's bright beam
Is supplanted by the gleam
Of the light of gases.

Here where once a mountain soared,
Thundering trains have rushed and roared
Through the hilly passes.

Now the river, once so free
Rippling seaward busily,
Runs through pipes o'er grasses!
My last comfort was the thought
The air remained the same;

It had not yet by man been brought
To serve his selfish aim;

But one clear day I gazed on high—
A bird sailed on and on;—
A bird?—A *man* was in the sky!
My last domain was gone."

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE

BY MONTGOMERY KNIGHT (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1914)

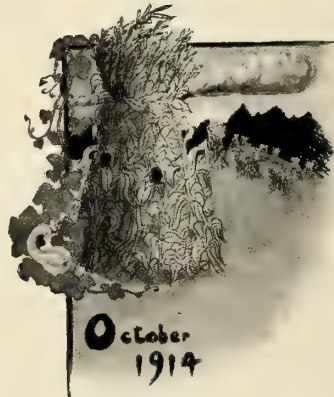
JOHN MORTON was at work patching the tin roof of a large factory. His helper, Ed Fletcher, was above him on the ridge-pole, tending the rope which was tied to Morton's waist. The roof slanted away abruptly, and below the eaves there was a sheer drop of one hundred and fifty feet.

Morton worked on, occasionally shifting his position. Suddenly he felt himself slipping. "Hi there," he called, "tighten that rope." But Fletcher was lighting his pipe and did not hear him. Morton slipped a few inches more. He shouted again, and just as Fletcher turned, the rope ripped from its fastenings, and Morton went sliding down the precipitous incline. Instinctively

he spread out his hands and feet as if to retard the fall, but to no avail. Down, down he went. Just as his feet reached the edge, a veritable miracle happened. He felt himself stop with a jerk. The straps of his overalls had caught on a nail that had been left by the workmen when they had taken up the scaffolding.

There he hung. How long would those straps hold?

The frightened man above had stood as if glued to the spot when he saw what was happening, but as soon as he saw Morton stop, he recovered his senses and dashed for a coil of rope near by. He lowered it toward the man hanging at the edge of the roof. Was it



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY RUTH S.
THORP, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

long enough? Yes! Morton could just reach it. Quickly he swung it. Morton put out his hand. He touched it with his fingers. Now he had it in his grasp. R-r-rip went the overalls, but Morton was safe.

He lay for a moment where he was, and then signaled for Fletcher to draw him up. Slowly he felt himself rising. Up he went. Now he had reached the top and was standing beside Fletcher. He rested for a minute, and then told Fletcher to lower him to his place; soon he was working again as calmly as if nothing had happened.



BY ELIZABETH C. BATES, AGE 16.



BY SABINE LANSING, AGE 16.



BY HELEN F. NEILSON, AGE 12.



BY ALICE HANSCOM, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE).



BY VIRGINIA MARKEL, AGE 14.



BY J. MARGARET HICKS, AGE 14.



BY MARGARET GRIFFITH, AGE 16.

"LIGHTS AND SHADOWS."

MEMORIES

BY DOROTHEA DERBY (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

IN the morning, when the sunshine, creeping through
my window black,
Throws its straggling golden ray through the dusty,
smoke-stained hall,
I peer furtively, and eager, near the farthest chimney-
stack,
Far beyond the factories grim, to the rock-made
ocean wall;
And I watch the sea-bound ships spread their canvas,
white and wide,
Till they vanish in the blue, following the ocean tide



"LIGHTS AND SHADOWS." BY KENNETH D. SMITH, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

In the hot midday, I wonder if it was a vagrant dream,
Just a happy dream of childhood, in a garden sweet
with flowers;
If I never felt the salt spray or unroped the swaying
beam,
Flinging out the wide-blown canvas, dripping wet
from sea-foam showers;
To these weary, care-worn eyes, it but seems as yester-
day,
When I saw my father's ships spread their wings and
fly away.

In the twilight, I remember all the sweetness of the air,
That came sweeping in our faces from the center of
the sea;
Breezes salt which smelt of seaweed, and caressed the
free-blown hair,
Ah! a nectar and a portion cherished in my memory!
Musing thus, I, at my window, watch the golden waning
light,
"Til the stars above the city whisper softly, "It is night."

THE LOVE OF A MOTHER RABBIT

BY NANCY C. S. CARNEGIE (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

THIS is a true story of the love of a mother rabbit for
her baby and of her courage.

It was a very warm day on a sea-island off the coast
of Georgia. My uncle was playing golf on the links.
As he neared the sixth hole, he saw something gliding
very swiftly through the grass. He ran up to see what
it was, and found a snake, eight feet long and about
one and a half inches in diameter, hurrying along, and
right behind him a mother rabbit, pursuing with all
her might. The snake came to a small cedar-tree, and,
seeing the rabbit close upon him, he began to climb it.

My uncle, running up, pulled him down and killed him
with his golf-club. With all this commotion the rabbit
was frightened, and ran into the woods near by, where
it watched what was going on. After killing the snake,
my uncle found in his mouth a little baby rabbit. He
took it out and placed it on the grass.

Of course every one thought it was dead, but after a
moment or two it kicked a few times and jumped to
its feet. Everybody was watching from a distance this
little drama. After a short time, the mother rabbit
came out of the woods and crept up to her baby. Tak-
ing it in her mouth, she carried it to safety.

This shows the power of the mother-love, that even
the most timid animal would dare pursue her greatest
enemy.

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE
OR, HOW MY GRANDFATHER WAS SAVED BY
THE AMERICAN FLAG*(A true story)*

BY JEAN HOWLAND GUNN (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

ON July 4, 1885, my grandfather, a mining engineer
who was at that time in New Mexico, being a patriotic
citizen, thought he would celebrate the Fourth, so he
sent to San Francisco for some flags, and he and the
miners decorated their tents.

At this time, the Apache Indians, led on by Gero-
nimo, their chief, were committing many lawless deeds;
and on this particular day, as the tribe had separated,
they were burning signal-fires all morning, and seemed
to be greatly excited, but over what the miners could
not tell.

A little later, they saw the Indians riding furiously
toward them with wild whoops.

There was no place to hide, as their camp was situ-
ated in the middle of a bare level plain, so they could
do nothing but wait.

On came the Indians, nearer and nearer to the little
band of frightened miners. But what had happened?
When Geronimo and his band reached the watering



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY HELEN
GREEN, AGE 10.

basin, they stopped, and, wheeling suddenly around,
rode back the way they had come, giving the miners no
clue to their strange behavior.

Not long after this, Geronimo was captured, and his
tribe, defenseless without him, was easily subdued.
While Geronimo was a captive, my grandfather had the
pleasure of speaking to him, so he decided to ask about
that curious Fourth of July experience.

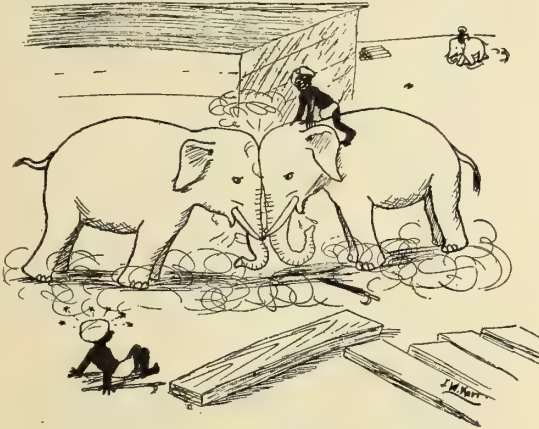
Geronimo said that they had started out that morning
to murder all the miners, but that when they came in
sight of their camp, they saw by the flags what they
supposed to be the United States troops, and so had
given up their project and had ridden home. And that
is how my grandfather was saved by the American flag.

THE MEMORIES OF TOWSER

BY VENETTE MILNE WILLARD (AGE 16)

I REMEMBER, I remember,
When I was young and fair,
That children were called "'fraid cats"
When they would n't take a dare.

Now "'fraid," I 'd learned, meant timid,
And Thomas was the "cat";
I thought I 'd prove my courage,
And scare him from his mat.



"SOMETHING DOING." BY J. WILSON KERR, AGE 15.

I pranced up to him boldly,
But "phitz—zip, zip, bow-wow"!!
My doggy pride departed,
At the end of that sad row.

This is just a bit of *doggerel*.
It has a moral, though:
"Take all you can for granted—
And with all cats go slow."

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE

BY JOSEPH M. WATSON (AGE 13)

ONE fall night in the Catskills, I had a very queer experience. Bill and I had set several box-traps near the house where we were living, to catch a cat that was troubling us.

After eating our supper, at which we heard ghost stories, we started to visit our traps. As we went through the clearing in which the cottage was situated, we imagined every sound was a wild animal, and every stump one of those ghosts the older people talked about. All of the boxes were empty, but the last was closed. I saw it first, but Bill was the first to get to it. His hand shook as he lifted it, because he was very much excited about our first catch. He lifted the trap even with his face, and, opening the door of the box a short distance, looked in. He shouted, "Oh, Joe, there 's something in it! I do believe there 's something in it with four white paws, but I can't make out what it is! Just look!"

A strong wind was blowing, and, as I put my eye to a crack in the box, some excelsior blew out. I put my hand in very slowly and grabbed the creature, who did n't seem to mind it a bit, and pulled out, not a struggling animal, but a Teddy bear the baby had put in the trap for the night.

We put the animal back in the trap exactly as it was, so no one would know of our adventure, and went home very much ashamed to have been such poor trappers.

MEMORIES

BY KATHERINE HUNN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE clouds are gray, the air is chill;
The trees are decked for autumn's ball;
The crickets and the whippoorwill
Are hushed. And silence covers all.
Our thoughts no longer lead us on,
For dreary winter blocks the way;
We think of summer that has gone,
Of what we did each summer's day.

And when our autumn time of life
Has crowned us with a silver bow,
We think not of our future strife,
But let our memories backward flow.
We dream and ponder o'er the things
That were; as summer was, when fall
Then hastened on, with silent wings,
And overshadowed each and all.

So when the autumn air is chill,
And when the trees are decked in gold,
Let silence reign; let memories fill
Our thoughts with pleasant scenes of old.

THE CURIOUS EXPERIENCE OF AN ARTIST

BY E. BARRETT BRADY (AGE 14)

A CERTAIN great artist once wished to paint a picture of a child that would typify everything that was pure and innocent. He



"SOMETHING DOING." BY ANNE EUNICE MOFFETT, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

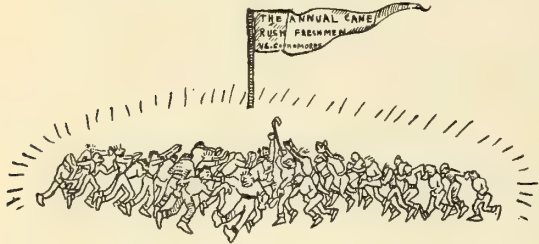
searched everywhere for a model, in the houses of the rich and in the houses of the poor, until he came upon a child who, to his mind, seemed to have the face required. He painted the child's portrait, and was so entranced by the effect that he kept the picture, resolving never to part with it.

Many years later, he wished to paint a picture of Judas Iscariot, the betrayer. This time he searched in the slums and in the prisons for his model, until finally, in a dark cell where only the worst prisoners were confined, he found the wicked, cruel face he desired. He took the man to his studio and painted his portrait. This picture he also loved, and hung it on the wall beside the other favorite. On comparing the two together, he found a striking likeness in the two countenances, until finally he inquired of the warden of the prison, and found that the youth who had posed for innocence in his childhood was the man with a face like that of Judas in his old age. Thus may men change.

MEMORIES

BY ELEANOR JARVIS CUSHMAN (AGE 8)
(Silver Badge)

Now every season of the year
Brings memories sweet to me,
Like blossoms dropping one by one
From off the Dreamland Tree.



"SOMETHING DOING." BY DAVID H. ROWLAND, AGE 15.

First comes the Winter, brisk and cold,
The ice and snow he 's bringing;
And out upon the far-off road,
We hear the sleigh-bells ringing.

Now come the springtime memories
Of blossoms sweet and fair,
And Nature seems to mold this part
With very loving care.

And then the Summer. Each one knows
She brings a wealth of glory.
And every hour of that sweet time
Is like a fairy story.

Then, last of all, come autumn days,
And red and gold together.
The trees hang out their banners gay
In bright October weather.

All these, and more, are memories
That make a happy year.
And God has sent these blessings down
To everybody here.

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE

BY DUNCAN SCARBOROUGH (AGE 17)
(Honor Member)

MANY years ago, during my short sojourn among the beautiful Swiss Alps, I had an experience which was very curious and unusual, to say the least. I was only six years old when I was introduced to that charming life in the clouds, but I remember how admiringly and enviously I watched the little Swiss boys, many of whom were only four years old, as on their sleds they speeded along the great mile-long coast down the mountain.

This seemed to me a delightful accomplishment, so one day I took my little sled from the cellar of our house, or chalet, and went over to the coast, confident that I, who had reached the ripe age of six, could not be outdone by those little imps who were so much younger. The coast was a road running obliquely down the mountain side. I was soon on my sled, tingling with the excitement and exhilaration of the sport. On I sped, fairly flying past returning sledders and occasional trees and chalets

Suddenly I saw an obstruction ahead. Terrified by my now breakneck speed, I swerved wildly to one side. In my fright, I turned my sled too far, and in a trice was precipitated headlong down the almost perpendicular mountain side!

Now it happened that on the slope below the road, and only a few feet from the road, there stood a house whose windows were almost on a level with the coast. The snow had drifted high about the windows. I was headed straight for this house. Borne up by the deep snow, I crashed, in a few seconds, right through one of the windows, and landed on the floor inside, sled and all. Four old people were playing cards at a near-by table, and when an apparition dropped in upon them from the sky, as it were, they were quite as frightened, I believe, as I was.

Fortunately, I escaped safe and sound, except for a few minor bruises. When I reached home, I proudly related my miraculous experience, but I never tried again to rival my little Swiss friends in the art of coasting.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.
No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1		PROSE, 2	
S. Winthrop Webb	Frances Kestenbaum	Edith Townsend	Mildred Parker
Janetta U. Schoonover	Thyrza Weston	Phillips Lord	Rose Ryan
Winifred K. Worcester	Constance U. Cooke	Constance G. Cameron	William H. Stone
Betty Humphreys	Dorothy Aldrich	Constance Dibble	Dorothy Reynolds
Vernita C. Haynes	Rose G. Kadishevitz	Nancy Brooke	Sara B. Pope
Elsie L. Lustig	Fanny M. Rosenman	Oscar Blatter	Mary Hines
Jeanette Lewis	Aletha Deitrich	Marjorie Seligman	Mary McHugh
		Anita L. Grannis	Albert Campbell
		Kathryn Beck	Lauretta Wheat
		Bessie Rosenman	Mary Hallock
		Amy L. Lamborn	Harriet F. Gulich
		Julian L. Ross	Frances Johnston
		Philip K. Scheuer	Joseph W. B. Hiscox
		Edith C. McCullough	Jean Crepin
		Margaret Brown	Beatrice Fellows
		Nell Upshaw	Gertrude Davison
		Elizabeth Beckwith	Bernard Candip
		Jessie Edgerly	Amalie Smith
		Katherine Stull	Anna Schein
		Emanuel Farbstain	M. Angela St. J. Magee
		Ruth Webber	Marion Ellet
		Ridley D. Stone, Jr.	Margaret M. Horton
		Margery Wells	Hilda V. Robinson
		Elizabeth A. Diller	Elizabeth McN. Gordon
		Sigmund Liebenstein, Jr.	Fannie M. Bouton
		Edward Keller	Mary M. Kern
		Robert S. Jennings	Ruth Jones
		Alfred S. Valentine	Charles A.
		Dorothy von Olker	Wertenbaker
		Margaret Smith	Margaret C. Carey
		Catherine C. Robie	Isabel Wiley
		Cynthia Kerr	Belle Baruch
		Barbara Ballou	Carol Bates
		Catharine Shaw	Helen Scudder
		Helen G. Davie	Anna McAnear
		Diana H. Wertheim	Helen Bennett
		Maude E. Hunt	Margaret M. Miner
		Jane Wellman	Elizabeth Anderson
		Eleanor Pease	Elinor Stillman
		Ruth C. Leary	Elizabeth Ritchie
		Margaret C. Wills	Nell F. Hiscox
		Katherine Derryberry	Ruth J. Abbott
		Margaret Barnes	Adele J. Entz
			Remie Ward
			Paschal Strong, Jr.
			Amy Bowring
			Olga F. Mason
			Leah Eichenberg
			Catherine Canfield
			Margreta S. Kerr
			Elizabeth Dobbin
			Anne Urquhart
			Katharine E. Sheldon
			Marjorie Knox
			Dorothy M. Goodhue
			Adelaide Hatch
			Catherine F. Urell
			Marguerite A. Wing
			Genevieve Stone
			Mary M. Flock
			Sara Long
			Jack Field
			Ida A. Parker
			Carol Thames
			VERSE, 1
			Edith Mabel Smith
			Jean Dickinson
			Florence M. Treat
			Mary Noble
			Sarah F. Borock
			Rachel E. Saxton
			Lois C. Myers
			Wanda Whitman
			Maria B. Platt
			John B. Main
			Priscilla Mitchel
			Ruth Aird
			Jessie M. Thompson
			Jessie E. Alison
			Doris N. Chew
			Mary A. Porter
			Ruth M. Cole
			Gjens Fraser
			Margaret S. Kerr
			Emily S. Stafford
			Elizabeth De Boer
			Marian H. Blair
			Rosalie Dunlap
			Helen Morgan
			Marian Shaler
			Lilly Ruperti
			Agnes M. Mead
			Olivia Johnson
			Vernie Peacock
			Anna M. McCabe
			Mignon H. Eliot
			Martha Williams
			Elaine A. Blackman
			Mary Minott
			Nancy Rust
			E. V. Crane
			Eleanor Whitten
			Alice Weil

Mary Pangman
Mildred Hudson
Harriet T. Parsons
Eleanor Johnson
Gladys Livermore
Marguerite Carter
Alice Bornecamp
Rosilla C. Batman

VERSE, 2

M. Louise Pott
Vaughn Wadell
Newbell N. Puckett
Anne Gordon
Jane Becker
Margaret Cray
Valerie de Milhau
Sarah I. Roody
Henrietta Shattuck
Ethelyn B. Crusel
Bernardine C. Winger
Mary B. Closson
Norman Johnson
Ardice Blanchard
Kathleen R. Knox
Felix Wangemann
John Perez
Caroline L. Ingham
Helen M. Stucklen
Ferris Neave
Isidore Helfand
Louise A. Billstein
Max Lifschitz
Mildred Fish
Sidney Snook
Effie Monaco

DRAWINGS, 1

Eleanor K. Newell
Mildred Fisher
Katherine Boyle
Bohumil Kroc
Overton G. Ellis, Jr.
Fannie C. Barnhart
Alma Kehoe
Phyllis Coate
William C. Greene, Jr.
E. S. Rawson
Thelma E. Lee
Arthur Semones
Helen C. Jaeger
Dorothy L. Mackay
Ralph G. Demaree
Hester B. Curtis
Walter Jensen
Louise M. Graham
Frederick W. Agnew
Antoinette Wolff
Nancy Moore
Miriam Newcorn

DRAWINGS, 2

John B. Matthew
Dorothy Childs
Nelson Valjean
Thomas Struggles
Geraldine Scott
Irving Steffen
Ardery De Fonds
Nicholas G. Cameron
Dorothy F. H.
Anderson
Lillian Anderson
Julie R. Melcher
Kathleen Colt
Esther Rice
Margaret S. Guthrie
Marjorie Guthrie
Harlan Hubbard
Willard B. Pope
Kathryn K. Eckbert
Mary Cunningham
Sara Fry
Ottile Morris
Philip N. Rawson
Elizabeth Hill
Clifford M. Haste
Carroll B. Colby
Thomas B. Drew
Eilean Kirkpatrick
Margaret R.
Goldthwaite

Jean G. Hagood
Charlotte Malsbray
Irene Stenes
Margaret Clifford
Eleanor V. D. Lucas
Helen G. Barnard
Ellis E. Reed
Mary Marquand
Audrey C. Hart
John Irwin
Elwyn B. White
Sarnia Marquand
Joseph Sedlacek
Albin Y. Thorp
Pauline Coburn
Charles H. Müller
Dorothy L. Pontious

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Balfour Daniels
Marjorie Winslow
Hobart G. Weekes
Stewart S. Kurtz, Jr.
Walter R. Gray
Dorothy Gladding
Elberta L. Esty
James Stokley, Jr.
Katherine Matler
Elizabeth Vaughan
Margaret A. Halstead
Carmen McKercher
Cameron Edson
Patrina M. Colis
Virginia W. Needham
Gretchen Waterman
Catherine Barton
Anne Forstall
Ruth E. Prager
Catherine M. Stockwell
Clarita Lowrie
Emily Delafield
Lorraine Disston
Horton H. Honsaker
Walter Hochschild

Eleanor Doremus
Elizabeth Otlerson
Madeline R. Brown
Dorothy Powell
Frances Kamrar
Alice W. Thompson
Galbraith M. Smith
Katharine Pettee
Margaret A. Biddle
John C. Wilson
Noel C. Smith
Lewis W. Francis, Jr.
Margaret Cookston
Doris A. C. Smith
Mary F. Atkinson
Richard C. Ramsey
Helen Stevenson
Anna C. Coburn
Virginia Greggs
Persis Miller
Frederic W. Taylor
Lillian W. Herrick
Hobart Skofield
Alethea Carpenter
Elsie W. Stuart
Margaret Southam
Wadleigh Barton
Beatrice E. Blanchard
Helen C. Hohl
Helen Bliss
Elizabeth Dwight
Easton B. Noble
Virginia Sterry
Gilbert Quackenbush
De Wolfe Barton
Elizabeth Miller
Edward L. Forstall
Harriet C. Rockwell
Agnes W. Bacon
Beatrice Miller
Evelyn R. Brooks
Elizabeth Manning
Rachel Reaney
Elizabeth Ten E. Brooks
Julia E. Welles



"SOMETHING DOING." BY MARGARET A. EASTER, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

Jessica B. Noble
Helen Ziegler
Elizabeth C. Kimball

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Margaret R. Ladd
Emory Dabrey
Dorothy Wiggins
Sibyl Weymouth
Rienji B. Parker
Agnes Watkins
Eugenia A. Lee
Marion G. Wiley
Eleanor Garwood
Constance Davidge

PUZZLES, 1

C. H. Pritchard
Jesse Carmack
Anna Washburn
Abraham B. Blinn
Charles B. Johnson

John W. Sanborn
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Sam Churgel
Buchanan Bernardin
Alfred Runk
Allen Trowbridge
Ruth C. Wilson
Edward C. Heymann
Margaret Blake

Leonard L. Ernst
Phyllis M. Myers
Catherine Murray
Abbie L. Rowe
Beatrice Smith

PUZZLES, 2

Evelyn Brady

Joe Earnest
Carolyn Wohl
Catherine Pelton
Albert Harris
Caroline A. Hobbs
Margaret S. Anderson
Katharine Van Bibber
Pierre Guyot Cameron
Donald Gates

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 180

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 180 will close **October 24** (for foreign members **October 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **February**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Builders."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Busy Worker."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Trouble Ahead!"

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Unexpected Guests," or a Heading for **February**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If possible, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the *contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

BASE-BALL PROBLEMS FOR ST. NICHOLAS READERS

PROBLEM NO. 7

TRIPLE plays are rather scarce in base-ball, but triple plays that break up batting rallies are very much out of the ordinary. However, such a thing happened in a game in Detroit, several years ago, between the "Tigers" and the Boston "Red Sox." The triple play came just at a time when it seemed as if Boston had a chance to overcome a three- or four-run lead that was being enjoyed by the Tigers.

Detroit got away to an early lead, and managed to increase the margin until it was evident that nothing except a strong batting rally, or a complete collapse of the Tiger pitcher, would turn the tide of the battle. The Tiger pitcher was going along in nice style, so that things did not look very bright for the Red Sox.

Near the close of the game, Harry Hooper and Larry Gardner, the first two fellows up, managed to get on through the medium of a base-hit and a pass. Stahl, always a dangerous man when a long hit was needed, was the next batter up. He got one to his liking, took a healthy swing, and connected squarely. The ball went on a line to right center.

I was umpiring the game, and as the ball sped to the outfield, it did not seem to me as though there was a chance for any of the Tiger outfielders to make the catch. Hooper, who was on second, and Gardner, on first, evidently were of the same opinion, for as the ball left the bat they began to tear like mad around the bases.

Tyrus Cobb, outfielder extraordinary, had not been reckoned with, however; for, after a hard run, he made a headlong dive, threw out his gloved hand, and made a most wonderful catch of a drive which had seemed like a sure home run. When Cobb caught the ball, Hooper, originally on second, was nearing the plate, while Gardner, originally on first, was approaching third. Cobb had a chance to make a triple play unas-

sisted, but instead he tossed the ball to Jim Delehanty, who touched second, and who then threw to Simmons, who was playing first for the Tigers that afternoon. How should that play have been scored?

PROBLEM NO. 8

IN a big college contest last summer, late in a game with the score a tie, the home team managed to get runners on second and third, with only one man out. The batter, a fellow who usually came through with a hit, or long fly in a pinch, was expected to deliver the base-hit that would at least tie up the game.

This batter being a "walloper," the visiting outfield was playing rather deep, the left-fielder in particular being backed up against the fence. It was rather a surprise, therefore, when the batter hit a short fly to left, which, it seemed, the fielder covering that territory would be unable to reach. The runner at third started for the plate almost as soon as the ball was hit. When part way up the line, the yells of his team-mates made him realize that it was evident the left-fielder had a chance to make the play. He rushed back to third and touched the base, but really left the bag three or four feet before the ball struck the hands of the outfielder.

The runner on second from the outset believed that the catch would be made. He held his base. The left-fielder, on getting the ball, straightened and made a perfect peg to the plate to head off the runner from third. The ball took a bad bound and got away from the catcher. Not only did it permit the runner on third, who had left the base a trifle too soon, to score, but it also enabled the runner on second, who had held his base until the catch was made, to tally. The third baseman called for the ball and touched third. What decision was proper? Should the run of the man who was on second count, since he had lived up to all the rules of the game?

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS

No. 5.—The crowd roared when the umpire called back the player, who seemed to have made a home run and put his team in the lead, to hit over. Under the conditions, however, the umpire could not do otherwise. The play, a very exceptional one in the American League, or, in fact, any league, is covered by Rule 16, relating to the number of players in a game. It reads: "The players of each club actively engaged in the game at one time shall be nine in number, one of whom shall act as captain; and in no case shall more or less than nine men be allowed to play on a side in a game."

No. 6.—The run scores whether the juggling of the ball is accidental or intentional. Before the ruling was made, it was customary for a brainy outfielder purposely to juggle a fly ball and all the time keep advancing toward the infield, so as to get within good range of the plate before finally holding the ball. Since the runner then could not advance until the ball was finally held, it was next to impossible to advance on a fly ball. This was a very bad feature, as the runner was at the mercy of the fielder, who could juggle the ball to his heart's content before finally throwing it in. Now the base-runner is given an even break for he must hold his base only until the ball touches the fielder's hands. This entirely kills the old stunt of juggling the ball and rushing toward the infield while so doing.

No. 7.—A large majority of the fans at the game scored the triple play Cobb to Delehanty to Simmons. I know that to be the case, for the play created much argument, and at least two hundred fans questioned me about the tangle. In reality, the triple play was made by Cobb and Delehanty alone. When Cobb made the catch, Hooper, the man on second, was almost at the plate; consequently, when Delehanty touched the bag with the ball in his possession, it retired Hooper. Gardner, originally on first, was almost at third. Having left the bag before the catch, in order to get back to first, it was necessary that he retouch second *on the way back*. Thus, when Delehanty touched second, he *also* retired Gardner. It is a rare play, when, by touching the same bag with the ball in his possession, that player is credited with two put-outs. But there was never any necessity of throwing the ball to Simmons, as the triple play was completed when Delehanty touched second base.

No. 8.—When the ball was thrown to third base, the umpire declared the runner out who had left the base too soon, which made the third out and retired the side. Consequently, instead of the home team forging ahead by a run, two runs were thrown away by the failure of the runner on third to hold his base until the fly ball was caught.

THE LETTER-BOX

KALKASKA, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy reading you very much. I have taken you only two years, but my sisters took you for a long time before I did, and my papa says he had the very first number, more than forty years ago; and still you are as young as ever.

I am very much interested in your stories. My favorites are "The Lucky Stone" and "With Men Who Do Things."

I really think ST. NICHOLAS is the best-loved magazine in the world, for I read the Letter-box, and find interesting letters from all parts of the world.

Your interested reader,

J. DONALD JENCKS (age 11).

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I love ST. NICHOLAS the best of all magazines. My sisters and brother at home read it when it comes, and then send it to me.

I have been away from home almost eleven months. I am in a tuberculosis camp, and am in bed almost all the time. I have beguiled many hours by reading.

I read ST. NICHOLAS all through, and then it don't seem half long enough. The advertisements are so interesting, I think. Its contents are all worth reading, and you feel better for having read it.

The outdoor life here is so pleasant. This is only a small camp, and until lately was very crude. Several fine buildings have been added lately, and other little comforts. We are right up in the pines, and the air is fresh and pure. It is really a joy to live out of doors, and I think that some day I will be strong and well again.

Will close for this time.

Your devoted reader,

THORA GERALD (age 15).

SUMMER IS GOING

SUMMER is flying away.
The birds are going south to-day,
All the leaves are falling,
All the birds are calling,
As they fly on wing,
"Good-by, we'll be back another spring!"

Summer is going,
The north wind is blowing,
The snow is falling fast,
All the leaves and flowers are past.
The north wind is blowing,
Summer is going.

ELIZABETH CARTER (age 9).

MARLBOROUGH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you for more than a year now, and like you very much.

I have seen several letters from England lately, but not one from the country. Our village is a very old one; the church dates back as far as 1160, but it was almost burned down in Queen Elizabeth's reign, so only parts of the original structure remain.

Our house is a very modern one, however, only fifty years old. My grandfather built it. At first it was only two stories high, but later on he added another story on top, he and grandmother living in the house the whole time!

We see aeroplanes quite often here; they come over from Salisbury Plain, where the army flying schools are.

My mother used to take you when she was a little girl; she thinks you very interesting.

Your affectionate reader,

BONNIE SOAMES (age 13).

BIDDEFORD, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested in the picture of the great oak at Thomasville, Georgia, in the



May ST. NICHOLAS, and I wondered if many of your readers had seen a large yellow birch. My father bought a farm in Oxford County, and on it was this huge yellow birch of which I am sending you a picture. I don't know what the spread of it is, but it is very large. The branches are larger than the trunks of most yellow birches. You can see the height by comparing it with the house at the left. People come from all around to see it, for it is an unusually large tree for a yellow birch, and very handsome.

Your true reader,

DOROTHY STAPLES.

KOWAI BUSH, CANTERBURY, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only seen one letter from New Zealand in the Letter-box, and that was from Auckland.

I have taken you for three years now, and my brothers and sister took you when they were children. You

arrive too late for me to contribute to the League, but I felt I must write and tell you how I love you.

My real home is in Christchurch, but I am staying on my brother's farm for a holiday.

I do enjoy reading the letters from all parts of the world every month, and think your serial stories splendid.

I must stop now with a little verse, showing how I appreciate you.

A comfy deck-chair underneath the bough,
A chocolate-cream, a juicy peach, and thou,
St. NICHOLAS, beside me in the wilderness.
Ah! wilderness were paradise enow.

Hoping to write again, I am one of your best friends,
HINA MAHARA BOOTH (age 13).

CINCINNATI, O.

DEAR St. NICHOLAS: I am a freshman in a college preparatory school where we have lovely times.

I love all the serial stories, and am greatly excited over "The Runaway." I am wild for the next issue. I am very interested in your Letter-box, and love to read letters from foreign places, of which you always have several.

This is my first letter, though we've taken you for years, my brother before me, my mother before him, and my grandfather before her. So, you see, you are quite a family heirloom, as we have several old bound volumes, in which are the famous Pinky Perkins series and many others.

I am yours sincerely,
DOROTHY HOLLOWAY.

SAN DIMAS, CAL.

DEAR St. NICHOLAS: San Dimas is a small town situated near the Sierra Madre Mountains. It is in the citrus district, the largest lemon packing house in the world, and the largest citrus nurseries also. One of the largest orange packing houses is situated here.

I am very much interested in "The Runaway," although I enjoyed "The Land of Mystery" the best of any story that I have ever read.

I have taken you for five years, and I enjoy you very much.

Your interested reader,
ELIZABETH WHEELER (age 13).

OAK LANE, PA.

DEAR St. NICHOLAS: I have not taken you very long, but I like you very much. When Mother was a little girl, she took you for ten years.

We have a sheep, her name is Bonnie. We have had her ever since she was a little tiny lamb, six years now. She has a funny little clicking gallop that she does when she feels lively. She follows us all around, and when she is in her stall, she tries to loosen the bars with her head and get out to the oats and corn in the barrels. We put blocks in, but she pulls them out with her teeth, knocks out the bars, bumps off the lids of the barrels, puts her front toes on the rounds, braces herself on her neck, and eats.

Your loving friend,
ELEANOR BARKER (age 11).

GEORGETOWN, O.

DEAR St. NICHOLAS: I have taken you every year beginning with 1908. Every copy has reminded me of a nut; rough and brown in its wrapper, it presents a very stern appearance. But once inside, it contains the choicest meats. I look for you eagerly every month.

I enjoy the St. Nicholas League very much. It is so interesting. I have been neglecting it for a while because I was writing a composition on Perry's victory. My composition received the first prize in the sixth congressional district of Ohio. I was certainly happy when I found it out.

I am enjoying "The Runaway" very much. I think that "The Lucky Stone" is a very interesting story.

I must close, wishing the St. NICHOLAS a long and merry life.

From your little friend,
MARGUERITE SISSON (age 14).

HANCOCK, N. Y.

DEAR St. NICHOLAS: My brother, sister, and I have taken you for eight years, and think it would be impossible to get along without you.

Every first of the month, when it is time for you to come, there is a scramble to the post-office, to see who can get you first and devour you. I am especially interested in "The Runaway."

I am sending you a photograph of some animals which my father mounted. Taxidermy is a sort of



hobby of his, and as he always liked hunting, fishing, and such sports, he thought he would like to save some of his trophies. These in his picture were caught and stuffed by him.

I have an Airedale terrier. His name is "Rex," and I have taught him many tricks; some of them are to beg, catch, speak, shake hands, and roll over. He is very homely, but a fine companion. I have two goldfish also, and they are very tame; they will come to the top of the water and eat right out of my hands.

Your interested reader,
BERNICE LA VALLEY (age 14).

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR St. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, ten years old. My birthday is the twenty-third day of October. I am in the sixth grade.

This is the second year my brother and I have taken you. Even though we have not taken you very long, I like you better than any magazine I have ever seen, read, or heard of. I like "Beatrice of Denewood" and "The Lucky Stone" best. Please write some more stories about the former.

I remain, and am forever,
Your loving reader,
MARGARET HUBBARD MORSMAN.

THE RIDDLE BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Initials, typhoon. Cross-words: 1. Tiger. 2. Yacht. 3. Pearl. 4. Hound. 5. Ounce. 6. Ovale. 7. Night.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE. I. 1. M. 2. Top. 3. Motor. 4. Pot. 5. R. II. 1. R. 2. Pad. 3. Rabid. 4. Dip. 5. D. III. 1. Rapid. 2. Aroma. 3. Polar. 4. Image. 5. Dared. IV. 1. D. 2. Art. 3. Druid. 4. Tin. 5. D. V. 1. D. 2. Roe. 3. Doubt. 4. Ebb. 5. T.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. Quentin Durward; Sir Walter Scott. Cross-words: 1. Quest. 2. Tutti. 3. Entry. 4. Endow. 5. Treat. 6. Vital. 7. North. 8. Adobe. 9. Usurp. 10. Urges. 11. Which. 12. Cargo. 13. Rents. 14. Edict.

CONCEALED PROVERB. A stitch in time saves nine.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Bastille. 1. Cabin. 2. Chain. 3. Masks. 4. Witch. 5. Prism. 6. Tulip. 7. Salad. 8. Steam.

A LETTER PUZZLE. Cuba. 1. See. 2. You. 3. Bee. 4. Aye.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 24 from Harry C. Bailey.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 24 from Alan Dudley Bush, 10—Evelyn Hillman, 10—"Chums," 10—"Allil and Adi," 10—George Weld, 10—Claire A. Hepner, 10—Elsie De Witt, 10—"Marcapan," 10—Marshall A. Best, 9—Mildred Sweney, 9—Gladys H. Pew, 9—Florence Noble, 9—Lothrop Bartlett, 9—Florence E. Wallace, 9—"The St. Mark's Times," 8—Griffith M. Harsh, 8—Ruth V. A. Spicer, 8—Arthur Poulin, 8—Dorothy Berrall, 7—"Three Generations," 7—Elizabeth Rogers, 7—Mary L. Willard, 7—Dorothy Schiff, 5—Leslie Stimpson, 4—Frances Eaton, 4—Harold Clark, 3—Edith Emmons, 3—Pauline L. Hartt, 3—Ernest V. Heyn, 2—Pauline Wesser, 2—Helen F. Eddy, 2—Gaylord A. Wood, 2—E. Scott, 1—H. Mann, 1—M. Chute, 1—F. Floyd, Jr., 1—E. Jeanes, 1—J. Baer, 1—R. Mason, 1—Q. Savage, 1—G. Wood, 1—E. Wray, 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of twenty letters, and form a saying which originated in Revolutionary times. It was used by people of those days in comparing a worthless thing with a certain kind of money.

My 19-10-3 is an exploit. My 20-14-1-16 is a mark. My 9-17-5-12 is presently. My 4-11-15-7 is custom. My 18-6-2-13-8 is fidelity.

ETHEL J. EARLE (age 13), *League Member*.

FINAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described are of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the final letters will spell the pen-name of an American author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A shell-fish. 2. A Roman garment. 3. A wild animal. 4. A disguise. 5. A garment. 6. Scene. 7. Melted rock. 8. An archipelago in the South Pacific. 9. Parallel.

SYDNEY BOROCK (age 10), *League Member*.

NOVEL SYNCOPATIONS

EXAMPLE: Syncopate, or take out, the central letter from a sunshade, and leave state of equality and the sun. Answer, par-a-sol.

In the same way syncopate: 1. A jug, and leave a hole and a pronoun. 2. Made in compartments on wainscotings, and leave a shallow dish and guided. 3. A fruit, and leave a worthless dog and an insect. 4. To examine thoroughly, and leave a vessel and a beast of burden.

ADDITIONS. Roosevelt. 1. Shad, shade. 2. Hoes, shoes. 3. Came, cameo. 4. Nigh, night. 5. Lath, lathe. 6. Haze, hazer. 7. Rome, Romeo. 8. Ease, easel. 9. Aunt, vaunt.

RHOMBIC. Across: 1. Traps. 2. Riots. 3. Reach. 4. Mired. 5. Dimes. 6. Picts. Downward: 1. T. 2. R.R. 3. Air. 4. Poem. 5. Staid. 6. Scrip. 7. Hemi. 8. Dec. 9. St. 10. S.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS. Herschel, Sir William, Caroline Lucretia, and Sir John Frederick William. 1. Arch-itect. 2. Ven-era-ble. 3. Sor-row-ful. 4. Per-son-ate. 5. Pre-cursor. 6. Gat-her-ing. 7. Rep-ell-ent. 8. Col-lea-gue.

NOVEL ZIGZAG AND ACROSTIC. Zigzag, Napoleon Bonaparte. From 1 to 8, Waterloo; 9 to 16, St. Helena; 17 to 22, France; 23 to 31, Josephine; 32 to 48, eighteen twenty-one. Cross-words: 1. Niece. 2. Oaken. 3. Paper. 4. Shoot. 5. Trail. 6. Under. 7. Whole. 8. Known. 9. Burnt. 10. Joint. 11. Ennui. 12. Penal. 13. Sharp. 14. Ideal. 15. Ferry. 16. Otter. 17. Eagle.

5. A company traveling together, and leave a railway carriage and a covered vehicle. 6. A place for melting ores, and leave the covering of many animals and an atom. 7. Outline, and leave to study over and a pronoun. 8. Purveyed, and leave an animal and a color. 9. A kind of sail, and leave a toy and to be indisposed.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, the nine syncopated letters will spell the name of a famous Spaniard who was born in the month of October and who died the same year that Shakspeare did.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 15), *Honor Member*.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE

In solving, follow the accompanying diagram, though the puzzle contains many more cross-words.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In bravery. 2. A drink. 3. Shore. 4. Pungent. 5. Engages for pay. 6. Detention. 7. Norse legends. 8. Small boats. 9. Killed. 10. Muscle. 11. An African. 12. To compose. 13. A fragrant oil. 14. Alert. 15. To mutiny. 16. A pictured puzzle. 17. Hearty. 18. To bend low. 19. Unites. 20. A masculine name. 21. A portable chair. 22. Ran swiftly. 23. A drink. 24. A simpton. 25. To alarm. 26. To efface. 27. To try. 28. Heed. 29. In bravery.

TENA O'LEARY (age 16), *League Member*.



POEMS IN PICTURES

EACH of the ten little pictures in the above illustration represents the name of a poem. Who is the author, and what are the names of his ten poems?

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONALS

ALL the places described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal will spell the name of a famous battle-field of the Revolution.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A seaport of Georgia. 2. A city of Chile. 3. An important city of France. 4. A range of lofty mountains. 5. A city of South Africa. 6. An island near to China. 7. A small city on the Hudson River. 8. A small but famous island of the South Atlantic Ocean. LOIS B. LONG (age 12), *League Member*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals will spell the name of a famous city and the finals the country in which it is found.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Expiring. 2. To lift. 3. An anesthetic. 4. Vapor. 5. A play. 6. Relating to a kind of fairy. 7. Recently.

RUTH BROWNE (age 11), *League Member*.

NOVEL SPELLING

FIND two letters of the alphabet which, when spoken together, will make a word. Example: A girl's name: LC (Elsie).

1. A county of England. 2. To perish. 3. To go beyond. 4. Raiment. 5. Extreme. 6. Some. 7. A treatise. 8. An Indian tent. 9. Simple. 10. To covet.

HENRY S. JOHNSON (age 14), *League Member*.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and curtail relating to Sparta, and leave skill and nine inches. Answer, sp-art-an, art, span.

1. Doubly behead and curtail having the nature of a vegetable, and leave to obtain and the flesh of a calf. 2. Doubly behead and curtail having little depth, and leave every one and to exhibit. 3. Doubly behead and curtail an oval figure, and leave part of the mouth and other. 4. Doubly behead and curtail upset, and leave sick and hastened. 5. Doubly behead and curtail a

small board on which a painter mixes his colors, and leave to allow and the top of the head. 6. Doubly behead and curtail pertaining to the stars, and leave a measure of length and a heavenly body. 7. Doubly behead and curtail swollen, and leave a cereal grass and let blood.

The initials of the seven little words left after beheading and curtailings will spell the name of a famous Pisan astronomer.

ISIDORE HELFAND (age 15), *League Member*.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

WHEN Tom was asked how old his dog was, he replied: "Fido is one third as old as I am. Two years ago, he was one fifth of my age, and four years hence, he will be just half as old as I am."

What were the ages of Tom and Fido?

KIRKLAND HALLAM (age 14), *League Member*.

CONNECTED SQUARES

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I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To sing. 2. Cognizant. 3. A bird. 4. A mountain nymph. 5. Loans.

II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Popular report. 2. Part of the throat. 3. Melody. 4. The emblem of peace. 5. Peoples.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. To separate. 2. Banishment. 3. Trailing plants. 4. Chosen. 5. Musical pauses.

IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Beneath. 2. Courage. 3. A sewer. 4. To expel by force. 5. Leases.

V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A glossy fabric. 2. Solitary. 3. Used in handling fire or heated metals. 4. A mass of unwrought gold. 5. Bird homes.

FRANCES C. HAMLET (age 16), *League Member*.



"I gaily fly across the sky,
All craven fear disdaining.
This Campbell brand on either hand
Is perfectly sustaining.

"So everywhere this wholesome fare
Buys up the boys who eat it.
That's why I say three times a day
There is no food to beat it!"

AND you can prove how true this is by asking mother to have Campbell's Tomato Soup for dinner this very day. The chances are she will say "Yes. Just the thing we want!" Then every one will be glad you thought of it. Ask her anyway.

21 kinds

10c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

10% More for Your Money Quaker Oats is put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



**Vim-Food
Made Inviting
A Giant Food with a Fairy Flavor**

Quaker Oats is vim-food made delightful. Nature stores in every dish a battery of energy. We make it welcome—make it desirable—so children eat it liberally and often.

That's why Quaker Oats—all the world over—holds the dominant place among foods. The peoples of a hundred nations send here now to get it. They want this food—the supreme source of vitality—with this luscious Quaker flavor.

Quaker Oats

The big, white flakes are made of only the richest, plump grains. No puny grains are in it. Our process brings out a matchless taste and aroma, making a winsome dish.

Children and grown-ups—who all need vim—revel in Quaker Oats. See that they get it. Say "Quaker" when you order. It costs no extra price.

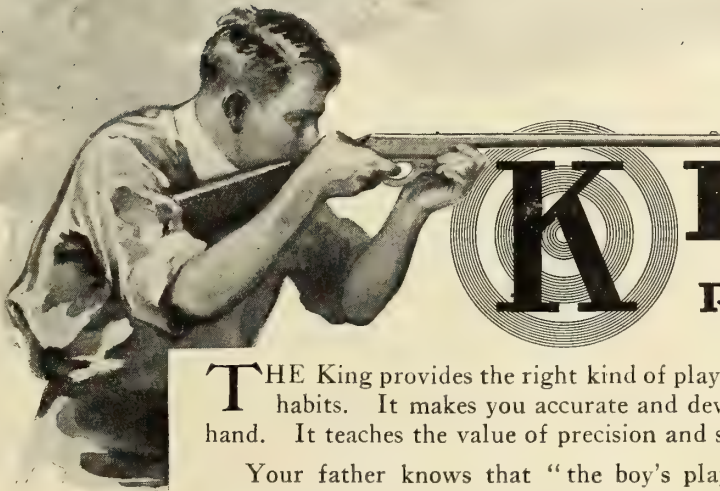
Quaker Cooker

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats, for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

**10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West and South**

(871)

Boys! Your Future is determined by Your Play



*The boy who plays
with a King Air-
Rifle will make
a better Business
Man.*

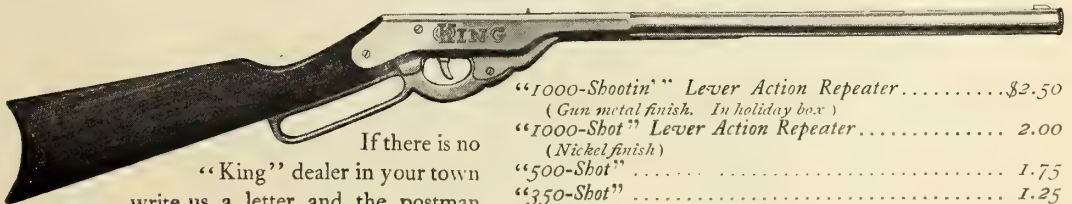


THE King provides the right kind of play. It teaches clean, manly habits. It makes you accurate and develops your mind, eye and hand. It teaches the value of precision and self-reliance.

Your father knows that "the boy's play makes the man's pay." This is why he is willing for you to have a King of your own. Remind him. And you want it because it is the best Air-Rifle, and will give you endless fun and genuine sport.

There is no end to the fun you can have with *your* King Air-Rifle. Insist on a King because it is a man's gun, in size, shape, finish, the way it shoots and everything but destructiveness. Own a King and you can be a crack marksman. It shoots straight and true; is always quick and reliable.

The builders of the King are doing more than making the world's best Air-Rifles. They are making healthy, happy, normally developed boys; "pals" of fathers and sons. Maybe your father never told you, but he knows that nature put two irresistible hungers in you. One for food and the other for play. Ask him if this is not true. Insist on the King.



If there is no
"King" dealer in your town
write us a letter and the postman
will bring the "King" you want by parcel post,
at the retail price. *Write for our free book on
King Air-Rifles and be an expert on the subject.*

"1000-Shootin'" Lever Action Repeater.....	\$2.50
(Gun metal finish. In holiday box)	
"1000-Shot" Lever Action Repeater.....	2.00
(Nickel finish)	
"500-Shot"	1.75
"350-Shot"	1.25
"Single-Shot"	1.00
"Three-In-One"75
"Junior"50
"Pop-Gun"25

THE MARKHAM AIR RIFLE CO.

Plymouth, Mich.

POLLY and PETER POND'S



(A Continued Story)

You will find one part of this story in last month's St. Nicholas and another next month



IT was pretty tough for Polly and Peter to leave the woods, and the lake, and all the freedom and fun of a summer camp, but they stood it like good little soldiers, and went back without a murmur, to where, as Peter said, Cæsar's mobilization against the Gauls was going on rapidly.

This all means that they are in school again, fighting their lessons hard, and winning all along the line. What's more, thanks to good old

POND'S EXTRACT

they have n't a scratch or a bruise, or even a bump from a mosquito to hinder them.

Peter wrote Polly a long letter pretty soon after school opened, which we have n't room to print here,

but which said that they had begun training for track-work already, and that Bill Conley was right "on the job." Peter said, however, that if Bill felt any spryer than *he* did, he would have to have a pair of wings. ("Bill seems to be more 'square' than he was. I think he is all right at heart, but he lets his temper run away with him. Perhaps those bruises he got last month helped him to reform. But they did n't last very long, we put 'Pond's' on so thoroughly.") Oh, yes,—and Peter had been elected vice-president of his class. Bill had been a candidate, but, somehow, his political combinations had n't got working right yet, and he had to be satisfied with the secretaryship.

This is what Polly wrote in answer:

DEAR PETER:

Acceptez mes compliments les plus amiables, s'il vous plait, mon cher frere (that's the way Mademoiselle says we have to begin our letters, so I'm trying it out on you). We have n't had very much excitement here yet, except getting acquainted with the "freshies," which has meant a lot of fun and fudge-parties.

Oh, yes, there was a little "fracas" (is n't that a nice fighty word?) last night. We (Molly and Sadie and I) were entertaining three freshies, and treating them just as nicely as we knew how. Of course we could n't very well help letting them see how green they were, but we were n't rubbing it in *too* hard. Anyway, one of them, a big-overgrown sort of girl named Elsie Winship, got a bit mad, and said:



ST. NICHOLAS ADVERTISEMENTS

"We may be freshies, but we 're just as smart as you are, and a little bigger."

"Yes," I said, "the latter part of your remarks may be true, and as to the smart, why, maybe you 'll have that if you don't be careful."

It was a sort of mean remark, and I was sorry I had said it, but it just slipped out, human-like, and with that, quick as a wink, Elsie grabbed a big pillow and slammed it at me. I dodged just in time, and it hit the mantel and knocked off Sadie's china cat, and broke off its tail and one ear—which we did n't discover till some time afterward.

Well, in a minute we were at it, hammer and tongs, as they say. Molly, I think, is a 'fraid cat, and got down behind the Morris-chair, so Sadie and I were outnumbered, but that only seemed to stir us up, and in two shakes of a sheep's tail, those freshies were piling out of the door as fast as they could go. But Elsie caught her foot in a rug, and down she went in a heap. She did n't get up very quickly, so I ran over and helped her to the divan. She was trying to keep back the tears.

"Oh, Elsie," I cried, "are you badly hurt; where is it?"

"Oh, Polly," she said, "I think my knee-cap is dented."

And we looked, and there was a big reddish spot on her knee. When she saw it, she began to cry really, but I told her not to mind that, and bound it up with an old linen rag and plenty of Pond's Extract.

"What is Pond's Extract?" she asked, "and what kind of ponds do they get it from?"

"Well, you *are* a freshie!" I replied. "You 're the first white girl I ever met that did n't know about it. But you will to-morrow."

And so she did. There was n't a sign of black and blue this morning, and she said it did n't hurt a bit after the first ten minutes. So, you see, the teachers are n't the only people who can give useful information.

Please let me know all about the first track-meet in your next letter, and if you are going in for basket-ball. Bill's sister says he is a corking good center, but I bet you are faster. And I 'm *so* glad you got the vice-president job. Will it mean a lot of extra work? Write soon.

Your affectionate sister,

POLLY.

(You must n't think this is *all* that has been happening to Polly and Peter Ponds. Peter had quite an exciting adventure in which Bill showed that he really had forgotten his old bruises, but we can't tell you about that until next month.)

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY

131 Hudson Street

New York



"Mama
I want
My
Denton"



Dr. Denton *Soft-knit* Sleeping Garments

are Children's Delight and
the Choice of Careful Mothers.

Protect your little ones at night and get unbroken sleep yourself.

Dr. Denton Garments cover body, feet and hands. Feet are part of the Garment. Hands are covered by cuffs that turn down and close with draw-strings. Made from our Elastic, Knit, Mixed Cotton and Wool Fabric, specially devised to give most healthful sleep. The **Soft-knit** fabric carries off perspiration and keeps the child warm even if bed coverings are thrown off.

Prevent colds which often lead to pneumonia or other dangerous ailments.

Ideal for outdoor sleeping.

Eleven sizes for children up to ten years old. Prices, 50c to \$1.10 according to size and style.

Soft and Durable.
Do not Shrink.

Write for booklet giving Dr. Mary Wood Allen's practical ideas on "Healthful Sleep for Children." Be sure you get the genuine **Dr. Denton Garments**. Our trade mark, shown here, is attached to each garment. If you cannot get them of your dealer, write us.

DR. DENTON SLEEPING GARMENT MILLS,
691 Mill Street, Centreville, Mich.



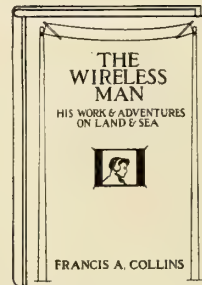
TRADE MARK



THE BOOK MAN

"S-O-S"—"S-O-S"—"S-O-S"—"S-O-S."

When Francis A. Collins's "The Wireless Man" was published two years ago, it was estimated that at least one hundred thousand boys all over the United States were experimenting with amateur wireless equipment, and with great success too.



Now, it is safe to say, many times that number are watching with keenest interest the part played by the wireless in Europe's great war. You wide-awake boys who are following the most reliable press dispatches need no one to explain to you that without the wireless we should have no news at all from Germany; and that when the history of this war comes to be written, much attention will be given to the part played in affairs by the wireless and by the airships of the different nations. It may even be that these helpful friends will bring about international complications, for, as you know, wireless messages are proving difficult to censor to the satisfaction of all, and aeroplanes seem bound by none of the ordinary rules of warfare.

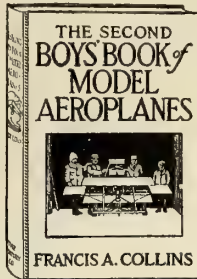
Until some new book takes up the latest chapters in the story of the wireless, there is no book wide-awake boys of all ages will enjoy more than Francis Collins's "The Wireless Man," which gives the information about wireless which every one wants to have, goes into detail on how it works, tells a number of thrilling stories of wireless rescues, and explains the use of the wireless in the army and navy.

It is a book to stimulate you lads to estab-

(Continued on page 15)

THE BOOK MAN—Continued

lishing a wireless station of your own; and if you look up at the same time "The Boys' Book



of Model Aeroplanes" and "The Second Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes," also by Mr. Collins, you will have fascinating occupation for every hour for many months to come. Your bookseller probably has all these books, and will let you have a look at them. If not, you can order through The Book Man. The price of each book is \$1.20, and the postage ten cents additional.

PROBABLY all of you older boys and girls are following the history of the Great War in Europe day by day in the newspapers. Watch the advertisements in the newspapers and in the magazines for books which will help you to a clearer understanding of this World Cataclysm. (The Century Dictionary defines "cataclysm" as "figuratively, a sudden or violent action of overwhelming force and extended sweep.")

There is, among many other books worthy to be read at this time, Andrew D. White's "Seven Great Statesmen," especially those chapters on Bismarck, which tell interestingly of the formation of the Triple Entente. There is that wonderful autobiography of Andrew D. White, which I hope every boy and girl of you will read some day, in which are chapters telling of this splendid American's personal recollections of Bismarck, and of that Kaiser who is a world-figure to-day, and also of Dr. White's share in the Peace Conference at The Hague in 1899. This is heavy reading, but the older ones among you will get much out of these books, and perhaps Father and Mother will be glad to read with you, and help make obscure points clear.

THE Book Man receives so many splendid letters from ST. NICHOLAS friends that it is hard to choose any particular one for special mention. One that came very recently, however, has two exceptionally good points. This twelve-year-old girl from Detroit says:

"I have been reading so much fiction this

(Continued on page 16)

The Corona Typewriter Co. Inc.
Groton
N.Y.

Children!

Fill out the little coupon at the bottom of this page, address an envelope to us the same as we have reproduced above, and mail.

We will then send you our booklet telling all about the wonderful — —

CORONA

Folding Typewriter

We will also tell you the name and address of the store keeper who sells Corona Typewriters.

We know you would like your Father to have a typewriter around the house — so that you could use it most any time you wanted, and if you will just do as we ask we feel sure your Father will buy one.

When you get the booklet ask your Father to read it, and then the next time you are down town take him to the shop whose name we give you — don't tell him about it until you are at the store. In the window you will see a Corona Typewriter — and if you can only get your Father to go inside he will surely buy.

Mail coupon to us today

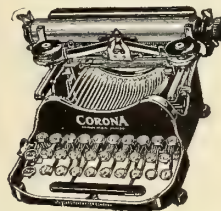
Corona Typewriter Company, Inc.

Groton, N. Y.

(Formerly Standard Typewriter Company)

141 W. 42d St., at Broadway, New York City

Agencies in the Principal Cities of the World



Kindly send me Booklet No. 91 telling just how I can get a Corona Typewriter.

(Name)

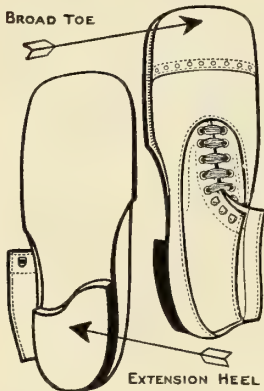
(Address)

(City)

(State)

The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."



Ankles Straightened Arches Strengthened

A well set arch gives the child a steady ankle, a buoyant step—a natural and confident carriage. The

COWARD ARCH SUPPORT SHOE With COWARD EXTENSION HEEL

strengthens and controls the arch and ankle muscles, preserves the integrity of the foot-structure,—corrects and prevents "flat-foot." Children like to wear this comfortable Coward Shoe; it makes them sure-footed.

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel have been made by James S. Coward, in his Custom Department, for over thirty-four years.

Mail Orders Filled—Send for Catalogue

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 Greenwich St., New York City
(NEAR WARREN STREET)

THE BOOK MAN—Continued

summer, that I thought I would like some historical works. I am twelve years old and enjoy reading stories very much, but Mother wants me to read something which would help me more in school. . . . Please send me a list of any books about history, travel, or science."



Here are some of the works The Book Man recommended in answer:

- "The Century Book of Famous Americans," by E. S. Brooks.
- "The Century Book of the American Colonies," by E. S. Brooks.
- "The Century Book of the American Revolution," by E. S. Brooks.
- "Hero Tales from American History," by H. C. Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt.
- "Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln," by Helen Nicolay.
- "Boys' Life of U. S. Grant," by Helen Nicolay.
- "Stories of Useful Inventions," by S. E. Forman.
- "Panama, Past and Present," by Farnham Bishop.

The letter continued (and the plan is a fine one for every one of you to follow):

"Every time the ST. NICHOLAS comes I make a list of the books you mention in a note-book. Then the next time I go to the Public Library I try to get those books. Among my favorites which I have gotten in this way are:

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." | "Daddy-Long-Legs." |
| "Hans Brinker." | "Just Patty." |
| "Pollyanna." | Forman's "History of the United States." |
| "Sue Jane." | "Some Strange Corners of Our Country." |
| "The Lucky Sixpence." | |

An interesting point about letters The Book Man has received this month is the fact that so many are from the younger readers of ST. NICHOLAS. Youngsters of eight write, and write most intelligently.

(Continued on page 17)

THE BOOK MAN—Continued

A thirteen-year-old writes that she has read eight of Dickens's novels, five of Scott's, and is now reading some of Thackeray's. That is pretty good, don't you think so? How many of you thirteen-year-olds have read any of Thackeray? Try "The Virginians."

Another girl writes: "I am reading Stevenson's works this summer and I enjoy them very much indeed. I like ST. NICHOLAS very much and think your department is very nice." Suppose every boy who reads The Book Man reads Stevenson's pirate stories in preference to those of a lesser writer. The stories are surely as engrossing, and the style is so excellent that you cannot help but profit.

Lovers of nature will be interested in this sentence from a girl in Nebraska: "I live in the country and the books I like best deal with the romance of the great out of doors. I have read Ernest Thompson Seton, Charles G. D. Roberts, W. J. Long, Stewart Edward White, and, of course, the Jungle Books." You can see from that how the Jungle Books stand in the opinion of one lover of the great out of doors. And other older critics are agreed that there are no books to take the place of these two Kipling books—no books so rich in the magic and mystery and charm of the great open and its life.

IN whatever branch of reading you are interested, choose the master. Keep as your motto, Read what is worth while, and only that. I hope I shall receive more and more letters asking for suggestions as to "worth-while" literature along the lines in which you are specially interested.

"WE are going to have a BOOK Christmas," a ST. NICHOLAS reader told me the other day.

"And what is that?" I asked.

"Why," she said, "every member of my family from grandfather to the baby is going to give every other member a book. You see there are five of us, so we will have twenty-five new books."

"That is splendid!" I declared, and carried the suggestion home.

And, thinking it over, it seems more splendid still. Probably most of the books will interest all the family, so they will *share* each other's gifts, and that is the real spirit of Christmas!

Can I help you in planning *your* Christmas giving? There will be a tremendous number of new books issued between now and Christmas, in addition to all the books richly worth while already in the book-stores.

The Book Man

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



The Flavor You Like

THE reason you and so many other boys, their sisters and grown folks like Beech-Nut Peanut Butter so much is because of its superior, purer *flavor*.

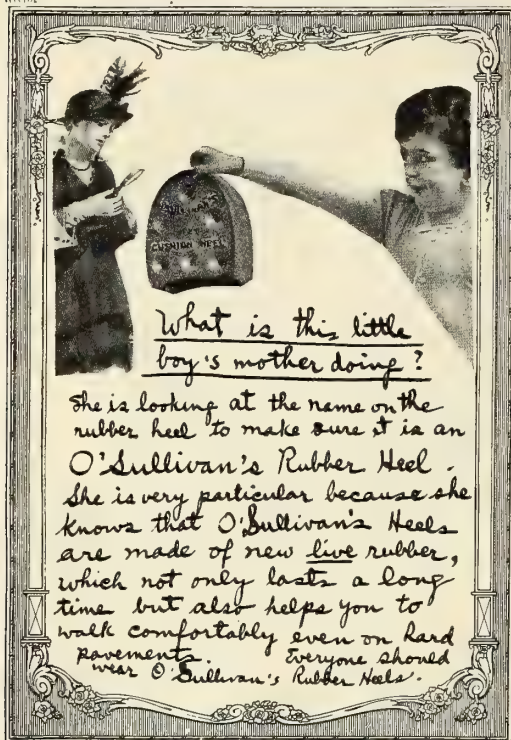
It is a *blended* flavor—produced by blending *selected* Virginia and Spanish peanuts, with the little acrid hearts taken out, leaving nothing but the *mild meat* of the nuts. A thing that took us a long time and more care than you might think possible—and an achievement that has made Beech-Nut Peanut Butter distinctive.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter comes in *vacuum-sealed* jars of three sizes, and is sold by representative grocers everywhere.

Send your name on a post-card for
"Happy Little Beech-Nuts"—jingle
booklet, beautifully illustrated.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 154



Can you write an advertisement?

If you write a good one you can win a prize this month.

What *is* a good advertisement?

We asked Alexander to define it, and he says: "A good advertisement is one that tells you in an interesting way why it is to your interest to buy a particular *Something* instead of a Just Anything."

Above everything else, your advertisement must be truthful. Otherwise we could n't print it in ST. NICHOLAS.

Think of some experience you or some one you know has had that proved any one of the products listed below to be especially good.

Select just one product.

Read all you can about it. Ask "grown-

ups" and dealers about its uses and good qualities.

Then try to put *all* the good qualities in your advertisement, but select some one feature about it and make that very prominent.

Here are the products to select from:

Coward Shoes
Old Dutch Cleanser
Duofold Underwear
O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels
Holeproof Hosiery
Quaker Oats
Corona Typewriter
Listerine

Now take a large piece of paper (perhaps your father will let you have one of his business letter heads) and paste or sketch your illustration on it, like this. (You can cut pictures from old magazines and combine them as Alexander has done for this page, as long as the idea is original.)

After writing your words on a separate sheet of paper and changing them until you feel sure they are right, write or typewrite them in around the illustration as you see them on this page.

The First Prize, \$5.00, will go to the person sending in the most attractive advertisement. There will be Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each, to the next two in merit. Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each, to the next three. Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each, to the next ten.

Note: Prize-winners who are not subscribers to St. Nicholas are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This Competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your answer paper give name, age, address and the number of this competition (154).

3. Submit answers by October 20, 1914. Do not use a pencil.

4. Be sure your name and address is on paper. Write on one side of your paper only.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win a prize.

6. Address answer: Advertising Competition No. 154, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, Union Square, New York.

16

"I have 16 boy and girl friends to whom I lend my copy of ST. NICHOLAS every month."

—A Subscriber.

The popularity of this magazine for juniors is further suggested by this report from John Cotton Dana of the Newark Library.

This library has 161 bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS in constant circulation and the branches report "we could use more," "we could use twice as many."

If the value of any publication to you depends upon the interest readers take in it, the top of the list would read

St. Nicholas

THE CENTURY CO.
Union Square, New York



Bonbons Chocolates

The "Quality" of Maillard

Bonbons

Chocolates

French
Pastries

Ice Creams

THE name of Maillard has stood for quality, excellence and distinction in candies for over sixty years. It is upon the "Quality" of all their products that Maillard's world-wide reputation and pre-eminence has been built.

Maillard Candies packed in French Bonbonnières (Exclusive Importation) or Fancy Boxes to order, and when requested, made ready for safe delivery to all parts of the world.

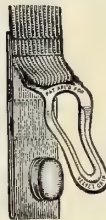
Maillard

FIFTH AVE. AT 35TH ST., NEW YORK



G. F. Co.
1914

HEALTHY kiddies are active from morning till night at hard play that is good for their little bodies. They exercise more muscles than do grown-ups and the things they wear must stand great strain and rough service.



Velcro Grip

OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON
HOSE SUPPORTERS

Child's sample pair (give age) 16c. postpaid
Sold Everywhere
GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

UNITED STATES REVENUES

A READER of St. NICHOLAS writes that he has found some old papers with revenue (Civil War) stamps upon them. There are many checks with two-cent stamps, both orange and blue. There are also documents of several kinds, bearing stamps of higher values. He writes to know if Stamp Page will tell him which to save for his own collections, and which to use for "traders."

Perhaps no branch of United States stamps makes so pretty a collection as these revenues. In size, color, and design they are alike beautiful. As a first hint to our young friend we would say, "Look a little farther, and see whether you cannot find more stamps." One of the most fruitful sources of "finds" is upon the backs of old photographs taken in the early sixties. If there is a photograph album in the family, do not fail to examine the backs of these pictures. The small-sized, old-fashioned portrait-photograph, known as a *carte-de-visite*, was the one generally made by photographers throughout the country during the war.

Now to the stamps themselves. These were first issued imperforate. For your own collection save all pairs or strips. An imperforate pair is worth far more than two single copies. Then save all copies with extra large margins, especially such as show a portion of the stamp adjoining, or those which were on the outer side of the sheet, and hence have exceptionally large margins upon one side. We would suggest also keeping a copy of each type of cancellation found—canceled with rubber stamp, pen-marked or printed cancellations, or uncanceled. In the lower values, not only of the imperforate but of the part-perforate and the perforate issues as well, there may be found what are called "shifted dies." These are very scarce, and form an interesting addition to one's collection. The stamps which our reader found upon the checks are probably "bank check" stamps. The shift usually shows most plainly at the bottom of the stamp in the words "Bank Check." If any of the lines show double (and sometimes the entire words are doubled), it is due to a shifted die.

We would also suggest to our readers that it is desirable to save as many shades of each variety as possible.

Immediately after the issue of the imperforates, and perhaps coincident with it, came the issue of the part-perforate. The reason that these early revenues were issued imperforate and part-perforate was—hurry. Stamps were needed all over the country. Everybody wanted them, and everybody had to have them at once. So the first supply was rushed out with no attempt at perforation; later, they were part-perforate—the large stamps being perforated on the long sides, and imperforate on the shorter space at top and bottom. Here, also, save the pairs and strips, and those with large margins on the imperforate sides. Save shades and cancellations, and watch for shifted dies. And one other thing: the lower values are to be had part-perforate both ways; that is, they may be imperforate either at the sides or at top and bottom—the perforations being, of course, vice versa. Collect these both ways—if you can find them.

The third type of the first issue is the stamp per-

forated on all four sides. Here again save the pairs, the shades, the various cancellations, and the shifted dies. Keep for your own collection the "best centered" stamps which you find. That is, stamps where the perforation is equally distant from the design on all sides.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶ GREAT BRITAIN was the first nation to use the adhesive postage-stamp—in 1840. Curiously enough, no nation followed her example until 1843, when Brazil issued her first series of adhesives. The first national series of the United States was issued in 1847, although previously there had been in use many postmasters' provisionals, as well as very many "locals," or express deliveries, issued by private firms and individuals. France did not issue stamps until the year 1849. ¶ The term "white backs" has only recently come into use, and you will not find it in any of the present catalogues. Doubtless the next issue of "Scott's," to be published this fall, will have these interesting stamps fully described and priced. British colonial stamps follow a "color scheme," and many of them have been issued upon a colored paper—notably the threepence, fourpence, shilling, and some higher values. The story is that the firm from which this paper was obtained retired from business. There was, in consequence, a delay in procuring supplies of paper colored all the way through, and the authorities, meanwhile, procured a paper tinted or colored on the surface only—the back being white or nearly so. All stamps printed upon the new paper are termed "white backs." For a while there was much doubt which paper would be the rarer, the old or the new. It is now pretty definitely settled that the white-backed paper is only for temporary use, and so collectors are trying hard to get this series as complete as possible. Doubtless any of our advertisers would tell you how many varieties have been printed on the tinted, or white-back, paper. We understand that the new Nigeria issue is the last to be so printed. ¶ Where no perforation is mentioned in the catalogue, the series is understood to be imperforate. The first issue of Costa Rica is imperforate, and the second is perforate twelve, as stated in the catalogue. So your perforate stamp is of the second or cheaper issue. The design on both issues is the same. ¶ The mountains appearing upon your Costa Rica stamp represent the three volcanoes: Turialba, Irazu, and Poas. The five stars are not symbolic of the Southern Cross, although this constellation is visible in Costa Rica, but they represent counties or provinces, somewhat as the stars upon our flag represent states. The names of these five districts are Alajuela, Cartago, Guanacaste, Limón, and San José. ¶ The smallest colonial possession of Great Britain is undoubtedly the fortress of Gibraltar, which guards the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea. It is only about two miles square. It is not really anything but a big fort, although it has issued many very interesting stamps. ¶ We believe that Canada is the largest of the Colonies of Great Britain, with Australia a close second. India is also very large, as well as the Union of South Africa.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

CONTINENTAL STAMP ALBUM, only 10c. 8x5 inches, heavy cardboard covers, 160 pictures. Spaces for 546 stamps from 135 countries.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

108 all different stamps from Paraguay, Turkey, Venezuela, etc., 10c. 35 different stamps from Africa, a dandy packet, 25c. *Finest approval sheets, 50% commission.* Send for big 84-page price-list and monthly stamp paper free.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO.

127 MADISON AVE.

NEW YORK CITY

MY SPECIALTY: Stamps of the European continent. Send for a "Country or Two" on approval. I also have many fine stamps of other foreign countries.

H. W. PROTZMANN, 1031 28TH ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

STAMPS 108 ALL DIFFERENT.

Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 Hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. I buy stamps.

C. STEGMAN, 5941 COTR BRILLANTE AV., ST. LOUIS, MO.

**\$5.00 ROYAL B. C. ALBUM FREE****WHILE THEY LAST**

with any \$3.00 worth of stamps you may select from our new Price List. Our supply of this matchless album is limited. Ask for Price List today and study it carefully. It quotes you net prices on single stamps, packets, and entire collections.

Send \$1.00 for \$5.00 worth of British Colonials.

COLONIAL STAMP CO.

WESTMINSTER BUILDING

CHICAGO

STAMPS 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agts., 50%. BULLARD & CO., Sta. A, BOSTON.

STAMPS 100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE. Postage 2c. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

5 VARIETIES PERU FREE.

With trial approval sheets. F. E. THORP, NORWICH, N.Y.

15 Varieties Chinese stamps sent with our 50% approval sheets for 10c.

Coins and stamps bought. 24-page buying list postpaid 10c.

PALM STAMP CO., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

121 all diff. foreign stamps including Bulgaria, Roumania, Russia, Natal, Tasmania, Peru, Chili, Egypt, China, Mexico, Portugal, Victoria, Japan, India, N. Zealand, etc., and album. Price 15c. ROYAL STAMP CO., 48 N. 51st ST., PHILA., PA.

BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS.

10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Hayti. Lists of 7000 low-priced stamps free.

CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY

STAMPS FREE, 100 ALL DIFFERENT

For the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c. TOLEDO STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A.



STAMP ALBUM with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., 10c. 100 diff. Jap., N. Zld., etc., 5c. Big list; coupons, etc., FREE! WE BUY STAMPS.

HUSSMAN STAMP CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RARE Stamps Free. 15 all different, Canadians, and 10 India with Catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents. If possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. Special offers, all different, contain no two alike. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 20c.; 10 Paraguay, 7c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 20 Turkey, 7c.; 10 Persia, 7c.; 3 Sudan, 5c.; 10 Chile, 3c.; 50 Italy, 19c.; 200 Foreign, 10c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 20 Denmark, 5c.; 20 Portugal, 6c.; 17 Siam, 15c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 7 Malay, 10c.; 10 Finland, 5c.; 50 Persia, 8c.; 50 Cuba, 60c.; 6 China, 4c.; 8 Bosnia, 7c. Remit in Stamps or Money-Order. Fine approval sheets 50% Discount. 50 Page List Free. MARKS STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.



1 lb. BAG UNSORTED MISSION POSTAGE STAMPS from over 100 countries, well mixed so there are over 1000 diff. kinds. Catalogs hundreds of dollars. **Post-paid at \$3.00.** WORLD-WIDE MISSIONS, STORM LAKE, IOWA.

FREE TO BEGINNERS

Your choice of a board covered album, or 100 diff. stamps, to all applying for our excellent approval sheets at 50% discount. 25 diff. Japan, 10c. 20 diff. Mexico, 10c.

THE EMPIRE STAMP CO., 83 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

70 Different Stamps from 70 Different Foreign Countries, and our pamphlet "How to Make a Collection Properly" for only 15c. A Big Bargain. Remember, there are no two countries alike in this lot. QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., 604 RACE ST., CINCINNATI, O.

\$1.00 STAMP AND BIG LISTS FREE to buyers from my approvals. KNAUER, 148 S. 9TH ST., READING, PA.

Approvals 66 2/3% Discount.

A. H. BRYANT, ANGEL ISLAND, CAL.

12 different Argentine stamps for 10c.

M. E. JACKSON, 645 HYDE ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Two stamps you positively can't buy elsewhere for \$2. Our price 20c. A. C. ROESSLER, 10 1/2 CLAY STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

DANDY PACKET STAMPS free for name, address 2 collectors, 2c. postage. Send to-day. U.T.K. STAMP CO., Utica, N. Y.

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE

52 different foreign, including China and Venezuela, to all who apply for our high grade approval selections. *Send two cent stamp for return postage.*

THE EDGEWOOD STAMP CO., DEPT. S, MILFORD, CONN.

Fine stamps one to three cents each on approval. 100 to 500 varieties to collectors sending reference. Higher values 75% discount. A. O. DURLAND, EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

I WANT TO C-U-B-A CUSTOMER OF MINE

15 varieties Cuba to all applicants for my 50% approvals **FREE** JUSTIN MILLER, LYNDALE STA., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Stamps! 333 Foreign Missionary stamps, only 7c. 100 foreign, no 2 alike, incl. Mexico, Japan, etc., 5c. 100 diff. U. S. fine. 30c. 1000 fine mixed, 20c. Agents wanted, 50%. List free! I Buy Stamps. L. B. DOVER, ST. LOUIS, MO.

FINE JAPAN SET 42 ALL DIFFERENT FREE

A NICE COLLECTION OF JAPAN STAMPS If you send 10c. for 10 weeks' subscription to Mykeel's Stamp Weekly, Boston, Mass., the best stamp paper in the whole world. All the news, stamp stories and bargains galore.

6 mos. 25c. and Choice of These Premiums:

205 diff. Foreign	60 diff. Japan	101 diff. U. S.
50 diff. Asia	Book on U. S. Stamps	25 Canada
20 diff. Persia	20 diff. animals	20 New Zealand

CLASS PINS

For School, College or Society.

We make the "right kind" from hand cut steel dies. Beauty of detail and quality guaranteed. No pins

less than \$5.00 a dozen. Catalog showing many artistic designs free. FLOWER CITY CLASS PIN CO., 680 Central Building, Rochester, N. Y.

You Have Studied Geography

And have heard of the famous active volcano in Hawaii. Real lava specimen from Kilauea Volcano packed in attractive lacquered box will be sent postpaid for 25c. Address

R. S. Kelly, Box 1129, Honolulu.

Helpful Suggestions

ON this page are suggestions where most ideal pets may be found. Dolls can't play with you, games sometimes grow tiresome, and toys wear out, but a loving little pet will bring a new companionship and happiness into the home, growing stronger with passing years, oftentimes aiding in health and character building and frequently proving a staunch protector and friend. We are always ready to assist in the selection of a pet and like to help when possible. We try to carry only the most reliable advertisements and believe you can count on courteous and reliable service from the dealers shown below. ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT



Dodson Sheltered Food House
Built of clear white pine—24 x 24 x 18 inches. Price with 8-foot pole, \$8 f. o. b. Chicago—with copper roof, \$10. A Feeding Table—with 8-foot pole, \$6—with copper roof, \$7.50. Feeding Car, \$5. Feeding Shelf, \$1.50.

Will YOU Help Save the Birds?

Thousands of dear little birds die of starvation every year—and you can save many of them. Birds stay North well into the winter—many stay all winter—and they need shelter and food. If you would win bird friends, put out, now, one or several of the

DODSON SHELTERED FOOD HOUSES particularly designed for birds—used successfully for many years. They give a life-time of service, adding beauty to your grounds and happiness to your life.

Right now is the time to put out Bird Shelters and Food Houses. Let the Birds know you are going to help them.

If you want birds write for my book. I've worked for 18 years for the birds—I'll help anybody who will help our native birds.

Joseph H. Dodson, 707 Security Building, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Mr. Dodson is a Director of the Illinois Audubon Society.



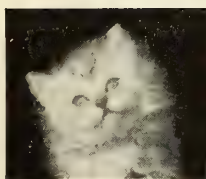
FREE

Mr. Dodson's beautifully illustrated Book About Birds—tells how to win and keep native birds living in your garden.

Write for it.

Famous Dodson Sparrow Trap

Get rid of sparrows and native birds will return. This trap catches as many as 75 to 100 sparrows. Works automatically. You remove sparrows once a day. Built of strong, tinned wire, electrically welded. Very strong, practical, durable; size 36 x 18 x 12 inches. Price, \$5 f. o. b. Chicago.



ADORABLE FLUFFY KITTENS

Little balls of fur that endear themselves to the entire household as they grow into stately, beautiful Persian Cats.

A child with a pet develops quickly and for life the admirable traits—affection and kindness.

Black Short Haired Cattery

ORADELL, N. J.
N. Y. Office, Dept. R, 112 Carnegie Hall
Tel. 3691 Columbus

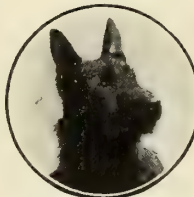
BABY SHETLANDS

and full-grown ponies. Registered, of champion stock.

Our ponies are exceptionally gentle and well broken. Not afraid of automobiles.

Buy a colt and let it grow up with your child. Write:

SUNSET HILL FARM, Portsmouth, N. H.



Scottish Terriers

Offered as companions. Not given to fighting or roaming. Best for children's pets.

NEWCASTLE KENNELS
Brookline, Mass.



KIPLING SAYS:

"Buy a pup and your money will buy love unflinching that cannot die." One of these little

Boston Terriers

will bring into the home an example of unselfish love, loyal devotion and intelligent companionship unequalled in the dog world. The boy or girl owning one of these pets will grow in gentleness and kindness. Don't neglect the aid in character building which comes from healthy dog comradeship. All our stock are prize winners.

Squantum Kennels, Atlantic, Mass.
ESTABLISHED IN 1877.



SHETLAND PONIES

Why not a real live toy this year? Nothing could be more desirable than a pony and a Shetland is a good investment as well. Our Fall catalog is now ready. Address Dept. D.

THE SHADYSIDE FARMS, North Benton, Ohio



Just Suppose!

If your daddy said you could have one of these beautiful pedigreed

Scotch Collie Pups

which would you take? There are a few brothers and sisters of these loving little dogs left. One of them would like to live with you. For 25c. you can get a fine little book on training your dog and teaching him tricks. Write at once to

Sunnybrae Collie Kennels
Mr. F. R. Clarke, Bloomington, Ill.

St. Nicholas Pet Department — Continued



Of course you like puppies and kittens, but wouldn't the best of all be a

Baby Shetland Pony

born this year! We can choose yours now for Christmas. Write and I will pick out the best foal for you from our large herd. This one is grown up. For any kind of pony write immediately to
SHADY NOOK FARM, No. Ferrisburg, Vermont

CLOSE YOUR EYES and try to imagine a beautiful little **SILVER PERSIAN KITTEN** curled up in your arms, purring contentedly; and at your feet a glossy-coated gentle little female **BLACK COCKER SPANIEL** looking up at you, waiting for the signal to come outdoors for a romp. Both kitten and spaniel are pedigreed and will make any youngster's heart glad. Make the dream come true by writing:
H. V. OGDEN, Meadowview, Michigan City, Indiana.



BELLE MEADE PONIES

To have real fun and outdoor sport, you need a genuine Shetland Pony. The best chum! Price, \$75 and up. Write for Catalog, illustrating highest types, complete outfits, etc.

BELLE MEADE FARM
Box 9 Markham, Va.



Keep That Doggie of Yours Happy and Well

The puppies in the picture seem to be enjoying their dinner, so they must be feeling very well. If your dog does n't have a good appetite, just get him a bottle of

VERMILAX

and let him have some at once. That will make him feel better and give him a good appetite. It is also good if your dog vomits, froths at the mouth, has fits, twitches or drags along on his hind quarters.

You love your dog and if you will remember that he needs a little VERMILAX occasionally to keep him well and happy, he will love you all the more. Besides, VERMILAX has a taste your dog will like.

If you will write to us we will send you VERMILAX by Parcels Post, 50c, and \$1.00 a bottle or you can get it at the best druggists and pet shops.

VERMILAX CO., INC.

Dept. 40-C, 220 West 42d Street, New York City



If you want to keep your dog in the best of condition feed

SPRATT'S DOG CAKES

Send 2-cent stamp for "Dog Culture"

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, NEWARK, N. J.



Playmates of Royalty

In ancient China, this little fellow's ancestors played with princes and princesses. Perhaps that is why these beautiful wee

PEKINGESE

make such brave, lovable little pets. All my dogs are champion bred. There are over 50 to choose from of every color. Prices, \$25 on up. I will be glad to tell you more about them, if you write to

Mrs. H. A. Baxter, Telephone 418, Great Neck, L. I. or 489 Fifth Ave., New York City (Tel.)

PERHAPS the most pitiful thing about the stunted life of a man or a boy in the city, is the lack of healthy dog comradeship. The dog is the most faithful, the most lovable, the most companionable of all the animals that associate with man, and man is always made noble by his friendship. Let no good philosopher tell me a dog can't think, reason, love, hate, feel, laugh, and cry as I do. I know better.

—REV. THOMAS DIXON, JR.

A Monthly Dividend Check from THE CENTURY CO.

Unusually big commissions paid to our enrolled representatives, in addition to a monthly rebate and bonus check!

If you have a personality, and can meet the best people in your community, you will have little difficulty in building up a profitable business.

This month there will be tens of thousands of subscriptions placed for THE CENTURY and ST. NICHOLAS. If you have the ability you can secure *every one in your vicinity.*

A profitable, dignified, and pleasant occupation for your spare time. A postal to-day will bring you full particulars.

THE CENTURY CO.
Agency Division
Union Square New York



LISTERINE

Use it every day

BOYS and girls should be taught the proper care of the teeth as soon as they are able to handle a toothbrush. This means regular daily brushing and use of Listerine. Listerine prevents decay of the teeth and consequent ill-health. Other uses described in folder wrapped around the bottle. Listerine has many imitators—don't trust them—demand the genuine.

All Druggists Sell Listerine

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

BOY SCOUTS—ALL BOYS —TRY 3 IN ONE FREE

"Attention!" We want every Boy Scout and every other boy in America to give 3-in-One a good hard test, *absolutely free.*

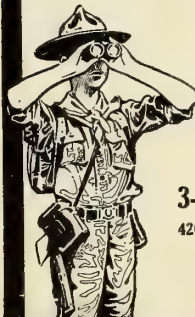
Write today for a generous free sample and the valuable free 3-in-One Dictionary. 3-in-One has been for over 17 years the leading bicycle oil. It makes all bearings run much easier and prevents wear—cuts out all dirt and never gums or clogs. It cleans and polishes, prevents rust on all metal parts.

3-in-One is also the best gun oil. It oils exactly right trigger, hammer, break joint—cleans and polishes barrels, inside and out; polishes the stock like new, too.

Always use 3-in-One on your ice and roller skates, fishing reels, scroll saws, golf clubs, cameras and every tool you own. A few drops do the work. 3-in-One will keep your catcher's gloves soft and lasting, also prevents rust on your catcher's mask.

Three size bottles at all good stores: 10c, 25c and 50c. (The 50c size is the *economical* size.) Also, Handy Oil Cans, 3½ ozs., 25c.

Write for the free sample *today.*



3-in-One Oil Co.

42QB, Broadway, New York



Report on Advertising Competition No. 152

Nearly 500 veterans and volunteers last month sent in answers to advertising competition No. 152. After a hard fought battle the Judges counted dead, wounded and prisoners and found only 75 who had escaped unhurt—in other words, who found exactly the right number of advertisements in which the word “in” appeared. Of this number sixteen were picked out for promotion into the regiment of advertising heroes. Perhaps a word or two will help those on the firing-line. In the first place, *every* advertisement in the July issue of ST. NICHOLAS should have been examined, including The Century Co.’s own announcements and those in the School Department. Notice we specified the *word* “in,” not the letters “In.” The right number was 31, and those who were awarded the prizes found this number. The letters that counted most were those which gave the clearest reasons why Sapolio was especially suitable for advertising in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS, and not merely why ST. NICHOLAS was valuable for advertising purposes.

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Alma I. Clark, age 14 New Jersey

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Ruth E. Dorworth, age 22 Pennsylvania

Forris Atkinson, age 15 Nebraska

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Paul F. Cooley, age 14 New Jersey

Anna Shaw Gifford, age 17 Maine

Margaret Gardner, age 19 Wisconsin

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Nathalie G. Nelson, age 15 Michigan

Joseph H. Markley, age 11 Missouri

Frances Riggs, age 16 North Carolina

Margaret L. Williams, age 13 New Jersey

Helen L. Crain, age 19 Illinois

Aaron Krieger, age 13 New York

Esther Huse, age 16 New Hampshire

Elizabeth Turner, age 13 Virginia

Louise M. Zabriskie, age 12 Maine

Genevieve G. Earle, age 16 New York

Mothers!

Get the **Rubens** shirt for baby. That is the shirt without buttons, without open laps—the shirt which fits snugly and which never gets tight. The warm shirt that's needed in winter and summer—the shirt that's double-thick in front.

Sizes for any age from birth. Made in cotton, wool and silk. Also in merino (half wool). Also in silk and wool. Prices 25 cents up.

Sold by dry goods stores, or sold direct where dealers can't supply. Ask us for pictures, sizes and prices.

Rubens & Marble, Inc.
354 W. Madison St.
Chicago



Children's Hickory Garters

Protect the stockings between rubber and rubber

The elastic and non-elastic web are of extra quality; the metal parts cannot touch the skin.

Ask your dealer for **Hickory**—15 to 25c. according to size; trial pair 20c.

A. Stein & Co., Makers
326 Racine Avenue Chicago



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Coming Into Man's Estate

REAL boys read *ST. NICHOLAS*, real men read *Forest and Stream*. Between the age of boy and man is the time when the male human needs attention. *Forest and Stream* shows the youth how to become a real honest injun sportsman, and allows a special price to *ST. NICHOLAS* boys. Twenty-five cents for a three months' trial.

FOREST AND STREAM

For more than 40 years the recognized sportsman's authority

22 Thames St., New York

How a Boy or Girl can Make a Cat—

A good cat too, and lots of fun modelling it out of



HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE

You don't need to be an artist. Anyone can model all sorts of things. Plasticine can be used over and over. It stays plastic—never hardens and is clean and antiseptic. Not messy like clay and needs no water. Splendid fun and trains the fingers and eyes.

Various sized outfits with complete directions for modelling, designing and building.

Sold by Toy, Stationery and Art dealers.
Send for big free Toy Book.

THE EMBOSSING COMPANY, P. O. Box 598B, Albany, N. Y.
Makers of **"Toys that Teach"**



"Bristol"
Steel Fishing Rods

Very Soon

you will be making up a list of "What I want for Christmas." If you will just send us a postal card with your name and address we will send you a catalog telling all about the wonderful Bristol Steel Fishing Rods.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
167 Horton Street, Bristol, Conn.



1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"



The Continental

Rich in the beauty that lies in simplicity.
Sold by leading dealers.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

SUCCESSOR TO MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate.

Send for catalogue "X-5."



*From the Boston Transcript
of August 7, 1914*

"The CENTURY has done great things

Some CENTURY contributors for the coming year:

Rudyard Kipling
A. C. Benson
Albert Bigelow Paine
Eleanor Hallowell Abbott
W. Morgan Shuster
Jean Webster

Alice Hegan Rice
Fannie Y. Macaulay
Julian Street

Katherine Fullerton
Gerould
Inez Haynes Gilmore
Stephen French
Whitman

Demetra Vaka
Jennette Lee
L. Frank Tooker

James Davenport Whelpley
Edward Alsworth Ross
Algernon Blackwood

Max Beerbohm
Vida D. Scudder
Richard Washburn
Child

Francis Grierson
Agnes C. Laut
Maurice Francis Egan

Harry A. Franck
Stephen Phillips
Hilaire Belloc

etc., etc., etc.

"IT has recorded chapters not alone of American history; it has actually made possible contributions to the history of letters, has marked advances in art and science, and identified itself with the whole line of scholarly advance.

"Its pages are a history of the development of American illustrating, from the skilful woodcuts of the eighties to the elaborate color processes of to-day.

"Theodore De Vinne, the distinguished printer, lavished on its pages all his artistry of type and skill in design, making glad the eye with a typographical beauty which enhanced the enjoyment of the matter.

"In the last year or so the pages of THE CENTURY have tingled with the electric currents of modern thought and feeling. Imperious questions have been threshed out in it; new forces have had their spokesmen; and the distinctive literary quality has not been allowed to lapse. . . .

"As such, a journal ever welcomed will be the more welcome as the months go past."



If the Dish Were to Fit the Food

A lover of Puffed Grains—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—says they ought to be served in a golden dish with jewels on the side. Such royal foods as these, he says, should have a royal setting.

Do you realize how much these bubbles of grain have added to the joy of living? When we were children, we had no such morning dainties. For those old-time suppers we had no such morsels to float in our bowls of milk.

The children of today can all have them.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

CORN
PUFFS
15¢

These foods—invented by Prof. Anderson—fulfill the dreams of all the ages in respect to perfect cooking.

They are steam-exploded. Every food element is made available without any tax on the stomach.

Their fascinations and their fitness for food make Puffed Grains the greatest cereal foods of the century.

For variety's sake, get a package of each.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(672)



Mother, *These* Stockings Stand the Knocks

Three pairs of Holeproof Stockings for children are guaranteed to need no darning for three months. If any of the three pairs should need darning within that time, we will replace them with new hose free. Six pairs are guaranteed to wear half a year. Yet the prices are \$1.00 for the three pairs, and \$2.00 for the six.

Think what a saving in money and darning you can make with such hose as these.

We make them of Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarns. And we pay for these yarns the top market price — now an average of 74c per pound. Common yarns cost 32c.

But our yarns are *long-fibred* yarns, and long-fibred yarns mean strength with light weight. Such yarns make soft, comfort-

able, *stylish* hose. Why bother with stockings that wear out almost daily when your children can wear Holeproofs?

Holeproofs are made for men, women and children. Try them yourself, madam. Ask your husband to try them.

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. Write for dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book which tells all about Holeproof.

Holeproof Hosiery Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

**Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.
London, Canada**

**Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley
Liverpool, England**



Reg. U. S.
Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Busch



By invitation, member
of Rice Leaders
of the World Association.

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

\$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's; \$2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's and children's; \$1.00 per box for four pairs of infants'. Above boxes guaranteed six months. \$1.00 per box for three pairs of children's, guaranteed three months. \$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's *silk* Holeproof socks; \$3.00 per box for three pairs of women's *silk* Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed *three months*.

Holeproof
GUARANTEED
Silk Gloves

Write for the free book about Holeproof Silk Gloves, and ask for the names of the dealers who sell them. These are the *durable*, *stylish* gloves that every woman has wanted. Made in all sizes, lengths and colors. (582)

That tense moment—

when the cue ball pauses with indecision *right on the edge of the pocket!*

It's just one of the ever-changing exciting situations that make Home Billiards or Pocket Billiards *the game of a thousand thrills.*

Doctors prescribe this royal diversion to steady nerves, brace the body and induce sound sleep. Great "boy-analysts" like Judge Ben B. Lindsey urge it to teach the young the love of home.

Give your little steam "boy-ler" this "safety-valve" for his explosive energies. Let all the family share the raptures of Billiards and Pocket Billiards—now played on scientific Brunswick Tables in thousands of happy homes.



"BABY GRAND" Home Tables

For All Games of Carom and Pocket Billiards

A cabinet masterpiece in rich San Domingo mahogany.

Note the equipment—genuine Vermont slate bed, celebrated Monarch quick-acting cushions and fast imported billiard cloth. These give the same speed, accurate angles and long life of Brunswick regulation tables from which the "Baby Grand" varies only in size.

Not a toy nor cheap-made make-shift. Yet sold at factory prices—*terms as low as 20 cents a day!*

Note, also, the concealed cue rack and accessory drawer that holds entire playing outfit.

"Baby Grand" sizes 3 x 6 ft., 3½ x 7, 4 x 8. Brunswick "Grand" 4½ x 9 ft. All furnished as a Carom, Pocket Billiard or Combination Carom and Pocket Billiard Table.

A Size for Every Home

Other Brunswick Home Billiard Tables include "Convertible" Models, which can be changed in a

moment from full-fledged Billiard and Pocket-Billiard Tables to Library or Dining Tables, or vice versa.

30 Days' Trial—A Year to Pay Playing Outfit FREE

We give with each Brunswick Table a complete playing outfit FREE—balls, hand-tapered cues, rack, markers, spirit level, cover, cue-clamps, tips, brush, chalk, book on "How to Play," etc.

Mail the coupon or send a postal for our brand new edition of "Billiards—The Home Magnet," a de luxe book that pictures Brunswick Tables in actual colors; gives easy terms, factory prices and full information of our 30-days trial offer. You incur no obligation and book comes postpaid by return mail.

—CLIP AND MAIL TODAY—

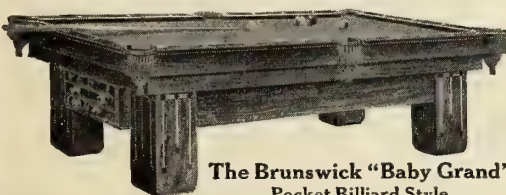
The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 3-D, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send me the free color-illustrated book—

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"
and details of your 30-day free trial offer.

Name.....

Address..... (308)



The Brunswick "Baby Grand"
Pocket Billiard Style

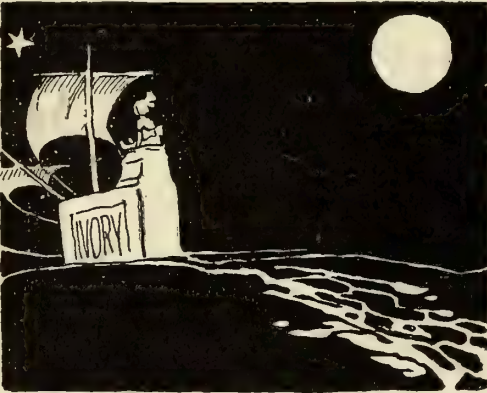
The Cruise of the IVORY SHIP.

Troubles & Bubbles.

IT'S strange how often in this life things happen to remind us that we don't have to look around for accidents—they *find us*. 'Tis also true that we may think that peace and rest surround us. We settle down to take a nap, and *bing* a CARE has found us!

'Twas so with our brave children who by splendid fortitude had washed the dirty Muddie Men and soused the Pirates rude. They'd also tamed a Thrasher Fish, and bravely saved a Whale who was most *cruelly* abused by Mr. Thrasher's tail. And in addition to all this, those Children, who in TUBS came sailing o'er the ocean sea demanding IVORY scrubs.

For little Heroes of their age, they'd really done their *best*, and they all felt that they deserved a little peace and rest. So Gniff the Gnome and Pussy Cat and Bob and canine Snip stretched out to have a cozy nap while Betsy steered the ship. The night was very still and dark;

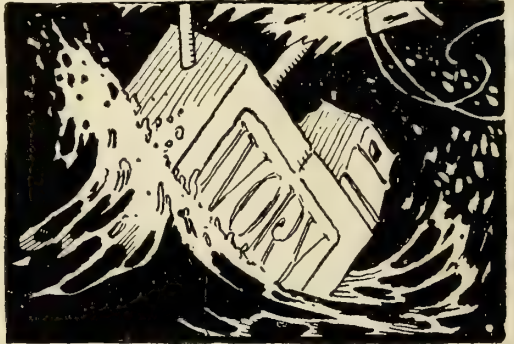


the sea was cold and black (save where the *suds* from IVORY Ship trailed out a snowy track). One gleaming star and just *one* moon shone in the gloomsome sky, and every now and then a wave went slooping wetly by. The sad, complaining wind



tugged hard at topmast, sail and rope, as Betsy's heart throbbed tenderly for her dear IVORY SOAP.

Was not her IVORY SOAP the charm that gave her dearest sweetness? Was not her IVORY SOAP the means to perfect, *purest* sweetness? Did not her IVORY SOAP provide the best of all libations? Did not her IVORY SOAP clean well the hands of *all* the nations?



With these *pure* thoughts her head was so extremely over-flowing that Betsy didn't think to look where IVORY Ship was *going*! Until the good ship gave a bump 'gainst something in the ocean. O, what a *fearful*, rending shock! O, what a wild commotion! The IVORY Ship lurched over just as if a whale had slapped her! But you must wait until you read our NEXT exciting chapter.

**Troubles come and troubles go
As everybody ought to know.**

AND WE NEED NE'ER ABANDON HOPE FOR WE MAY ALL
GET IVORY SOAP.

THIS PAGE IS
REPRODUCED BY
SPECIAL PERMIS-
SION OF "JOHN
MARTIN'S BOOK"
(A MAGAZINE FOR
LITTLECHILDREN)

IVORY SOAP  IT FLOATS

Libby's

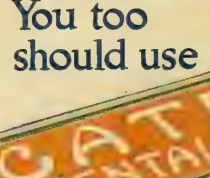
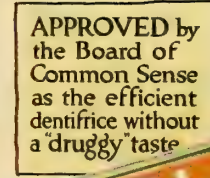
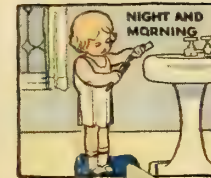
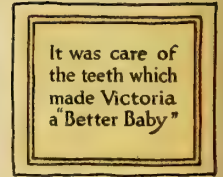
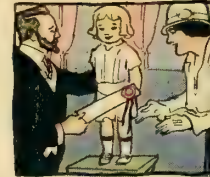
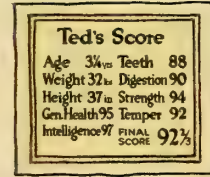
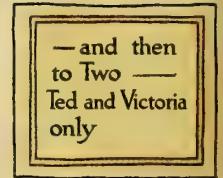
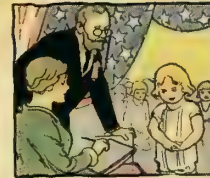
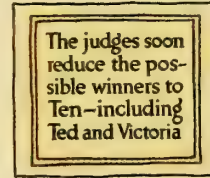
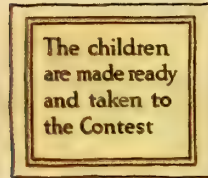
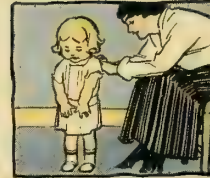
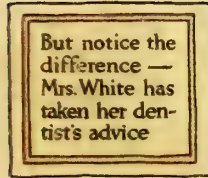
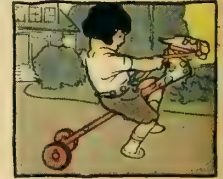
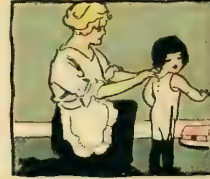
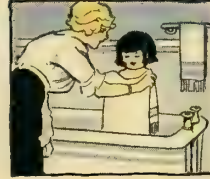
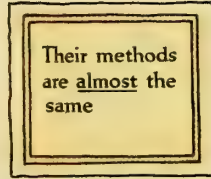
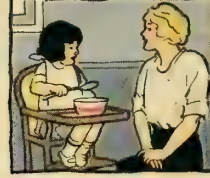
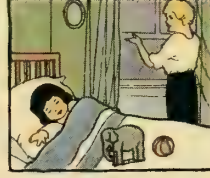
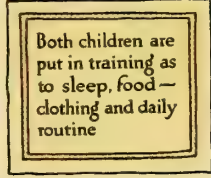
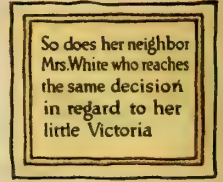
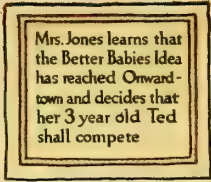
Hawaiian
Pineapple

Fully Ripened
under Tropical Suns



Insist on Libby's with the Blue Triangle

A Moral from the Movies



THIS is a portrait of Victoria —, a Prize Winner in a Better Babies Contest, whose mother wrote us as follows:

"I have four children, and though we have tried several dental creams, the children all prefer Colgate's. The only problem is to keep them from using it up too fast, because they like the taste. Victoria began to brush at her teeth soon after she was two years old, and I have had the other children do the same. They all have good teeth."

(Name of writer on request.)

What mother would object to such a problem? Have you supplied your children with Colgate's?



Your dealer has Colgate's — or we will send a generous trial tube on receipt of 4¢ in stamps

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806 New York.

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap — Luxurious, Lasting, Refined

